



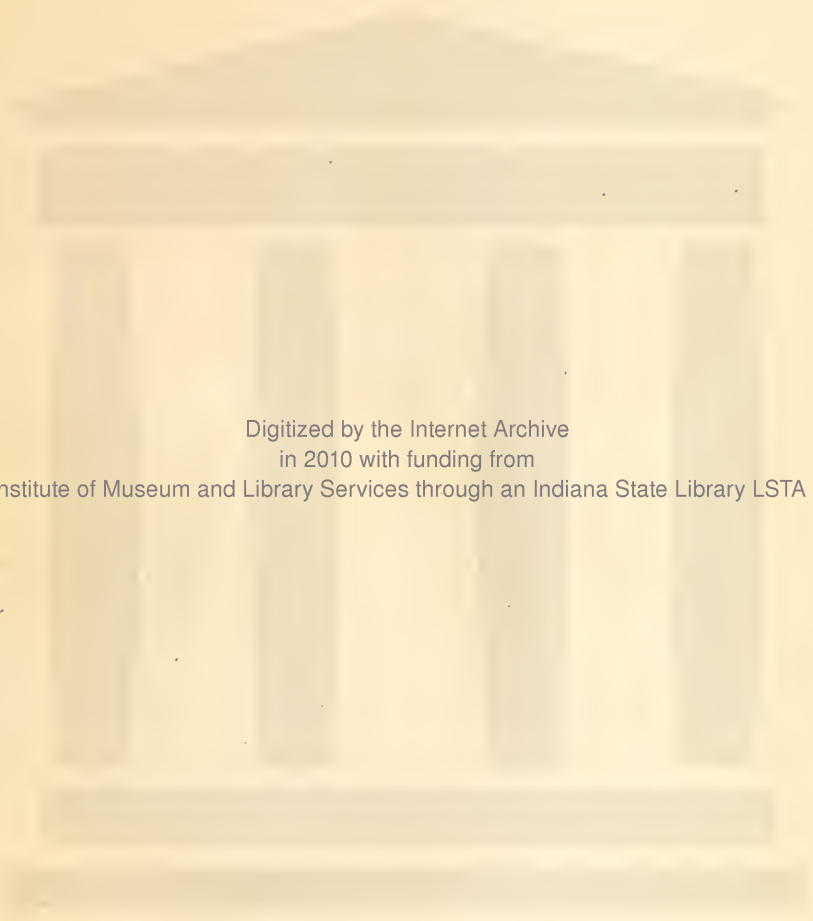
"You can be independent if you want to,
but you aint—yet"

Your Uncle Sam



Occupation of Bard's Point, Mo., opposite Cairo, Ill., by Colonel Shuttler's Missouri Regiment of United States Volunteers.

From a sketch by our special artist.



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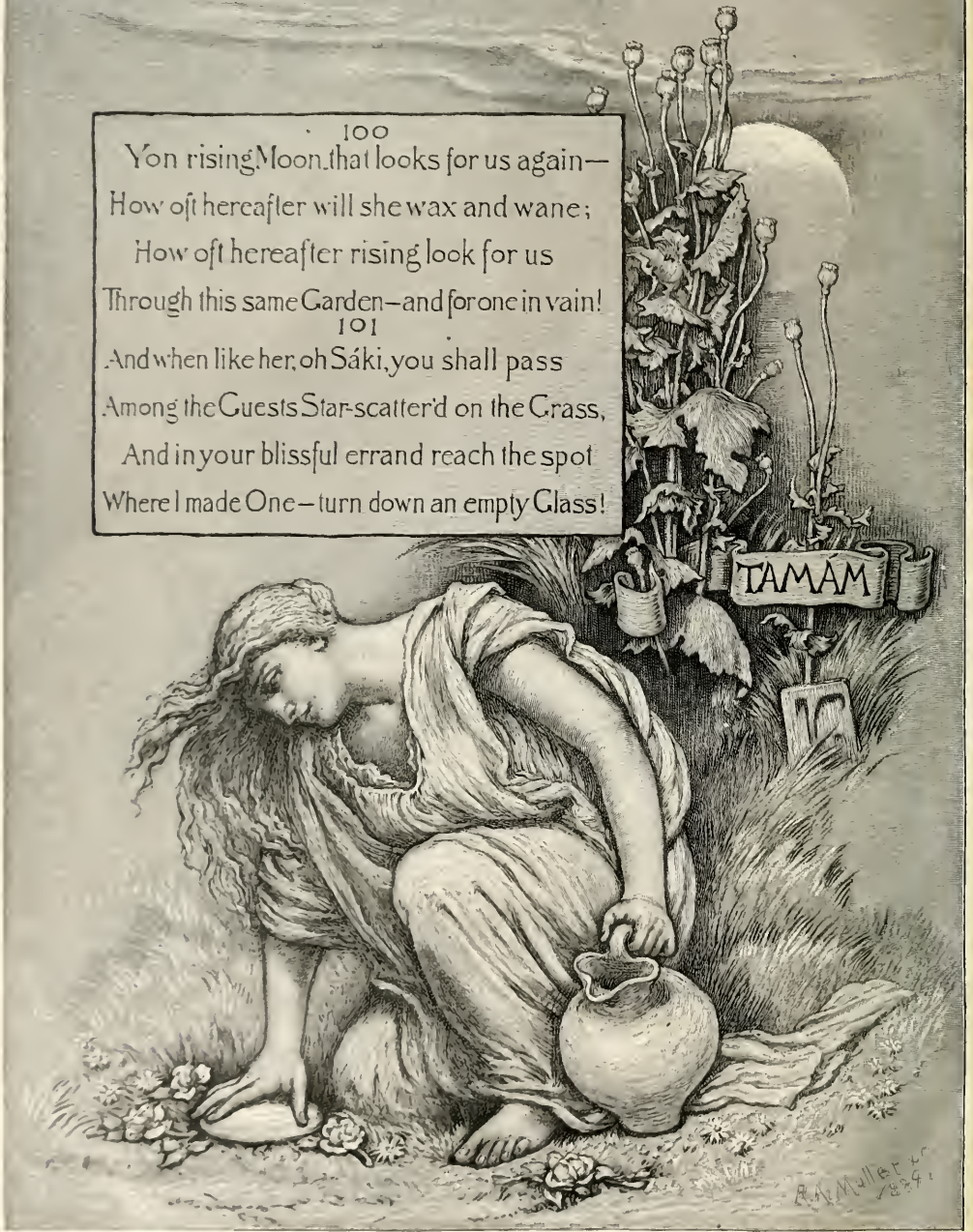
The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant



From Lincolnton
and the
Banks of the river
and of

My 21st

100
Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!
101
And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!



R. A. Miller
1874

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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NO. 1.

VEDDER'S ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE SONG OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

IN the latter half of the eleventh century and the first quarter of the twelfth there lived in Persia the astronomer-poet Omar, who bore the additional name of Khayyám, or the tent-maker. His scientific work remains not wholly obscure, we are told, but for the most part indistinguishable in the foundations upon which later astronomers have built. His poetry retains its individuality, and gives joy to scholars by reason of its varying form and quantity in rival manuscripts and editions. It was written in Rubáiyát, the Persian equivalent for quatrains, and four or five hundred of these stanzas, genuine or spurious, have escaped the tooth of time and may be read now, whether in their original tongue or by versions in French, German, English, and doubtless other western languages.

It was left for Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, an English poet who put his strength into masculine versions of foreign poetry—notably in the case of the “Agamemnon” of Æschylus—to domesticate these Rubáiyát in English literature, a dozen years ago, by rendering a hundred and one of them into quatrains of marvelous fineness of workmanship. He published his version with an entertaining introduction and helpful notes, and after three editions had been issued the work was reprinted in America. It has thus taken its place as a part of the intellectual furnishing of many minds. In Mr. Fitzgerald's handling the separate Rubáiyát were molded into a poem which has a flexible form, while each quatrain has an integrity undisturbed by separation from the rest.

There are hints given by the translator that in the exercise of his selective judgment he aimed to give expression to Omar's philosophy in a better proportion than appears in the original Rubáiyát. At all events, it is quite possible from these hundred and one quatrains

to construct a tolerably consistent scheme of philosophy touching the elemental problems of human life and destiny. Like every great poem, it offers the reader the choice of catching in it minnows or whales; and even to the most thoughtful there is the possibility of a widely diverse interpretation. Mr. Fitzgerald quotes a writer in the “Calcutta Review” who draws an interesting parallel between Omar and Lucretius, and, mingling his own reflections with those of the reviewer, sums up the matter thus:

“Both, indeed, were men of subtle, strong, and cultivated intellect, fine imagination, and hearts passionate for truth and justice; who justly revolted from their country's false religion and false or foolish devotion to it; but who yet fell short of replacing what they subverted by such better hope as others, with no better revelation to guide them, had yet made a law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus furnished, satisfied himself with the theory of so vast a machine fortuitously constructed, and acting by a law that implied no legislator, and so, composing himself into a stoical rather than Epicurean severity of attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical drama of the universe which he was part actor in; himself and all about him (as in his own sublime description of the Roman theater) discolored with the lurid reflex of the curtain suspended between the spectator and the sun. Omar, more desperate or more careless of any so complicated system as resulted in nothing but hopeless necessity, flung his own genius and learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of life, only *diverted* himself with the speculative problems of Deity,

destiny, matter and spirit, good and evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!"

For all that, Mr. Fitzgerald's own version affords quite sufficient excuse for any one to read into Omar's Rubáiyát an interpretation which would make a mask where Mr. Fitzgerald sees a face, and a face where he sees a mask. Indeed, one may safely question his own or his neighbor's western way of reading an Oriental poem, and accept the possibility that they are all merely using an antique coin as an instrument of exchange.

Be this as it may, our purpose here is not to seek an authoritative rendering into the

trio which presents the original strain in a richer, profounder harmony.

The form in which the Rubáiyát are now presented is the artist's throughout, with as little mechanical aid as was possible. The original designs here engraved include the text in the half-cursive, half-formal characters which an artist would employ in order to adjust the relation of text to decoration. In the book the space assigned has been undisturbed, but the lettering has been replaced by careful hand-work in bold reproduction of the best type-forms. Excellent as this is, one wishes that the artist's own hand had traced the characters, even at the risk of some slight obscurity; there would have been a trifle more unification of text and design. The drawings thus amended have been reproduced by the albertype process, which is, in effect, a photographic fac-simile in a single color. The original designs in some cases had two tints, and there is, therefore, an occasional flatness in the reproductions when compared with the originals. While, as always happens in any mechanical process, some of the spiritual quality of the original work has evaporated, the loss is slighter than could have occurred in any translation where the activity of another mind found expression. In an engraving there may indeed be gain; there can be no gain in a strictly mechanical process, but there are degrees of loss, and, short of a study of the original designs, the reproduction is quite as satisfactory as one could well ask.

We have said that the form is the artist's throughout, and it is a pleasure to see how minutely he has carried out his conception, leaving absolutely nothing to the printer but to take impressions of the prints furnished him by the artist, and nothing to the binder but to bind the leaves strongly together; for the artist has supplied cover, title-page, printer's device, and even lining-paper, and he has made all these apparently formal or conventional parts of the book instinct with the life of the book itself. Thus the swirl which appears on the cover is a deep note sounding at the very entrance of the book. It represents the moment and the instant of life, the gradual concentration of the elements, the pause as the movement is reversed, and then the ever-widening dispersion again into the primitive elements. Throughout the book this swirl recurs now and again; it is the bass in the harmony. The potter's jar which forms the homely incident, so to speak, of the poem, is here, also, its full proportions interrupted by the vine-leaf, as in the poem the vine constantly runs athwart human life. Stars, too, there are, of differing magnitude, set in cloudy



terms of modern thought of this ancient parable,—that would suppose a final answer to the Sphinx's riddle,—but to call attention to a very notable work, happily entitled an accompaniment to the Rubáiyát. As Mr. Fitzgerald used the material which he found in the Persian poet's stanzas for the construction of a noble English poem, and thereby offered both an interpretation of the Rubáiyát and a new propounding of the enigma of human life and destiny, so Mr. Elihu Vedder has reproduced Mr. Fitzgerald's quatrains in a series of designs, mainly of a decorative character, which restate the problem in line and shade with such variations as spring from the introduction of another personal equation. An American artist has joined the Persian poet and the English translator, and the result is a

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

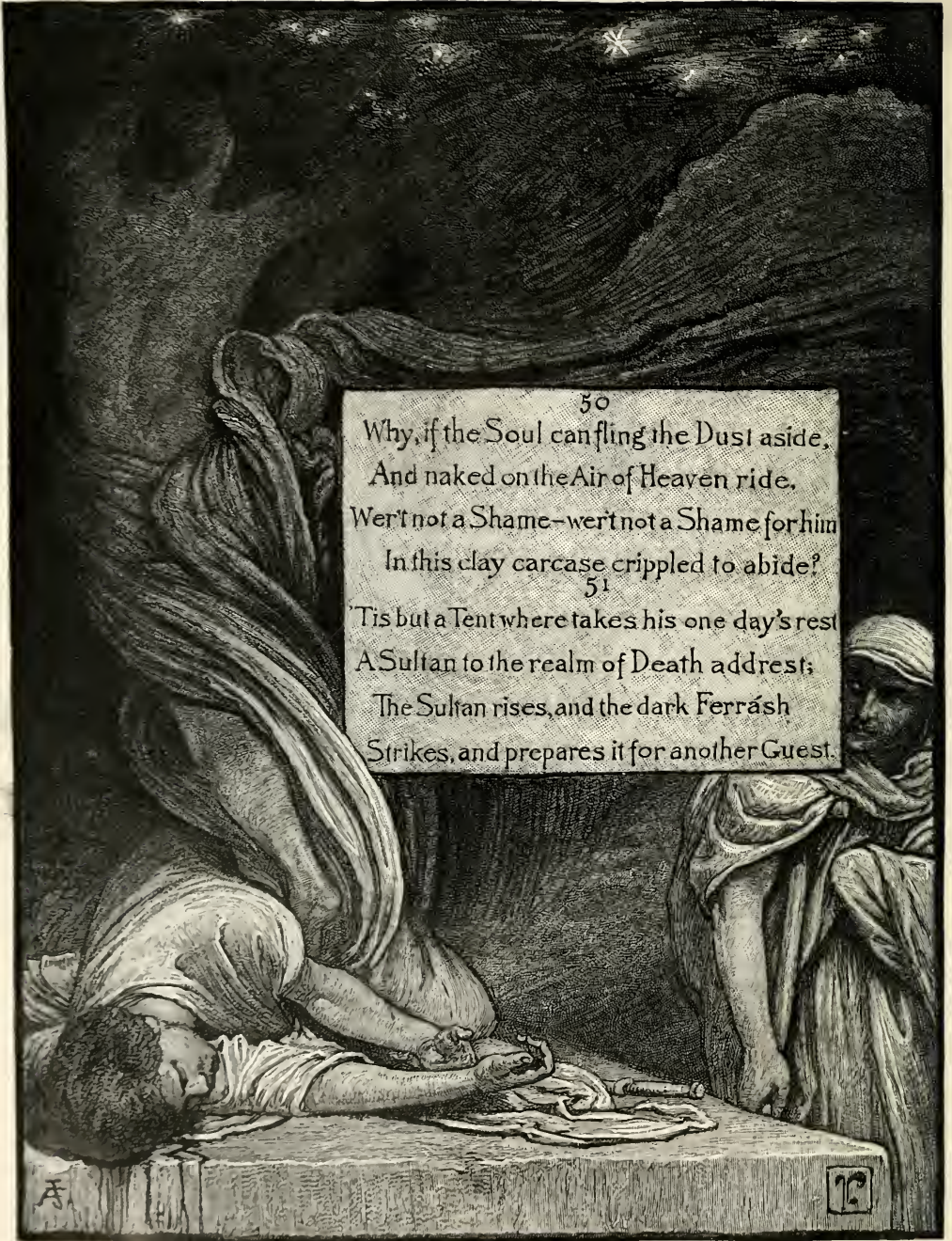


50

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame - wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

51

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death address;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.



The final design concerns the last two quatrains, with their tender *in memoriam* strain. Does death end all? Even the poet, who half suspects it, turns upon his own speculation, and seems to petition for at least a continuance of life in the memory of his friends. The poppies stand in the garden, but Love bends sorrowful over the grave upon which she has turned down the empty glass, the form of which, by the way, is from the shallow Persian wine-cup, the same form being preserved throughout the work.

The artist's notes, which have helped us in our reading of his designs, give a quaint significance to his signature, which he fancies may represent the high and low notes, the light and shade in which the work is done. A broken reed has been hastily plucked and rudely fashioned, but the double pipe thus formed is yet capable of producing some music worthy of the listening ear.

The designs thus rapidly described constitute but a small part of the work, which includes some fifty-five pages. It has been impossible in this brief paper to attempt any interpretation of the synthesis of the artist's complete work, but the reader will have caught some hints of it. It may be said, at least, that Mr. Vedder by his design has enlarged the compass of the whole poem. The Rubáiyát were in a measure fragmentary, although they may easily have answered to a whole in Omar's mind. The quatrains by

Fitzgerald bring together the scattered parts, and hint at a series. As they now stand, in Mr. Vedder's arrangement and with the enrichment of his decoration, they have taken on an almost systematic form. Certainly the work ought now to be regarded as a whole; it has a firmness of conception which is largely due to the strong setting it has received, for Mr. Vedder's range of illustration has made the poem no longer a Persian song, but one to which voices contribute from many quarters.

It is entirely possible to maintain that by this treatment the poem has gradually undergone a transformation, and that it has been taken too seriously. There is, no doubt, a lightness in the verse itself, a delicate playing with forms and symbols that must not be pressed too closely for their meaning, and, in general, a view of life which is not necessarily even Omar's final creed. It is more to the point to consider what we now have as an independent song of life and death. Into this subject we do not purpose to go. Doubtless the Rubáiyát, under Mr. Vedder's interpretation, echoes the strain which rises to many lips to-day. It is nevertheless quite permissible for one to recognize the truth and the sadness and sweetness in it who yet finds the *Te Deum Laudamus* a profounder hymn of humanity; or, if he must seek an Oriental interpretation of the human and the divine, may be better satisfied with the Book of Job.

H. E. Scudder.



THE OLD SEDAN CHAIR.

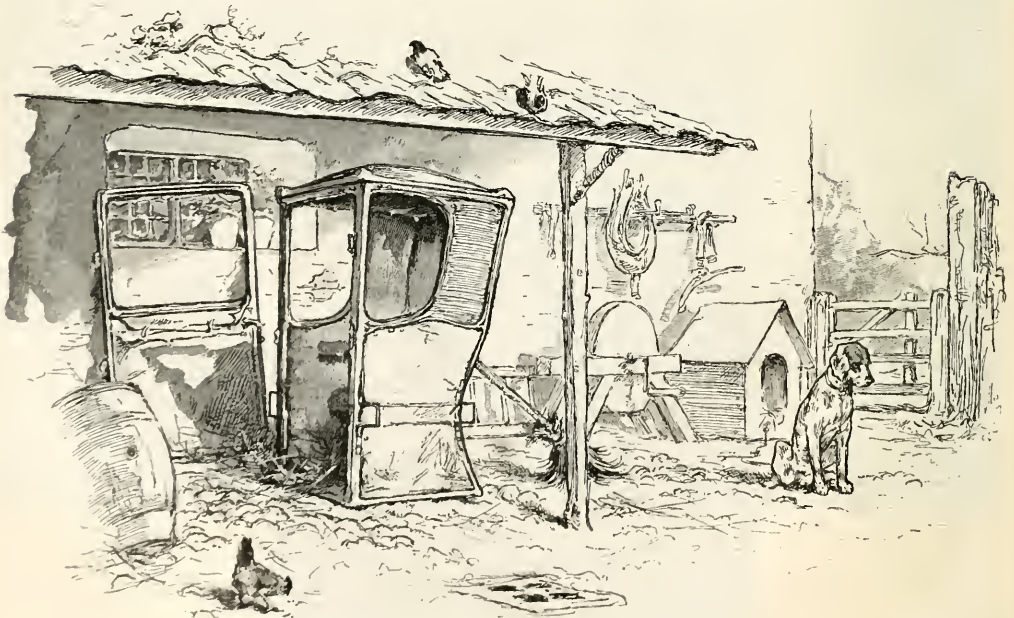
“What’s not destroy’d by Time’s devouring hand?
Where’s Troy—and where’s the May-pole in the Strand?”
Bramston’s “Art of Politics.”



IT STANDS in the stable-yard under the eaves,
Propped up by a broom-stick and covered with leaves.
It once was the pride of the gay and the fair,
But now 'tis a ruin — that old Sedan chair.

It is battered and tattered,—it little avails
That once it was lacquered, and glistened with nails;
For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square —
Like a canvas by Wilkie — that old Sedan chair!

See,—here came the bearing-straps; here were the holes
For the poles of the bearers—when once there were poles;
It was cushioned with silk, it was wadded with hair—
As the birds have discovered—that old Sedan chair.





“Where’s Troy?” says the poet! Here, under the seat,
Is a nest with four eggs;—’tis the favored retreat
Of the Muscovy hen, who has hatched, I dare swear,
Quite an army of chicks in that old Sedan chair!

And yet — can’t you fancy her face in the frame
Of the window,—some high-headed damsel or dame,
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,
While they raise up the lid of that old Sedan chair?

Can’t you fancy Sir Plume, as beside her he stands,
With his ruffles a-droop on his delicate hands,—
With his cinnamon coat, and his laced solitaire,—
As he lifts her out light from that old Sedan chair?



Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league
 It has trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and Teague;
 Stout fellows,—but prone, on a question of fare,
 To brandish the poles of that old Sedan chair!

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played;
 It has waited by Heidegger's "Grand Masquerade";
 For my Lady Codille,—for my Lady Bellair,
 It has waited—and waited, that old Sedan chair.

Oh, the scandals it knows! Oh, the tales it could tell
 Of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle,—
 Of Cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare!)
 Of Fête-days at Tyburn—that old Sedan chair!

"*Heu! quantum mutata,*" I say as I go.
 It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though!
 We must furbish it up, and dispatch it,—"*With Care*"—
 To a Fine-Art Museum—that old Sedan chair!

Austin Dobson.





Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

LINCOLN ADDRESSING THE JURY IN THE ARMSTRONG MURDER TRIAL.

The First "Dark Horse"

How Polk defeated Van Buren in the Democratic National Convention of 1844, and some consequences of that defeat

BY EDWARD N. VALLANDIGHAM

THE Democratic National Convention of 1844 was the first to nominate for the Presidency, a candidate usually spoken of in the figurative language so characteristic of our politics as a "dark horse." It was also the convention to revive and permanently to establish the rule requiring a two-thirds majority for nominations, the first also to make the extension of slavery the chief campaign issue, and the first to be distinguished by those gusts of passion, that emotional turbulence, those sudden, uncontrollable impulses which have since so often characterized these vast gatherings.

This was but the fourth national convention in the history of the party. After the breakdown in 1824 of the old method of nominating candidates by the Caucus of Congress, such nominations were made in the next campaign by the caucuses of the State Legislatures, and by various more or less responsible bodies the country over. In 1831 the Anti-Masonic Party made nominations in a national convention, the first of the kind in the history of our politics. The next year the Whigs, then called National Republicans, and the Democrats each held such a convention, the first held by either of these parties.*

The Democratic National Convention of 1832 was called mainly to record the will of the people as expressed in the renomination of Jackson by many organizations, official and unofficial, in all parts of the country, to nominate a candidate for the Vice-Presidency; to proclaim the harmony of the party by an impressive gathering of representative Democrats from every State of the Union, and perhaps to emphasize the fact that the method of nomination by

the Caucus of Congress was forever abandoned. The second and third national conventions of the Democratic party also met to ratify in striking fashion the already known wish of the Democratic masses. It remained for the fourth, by a deft use of a rule adopted at two of the other three conventions, to compass the unexpected, and disappoint the hopes of several conspicuous leaders.

Throughout Van Buren's administration, Calhoun, who believed the new President to have brought about the break with Jackson which made it impossible that Calhoun should be nominated President in 1836, stood between the Democratic and the Whig parties, though he helped to enact the sub-treasury plan, the one great party measure of the administration. The defeat of Van Buren, in 1840, was in part the result of lukewarmness toward him in the South, though South Carolina gave him her electoral vote.

Calhoun was not greatly grieved at the defeat of the Democratic party, especially as it was speedily demonstrated after the death of the Whig President, when he had been only a month in the chair, that his successor, John Tyler, himself, like Calhoun, a political enemy of Jackson, would break with the Whigs and act upon his convictions as a strict constructionist Democrat. The Whigs, indeed, by the nomination of Tyler for the Vice-Presidency had rendered Calhoun's revenge upon his party almost complete, for Tyler as President represented much more nearly than Jackson or Van Buren the principles in which Calhoun believed.

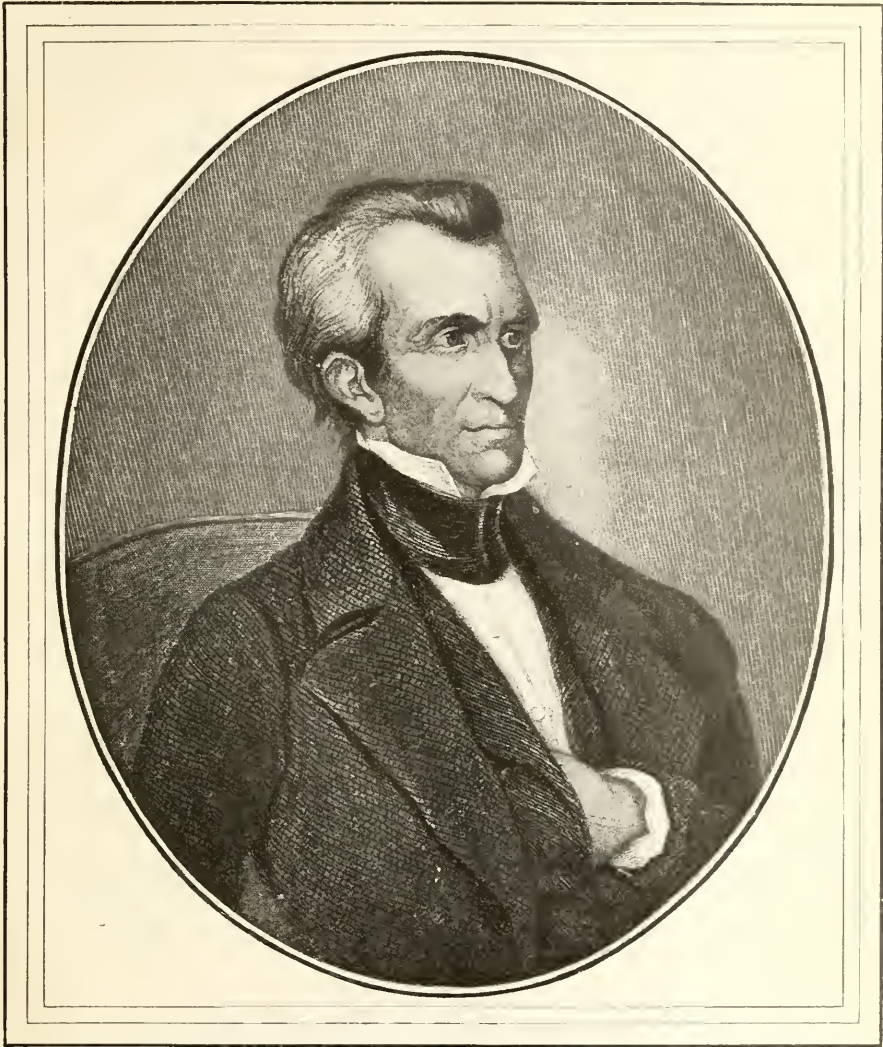
So complete was the break of Tyler with the Whig party by his votes of their pet national bank measure in its several forms, that the whole Cabinet, save Webster, resigned office. The Whig leaders were bitter against Webster for consenting to remain in the Cabinet, for some of them seem to have hoped that the resignation of

* The Federalist Conference of 1812, held in New York City, was the earliest political gathering with the semblance of a national nominating convention. It consisted of about seventy members, representing eleven States. The body sat three days and endorsed the independent nomination of Clinton as President.

the entire Cabinet would force Tyler himself to resign, in which hope they apparently expected an approach of our Government to the British parliamentary system,

prevailed in several instances under the Third French Republic.

Webster remained in Tyler's Cabinet, in spite of criticism and much suspicion of his



Reproduced from engraving by I. Andrews and R. E. Babson from painting by S. E. Dubourjal

James K. Polk

The first "Dark Horse" in politics and the eleventh President of the United States

though the resignation of a President of the United States, because he found himself without a party, would give to our system a resemblance rather to that which has

motives, until he had made sure of an extremely important treaty with Great Britain, pending when the quarrel between the President and the Whigs became acute.

His resignation in the fall of 1843, when Tyler was already longing to be rid of him as an obstacle to an important piece of contemplated policy, was followed by the appointment of Abel P. Upshur to the vacancy. Upshur, however, was killed a few months later in the shocking accident on board the United States man-of-war *Presi-*

Buren party. Van Buren hoped for and expected the nomination. He did not expect, in the early part of Tyler's administration, the rise of the great question that was to defeat his hopes. This very question, the annexation of Texas, Tyler himself and Calhoun were preparing. Van Buren, on a visit to the South in 1842, had



Reproduced from engraving of painting by H. Inman

M Van Buren

Mr. Van Buren was Secretary of State under President Jackson from 1829-31, Vice-President during Jackson's second term, and President from 1837-41, being the eighth of our Presidents

dent, and Calhoun, in April, 1844, became Tyler's Secretary of State.

Van Buren had gone out of office in March, 1841, after the mad campaign of hurrah which had made Harrison President, generally recognized as the probable Democratic candidate in 1844. Benton, indeed, had already openly declared for his renomination, and for a time the Democratic party was often spoken of as the Van

been the guest of both Jackson and Clay, and it was shrewdly conjectured that the great leader of the Whigs, who was the prospective candidate of his party, and his guest, who fully expected the nomination of the Democrats, discussed the question of annexation, then beginning to attract attention, and agreed that it should be kept out of the coming campaign. Van Buren in February, 1843, sought to conciliate the

Southern Democrats by a declaration in favor of a tariff for revenue only, the very doctrine for which the Nullifiers under the leadership of Calhoun, had contended in 1832 and 1833.

The annexation of Texas, Tyler's darling project, was held by the South to be a necessity for the preservation of slavery

much as possible of British influence in the neighbor republic. Calhoun had the treble object of widening the national territory, furthering slavery extension, and defeating the ambition of his enemy Van Buren. The matter was approached with the utmost address.

Thomas W. Gilmer of Virginia, a close



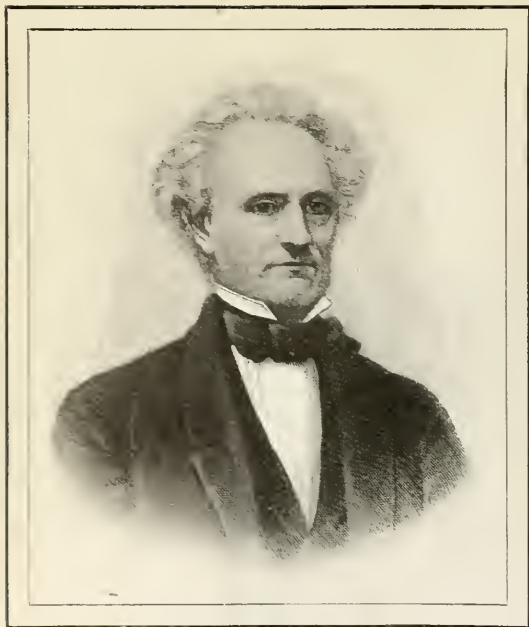
Reproduced from engraving

Andrew Jackson

The seventh President of the United States and one of the most picturesque and striking figures in its history

in the United States, for there was a strong anti-slavery sentiment in Texas, and the institution, abolished while Texas was a part of Mexico, had been restored only after the Texan rebellion against Mexican authority in 1836. Whatever anti-slavery sentiment existed in Texas was warmly seconded by Great Britain, and the policy of Southern public men was to make as

friend of Calhoun's, wrote in December, 1842, a letter advocating the immediate annexation of Texas, and referring to the danger that British influence might bring about the abolition of slavery in the region. Somewhat later a letter purporting to come from a Marylander in London, but traced, it is said, to Duff Green, editor of a Democratic organ opposed to Van Buren,



P. P. Butler

Attorney-General of the United States from 1833-38, and acting Secretary of War from 1836-37

charged that Great Britain was making active efforts to bring about the abolition of slavery in Texas. Gilmer's letter was addressed to Duff Green and published in a Baltimore paper on January 10, 1843. Behind Gilmer and Green, Calhoun was suspected. So the letter of Gilmer was sent to Jackson at the Hermitage through Representative Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee, a friend of Jackson and supposed supporter of Van Buren. Jackson was asked to express his opinion upon the question at issue, and he wrote a letter heartily approving Gilmer's suggestion of immediate annexation. The mention of British influence was always enough to stir the pains of memory in the scalp wound that Jackson received as a lad for refusing to black the boots of a British officer, so that the old man was easily led into the trap of his enemy Calhoun. The letter of

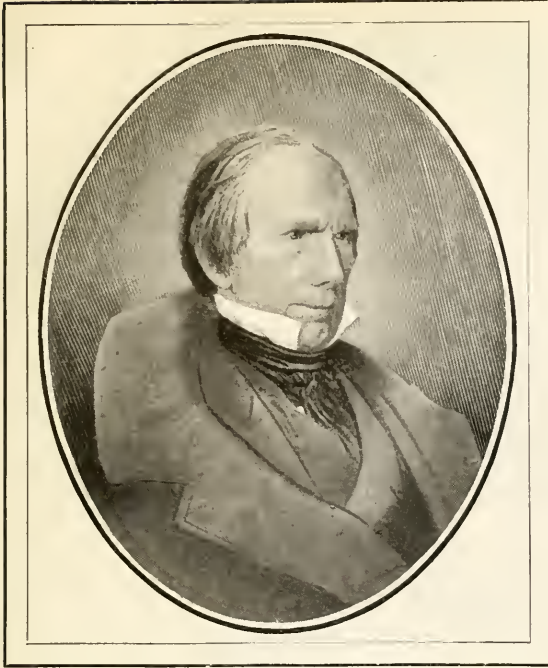
Jackson was not immediately published; in fact, it was kept for more than a year in order that it might have greater effect in promoting annexation and in injuring Van Buren.

Meanwhile many public men had written letters to friends and acquaintances, or to their constituents through the newspapers, some advocating the immediate annexation of Texas, others expressing fears lest the nomination of Van Buren should turn out to be unwise. There were also at work for the annexation of Texas and the defeat of Van Buren yet other influences, especially land speculators, and bond speculators, who hoped to be enriched by the increase in the value of Texan lands and of Texan bonds. These men were working, not specially in the interests of Calhoun, for they feared his stern rectitude should governmental action other than annexation be necessary to the success of their selfish schemes,



R. H. Johnson

Mr. Johnson was Vice-President from 1837-41, and an unsuccessful candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1840



Reproduced from engraving made from a daguerreotype taken March, 1851

H. Clay

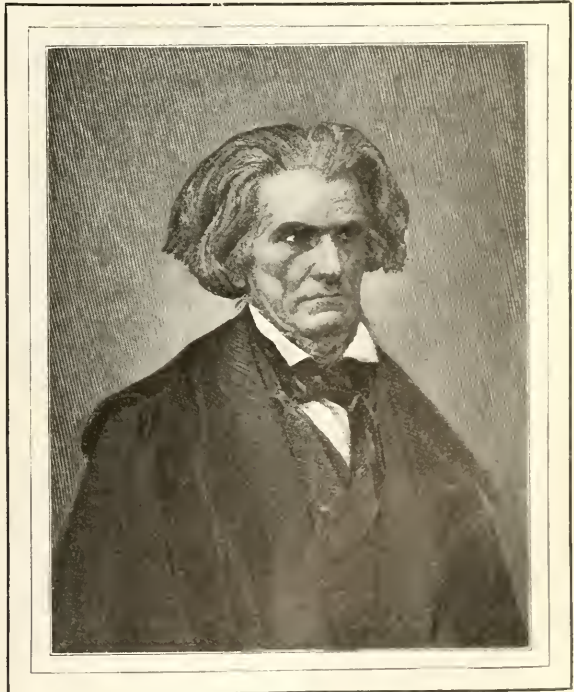
One of America's most famous statesmen, and the Whig candidate for President at the election of 1844

but merely against anything that should interfere with the early accomplishment of annexation.

It was about a month before the meeting of the Democratic National Convention that the treaty of annexation was sent to the Senate. Calhoun had meanwhile become Secretary of State with the special object of hastening annexation. The country was taken by surprise at the point reached in the negotiations, though it had been rumored that the long talked-of annexation was pending, and the North was indignant.

When the question of annexation began to be conspicuous, several competitors with Van Buren appeared. Richard Malcolm Johnson, who was taken seriously by

the Democrats of Kentucky, but was elsewhere recognized as considerably less than a first-rate man, hoped that he might be nominated for President, but was willing, if need be, to take the second place. In a speech made during a Northern tour as far as Boston in 1843, he intimated that he alone could defeat Clay. Johnson had the support not only of Kentucky, but of the anti-Benton faction of the Missouri Democrats. It is significant of the far-reaching nature of influences in American politics that the opponents of Van Buren should have been the opponents also of Benton. The latter eventually broke with his party over the slavery question; his son-in-law Fremont was afterward the Republican party's first candidate for President, while Van Buren was the first candidate of the Free Soil party, forerunner of the Republican party.



Reproduced from H. F. Hall's engraving of a daguerreotype by Brady

J. C. Calhoun

Vice-President from 1825-32, and twice Secretary of War

Calhoun, who declined in 1843 to visit Ohio in a public way on the ground that he was a candidate for President, later issued a letter which was at first taken as a withdrawal, but was finally interpreted merely as a refusal to permit the use of his name in the convention, while it left his friends free to support him as an independent candidate. As a matter of fact, Calhoun disliked the convention system, and hoped

to nominate Van Buren, supported Lewis Cass of Michigan, a man popular both North and South. He declared for immediate annexation, and dwelt with special force upon the danger of British influence in Texas.

Although amid all this political disturbance Van Buren suffered much uneasiness and passed through periods of depression, it began at length to look as if the Demo-



Reproduced from engraving of portrait by J. P. A. Healey

James Buchanan

The fifteenth President of the United States. Mr. Buchanan was Secretary of State from 1845-1849, Minister to Russia and Minister to England

that it might disappear from our politics.

James Buchanan, already for twenty years active in national politics, had been urged for the nomination by the Democrats of Pennsylvania, but in December, 1843, had formally withdrawn from the contest.

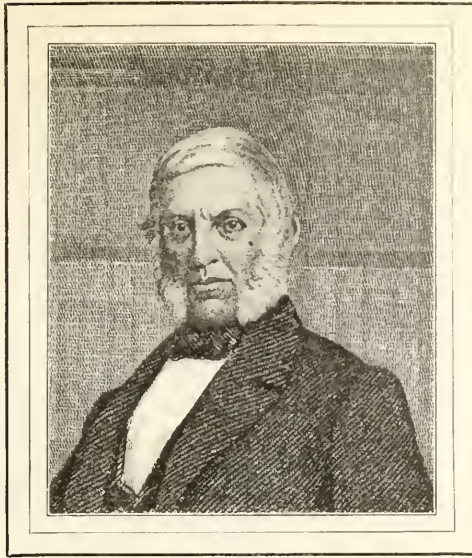
Some Democrats who thought it unwise

eratic choice would, after all, concentrate upon him. Then came the Jackson letter in favor of immediate annexation, procured for the special purpose of "blowing Van out of water," the letters of Clay and Van Buren opposing annexation, and the open revolt of the South against Van Buren. Benjamin F. Butler of New York,

who had long been associated with Van Buren in State politics, and had been Attorney-General in his Cabinet, went to Jackson at the Hermitage, showed him how he had been used by Calhoun to compass the political ruin of Van Buren, and procured from him a letter expressing entire confidence in Van Buren, despite his opposition to annexation.

The effect of this letter was to revive the hopes of Van Buren; but it was really too late to counteract the Southern revolt. Many delegates instructed for him were eager to be absolved from their instructions. One such delegate resigned his place rather than support Van Buren. One of Van Buren's most earnest supporters in Virginia now presided at a meeting called to demand the reinstruction of the Virginia delegates against Van Buren, and the delegates were thus reinstructed.

Meanwhile the Whigs were absolutely united. There was not a moment's doubt as to their candidate, Clay was to be the man.



Reproduced from engraving of painting by Alonzo Chappel

George Bancroft

Mr. Bancroft, known as one of America's greatest historians, was also a statesman and diplomat. As Secretary of the Navy, from 1845-46, he established the Naval Academy at Annapolis



Reproduced from engraving by T. Doney

Nathaniel Clifford

Once Attorney General of the United States

The convention met on the first of May at Baltimore, with every State of the Union represented, and every delegate for Clay. A man now in his ninety-second year, who attended the convention as a delegate from Ohio, has preserved a letter he then wrote to his wife describing the scenes at Baltimore. The city was so crowded that delegates were sleeping eight or ten in a room and two or three in a bed. The writer of this letter described the enthusiasm with which the delegates and others accompanying them were received in the streets of Baltimore. The windows and the balconies were lined with ladies, the lovely women of a city famed for the beauty of its women. They cheered the delegates, pelted them with flowers and with sweetmeats. One of the Ohio delegation from time to time stepped from the line of march to make an obeisance and a complimentary speech to the fair onlookers. The work of the Whig convention was finished in a single sitting. Henry Clay was

nominated for President in a whirlwind, and Theodore Frelinghuysen, of an old Dutch family in New Jersey, became the candidate for Vice-President. Daniel Webster was in the city to signalize in a speech at the great ratification meeting next day his full return to the party fold and his readiness to lend his whole weight to Clay in the coming campaign. It was a love feast of the Whigs, and they left Baltimore, confident that their splendid candidate could defeat the best man that the Democratic party could put forward.

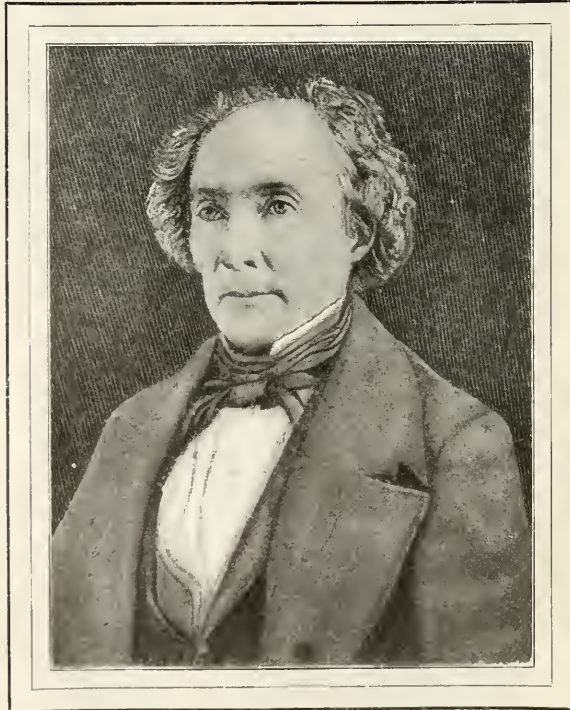
Very different was the Democratic convention. The Whigs, usually opportunists, for the first time in their party history had nominated their one great natural leader, the most popular man in the party, one of the oldest and most conspicuous of living statesmen, the very embodiment of Whig principles, for he was as good a Union man as the great Webster, and a more consistent advocate of protection, internal improvements, and national banks, and no friend of slavery extension.

The Democratic party was about to reverse the practice of its whole lifetime, and adopt the opportunist Whig policy of nominating an almost obscure man. The Democratic candidates from Jefferson to Van Buren had been conspicuous party leaders, unless we except Jackson, who had been rather a popular idol, though his qualities of natural leadership were, as it turned out, at least equal to

those of his great Democratic predecessors. Caucuses of Congress and national conventions of the Democratic party had hitherto in the main merely recorded the popular will. Now a convention was to choose the first "dark horse," as the racing phrase goes. For the first time in the history of the party a candidate, of whom the mass of Democrats had not so much as dreamed, was to be preferred by the convention to all of the half dozen leaders, any one of whom would have been acceptable to the party at large.

The Convention met in the Egyptian Saloon of Odd Fellows Hall in North Gay Street, Baltimore, on the morning of Monday, the 27th of May. Every State but South Carolina was represented. Only Virginia and Kentucky were over-represented, and their over-representation did not entitle them to more than their proper quota of votes, a number equal to their votes in the Electoral College. There

were in all 266 votes in the convention. The number necessary to a choice depended upon the rule to be adopted on that head; should the two-thirds rule prevail, 178 votes would be necessary to a choice; should the majority rule prevail, 134 votes would nominate a candidate. It was known that the whole number of delegates instructed for Van Buren considerably exceeded a majority of the convention, and came within about ten votes of two-thirds. But it was feared that some would dis-



Reproduced from engraving by T. Doney

R. M. Waller

Secretary of the Treasury from 1845-49. He supported the Home-
stead Bill, the independence and, later, the annexation of Texas.

regard instructions, and cast their votes for other candidates.

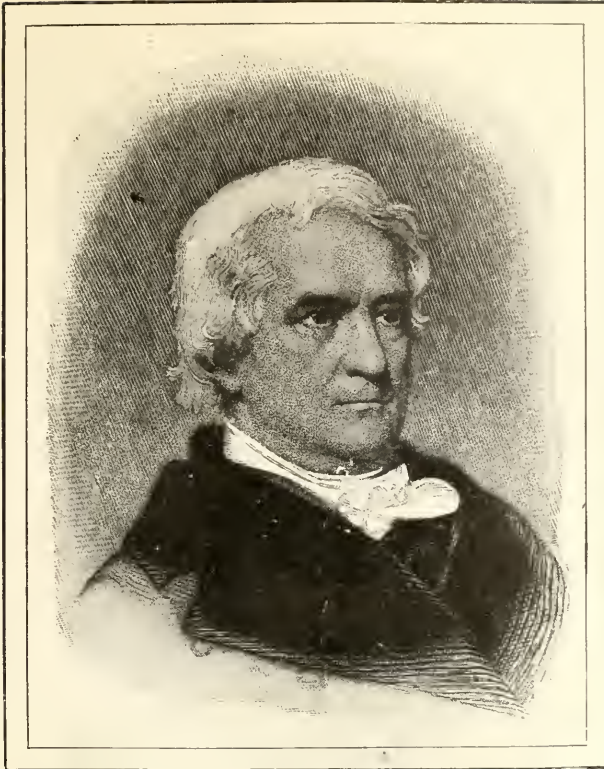
It was a distinguished body of men thus met to choose a candidate for the Democratic party. There sat in the hall some of the ablest and most conspicuous men of the nation, North, South, East, and West. Maine sent Nathan Clifford, a distinguished lawyer, destined to die at a great age as a member of the United States Supreme Court. Benjamin F. Butler, by no means to be confused with the man of that name afterwards Governor of Massachusetts and candidate for President on the Greenback ticket, led the New York delegation, and appeared as peculiarly the representative of Van Buren, in whose Cabinet he had served as Attorney-General. George Bancroft, the historian, who survived the convention by the length of an ordinary lifetime, led the Massachusetts delegation. Senator Robert J. Walker of Mississippi, a Northerner by birth, and destined more than a decade later, as Governor of Kansas, to break with the dominant Southern wing of his party, led the anti-Van Buren forces.

The hall was crowded and noisy from the first. A "plain farmer" from North Carolina, after the anti-Van Buren men had triumphed in the choice of the temporary chairman, complained of the disorder, and noted that the aisles were crowded and that

persons were standing on the benches. A proposal to exclude from the room all save members of the convention did not find favor. The whole body gave evidence of excitement, but as a newspaper report declared, there was no breach of gentlemanly courtesy by any member. Little beyond the temporary organization was accomplished, when an adjournment was taken to four o'clock in the afternoon.

Early in the afternoon session the convention was thrown into intense excitement by a proposal to adopt the rules of 1832, including the two-thirds rule. For hours the convention struggled over this question. The excitement was somewhat allayed for a moment when the permanent chairman, in response to a gift of a bouquet from a lady of Baltimore, gallantly said that the flowers were not so fair as the giver, a sentiment that called out a storm of applause. Butler of New York and Walker of Mississippi now led the opposing factions of the convention. Mr. Butler in the course of a speech, leaped from the floor and came down upon his heels with a resounding thump by way of emphasizing his words. No decision was reached that day, and an adjournment was taken till Tuesday. All night the delegates went back and forth upon errands of intrigue.

Next morning the two-thirds rule was



Reproduced from engraving made by T. B. Welch from a daguerrotype.

G. M. Dallas.

George Mifflin Dallas, Vice-President with James K. Polk. Mr. Dallas was also sent as Minister to Russia and England

adopted, after another sharp struggle, by a vote of 148 to 118. The vote against the rule represented the true strength of Van Buren in a convention a clear majority of whose delegates had been instructed in favor of him. Nearly two-thirds of the Northern delegates voted against the rule; nearly six-sevenths of the Southern delegates voted in favor of it. The friends of

Lewis Cass were hopeful. The vote was prophetic of that Charleston Convention of sixteen years later which was to split the Democratic party into Northern and Southern wings, and thus to give the country its first Republican President. There was much bitterness on the part of the losers. They especially reprobated the conduct of many Pennsylvania delegates, for the members of this delegation had been required to pledge themselves in writing not only to vote for Van Buren, but to do all in their power to bring about this nomination. It was held that to

vote for the two-thirds rule, which made the nomination of Van Buren impossible, was for the Pennsylvanians to violate both the letter and the spirit of their pledge.

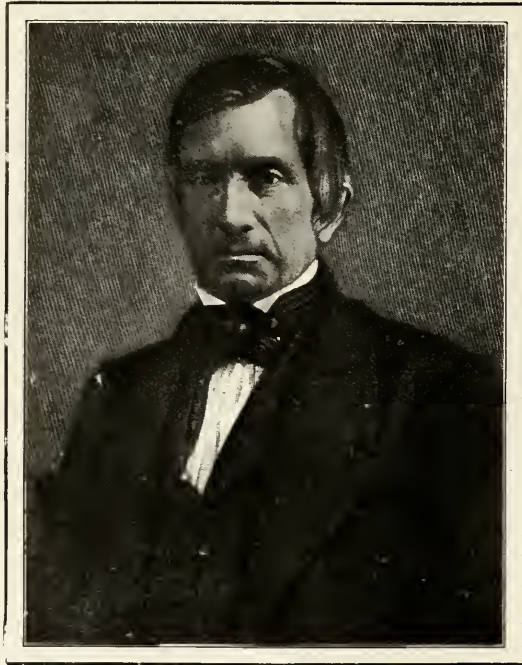
The convention adjourned at half-past one, and reassembled at three o'clock, meanwhile having eaten the heavy mid-day dinner of the period, a proceeding which ought to have prepared the members for sleep rather than discussion. But the incidents of the session were such as to keep

everybody awake. In a hall filled almost to suffocation, with its doors besieged by a vast crowd from the streets, the convention proceeded to what was called the first ballot, though each delegate voted not by ballot, but *viva voce*. On this ballot Van Buren had 146 votes, 12 more than a majority, though some of those instructed for him voted against him. Cass came next

with 83, and Johnson next with 24. Calhoun, Buchanan, and Woodbury appeared in the ballot, as did Commodore Stewart, grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader. Seven ballots were taken. On the second Van Buren fell to 127, less than a majority. On the seventh he had fallen to 99 and Cass had risen to 123. Johnson and Buchanan now had respectively 21 and 22, and all other candidates had disappeared.

The Cass men were hopeful, the Van Buren men angry and determined. Tactics familiar to later conventions were introduced. The Van Buren men

tried in vain for an adjournment. A motion to declare Andrew Jackson the unanimous choice of the convention called out cheers and good-natured laughter, but did not cause a stampede. The real struggle came when Miller of Ohio offered a resolution declaring Martin Van Buren as having received a majority of votes, the nominee of the convention. Amid much excitement all over the hall the chairman ruled that this motion, being in effect an attempt to rescind the two-thirds rule, required a two-thirds vote.



Reproduced from engraving by T. Doney

Whig Candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1844 when Clay headed the ticket

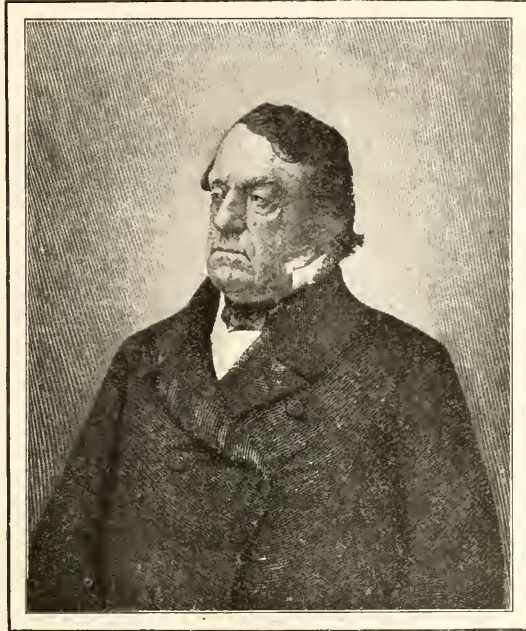
Confusion now seized the convention. When a member wished to catch the chairman's eye or to make himself heard, he mounted a bench. There was a motion for an appeal from the decision of the chair, and McNulty of Ohio from his stand on a bench spoke vehemently in favor of the appeal. It was past six o'clock. After another hour of disorder the convention adjourned to nine o'clock on Wednesday morning.

Intrigue was livelier than ever on Tuesday night. The friends of Cass believed that he could be nominated next morning, and were struggling hard to win votes. But it was only natural that the Van Buren men should be unwilling to see the next highest candidate win, particularly as some of his supporters had been most eager to adopt the fatal two-thirds rule. Bancroft, the historian, says, that he, seeing that Van Buren could not be nominated, and believing that Cass could not be elected, turned to James K. Polk of Tennessee, an out-spoken advocate of annexation, who had been spoken of for the second place on the ticket, and obtained support for him in the Massachusetts dele-

gation. This he confided long afterward to his fellow-historian, Professor Schouler, and the fact that Bancroft became Secretary of the Navy under Polk seems to indicate some special obligation of the latter.* The New York *Evening Post*, which accepted the result of the convention sullenly, charged that there was a conspiracy against Van Buren extending from Michigan, the home of

Cass, to the far South, and added that "the Polk business broke that up." The movement to Polk, indeed, seems to have been at least as much against Cass as against Van Buren.

When morning came, the appeal from the decision of the chair was not pressed. On the eighth ballot there were 44 votes from New England and the South for Polk. Van Buren had 104, and Cass 114. While the ninth ballot was in progress the New York delegation asked leave to withdraw for consultation, and left the hall just in time to prevent



Reproduced from an engraving

Leuchter

A candidate at the Baltimore Convention in opposition to Van Buren. Mr. Cass at various times was Governor of the Territory of Michigan, Secretary of War, Minister to France, Secretary of State, and Democratic Candidate for President

* It is significant of Bancroft's share in promoting the nomination of Polk that a marginal note, apparently in Bancroft's hand, in a volume of the Life of Silas Wright, once part of Bancroft's library, and now in the Lenox Library of New York, denies an assertion in the text as to the beginning of the movement in the convention to Polk. Many of Bancroft's books in the Lenox Library are thus annotated.

a personal colloquy between a Southern member and Mr. Young of New York, who had spoken bitterly of Mr. Calhoun as the Nero who was fiddling while Rome burned. When the New Yorkers returned, Mr. Butler read a letter of withdrawal from Mr. Van Buren, and the convention cheered as New York then cast 35 of her 36 votes for Polk. Then followed the first of many stampedes in the history of national conventions. Delegation after delegation changed its vote to Polk, and he was nominated almost by acclamation. The South had won.

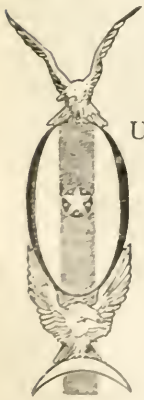
That afternoon the convention nominated for Vice-President Silas Wright, the confidential friend of Van Buren, but next morning Mr. Butler read from Mr. Wright a letter of declination. Mr. Wright had already put aside a proposal to nominate him for President. The convention after a few ballots nominated for Vice-President, instead of Mr. Wright, George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania, as a sop to the protectionists.

Polk was truly the first Democratic "dark horse," for although he had been a member of the House of Representatives for fourteen years, and Speaker of that House for four years, and had been chosen Governor of Tennessee, he had been little heard of outside his own State since his retirement from Congress in 1839, and had never been a man of wide popularity. The nomination was received by the Whigs with scornful laughter, as they asked "Who is Polk?" and contrasted the comparatively obscure Democratic nominee with their own brilliant Henry Clay, a man of lifelong popularity, longer conspicuous in the public service than any other man then engaged in politics. But Clay managed to arouse in the North suspicions of his sincerity by the letters he subsequently wrote on the subject of annexation, and largely through the votes of the anti-slavery Whigs in New York and

Michigan, some of whom went over to the Liberty party, he was defeated and Polk was seated in the chair. As to the "dark horse," he proved fitter for the place than even his friends had hoped. He had been all his life a consistent pro-slavery man; he proved a consistent pro-slavery President. He provoked the Mexican War, and under the spur of the Whigs helped to carry out his party's pledge for the reoccupation of Oregon. The Southern men, however, overreached themselves in all this, for in demanding at once the "reannexation of Texas and the reoccupation of Oregon," they enabled the Whigs successfully to insist upon a gain of territory in the Northwest that almost offset the gain in the South, and besides, out of the vast region wrested from Mexico was carved the free State of California. Furthermore, the ruthless rejection of Van Buren made him all the more willing to lead, in 1848, the Free Soil party, which helped to bring about the election of the Whig candidate, and made an impressive showing of 250,000 for the principle of freedom in the territories. Here was the party which proved the forerunner of that Republican party destined to destroy slavery and for the greater part of forty years to exclude the Democrats from power. Truly Van Buren has been amply avenged.

The "Little Woman's" Forgery

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE



OUR new addition was complete, but we never quite seemed to get through paying for it. A number of times, when we thought we had settled the last and final bit of our liabilities, a new demand would be presented, a new hydra head to be smitten off, a new wound to be seared over and forgotten. A big brace for the tall new chimney was an "extra," of course. Likewise the storm windows and a new patent damper for the furnace, guaranteed to save anywhere from nine to ninety-nine per cent. of the coal used, and to supply at

least double the heat. The spark-screen, andirons, and other adjuncts for the fire-place—these, too, were outside the contract, and a good deal easier to buy than to pay for, even when the buying meant mousing about in dusty antique stores, and the paying a simple matter of drawing a check.

It is easy to draw checks when the account is replete—in fact, it is rather a pleasure to do so—I am sure the Little Woman used to regard me with an admiration akin to awe as I carelessly filled in the figures and name of payee, and signed my name with a neat flourish on the line below.

I suppose she wondered why I never let

THE SONG BY THE BARADA.

OVER the brow of Lebanon,
In a blaze of splendor sank the sun,
Its gold on the valley glowing;
After a day now dark, now fair,
With a wild sirocco sweeping bare
The mountain paths, as we journeyed there,
To stately Baalbec going.

All in the dusk our tents gleamed white
Where lone Barada lulled the night,
Cool from the snows of Hermon;
Around us, rose and hawthorn blooms
Hung, sad, above Abila's tombs;
And her ruined temples, through the glooms,
Looked with a voiceless sermon.

The wild wind fell; and, past compare,
Up in the wonderful depths of air
Floated the starry islands;—
Floated so calm, so bright, so near,
From the curtained door I leaned to hear,
Perchance, some song of the blessed, clear
In the great o'erarching silence.

By the tethered horses, from man to man
Speech and laughter alternate ran,
Where the muleteers were lying;
But story and merriment fainter grew,
Till the only sound the tent-court knew
Was the dragoman's footfall echoing through,
Or the wind in the walnut sighing.

Yet still, when April suns are low,
I hear the wild sirocco blow,
And see, in memory's vision,
Abila's ruins strew the hill;
The stars the Syrian azure fill;
While, listening, all my pulses thrill
As soars that song Elysian.

Listen! what steals on the air? has the breeze
Wafted down from the shining seas
A song of the seraphs seven?—
Low and soft as the soothing fall
Of the fountains of Eden; sweet as the call
Of angels over the jasper wall,
That welcomes a soul to heaven.

It swells! it mounts! it fills the vale!
The hawthorns tremble; the roses pale
At its passionate, glorious mazes!—
'Tis a Peri hymning of Paradise!
'Tis the plaint of a spirit that yearns and sighs,
Though lapped in the nameless bliss of the
skies,
For a lost-love's embraces!

A moment's hush with the falling strain;—
And the wild wind, rising, roared again
O'er the stream and the covert shady;—
Breathless I stood in the curtained door,
But the ravishing melody came no more;
And the dragoman, crossing the tent before
Cried, "The Nightingale, my lady."

Edna Dean Proctor.



THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.*

JULY 21, 1861.



A LOUISIANA TIGER.

SOON after the first conflict between the authorities of the Federal Union and those of the Confederate States had occurred in Charleston Harbor, by the bombardment of Fort Sumter,—which, beginning at 4:30 A. M. on the 12th of April, 1861, forced the surrender of that fortress within thirty hours thereafter into my hands, —I was called to Richmond, which by that time had become the Confederate seat of government, and directed to “assume command of the Confederate troops on the Alexandria line.” Arriving at Manassas Junction, I took command on the 2d of June, forty-nine days after the evacuation of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson.

Although the position at the time was strategically of commanding importance to the Confederates, the mere *terrain* was not only without natural defensive advantages, but, on the contrary, was absolutely unfavorable. Its strategic value was that, with close proximity to the Federal capital, it held in observation the chief Federal army then being assembled in the quarter of Arlington by General McDowell, under the immediate eye of the commander-in-chief, General Scott, for an offensive movement against Richmond; and while it had a railway approach in its rear for the easy accumulation of reinforcements and all the necessary munitions of war from the southward, at the same time another (the Manassas Gap) railway, diverging laterally to the left from that point, gave rapid communications with the fertile valley of the Shenandoah, then teeming with live-stock and cereal subsistence, as well as with other resources essential to the Confederates. There was this further value in the position to the Confederate army: that during the period of accumulation, seasoning, and training, it

might be fed from the fat fields, pastures, and garners of Loudon, Fauquier, and the lower Shenandoah valley counties, which otherwise must have fallen into the hands of the enemy. But, on the other hand, Bull Run, a petty stream, was of little or no defensive strength; for it abounded in fords, and although for the most part its banks were rocky and abrupt, the side from which it would be approached offensively was in most places the higher, and therefore commanded the opposite ground.

At the time of my arrival at Manassas, a Confederate army under General Joseph E. Johnston was in occupation of the lower Shenandoah valley, along the line of the upper Potomac, chiefly at Harper's Ferry, which was regarded as the gateway of that valley and of one of the possible approaches to Richmond; a position from which he was speedily forced to retire, however, by a flank movement by a Federal army, under the veteran General Patterson, thrown across the Potomac at or about Martinsburg.† On my other or right flank, so to speak, a Confederate force of some twenty-five hundred men under General Holmes occupied the position of Acquia Creek on the lower Potomac, upon the line of approach to Richmond from that direction through Fredericksburg. The other approach, that by way of the James River, was held by Confederate troops under Generals Huger and Magruder. Establishing small outposts at Leesburg to observe the crossings of the Potomac in that quarter, and at Fairfax Court House in observation of Arlington, with other detachments in advance of Manassas toward Alexandria on the south side of the railroad, from the very outset I was anxiously aware that the sole military advantage at the moment to the Confederates was that of holding the *interior lines*. On the Federal or hostile side were all material advantages, including superior numbers, largely drawn from the old militia organizations of the great cities of the North, decidedly better armed and equipped than the troops under me, and strengthened by a small but incomparable body of regular infantry as well as a number of batteries of regular field artillery of the high-

† It was Patterson upon whom the Government at Washington depended to neutralize Johnston as an element in McDowell's contest with Beauregard. But, whether from the faultiness of Scott's instructions or of Patterson's understanding of them, or from his failure or inability to execute them,—all of which is matter of controversy,—Patterson neither held Johnston nor reinforced McDowell.—ED.

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est class, and a very large and thoroughly organized staff corps, besides a numerous body of professionally educated officers in command of volunteer regiments,*—all precious military elements at such a juncture; add to this the immensely superior industrial and mechanical resources and an unrestrictable commercial access to the markets and workshops of Europe, with all the accumulated wealth of the Northern people to draw upon.

Happily, through the foresight of Colonel Thomas Jordan,—whom General Lee had placed as the Adjutant-General of the forces there assembled before my arrival,—arrangements were made which enabled me to receive regularly, from private persons at the Federal capital, most accurate information, of which politicians high in council, as well as War Department clerks, were the unconscious ducts. Moreover, my enterprising, intelligent pickets were watchfully kept in the closest possible proximity to General McDowell's headquarters, and, by a stroke of good fortune on the fourth of July, happened upon and captured a sergeant and soldier of the regulars, who were leisurely riding for recreation not far outside their lines. The soldier, an intelligent, educated Scotchman, proved to be a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office of General McDowell, intrusted with the special duty of compiling returns of his army—a work which he confessed, without reluctance, he had just executed, showing the forces under McDowell about the first of July. His statement of the strength and composition of that force tallied so closely with that which had been acquired through my Washington agencies, already mentioned, as well as through the leading newspapers of New York and Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore, regular files of which were also transmitted to my headquarters from the Federal capital, that I could not doubt them.

In these several ways, therefore, I was almost as well advised of the strength of the hostile army in my front as its commander, who, I may mention, had been a classmate of mine at West Point. Under those circumstances I had become satisfied that a well-equipped, well-constituted Federal army at least fifty thousand strong, of all arms, confronted me at or about Arlington, ready and on the very eve of an offensive operation against me, and to meet which I could muster barely eighteen thousand men with twenty-nine field-guns.

Previously, indeed, or as early as the middle of June, it had become apparent to my mind that through only one course of action could there be a well-grounded hope of ability on the part of the Confederates to encounter successfully the offensive operations for which the Federal authorities were then vigorously preparing in my immediate front, with so consummate a strategist and military administrator as Lieutenant-General Scott in general command at Washington, aided by his accomplished heads of the large General Staff Corps of the United States Army; this course was to make the most enterprising, warlike use of the interior lines which we possessed, for the swift concentration at the critical instant of every available Confederate force upon the menaced position, at the risk, if need were, of sacrificing all minor places to the one clearly of major military value,—then to meet our adversary so offensively as to overwhelm him, under circumstances that must assure immediate ability to assume the general offensive even upon the territory of the adversary, and thus conquer an early peace by a few well-delivered blows.

My views of such import had been already earnestly communicated to the proper authorities; but about the middle of July, satisfied that McDowell was on the eve of taking the offensive against me, I dispatched Colonel James Chesnut, of South Carolina, a volunteer aid-de-camp on my staff who had served on an intimate footing with Mr. Davis in the Senate of the United States, to urge in substance the necessity for the immediate concentration of the larger part of the forces of Johnston and Holmes at Manassas, so that the moment McDowell should be sufficiently far detached from Washington, I would be enabled to move rapidly around his more convenient flank upon his rear and his communications, and attack him in reverse, thus cutting off his retreat upon Arlington in the event of his defeat, and insuring as an immediate consequence the crushing of Patterson, the liberation of Maryland, and the capture of Washington.

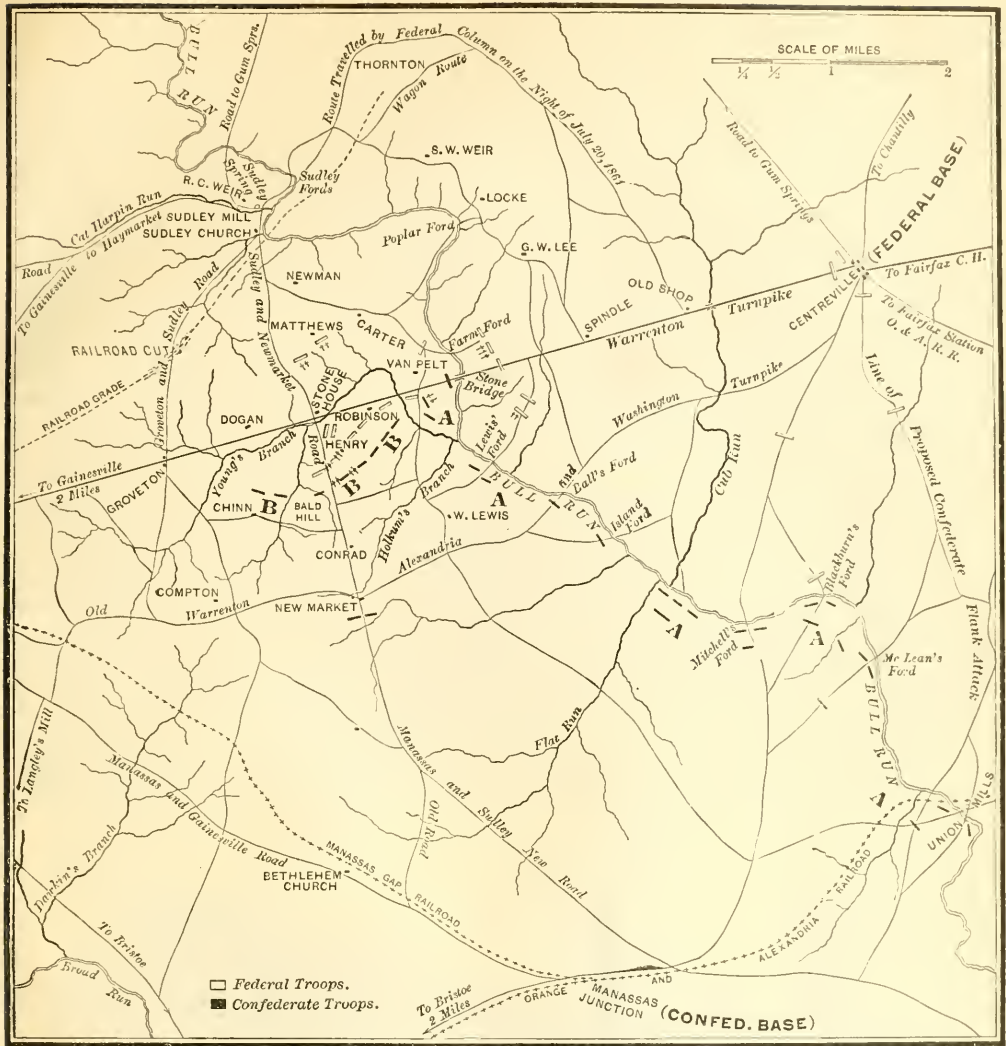
This plan was rejected by Mr. Davis and his military advisers (Adjutant-General Cooper and General Lee), who characterized it as "brilliant and comprehensive," but essentially impracticable. Furthermore, Colonel Chesnut came back impressed with the views entertained at Richmond,—as he communicated at once to my Adjutant-General,—that

* It should be borne in mind, on the other hand, that there were many professionally educated officers on the Confederate side. In the battle of Bull Run there were General Beauregard himself, Generals Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Kirby Smith, Ewell, Early, Bee, D. R. Jones, Holmes, Evans, Elzey, and Jordan, all in prominent positions, besides others not so prominent. The General Staff Corps contributed many efficient men to the Confederacy, including General R. E. Lee.—Ed.



TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF THE BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

[The original of this map was made for General Beauregard, soon after the battle, from actual surveys by Captain D. B. Harris, assisted by Mr. John Grant. It is here reproduced by the courtesy of General H. L. Abbot, U. S. A., from a photograph in his possession.]



OUTLINE MAP OF THE BULL RUN REGION.

A, A, A, A, A. General line of Confederate dispositions during the skirmish at Mitchell's and Blackburn's Fords (July 18), and until the morning of the main engagement (July 21).
 B, B, B. General line of Confederate dispositions, made to repel McDowell's flank attack by the Sudley and Newmarket Road.
 The Federal dispositions are represented as they were at the climax of the fighting on the Henry plateau.

should the Federal army soon move offensively upon my position, my best course would be to retire behind the Rappahannock river and accept battle there instead of Manassas. In effect, it was regarded as best to sever communications between the two chief Confederate armies, that of the Potomac and that of the Shenandoah, with the inevitable immediate result that Johnston would be forced to leave Patterson in possession of the lower Shenandoah valley, abandoning to the enemy so large a part of the most resourceful sections of Virginia, and, retreating southward by way of the Luray valley, pass across the Blue Ridge at Thornton's Gap and unite with me after all,

but at Fredericksburg, much nearer Richmond than Manassas. These views, however, were not made known to me at the time, and happily my mind was left engrossed with the grave problem imposed upon me by the rejection of my plan for the immediate concentration of a materially larger force,—*i. e.*, the problem of placing and using my resources for a successful encounter behind Bull Run with the Federal army, which I was not permitted to doubt was about to take the field against me.

It is almost needless to say that I had caused to be made a thorough reconnoissance of all the ground in my front and flanks,

and had made myself personally acquainted with the most material points, including the region of Sudley's church on my left, where a small detachment was posted in observation. Left now to my own resources, of course the contingency of defeat had to be considered and provided for. Among the measures or precautions for such a result, I ordered the destruction of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad bridge across Bull Run at Union Mills, in order that the enemy, in the event of my defeat, should not have the immediate use of the railroad in following up their movement against Richmond—a railroad which could have had no corresponding value to us eastward beyond Manassas in any operations on our side with Washington as the objective, inasmuch as any such operations must have been made by the way of the upper Potomac and upon the rear of that city.

Just before Colonel Chesnut was dispatched on the mission of which I have spoken, a former clerk in one of the departments at Washington, well known to him, had volunteered to return thither and bring back the latest information, from our most trusted friends, of the military and political situations. His loyalty, intelligence, and desire to be of service being vouched for, and as I was extremely solicitous to hear the personal observations of so intelligent a gentleman as he was represented to be, he was at once sent across the Potomac

below Alexandria by our agencies in that quarter, merely accredited by a small scrap of paper bearing in Colonel Jordan's cipher the two words, "Trust bearer," with which he was to call at a certain house in a certain street in Washington within easy rifle-range of the White House, ask for the lady of the house, and present it only to her. This delicate mission was as fortunately as it was deftly executed. In the early morning, as the newsboys were crying in the as yet empty streets of Washington the intelligence that the order was given for the Federal army to move at once upon my position, that scrap of paper, apparently so unmeaning, reached the hands of the one person in all that city who could extract any meaning from it. With no more delay than was necessary for a hurried breakfast and the writing in cipher by Mrs. G— of the words "Order issued for McDowell to march upon Manassas to-night," my agent was placed in communication with another friend, who carried him in a buggy with a relay of horses as swiftly as possible down the eastern shore of the Potomac to our regular ferry across that river. Without untoward incident the momentous dispatch was quickly delivered into the hands of a cavalry courier, and by means of relays it was in my hands between eight and nine o'clock that night. Within half an hour, my outpost commanders,



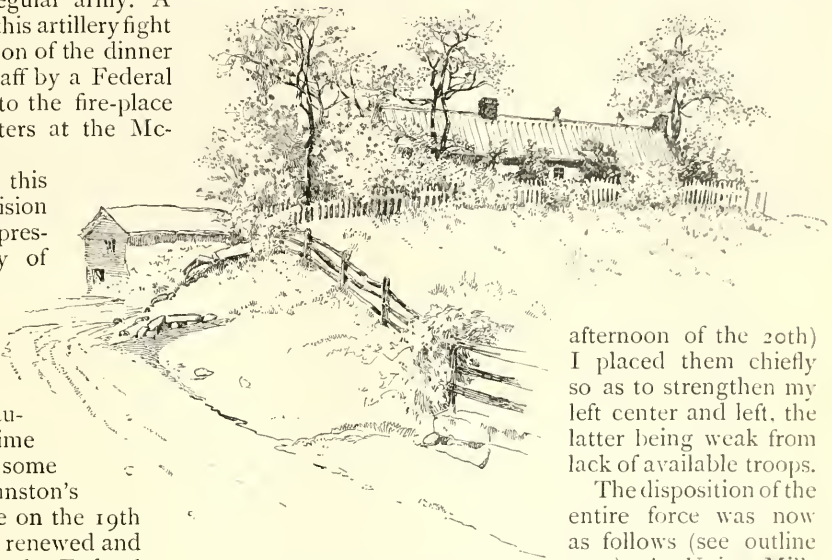
BULL RUN, NEAR BLACKBURN'S FORD.

[After a photograph taken in March, 1862, when the Confederate troops had been withdrawn.]

that and Blackburn's ford. (See outline map.) My order of battle, issued in the night of the 17th, contemplated an offensive return, particularly from the strong brigades on the right and right center. The Federal artillery opened in front of both fords, and the infantry, while demonstrating in front of Mitchell's ford, endeavored to force a passage at Blackburn's. Their column of attack, Tyler's division, was opposed by Longstreet's forces, to the reënforcement of which Early's brigade, the reserve line at McLean's ford, was ordered up. The Federals, after several attempts to force a passage, met a final repulse and retreated. After their infantry attack had ceased, about one o'clock, the contest lapsed into an artillery duel, in which the Washington Artillery of New Orleans won credit against the renowned batteries of the United States regular army. A comical effect of this artillery fight was the destruction of the dinner of myself and staff by a Federal shell that fell into the fire-place of my headquarters at the McLean House.*

Our success in this first limited collision was of special prestige to my army of new troops, and, moreover, of decisive importance by so increasing General McDowell's caution as to give time for the arrival of some of General Johnston's forces. But while on the 19th I was awaiting a renewed and general attack by the Federal army, I received a telegram from the Richmond military authorities urging me to withdraw my call on General Johnston on account of the supposed impracticability of the concentration—an abiding conviction

which had been but momentarily shaken by the alarm caused by McDowell's march upon Richmond.† As this was not an order in terms, but an urgency which, notwithstanding its superior source, left me technically free and could define me as responsible for any mis-event, I preferred to keep both the situation and the responsibility, and continued every effort for the prompt arrival of the Shenandoah forces, being resolved, should they come before General McDowell again attacked, to take myself the offensive. General McDowell, fortunately for my plans, spent the 19th and 20th in reconnaissances;‡ and, meanwhile, General Johnston brought 6000 men from the Shenandoah valley, with 20 guns, and General Holmes 1265 rank and file, with six pieces of artillery from Acquia Creek. As these forces arrived (most of them in the



SUDLEY SPRINGS HOTEL.
(FROM THE STREAM NEAR THE MILL.)

afternoon of the 20th) I placed them chiefly so as to strengthen my left center and left, the latter being weak from lack of available troops.

The disposition of the entire force was now as follows (see outline map): At Union Mills ford, Ewell's brigade, supported by Holmes's; at McLean's ford, D. R. Jones's brigade, supported by Early's; at Blackburn's ford, Longstreet's brigade; at Mitchell's ford, Bonham's brigade. Cockey's

* It is denied that a serious attempt "to force a passage" was made by the Federal troops on the 18th. (See "McDowell and Tyler in the Campaign of Bull Run," by General James B. Fry, who was Assistant Adjutant-General to General McDowell in this campaign. N. Y., Van Nostrand, 1884.) This engagement was called by the Confederates the Battle of Bull Run, the main fight on the 21st being known in the South as the battle of Manassas (pronounced Ma-nass'-sa).—ED.

† [TELEGRAM.]

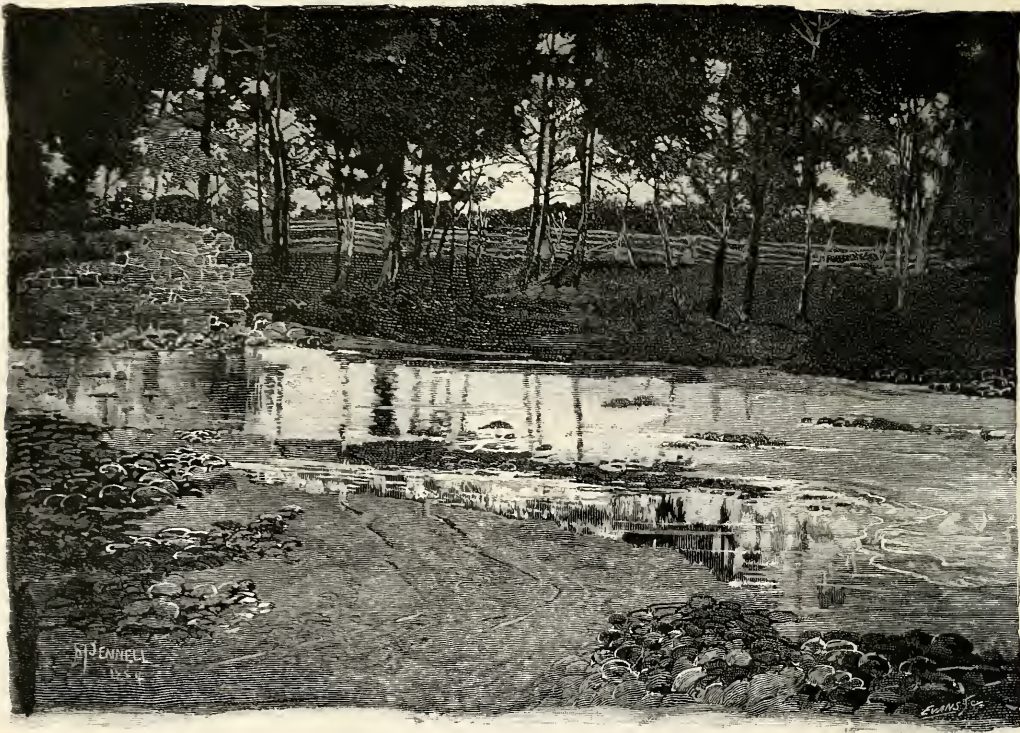
RICHMOND, July 19, 1861.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD, Manassas, Va.

We have no intelligence from General Johnston. If the enemy in front of you has abandoned an immediate attack, and General Johnston has not moved, you had better withdraw your call upon him, so that he may be left to his full discretion. All the troops arriving at Lynchburg are ordered to join you. From this place we will send as fast as transportation permits. The enemy is advised at Washington of the projected movement of Generals Johnston and Holmes, and may vary his plans in conformity thereto.

S. COOPER, Adjt.-Gen.

‡ Lack of rations, as well as the necessity for information, detained McDowell at Centreville during these two days.—ED.



PRESENT VIEW OF SUDLEY SPRINGS FORD.

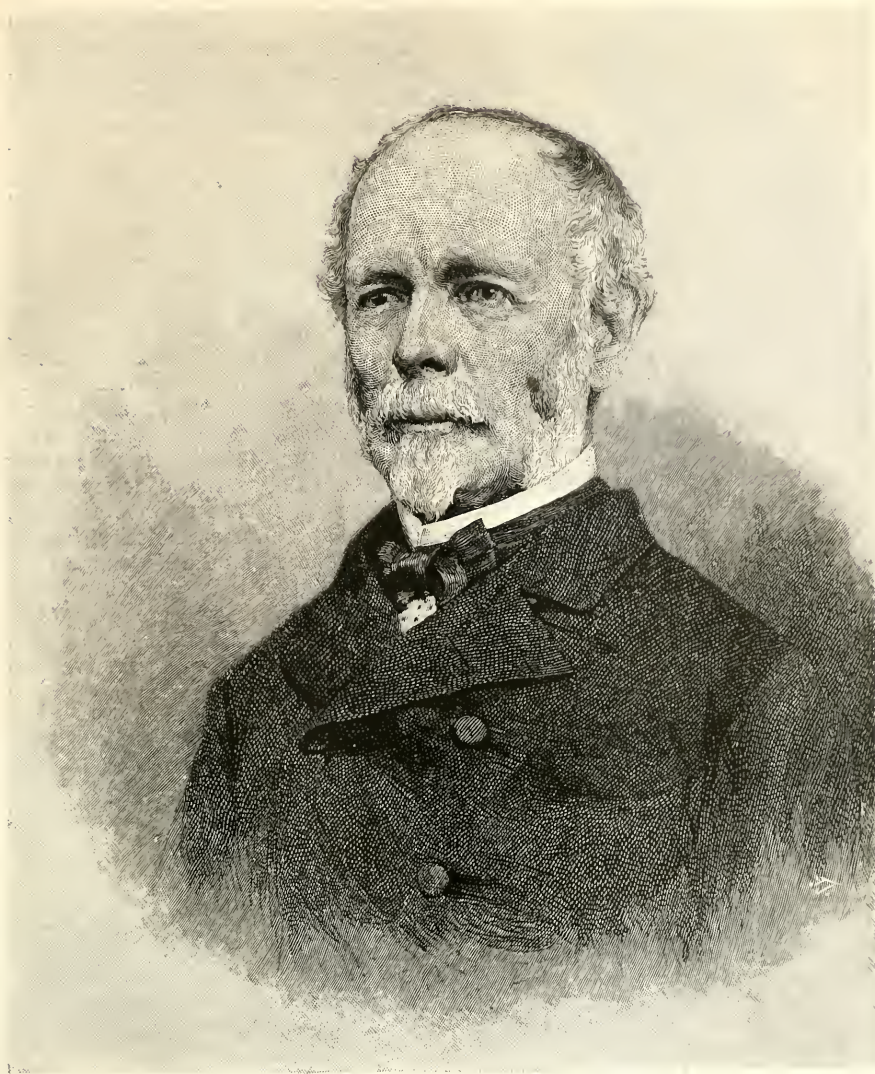
[This stream is the Cat Harpin Run, which empties into Bull Run a short distance to the right. In making the flank movement the Federal troops, under General Hunter, crossed from right to left of the picture, followed later in the day by the ambulances and munition wagons. The retreat, also, was chiefly by this ford. The ruins of the Sudley Sulphur Spring House are shown on the left, and the Sudley church, which was the main hospital after the fight, is a short distance away.]

brigade held the line in front and rear of Bull Run from Bonham's left, covering Lewis's, Ball's, and Island fords, to the right of Evans's demi-brigade, which covered the Stone Bridge and a farm ford about a mile above, and formed part also of Cocke's command. The Shenandoah forces were placed in reserve—Bee's and Bartow's brigades between McLean's and Blackburn's fords, and Jackson's between Blackburn's and Mitchell's fords. This force mustered 29,188 rank and file and 55 guns, of which 21,923 infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with 29 guns, belonged to my immediate forces, *i. e.*, the Army of the Potomac.

The preparation, in front of an ever-threatening enemy, of a wholly volunteer army, composed of men very few of whom had ever belonged to any military organization, had been a work of many cares not incident to the command of a regular army. These were increased by the insufficiency of my staff organization, an inefficient management of the quartermaster's department at Richmond, and the preposterous mismanagement of the Commissary-General, who not only

failed to furnish rations, but caused the removal of the army commissaries, who, under my orders, procured food from the country in front of us to keep the army from absolute want—supplies that were otherwise exposed to be gathered by the enemy. So specially severe had been the recent duties at headquarters, aggravated not a little by night alarms arising from the enemy's immediate presence, that, in the evening of the 20th, I found my chief-of-staff sunken upon the papers that covered his table, asleep in sheer exhaustion from the overstraining and almost slumberless labor of the last days and nights. I covered his door with a guard to secure his rest against any interruption, after which the army had the benefit of his usual active and provident services.

There was much in this decisive conflict about to open, not involved in any after battle, which pervaded the two armies and the people behind them and colored the responsibility of the respective commanders. The political hostilities of a generation were now face to face with weapons instead of words. Defeat to either side would be a deep mortification,



J. E. Johnston

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, TAKEN IN NOVEMBER, 1867.]

but defeat to the South must turn its claim of independence into an empty vaunt; and the defeated commander on either side might expect, though not the personal fate awarded by the Carthaginians to an unfortunate commander, at least a moral fate quite similar. To the judge of chances the issue must have seemed to incline strongly to the North, on account of their great superiority in numbers and all else that goes to make up advantage in the field, excepting the personal worth of the individual soldiers. However, though dis-

appointed that the concentration I had sought had not been permitted at the moment and for the purpose preferred by me, and notwithstanding the non-arrival of some five thousand troops of the Shenandoah forces, my strength was now so increased that I had good hope of successfully meeting my adversary, despite all unfavorable odds.

General Johnston was the ranking officer, and entitled, therefore, to assume command of the united forces; but as the extensive field of operations was one which I had occu-



COLONEL F. S. BARTOW. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

pied since the beginning of June, and with which I was thoroughly familiar in all its extent and military bearings, while he was wholly unacquainted with it, and, moreover, as I had made my plans and dispositions for the maintenance of the position, General

Johnston, in view of the gravity of the impending issue, preferred not to assume the responsibilities of the chief direction of the forces during the battle, but to assist me upon the field. Thereupon, I explained my plans and purposes, to which he agreed.

SUNDAY, July 21st, bearing the fate of the new-born Confederacy, broke brightly over the fields and woods that held the hostile forces. My scouts, thrown out in the night toward Centreville along the Warrenton turnpike, had reported that the enemy was concentrating along the latter. This fact, together with the failure of the Federals in their attack upon my center at Mitchell's and Blackburn's fords, had caused me to apprehend that they would attempt my left flank at the Stone Bridge, and orders were accordingly issued by half-past four o'clock to the brigade commanders to hold their forces in readiness to move at a moment's notice, together with the suggestion that the Federal attack might be expected in that quarter. Shortly afterward the Federals were reported to be advancing from Centreville on the Warrenton turnpike, and at half-past five o'clock as



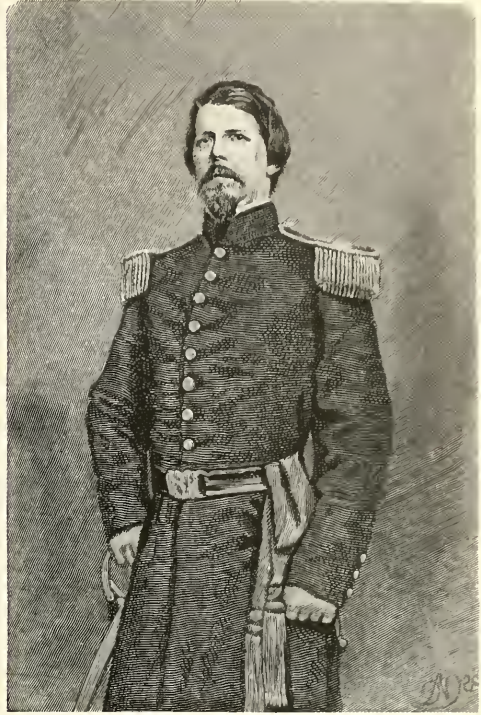
RUINS OF THE STONE BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARD THE BATTLE-FIELD.

[This view is from a photograph taken in March, 1862, the region having been left open to the Federals by the withdrawal of the Confederate forces, whereupon the bridge probably was destroyed by the latter. The battery which commanded the bridge was placed on the left in the felled timber, which formed an abatis across the road. The battle was opened from beyond the small house on the right by the Rhode Island troops.]

deploying a force in front of Evans. As their movement against my left developed the opportunity I desired, I immediately sent orders to the brigade commanders, both front and reserves, on my right and center to advance and vigorously attack the Federal left flank and rear at Centreville, while my left, under Cocks and Evans with their supports, would sustain the Federal attack in the quarter of the Stone Bridge, which they were directed to do to the last extremity. The center was likewise to advance and engage the enemy in front, and directions were given to the reserves, when without orders, to move toward the sound of the heaviest firing. The ground in our front on the other side of Bull Run afforded particular advantage for these tactics. Centreville was the apex of a triangle—its short side running by the Warrenton turnpike to Stone Bridge, its base Bull Run, its long side a road that ran from Union Mills along the front of my other Bull Run positions and trended off to the rear of Centreville, where McDowell had massed his main forces; branch roads led up to this one from the fords between Union Mills and Mitchell's. My forces to the right of the latter ford were to advance, pivoting on that position; Bonham was to advance from Mitchell's ford, Longstreet from Blackburn's, D. R. Jones from McLean's, and Ewell from Union Mills by the Centreville road. Ewell, as having the longest march, was to begin the movement, and each brigade was to be followed by its reserve. In anticipation of this method of attack, and to prevent accidents, the subordinate commanders had been carefully instructed in the movement by me in conference the night before, as they were all new to the responsibilities of command. They were to establish close communication with each other before making the attack. About half-past eight o'clock I set out with General Johnston for a convenient position,—a hill in rear of Mitchell's ford,—where we waited for the opening of the attack on our right, from which I expected a decisive victory by mid-day, with the result of cutting off the Federal army from retreat upon Washington.

Meanwhile, about half-past five o'clock, the peal of a heavy rifled gun was heard in front of the Stone Bridge, its second shot striking through the tent of my signal officer, Captain E. P. Alexander; and at six o'clock a full rifled battery opened against Evans and then against Cocks, to which our artillery remained dumb, as it had not sufficient range to reply. But later, as the Federal skirmish-line advanced, it was engaged by ours, thrown well forward on the other side of the Run. A scattering musketry fire followed, and mean-

while, about seven o'clock, I ordered Jackson's brigade, with Imboden's and five guns of Walton's battery, to the left, with orders to support Cocks as well as Bonham; and the brigades of Bee and Bartow, under the com-



BRIG.-GEN. BARNARD E. BEE (IN THE UNIFORM OF A CAPTAIN OF INFANTRY OF THE OLD SERVICE). (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TUCKER AND PERKINS.)

mand of the former, were also sent to the support of the left.

At half-past eight o'clock Evans, seeing that the Federal attack did not increase in boldness and vigor, and observing a lengthening line of dust above the trees to the left of the Warrenton turnpike, became satisfied that the attack in his front was but a feint, and that a column of the enemy was moving around through the woods to fall on his flank from the direction of Sudley ford. Informing his immediate commander, Cocks, of the enemy's movement, and of his own dispositions to meet it, he left four companies under cover at the Stone Bridge, and led the remainder of his force, six companies of Sloan's Fourth South Carolina and Wheat's battalion of Louisiana Tigers, with two six-pounder howitzers, across the valley of Young's Branch to the high ground beyond it. Resting his left on the Sudley road, he distributed his troops on each side of a small copse, with such cover as the ground afforded, and look-

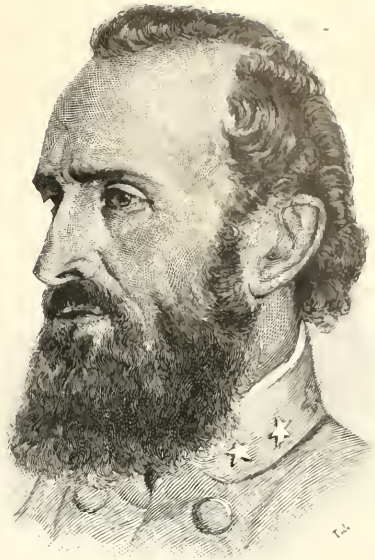


RALLYING THE TROOPS OF BEE, BARTON, AND EVANS, BEHIND THE ROBINSON HOUSE

ing over the open fields and a reach of the Sudley road which the Federals must cover in their approach. His two howitzers were placed one at each end of his position, and here he silently awaited the masses of the enemy now drawing near.

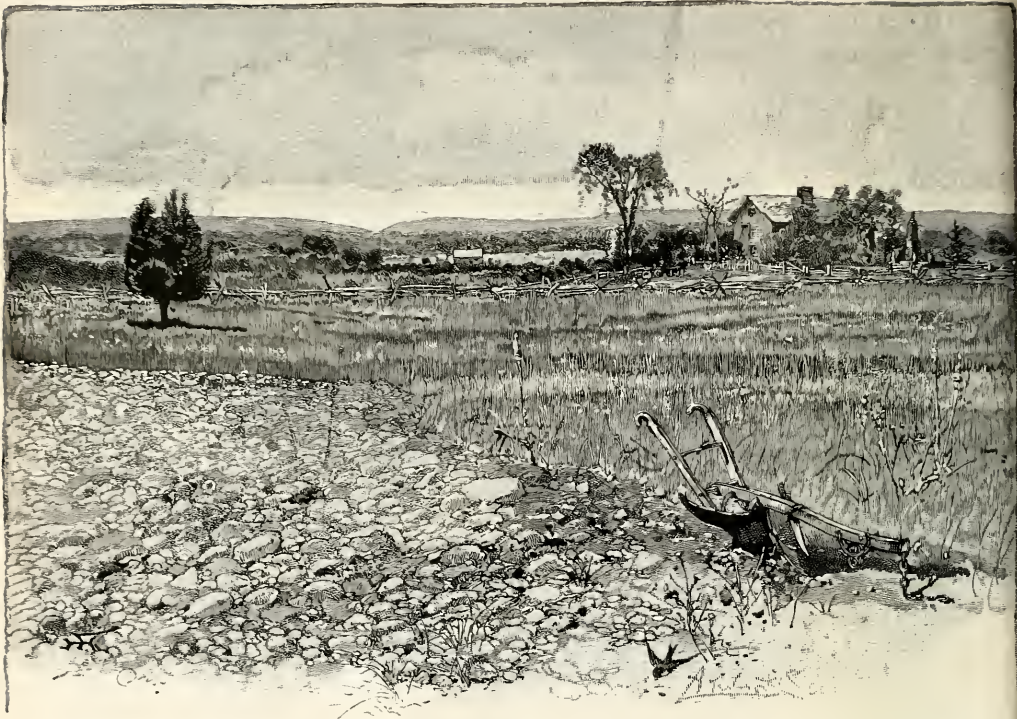
The Federal turning column, about eighteen thousand strong, with twenty-four pieces of artillery, had moved down from Centreville by the Warrenton turnpike, and after passing Cub Run had struck to the right by a forest road to cross Bull Run at Sudley ford, about three miles above the Stone Bridge, moving by a long circuit for the purpose of attacking my left flank. The head of the column, Burnside's brigade of Hunter's division, at about 9:45 A. M. debouched from the woods into the open fields, in front of Evans. Wheat at once engaged their skirmishers, and as the Second Rhode Island regiment advanced, supported by its splendid battery of six rifled guns, the fronting thicket held by Evans's South Carolinians poured forth its sudden volleys, while the two howitzers flung their grape-shot upon the attacking line, which was soon shattered and driven back into the woods behind. Major Wheat, after handling his battalion with the utmost determination, had fallen severely wounded in the lungs. Burnside's entire brigade was now sent forward in a second charge, supported by eight guns; but they encountered again the unflinching fire of Evans's line, and were once more driven back to the woods, from the cover of which they continued the attack, reënforced after a time by the arrival of eight companies of United States regular infantry, under Major Sykes, with six pieces of artillery, quickly followed by the remaining regiments of Andrew Porter's brigade of the same division. The contest here lasted fully an hour; meanwhile Wheat's battalion, having lost its leader, had gradually lost its organization, and Evans, though still opposing these heavy odds with undiminished firmness, sought reënforcement from the troops in his rear.

General Bee, of South Carolina, a man of marked character, whose command lay in reserve in rear of Cocks, near the Stone Bridge, intelligently applying the general order given to the reserves, had already moved toward the neighboring point of conflict, and taken a position with his own and Bartow's brigades on the high plateau which stands in rear of Bull Run in the quarter of the Stone Bridge, and overlooking the scene of engagement upon the stretch of high ground from which it was separated by the valley of Young's Branch. This plateau is inclosed on three sides by two small water-courses, which empty



GENERAL THOMAS J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TANNER AND VAN NESS.]

into Bull Run within a few yards of each other, a half mile to the south of the Stone Bridge. Rising to an elevation of quite one hundred feet above the level of Bull Run at the bridge, it falls off on three sides to the level of the inclosing streams in gentle slopes, but furrowed by ravines of irregular directions and length, and studded with clumps and patches of young pines and oaks. The general direction of the crest of the plateau is oblique to the course of Bull Run in that quarter and to the Sudley and turnpike roads, which intersect each other at right angles. On the north-western brow, overlooking Young's Branch, and near the Sudley road, as the latter climbs over the plateau, stood the house of the widow Henry, while to its right and forward on a projecting spur stood the house and sheds of the free negro Robinson, just behind the turnpike, densely embowered in trees and shrubbery and environed by a double row of fences on two sides. Around the eastern and southern brow of the plateau an almost unbroken fringe of second-growth pines gave excellent shelter for our marksmen, who availed themselves of it with the most satisfactory skill. To the west, adjoining the fields that surrounded the houses mentioned, a broad belt of oaks extends directly across the crest on both sides of the Sudley road, in which, during the battle, the hostile forces contended for the mastery. General Bee, with a soldier's eye to the situation, skillfully disposed his forces. His two brigades on either side of Imboden's battery — which he had borrowed from his neighboring reserve,



THE MAIN BATTLE-GROUND.—NO. I.

[View of the Henry house, looking west from the spot where General Bee fell. The Bull Run mountains and Thoroughfare Gap appear in the distance. The Sudley road, a few rods beyond the house, under the hill, runs parallel with the rail fence in the middle ground, behind which were Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries. Near the house stands the Union Monument, commemorating the battle.]

Jackson's brigade — were placed in a small depression of the plateau in advance of the Henry house, whence he had a full view of the contest on the opposite height across the valley of Young's Branch. Opening with his artillery upon the Federal batteries, he answered Evans's request by advising him to withdraw to his own position on the height; but Evans, full of the spirit that would not retreat, renewed his appeal that the forces in rear would come to help him hold his ground. The newly arrived forces had given the Federals such superiority at this point as to dwarf Evans's means of resistance, and General Bee, generously yielding his own better judgment to Evans's persistence, led the two brigades across the valley under the fire of the enemy's artillery, and threw them into action — one regiment in the copse held by Colonel Evans, two along a fence on the right, and two under General Bartow on the prolonged right of this line, but extended forward at a right angle and along the edge of a wood not more than a hundred yards from that held by the enemy's left, where the contest at short range became sharp and deadly, bringing many casualties to both sides. The Federal infantry, though still in superior numbers, failed to make any headway against this sturdy van, notwith-

standing Bee's whole line was hammered also by the enemy's powerful batteries, until Heintzelman's division of two strong brigades, arriving from Sudley ford, extended the fire on the Federal right, while its battery of six ten-pounder rifled guns took an immediately effective part from a position behind the Sudley road. Against these odds the Confederate force was still endeavoring to hold its ground, when a new enemy came into the field upon its right. Major Wheat, with characteristic daring and restlessness, had crossed Bull Run alone by a small ford above the Stone Bridge, in order to reconnoiter, when he and Evans had first moved to the left, and, falling on some Federal scouts, had shouted a taunting defiance and withdrawn, not, however, without his place of crossing having been observed. This disclosure was now utilized by Sherman's (W. T.) and Keyes's brigades of Tyler's division; crossing at this point, they appeared over the high bank of the stream and moved into position on the Federal left. There was no choice now for Bee but to retire — a movement, however, to be accomplished under different circumstances than when urged by him upon Evans. The three leaders endeavored to preserve the steadiness of the ranks as they withdrew over the open fields, aided



THE MAIN BATTLE-GROUND.—NO. 2.

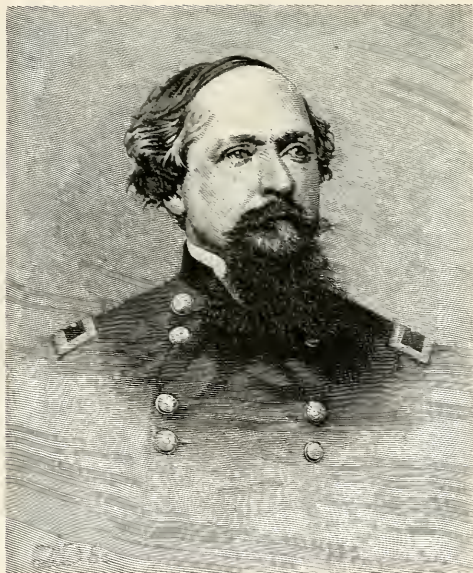
[View of the Robinson house, looking north from the spot on the Henry plateau where General Bee fell. At one P. M. this ground lay between the hostile lines, which were roughly speaking parallel with the sides of the picture: Confederates on the right, Federals on the left. The foreground was between the centers of the positions.]

As these two views are taken from the same spot, the reader will best understand their relation by holding the pages at right angles to each other.]

by the fire of Imboden's guns on the plateau and the retiring howitzers; but the troops were thrown into confusion, and the greater part soon fell into rout across Young's Branch and around the base of the height in the rear of the Stone Bridge.

Meanwhile, in rear of Mitchell's ford, I had been waiting with General Johnston for the sound of conflict to open in the quarter of Centreville upon the Federal left flank and rear (making allowance, however, for the delays possible to commands unused to battle). when I was chagrined to hear from General D. R. Jones that, while he had been long ready for the movement upon Centreville, General Ewell had not come up to form on his right, though he had sent him between seven and eight o'clock a copy of his own order which recited that Ewell had been already ordered to begin the movement. I dispatched an immediate order to Ewell to advance; but within a quarter of an hour, just as I received a dispatch from him informing me that he had received no order to advance in the morning, the firing on the left began to increase so intensely as to indicate a severe attack, whereupon General Johnston said that he would go personally to that quarter.

After weighing attentively the firing, which seemed rapidly and heavily increasing, it appeared to me that the troops on the right would be unable to get into position before the Federal offensive should have made too much progress on our left, and that it would be better to abandon it altogether, maintaining only a strong demonstration so as to detain the enemy in front of our right and center, and hurry up all available reinforcements—including the reserves that were to have moved upon Centreville—to our left and fight the battle out in that quarter. Communicating this view to General Johnston, who approved it (giving his advice, as he said, for what it was worth, as he was not acquainted with the country), I ordered Ewell, Jones, and Longstreet to make a strong demonstration all along their front on the other side of the run, and ordered the reserves below our position, Holmes's brigade with six guns, and Early's brigade, also two regiments of Bonham's brigade, near at hand, to move swiftly to the left. General Johnston and I now set out at full speed for the point of conflict. We arrived there just as Bee's troops, after giving way, were fleeing in disorder behind the height in rear of the Stone Bridge. They



CAPTAIN JAMES B. RICKETTS.

had come around between the base of the hill and the Stone Bridge into a shallow ravine which ran up to a point on the crest where Jackson had already formed his brigade along the edge of the woods. We found the commanders resolutely stemming the farther flight of the routed forces, but vainly endeavoring to restore order, and our own efforts were as futile. Every segment of line we succeeded in forming was again dissolved while another was being formed; more than two thousand men were shouting each some suggestion to his neighbor, their voices mingling with the noise of the shells hurtling through the trees overhead, and all word of command drowned in the confusion and uproar. It was at this moment that General Bee used the famous expression, "Look at Jackson's brigade! It stands there like a stone wall"—a name that passed from the brigade to its immortal commander. The disorder seemed irretrievable, but happily the thought came to me that if their colors were planted out to the front the men might rally on them, and I gave the order to carry the standards forward some forty yards, which was promptly executed by the regimental officers, thus drawing the common eye of the troops. They now received easily the orders to advance and form on the line of their colors, which they obeyed with a general movement; and as General Johnston and myself rode forward shortly after with the colors of the Fourth Alabama by our side, the line that had fought all morning, and had fled, routed and disordered, now advanced again into position as steadily as veterans. The Fourth Alabama had previously lost all its field offi-

cers; and noticing Colonel S. R. Gist, an aide to General Bee, a young man whom I had known as Adjutant-General of South Carolina, and whom I greatly esteemed, I presented him as an able and brave commander to the stricken regiment, who cheered their new leader, and maintained under him, to the end of the day, their previous gallant behavior. We had come none too soon, as the enemy's forces, flushed with the belief of accomplished victory, were already advancing across the valley of Young's Branch and up the slope, where they had encountered for a while the fire of the Hampton Legion, which had been led forward to the Robinson house and the turnpike in front, covering the retreat and helping materially to check the panic of Bee's routed forces.

As soon as order was restored I requested General Johnston to go back to Portici (the Lewis house), and from that point—which I considered most favorable for the purpose—forward me the reinforcements as they would come from the Bull Run lines below and those that were expected to arrive from Manassas, while I should direct the field. General Johnston was disinclined to leave the battle-field for that position. As I had been compelled to leave my chief-of-staff, Colonel Jordan, at Manassas to forward any troops arriving there, I felt it was a necessity that one of us should go to this duty, and that it was his place to do so, as I felt I was responsible for the battle. He considerably yielded to my urgency, and we had the benefit of his energy and sagacity in so directing the reinforcements toward the field as to be readily and effectively assistant to my pressing needs and insure the success of the day.

As General Johnston departed for Portici, I hastened to form our line of battle against the oncoming enemy. I ordered up the Forty-ninth and Eighth Virginia regiments from Cocks's neighboring brigade in the Bull Run lines. Gartrell's Seventh Georgia I placed in position on the left of Jackson's brigade, along the belt of pines occupied by the latter on the eastern rim of the plateau. As the Forty-ninth Virginia rapidly came up, its colonel, ex-Governor William Smith, was encouraging them with cheery word and manner, and, as they approached, indicated to them the immediate presence of the commander. As the regiment raised a loud cheer, the name was caught by some of the troops of Jackson's brigade in the immediate wood, who rushed out calling for General Beauregard. Hastily acknowledging these happy signs of sympathy and confidence, which reinforce alike the capacity of commander and troops, I placed the Forty-ninth Virginia in position on the extreme left next to Gar-

trell, and as I paused to say a few words to Jackson, while hurrying back to the right, my horse was killed under me by a bursting shell, a fragment of which carried away part of the heel of my boot. The Hampton Legion, which had suffered greatly, was placed on the right of Jackson's brigade, and Hunton's Eighth Virginia, as it arrived, upon the right of Hampton; the two latter being drawn somewhat to the rear so as to form with Jackson's right

slope of which was cut so deep below the adjacent ground as to afford a covered way up to the plateau. Supported by the formidable lines of Federal musketry, these two batteries lost no time in making themselves felt, while three more batteries in rear on the high ground beyond the Sudley and Warrenton cross-roads swelled the shower of shell that fell among our ranks.

Our own batteries, Imboden's, Stanard's,



STONE CHURCH, CENTREVILLE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MARCH, 1862.)

regiment a reserve, and be ready likewise to make defense against any advance from the direction of the Stone Bridge, whence there was imminent peril from the enemy's heavy forces, as I had just stripped that position almost entirely of troops to meet the active crisis on the plateau, leaving this quarter now covered only by a few men, whose defense was otherwise assisted solely by the obstruction of an abatis.

With six thousand five hundred men and thirteen pieces of artillery, I now awaited the onset of the enemy, who were pressing forward twenty thousand strong, with twenty-four pieces of superior artillery and seven companies of regular cavalry. They soon appeared over the farther rim of the plateau, seizing the Robinson house on my right and the Henry house opposite my left center. Near the latter they placed in position the two powerful batteries of Ricketts and Griffin of the regular army, and pushed forward up the Sudley road, the

five of Walton's guns, reënforced later by Pendleton's and Alburts's (their disadvantage being reduced by the shortness of range), swept the surface of the plateau from their position on the eastern rim. I felt that, after the accidents of the morning, much depended on maintaining the steadiness of the troops against the first heavy onslaught, and rode along the lines encouraging the men to unflinching behavior, meeting, as I passed each command, a cheering response. The steady fire of their musketry told severely on the Federal ranks, and the splendid action of our batteries was a fit preface to the marked skill exhibited by our artillerists during the war. The enemy suffered particularly from the musketry on our left, now further reënforced by the Second Mississippi—the troops in this quarter confronting each other at very short range. Here two companies of Stuart's cavalry charged through the Federal ranks that filled the Sudley road, increasing the disorder wrought upon that flank of the enemy.

But with superior numbers the Federals were pushing on new regiments in the attempt to flank my position, and several guns, in the effort to enfilade ours, were thrust forward so near the Thirty-third Virginia that some of its men sprang forward and captured them, but were driven back by an overpowering force of Federal musketry. Although the enemy were held well at bay, their pressure became so strong that I resolved to take the offensive, and ordered a charge on my right for the purpose of recovering the plateau. The movement, made with alacrity and force by the commands of Bee, Bartow, Evans, and Hampton, thrilled the entire line, Jackson's brigade piercing the enemy's center, and the left of the line under Gartrell and Smith following up the charge, also, in that quarter, so that the whole of the open surface of the plateau was swept clear of the Federals.

Apart from its impression on the enemy, the effect of this brilliant onset was to give a short breathing-spell to our troops from the immediate strain of conflict, and encourage them in withstanding the still more strenuous offensive that was soon to bear upon them. Reorganizing our line of battle under the unremitting fire of the Federal batteries opposite, I prepared to meet the new attack which the enemy were about to make, largely reënforced by the fresh troops of Howard's brigade, newly arrived on the field. The Federals again pushed up the slope, the face of which partially afforded good cover from the numerous ravines that scored it and the clumps of young pines and oaks with which it was studded, while the sunken Sudley road formed a good ditch and parapet for their aggressive advance upon my left flank and rear. Gradually they pressed our lines back and regained possession of their lost ground and guns. With the Henry and Robinson houses once more in their possession, they resumed the offensive, urged forward by their commanders with conspicuous gallantry.

The conflict now became very severe for the final possession of this position, which was the key to victory. The Federal numbers enabled them so to extend their lines through the woods beyond the Sudley road as to outreach my left flank, which I was compelled partly to throw back, so as to meet the attack from that quarter; meanwhile their numbers equally enabled them to outflank my right in the direction of the Stone Bridge, imposing anxious watchfulness in that direction. I knew that I was safe if I could hold out till the arrival of reënforcements, which was but a matter of time; and, with the full sense of my own responsibility, I was determined to hold the line of the plateau, even if sur-

rounded on all sides, until assistance should come, unless my forces were sooner overtaken by annihilation.

It was now between half-past two and three o'clock; a scorching sun increased the oppression of the troops, exhausted from incessant fighting against such heavy odds, many having been engaged since the morning. Fearing lest the Federal offensive should secure too firm a grip, and knowing the fatal result that might spring from any grave infraction of my line, I determined to make another effort for the recovery of the plateau, and ordered a charge of the entire line of battle, including the reserves, which at this crisis I myself led into action. The movement of the several commands was made with such keeping and dash that the whole surface of the plateau was swept clear of the enemy, who were driven down the slope and across the turnpike on our right and the valley of Young's Branch on our left, leaving in our final possession the Robinson and Henry houses, with most of Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries, the men of which were mostly shot down where they bravely stood by their guns. Fisher's Sixth North Carolina, directed to the Lewis house by Colonel Jordan from Manassas, where it had just arrived, and thence to the field by General Johnston, came up in happy time to join in this charge on the left. Withers's Eighteenth Virginia, which I had ordered up from Cocks's brigade, was also on hand in time to follow and give additional effect to the charge, capturing, with the Hampton Legion, several guns, which were immediately turned and served upon the broken ranks of the enemy by some of our officers. This handsome work, which broke the Federal fortunes of the day, was done, however, at severe cost. The soldierly Bee, and the gallant, impetuous Bartow, whose day of strong deeds was about to close with such credit, fell a few rods back of the Henry house, near the very spot whence in the morning they had first looked forth upon Evans's struggle with the enemy. Colonel Fisher also fell at the very head of his troops. Seeing Captain Ricketts, who was badly wounded in the leg, and having known him in the old army, I paused from my anxious duties to ask him whether I could do anything for him. He answered that he wanted to be sent back to Washington. As some of our prisoners were there held under threats of not being treated as prisoners of war, I replied that that must depend upon how our prisoners were treated, and ordered him to be carried to the rear. I mention this because the report of the Federal Committee on the Conduct of the War exhibits Captain Ricketts

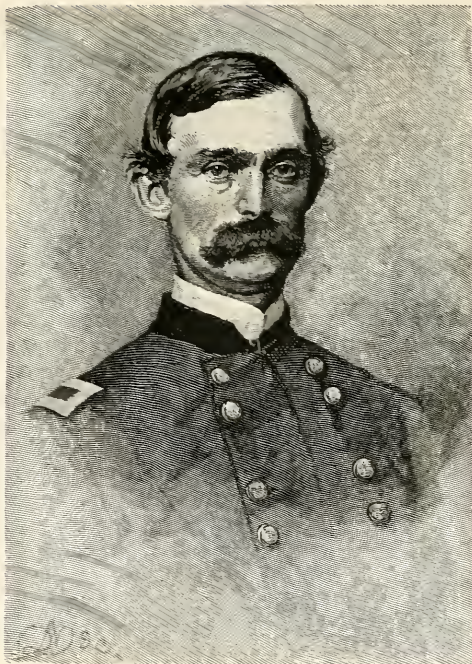
as testifying that I only approached him to say that he would be treated as our prisoners might be treated. I sent my own surgeons to care for him, and allowed his wife to cross the lines and accompany him to Richmond; and my Adjutant-General, Colonel Jordan, escorting her to the car that carried them to that city, personally attended to the comfortable placing of the wounded enemy for the journey.

That part of the enemy who occupied the woods beyond our left and across the Sudley road had not been reached by the headlong charge which had swept their comrades from the plateau; but the now arriving reinforcements (Kershaw's Second and Cash's Eighth South Carolina) were led into that quarter. Kemper's battery also came up, preceded by its commander, who, while alone, fell into the hands of a number of the enemy, who took him prisoner, until a few moments later, when he handed them over to some of our own troops accompanying his battery. A small plateau (Bald Hill), within the south-west angle of the Sudley and turnpike cross-roads, was still held by a strong Federal brigade—Howard's fresh troops, together with Sykes's battalion of regulars; and while Kershaw and Cash, after passing through the skirts of the oak wood along the Sudley road, engaged this force, Kemper's battery was sent forward by Kershaw along the same road, into position near where a hostile battery had been captured, and whence it played upon the enemy in the open field.

Quickly following these regiments came Preston's Twenty-eighth Virginia, which, passing through the woods, encountered and drove back some Michigan troops, capturing Brigadier-General Willcox. It was now about three o'clock, when another important reinforcement came to our aid. Elzey's brigade, seventeen hundred strong, of the Army of the Shenandoah, which, coming from Piedmont by railroad, had arrived at Manassas station, six miles in rear of the battle-field, at noon, and had been without delay directed thence toward the field by Colonel Jordan, aided by Major T. G. Rhett, who that morning had passed from General Bonham's to General Johnston's staff. Upon nearing the vicinity of the Lewis house, the brigade was directed by a staff officer sent by General Johnston toward the left of the field. As it reached the oak wood, just across the Sudley road, led by General Kirby Smith, the latter fell severely wounded; but the command devolved upon Colonel Elzey, an excellent officer, who was now guided by Captain D. B. Harris of the Engineers, a highly accomplished officer of my staff, still farther to the left

and through the woods, so as to form in extension of the line of the preceding reinforcements. Beckham's battery, of the same command, was hurried forward by the Sudley road and around the woods into position near the Chinn house; from a well-selected point of action, in full view of the enemy that filled the open fields west of the Sudley road, it played with deadly and decisive effect upon their ranks, already under the fire of Elzey's brigade. Keyes's brigade, which had made its way across the turnpike in rear of the Stone Bridge, was lurking along under cover of the ridges and a wood in order to turn my line on the right, but was easily repulsed by Latham's battery, already placed in position over that approach by Captain Harris, aided by Alburtils's battery, opportunely sent to Latham's left by General Jackson, and supported by fragments of troops collected by staff officers. Meanwhile, the enemy had formed a line of battle of formidable proportions on the opposite height, and stretching in crescent outline, with flanks advanced, from the Pittsylvania (Carter) mansion on their left across the Sudley road in rear of Dogan's, and reaching toward the Chinn house. They offered a fine spectacle as they threw forward a cloud of skirmishers down the opposite slope, preparatory to a new assault against the line on the plateau. But their right was now severely pressed by the troops that had successively arrived; the force in the south-west angle of the Sudley and Warrenton cross-roads were driven from their position, and, as Early's brigade, which, by direction of General Johnston, had swept around by the rear of the woods through which Elzey had passed, appeared on the field, his line of march bore upon the flank of the enemy, as he was now retiring in that quarter.

The movement upon my extreme left was masked by the trend of the woods from many of our forces on the plateau; and bidding those of my staff and escort around me raise a loud cheer. I dispatched the information to the several commands, with orders to go forward in a common charge. Before the full advance of the Confederate ranks the enemy's whole line, whose right was already yielding, irretrievably broke, fleeing across Bull Run by every available direction. Major Sykes's regulars, aided by Sherman's brigade, made a steady and handsome withdrawal, protecting the rear of the routed forces, and enabling many to escape by the Stone Bridge. Having ordered in pursuit all the troops on the field, I went to the Lewis house, and, the battle being ended, turned over the command to General Johnston. Mounting a fresh horse,—the fourth on that day,—I started to press the



CAPTAIN CHARLES GRIFFIN.

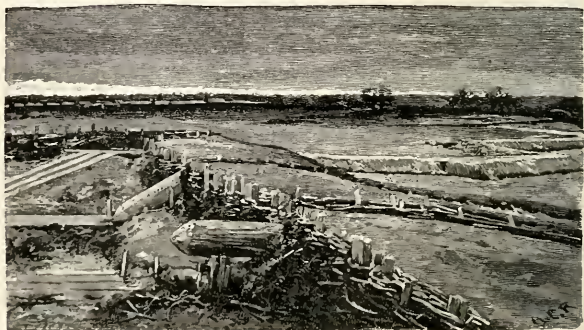
pursuit which was being made by our infantry and cavalry, some of the latter having been sent by General Johnston from Lewis's ford to intercept the enemy on the turnpike. I was soon overtaken, however, by a courier bearing a message from Major T. G. Rhett, General Johnston's chief-of-staff on duty at Manassas railroad station, informing me of a report that a large Federal force, having pierced our lower line on Bull Run, was moving upon Camp Pickens, my depot of supplies near Manassas. I returned, and communicated this important news to General Johnston.

Upon consultation it was deemed best that I should take Ewell's and Holmes's brigades, which were hastening up to the battle-field, but too late for the action, and fall on this force of the enemy, while reënforcements should be sent me from the pursuing forces, who were to be recalled for that purpose. To head off the danger and gain time, I hastily mounted a force of infantry behind the cavalry-men then present, but, on approaching the line of march near McLean's ford, which the Federals must have taken, I learned that the news was a false alarm caught from the return of General Jones's forces to this side of the run, the similarity of the uniforms and the direction of their march having convinced

some nervous person that they were a force of the enemy. It was now almost dark, and too late to resume the broken pursuit; on my return I met the coming forces, and, as they were very tired, I ordered them to halt and bivouac for the night where they were. After giving such attention as I could to the troops, I started for Manassas, where I arrived about ten o'clock, and found Mr. Davis at my head-quarters with General Johnston. Arriving from Richmond late in the afternoon, Mr. Davis had immediately galloped to the field, accompanied by Colonel Jordan. They had met between Manassas and the battle-field the usual number of stragglers to the rear, whose appearance belied the determined array then sweeping the enemy before it, but Mr. Davis had the happiness to arrive in time to witness the last of the Federals disappearing beyond Bull Run. The next morning I received from his hand at our breakfast-table my commission, dated July 21, as General in the Army of the Confederate States, and after his return to Richmond the kind congratulations of the Secretary of War and of General Lee, then acting as military adviser to the President.

It was a point made at the time at the North that, just as the Confederate troops were about to break and flee, the Federal troops anticipated them by doing so, being struck into this precipitation by the arrival upon their flank of the Shenandoah forces marching from railroad trains halted *en route* with that aim—a statement that has been repeated by some writers on both sides, and by an ambitious but superficial French author.

There were certain sentiments of a personal character clustering about this first battle, and personal anxiety as to its issue, that gladly accepted this theory. To this may be added the general readiness to accept a senti-



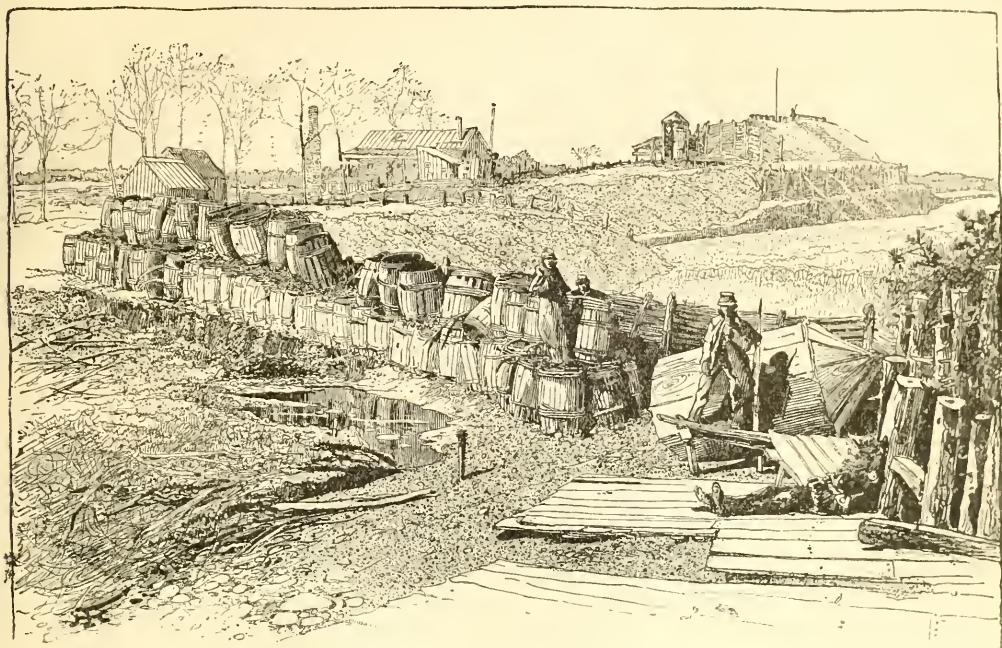
CONFEDERATE QUAKER GUNS.

[View of fortifications after their evacuation by the Confederates in the spring of 1862. The muzzle of the log was painted black and the breech was covered with brush to conceal its character from observation by balloon.]

mental or ultra-dramatic, explanation—the magic wrought by the delay or arrival of some force, or the death or coming of somebody,

or any other single magical event — whereby history is easily caught, rather than to seek an understanding of that which is but the gradual result of the operation of many forces, both of opposing design and actual collision, modified more or less by the falls

adopted, however, favored above all things the easy execution of the offensive operations I had designed and ordered against his left flank and rear at Centreville. His turning column — eighteen thousand strong, and presumably his best troops — was thrown off by a long



CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS ABOUT MANASSAS JUNCTION.

[This view is from a photograph taken in March, 1862. It represents the works substantially as they were at the time of the battle.]

of chance. The personal sentiment, though natural enough at the time, has no place in any military estimate, nor place of any kind at this day. The battle of Manassas was, like any other battle, a progression and development from the deliberate counter-employment of the military resources in hand, affected by accidents, as always, but of a kind very different from those referred to. My line of battle, which had twice not only withstood the enemy's attack, but taken the offensive and driven him back in disorder, was becoming momentarily stronger from the arrival, at last, of the reinforcements provided for; and if the enemy had remained on the field till the arrival of Ewell and Holmes, they would have been so strongly outflanked that many who escaped would have been destroyed or captured.

Though my adversary's plan of battle was a good one against a passive defensive opponent, such as he may have deemed I must be from the respective numbers and positions of our forces, it would, in my judgment, have been much better if, with more dash, the flank attack had been made by the stone bridge itself and the ford immediately above it. The plan

ellipse through a narrow forest road to Sudley ford, from which it moved down upon my left flank, and was thus dislocated from his main body. This severed movement of his forces not only left his exposed left and rear at Centreville weak against the simultaneous offensive of my heaviest forces upon it, but the movement of his turning column would have been disconcerted and paralyzed by the early sound of this heavy conflict in its rear, and it could not even have made its way back so as to be available for maneuver before the Centreville fraction had been thrown back upon it in disorder. A new army is very liable to panic, and, in view of the actual result of the battle, the conclusion can hardly be resisted that the panic which fell on the Federal army would thus have seized it early in the day, and with my forces in such position as to wholly cut off its retreat upon Washington. The commander of the front line on my right, who failed to move because he received no immediate order, was instructed in the plan of attack, and should have gone forward the moment General Jones, upon whose right he was to form, exhibited his own

order, which mentioned one as having been already sent to that commander. I exonerated him after the battle, as he was technically not in the wrong; but one could not help recalling Desaix, who even moved in a direction opposite to his technical orders when facts plainly showed him the service he ought to perform, whence the glorious result of Marengo,—or help believing that if Jackson had been there, the movement would not have balked. The Federal commander's flanking movement, being thus uninterrupted by such a counter-movement as I had projected, was further assisted through the imperfection and inefficiency of the staff organization of the army, through which I was left unacquainted with the actual state of affairs on my left. The Federal attack, already thus greatly favored, and encouraged, moreover, by the rout of General Bee's advanced line, failed for two reasons: their forces were not handled with concert of masses (a fault often made later on both sides), and the individual action of the Confederate troops was superior, notwithstanding inferiority in numbers, arms, and equipments, and for a very palpable reason. That one army was fighting for union and the other for disunion is a political expression; the actual fact on the battle-field, in the face of cannon and musket, was that the Federal troops came as invaders, and the Southern troops stood as defenders of their homes, and further than this we need not go. The armies were vastly greater than had ever before fought on this continent, and were the largest volunteer armies ever assembled since the era of regular armies. The personal material on both sides was of exceptionally good character, and collectively superior to that of any subsequent period of the war.* The Confederate army was filled with generous youths who had answered the first call of the country. For certain kinds of field duty they were not as yet adapted, many of them having at first come with their baggage and servants; these they had to dispense with, but, not to offend their susceptibilities, I then exacted the least work from them, apart from military drills, even to the prejudice of important field-works, when I could not get sufficient negro labor; they "had come to fight, and not to handle the pick and shovel," and their fighting redeemed well their shortcomings as intrenchers. Before I left

that gallant army, however, it had learned how readily the humbler could aid the nobler duty.

As to immediate results and trophies, we captured a great many stands of arms, batteries, equipments, standards, and flags, one of which was sent to me, through General Longstreet, as a personal compliment by the Texan "crack shot," Colonel B. F. Terry, who lowered it from its mast at Fairfax Court House, by cutting the halyards by means of his unerring rifle, as our troops next morning reoccupied that place. We captured also many prisoners, including a number of surgeons, whom (the first time in war), were treated not as prisoners, but as guests. Calling attention to their brave devotion to their wounded, I recommended to the War Department that they be sent home without exchange, together with some other prisoners, who had shown personal kindness to Colonel Jones, of the Fourth Alabama, who had been mortally wounded early in the day.

SUBSEQUENT RELATIONS OF MR. DAVIS AND THE WRITER.

THE military result of the victory was far short of what it should have been. It established as an accomplished fact, on the indispensable basis of military success, the Government of the Confederate States, which before was but a political assertion; but it should have reached much further. The immediate pursuit, but for the false alarm which checked it, would have continued as far as the Potomac, but must have stopped there with no greater result than the capture of more prisoners and material. The true immediate fruits of the victory should have been the dispersion of all the Federal forces south of Baltimore and east of the Alleghanies, the liberation of the State of Maryland, and the capture of Washington, which could have been made only by the upper Potomac. And from the high source of this achievement other decisive results would have continued to flow. From my experience in the Mexican war I had great confidence in intelligent volunteer troops, if rightly handled; and with such an active and victorious war-engine as the Confederate Army of the Potomac could have immediately been made,—reënforced, as time went, by numbers and discipline,—the Federal military power in the East could never have reached the head it took by McClellan being

* This battle was noteworthy for the number of participants whose names are now prominently associated with the war. On the Confederate side, besides Generals Johnston and Beauregard, were Generals Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Ewell, Early, J. E. B. Stuart, Kirby Smith, Wade Hampton, Fitz-Hugh Lee, Jordan, Rodes, and others. On the Federal side were Generals McDowell, Sherman, Burnside, Hunter, Heintzelman, Howard, Franklin, Slocum, Keyes, Hunt, Barry, Fry, Sykes, Barnard, Wadsworth, and others. Portraits of most of these must be deferred to other engagements. A likeness of General Beauregard will appear with General Grant's paper on Shiloh.—ED.

allowed to organize and discipline at leisure the powerful army that, in the end, wore out the South. In war one success makes another easier, and its right use is as the step to another, until final achievement. This was the use besought by me in the plan of campaign I have mentioned as presented to Mr. Davis on the 14th of July, a few days before the battle, but rejected by him as impracticable, and as rather offering opportunity to the enemy to crush us. To supply the deficiency of transportation (vehicles few in number, and many so poor as to break down in ordinary camp service), I myself had assigned to special duty Colonel (since Governor) James L. Kemper, of Virginia, who quickly obtained for me some two hundred good wagons, to which number I had limited him so as not to arouse again the jealousy of the President's staff. If my plan of operations for the capture of Washington had been adopted, I should have considered myself thereby authorized and free to obtain, as I readily could, the transportation necessary. As it was — although the really difficult part of this "impracticable" plan of operations had been proven feasible, that is, the concentration of the Shenandoah forces with mine (wring later than the eleventh hour through the alarm over the march upon Richmond, and discounted again nervously at the twelfth hour by another alarm as to how "the enemy may vary his plans" in consequence), followed by the decisive defeat of the main Federal forces — nevertheless the army remained rooted in the spot, although we had more than fifteen thousand troops who had been not at all or but little in the battle and were perfectly organized, while the remaining commands, in the high spirits of victory, could have been reorganized at the tap of the drum, and many with improved captured arms and equipments. I had already urged my views with unusual persistency, and acted on them against all but an express order to the contrary; and as they had been deliberately rejected in their ultimate scope by Mr. Davis as the commander-in-chief, I did not feel authorized to urge them further than their execution had been allowed, unless the subject were broached anew by himself. But there was no intimation of any such change of purpose, and the army, consistently with this inertia, was left unprovided for maneuver with transportation for its ammunition; its fortitude, moreover, as a new and volunteer army, while spending sometimes twenty-four hours without food, being only less wonderful than the commissary administration at Richmond, from which such a state of affairs could proceed even two weeks after the battle of Manassas. Although certain political su-

perstitions about not consolidating the North may then have weighed against the action I proposed, they would have been light against a true military policy, if such had existed in the head of the government. Apart from an active material ally, such as the colonies had afiel and on sea in the war of Independence with Great Britain, a country in fatal war must depend on the vigor of its warfare; the more inferior the country, the bolder and more enterprising the use of its resources, especially if its frontiers are convenient to the enemy. I was convinced that our success lay in a short, quick war of decisive blows, before the Federals, with their vast resources, could build up a great military power; to which end a concerted use of our forces, immediate and sustained, was necessary, so that, weaker though we were at all separate points, we might nevertheless strike with superior strength at some chosen decisive point, and after victory there reach for victory now made easier elsewhere, and thus sum up success. Instead of this, which in war we call concentration, our actual policy was diffusion, an inferior Confederate force at each separate point defensively confronting a superior Federal force; our power daily shrinking, that of the enemy increasing; and the avowed Federal policy of "attrition" of the bigger masses left free to grind the smaller, one by one, to naught. Out of this state we never emerged, when the direction of the government was, as almost always, necessary, excepting when "Richmond" was immediately in danger.

Thus, in the fall of 1861, about three months after the battle of Manassas, — after throwing my whole force forward to Fairfax Court House, with outposts flaunting our flags on the hills in sight of Washington, in order to chafe the Federals to another battle, but without success, — I proposed that the army should be raised to an effective of 60,000 men, by drawing 20,000 for the immediate enterprise from several points along the seaboard, not even at that time threatened, and from our advanced position be swiftly thrown across the Potomac at a point which I had had carefully surveyed for that purpose, and moved upon the rear of Washington, thus forcing McClellan to a decisive engagement before his organization (new enlistments) was completed, and while our own army had the advantage of discipline and prestige — seasoned soldiers, whose term, however, would expire in the early part of the coming summer. This plan, approved by General Gustavus W. Smith (then immediately commanding General Johnston's own forces) as well as by General Johnston, was submitted to Mr. Davis in a conference at my headquarters, but rejected because

he would not venture to strip those points of the troops we required. Even if those points had been captured, though none were then even threatened, they must have reverted as a direct consequence to so decisive a success. I was willing, then, should it have come to that, to exchange even Richmond temporarily for Washington. Yet it was precisely from similar combinations and elements that the army was made up, to enable it next spring, under General Lee, to encounter McClellan's then perfectly organized army of 150,000 men at the very door of Richmond. If that which was accepted as a last defensive resort against an overwhelming aggressive army had been used in an enterprising offensive against that same army while yet in the raw, the same venture had been made at less general risk, less cost of valuable lives, and with immeasurably greater certain results. The Federal Army of the Potomac would have had no chance meanwhile to become tempered to that magnificent military machine which, through all its defeats and losses, remained sound, and was stronger, with its readily assimilating new strength, at the end of the war than ever before; the pressure would have been lifted from Kentucky and Missouri, and we should have maintained what is called an active defensive warfare, that is, taken and kept the offensive against the enemy, enforcing peace.

No people ever warred for independence with more relative advantages than the Confederates; and if, as a military question, they must have failed, then no country must aim at freedom by means of war. We were one in sentiment as in territory, starting out, not with a struggling administration of doubtful authority, but with our ancient State governments and a fully organized central government. As a military question, it was in no sense a civil war, but a war between two countries—for conquest on one side, for self-preservation on the other. The South, with its great material resources, its defensive means of mountains, waterways, railroads, and telegraph, with the immense advantage of the interior lines of war, would be open to discredit as a people if its failure could not be explained otherwise than by mere material contrast. The great Frederick, at the head of a little people, not only beat back a combination of several great military powers, but conquered and kept territory; and Napoleon held combined Europe at the feet of France till his blind ambition overleaped itself. It may be said that the South had no Fredericks or Napoleons; but it had at least as good commanders as its adversary. Nor was it the fault of our soldiers or people. Our soldiers were as brave and intelligent as ever bore

arms; and, if only for reasons already mentioned, they had a determination superior to the enemy's. Our people bore a devotion to the cause never surpassed, and which no war-making monarch ever had for his support; they gave their all—even the last striplings under the family roofs filling the ranks voided by the fall of their fathers and brothers. But the narrow military view of the head of the government, which illustrated itself in the outset by ordering from Europe, not 100,000 or 1,000,000, but 10,000 stands of arms, as an increase upon 8000, its first estimate, was equally narrow and consequently timid in its employment of our armies.

The moral and material forces actually engaged in the war made our success a moral certainty, but for the timid policy which—ignoring strategy as a science and boldness of enterprise as its ally—could never be brought to view the whole theater of war as one subject, of which all points were but integral parts, or to hazard for the time points relatively unimportant for the purpose of gathering for an overwhelming and rapid stroke at some decisive point; and which, again, with characteristic mis-elation, would push a victorious force directly forward into unsupported and disastrous operations, instead of using its victory to spare from it strength sufficient to secure an equally important success in another quarter. The great principles of war are truths, and the same to-day as in the time of Cæsar or Napoleon, notwithstanding the ideas of some thoughtless persons—their applications being but intensified by the scientific discoveries affecting transportation and communication of intelligence. These principles are few and simple, however various their deductions and application. Skill in strategy consists in seeing through the intricacies of the whole situation, and bringing into proper combination forces and influences, though seemingly unrelated, so as to apply these principles, and with boldness of decision and execution appearing with the utmost force, and, if possible, superior odds, before the enemy at some strategic, that is, decisive, point. And although a sound military plan may not be always so readily conceived, yet any plan that offers decisive results, if it agree with the principles of war, is as plain and intelligible as these principles themselves, and no more to be rejected than they. There still remains, of course, the hazard of accident in execution, and the apprehension of the enemy's movements upsetting your own; but hazard may also favor as well as disfavor, and will not unbefriend the enterprising any more than the timid. It was this fear of possible consequences that kept our forces scat-

ered in inferior relative strength at all points of the compass, each holding its bit of ground. All by slow local process our territory was taken and our separate forces destroyed, or captured, retained by the enemy without exchange in their process of attrition. To stop the slow consumption of this passive mode of warfare I tried my part, and, at certain critical junctures, proposed to the Government active plans of operation looking to such results as I have described,—sometimes, it is true, in relation to the employment of forces not under my control, as I was the soldier of a cause and people, not of a monarch or even of a government. Two occasions there were when certain of the most noted Federal operations, from their isolated or opposite character, might, with energy and intelligent venture on the Confederate side, have been turned into fatal disaster; among them Grant's movement in front of Vicksburg, and his change of base from the north to the south of the James River, where I was in command, in his last campaign against Richmond. I urged particularly that our warfare was sure of final defeat unless we attempted decisive strokes that might be followed up to the end, and that even if earlier defeat might chance from the risk involved in the execution of the necessary combinations, we ought to take that risk and thereby either win or end an otherwise useless struggle. But in addition to the radical divergence of military ideas—the passive defensive of an intellect timid of risk and not at home in war, and the active offensive reaching for success through enterprise and boldness, according to the lessons taught us in the campaigns of the great masters—there was a personal feeling that now gave cold hearing or none to any recommendations of mine. Mr. Davis's friendship, warm at the early period of the war, was changed, some time after the battle of Manassas, to a corresponding hostility from several personal causes, direct and indirect, of which I need only mention that, my report of the campaign and battle of Manassas having contained, as part of its history, a statement of the submission of my plan of campaign already described for concentrating our forces, crushing both McDowell and Patterson and capturing Washington. Mr. Davis strangely took offense thereat, and his self-accused responsibility for rejecting the plan he sought, after the demonstration of events, to get rid of by denying that such plan had ever been submitted—an issue, on that matter, easily settled by my production of the contemporaneous report of Colonel James Chesnut, the bearer of the commission, who moreover at the time of the con-

troversy was on Mr. Davis's own staff, where he remained. Mr. Davis made an endeavor to suppress the publication of my report of the battle of Manassas. The matter came up in a secret debate in the Confederate Congress, where a host of friends were ready to sustain me; but I sent a telegram disclaiming any desire for its publication, and advising that the safety of the country should be our solicitude, and not personal ends.

Thenceforth his hostility was watchful and adroit, neglecting no opportunity, great or small; and though, from motives all its opposite, it was not exposed during the war by any murmurs of mine, it bruited sometimes in certain circles of its own force. Thus, when in January, 1862, the Western representatives expressed a desire that I should separate myself for a time from my Virginia forces and go to the defense of the Mississippi Valley from the impending offensive of Halleck and Grant, it was furthered by the Executive with inducements which I trusted, in disregard of Senator Toombs's sagacious warning, that under this furtherance lurked a purpose to effect my downfall, urged in one of his communications through his son-in-law, Mr. Alexander, in words as impressive as they proved prophetic: "Urge General Beauregard to decline all proposals and solicitations. The Blade of Joab. *Verbum Sapienti.*"* After going through the campaign of Shiloh and Corinth, not only with those inducements unfulfilled, but with vital drawbacks from the Government, including the refusal of necessary rank to competent subordinates to assist in organizing my hastily collected and mostly raw troops, I was forced, the following June, in deferred obedience to the positive order of my physicians, to withdraw from my immediate camp to another point in my department for recovery from illness, leaving under the care of my lieutenant, General Bragg, my army, then unmenaced and under reorganization with a view to an immediate offensive I had purposed. In anticipation and exclusion of the receipt of full dispatches following my telegram, the latter was tortuously misread, in a manner not creditable to a school-boy and repugnant to Mr. Davis's exact knowledge of syntax, so as to give pretext to the shocking charge that I had abandoned my army, and a telegram was sent in naked haste directly to General Bragg, telling him to retain the permanent command of the army. The "Blade of Joab" had given its thrust. The representatives in Congress from the West and South-west applied to Mr. Davis in a body for my restoration; and when, disregarding his sheer pretext that I had abandoned my army, they still insisted, Mr. Davis declared that I

* II. Samuel, 3, 27.

should not be restored *if the whole world should ask it!* This machination went to such length that it was given out in Richmond that I had softening of the brain and had gone crazy. So carefully was this report fostered (one of its tales being that I would sit all day stroking a pheasant *) that a friend of mine, a member of the Confederate Congress, thought it his duty to write me a special letter respecting the device, advising me to come directly to Richmond to confound it by my presence — a proceeding which I disdained to take. I had not only then, but from later still more offensive provocation, imperative cause to resign, and would have done so but for a sense of public obligation. Indeed, in my after fields of action the same hostility was more and more active in its various embarrassments, reckless that the strains inflicted upon me bore upon the troops and country depending on me and relatively upon the cause, so that I often dreaded failure more from my own government behind me than from the enemy in my front; and, when success came in spite of this, it was acknowledged only by some censorious official “in-

quiry” contrasting with the repeated thank of Congress. I was, however, not the only one of the highest military rank with whom Mr. Davis's relations were habitually unwholesome. It is an extraordinary fact that during the four years of war Mr. Davis did not call the five Generals together into conference with a view to determining the best military policy or settling upon a decisive plan of operations involving the whole theater of war, though there was often ample opportunity for it. We needed for President either a military man of a high order, or a politician of the first class (such as Howell Cobb) without military pretensions. The South did not fall crushed by the mere weight of the North; but it was nibbled away at all sides and ends because its executive head never gathered and wielded its great strength under the ready advantages that greatly reduced or neutralized its adversary's naked physical superiority. It is but another of the many proofs that timid direction may readily go with physical courage, and that the passive defensive policy may make a long agony, but can never win a war.

G. T. Beauregard.

* This silly tale was borrowed from an incident of Shiloh. Toward the end of the first day's battle a soldier had found a pheasant cowering, apparently paralyzed under the ceaseless din, and brought it to my headquarters as a present to me. It was a beautiful bird, and after receiving it I gave directions to place it in a cage, as I intended sending it as a pleasant token of the battle to the family of Judge Milton Brown, of Jackson, Tennessee, from whom I had received as their guest, while occupying that place, the kindest attentions; but in the second day's conflict the poor waif was lost. — G. T. B.



CHARGE OF THE FEDERAL LINE TO RETAKE THE HENRY HILL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—I.*

(INCLUDING THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.)



A SOLDIER OF 1861 (14TH NEW YORK).†

BEFORE the war had really begun I enlisted. I had read the papers, and attended flag-raising, and heard orators declaim of “undying devotion to the Union.” One speaker to whom I listened declared that “human life must be cheapened,” but I never learned that he helped on the work experimentally. When men by the hundred walked soberly and deliberately to the front and signed the enlistment papers, he

didn't show any inclination that way. As I came out of the hall with conflicting emotions, feeling as though I should have to go finally or forfeit my birthright as an American citizen, one of the orators who stood at the door, glowing with enthusiasm and patriotism, and shaking hands effusively with those who enlisted, said to me :

“Did you enlist?”

“No,” I said. “Did you?”

“No; they wont take me. I have got a lame leg and a widowed mother to take care of.”

Another enthusiast I remember, who was eager to enlist—others. He declared the family of no man who went to the front should suffer. After the war he was prominent among those in our town who at town-meeting voted to refund the money to such as had expended it to procure substitutes during the war. He has, moreover, been fierce and uncompromising toward the ex-Confederates since the war closed, and I have heard him repeatedly express the wish that all the civil and general officers of the late Confederacy might be court-martialed and shot.

I was young, but not unobserving, and did

not believe, from the first, in a sixty days' war; nor did I consider ten dollars a month, and the promised glory, large pay for the services of an able-bodied young man. Enlistment scenes are usually pictured as entirely heroic, but truth compels me to acknowledge that my feelings were mixed. At this moment I cannot repress a smile of amusement and pity for that young recruit—myself. It was the news that the Sixth Massachusetts regiment had been mobbed by roughs on their passage through Baltimore which gave me the war fever. When I read Governor Andrew's pathetic telegram to have the hero martyrs “preserved in ice and tenderly sent forward,” somehow, though I felt the pathos of it, I could not reconcile myself to the ice. Ice in connection with patriotism did not give me agreeable impressions of war, and when I came to think of it, the stoning of the heroic “Sixth” didn't suit me; it detracted from my desire to die a soldier's death. I lay awake all night thinking it over, with the “ice” and “brick-bats” before my mind. However, the fever culminated that night, and I resolved to enlist.

“Cold chills” ran up and down my back as I got out of bed after the sleepless night, and shaved, preparatory to other desperate deeds of valor. I was twenty years of age, and when anything unusual was to be done, like fighting or courting, I shaved. With a nervous tremor convulsing my whole system and my heart thumping like muffled drum-beats, I stood before the door of the recruiting-office, and, before turning the knob to enter, read and re-read the advertisement for recruits posted thereon, until I knew all its peculiarities. The promised chances for “travel and promotion” seemed good, and I thought I might have made a mistake in considering war so serious, after all. “Chances for travel!” I must confess now, after four years of soldiering, that the “chances for travel” were no myth. But “promotion” was a little uncertain and slow.

* Copyright, 1884, by The Century Co. All rights reserved. It is proper to say at the beginning of these papers that while they relate in chief part the experiences of the writer, he also (as in the case of the latter portion of the present article) has availed himself of the reminiscences of comrades known to him to be trustworthy. The general title of the papers must therefore not be read literally.—E. D.

† The battle of Bull Run was notable in a minor way for the variety of uniforms worn on both sides—a variety greater than was shown in any later engagement. The Federal blue had not yet been issued, and the troops wore either the uniforms of their militia organizations or those furnished by their several States. Besides the Zouave regiments there was one in Highland dress (the 79th New York). The Confederate uniforms exhibited similar variety; some regiments were in citizens' dress, and several of the general officers who had been in the old service—including, we are informed, Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and Longstreet—still wore the dress of the U. S. Army.—ED.

I was in no hurry to open the door. Though determined to enlist, I was half inclined to put it off awhile; I had a fluctuation of desires: I was faint-hearted and brave; I wanted to enlist, and yet —. Here I turned the knob, and was relieved. I had been more prompt, with all my hesitation, than the officer in his duty; he wasn't in. Finally he came, and said: "What do you want, my boy?" "I want to enlist," I responded, blushing deeply with upwelling patriotism and bashfulness. Then the surgeon came to strip and examine me. In justice to myself, it must be stated that I signed the rolls without a tremor. It is common to the most of humanity, I believe, that, when confronted with actual danger, men have less fear than in its contemplation. I will, however, make one exception in favor of the first shell I heard uttering its hoarse anathema and its blood-curdling hisses, as though a steam locomotive were traveling the air. With this exception I have found danger always less terrible face to face than on the night before the battle.

My first uniform was a bad fit: my trousers were too long by three or four inches; the flannel shirt was coarse and unpleasant, too large at the neck and too short elsewhere. The forage cap was an ungainly bag with pasteboard top and leather visor; the blouse was the only part which seemed decent; while the overcoat made me feel like a little nib of corn amid a preponderance of husk. Nothing except "Virginia mud" ever took down my ideas of military pomp quite so low.

After enlisting I didn't seem of so much consequence as I expected. There was not so much excitement on account of my military appearance as I deemed justly my due. I was taught my facings, and at the time I thought the drill-master needlessly fussy about shouldering, ordering, and presenting arms. The musket, after an hour's drill, seemed heavier and less ornamental than it had looked to be. The first day I went out to drill, getting tired of doing the same things over and over, I said to the drill-sergeant: "Let's stop this fooling and go over to the grocery." His only reply was addressed to a corporal: "Corporal, take this man out and drill him like h—l;" and the corporal did. I found that suggestions were not as well appreciated in the army as in private life, and that no wisdom was equal to a drill-master's "Right face," "Left wheel," and "Right, oblique, march." It takes a raw recruit some time to learn that he is not to think or suggest, but obey. Some never do learn. I acquired it at last, in humility and mud, but it was tough. Yet I doubt if my patriotism, during my first three weeks' drill,

was quite knee high. Drilling looks easy to a spectator, but it isn't. Old soldiers who read this will remember their green recruit hood and smile assent. After a time I had cut down my uniform so that I could see out of it, and had conquered the drill sufficiently to see through it. Then the word came: On to Washington!

Our company was quartered at a large hotel near the railway station in the town in which it was recruited. Bunks had been fitted up within a part of the hotel but little used. We took our meals at the regular hotel table, and found fault with the style. Six months later we should have considered ourselves aristocratic to have slept in the hotel stables with the meal-bin for a dining-table. There was great excitement one morning at the report that we were going to be sent to the front. Most of us obtained a limited pass and went to see our friends for the last time, returning the same night. All our schoolmates and home acquaintances "came slobbering around camp," as one of the boys ungraciously expressed it. We bade adieu to our friends with heavy heart and lightly as I may here seem to treat the subject, it was no light thing for a boy of twenty to start out for three years into the unknown dangers of a civil war. Our mothers — God bless them! — had brought us something good to eat, — pies, cakes, doughnuts, and jellies. It was one way in which a mother's heart found utterance. Our young ladies (sisters, of course) brought an invention, generally made of leather or cloth, containing needles, pins, thread, buttons, and scissors, so that nearly every recruit had an embryo tailor's shop — with the goose outside. One old lady, in the innocence of her heart, brought her son an umbrella. We did not see anything particularly laughable about it at the time, but our old drill-sergeant did. Finally we were ready to move; our tears were wiped away, our buttons were polished, and our muskets were as bright as emery-paper could make them. How our buttons and muskets did shine! We were brilliant there, if nowhere else.

"Wad" Rider, a member of our company, had come from a neighboring State to enlist with us. He was about eighteen years of age, red-headed, freckled-faced, good-natured, and rough, with a wonderful aptitude for crying or laughing from sympathy. Another comrade, whom I will call Jack, was honored with a call from his mother, a little woman, hardly reaching up to Jack's shoulder, with a sweet, motherly, careworn face. At the last moment, though she had tried hard to preserve her composure, as is the habit of New England people, she threw her arms around her boy's neck, and with an outburst of sob-

ing and crying, said: "My dear boy, my dear boy, what will your poor old mother do without you? You are going to fight for your country. Don't forget your mother, Jack; God bless you, God bless you!" We felt as if the mother's tears and blessing were a benediction over us all. There was a touch of nature in her homely sorrow and solicitude over her big boy, which drew tears of sympathy from my eyes as I thought of my own sorrowing mother at home. The sympathetic *Vad Rider* burst into tears and sobs. His eyes refused, as he expressed it, to "dry up," until, as we were moving off, Jack's mother, rushing toward him with a bundle tied like a wheat-sheaf, called out, in a most pathetic voice, "Jack! Jack! you've forgotten to take our pennyroyal." We all laughed, and so did Jack, and I think the laugh helped him more than the cry did. Everybody had said his last word; we were on the cars and off. Handkerchiefs were waved at us from all the houses we passed, and we cheered till we were hoarse, and then settled back and swung our handkerchiefs. Handkerchiefs did double duty that day. Just here let me name over the contents of my knapsack, as its contents were a fair sample of what all the volunteers started with. There were in it a pair of trousers, two pairs of drawers, a pair of thick boots, four pairs of stockings, four flannel shirts, a blouse, a looking-glass, a can of peaches, a bottle of cough-mixture, a button-stick, chalk, razor and strop, the "tailor's shop" spoken of above, a Bible, a small volume of Shakspeare, and writing utensils. To its top was strapped a double woolen blanket and a rubber one. It was boiling over, like a ripe cotton-pod. I remember, too, many other things left behind because of lack of room in or about the knapsack. We would have packed in a portable cooking-stove each had there been room.*

On our arrival in Boston we were marched through the streets—the first march of any consequence we had taken with our knapsacks and equipments on. Our dress consisted of a belt about the body, which held a cartridge-box and bayonet, a cross-belt, also a haversack and tin drinking-cup, a canteen, and, last but not least, the knapsack strapped to the back. The straps ran over, round, and about one, in confusion most perplexing to our unsophisticated shoulders; the knapsack giving one constantly the feeling that he was being pulled over backward. We marched along the streets, my canteen banging against my bayonet, both the tin cup and bayonet badly interfering with the butt

of my musket, while my cartridge-box and haversack were constantly flopping up and down—the whole jangling like loose harness and chains on a runaway horse. I felt like old Atlas, with the world on his shoulders and the planetary system suspended around him. We marched into Boston Common, and I involuntarily cast my eye about for a bench. But for a former experience in offering advice, I should have proposed to the captain to "chip in" and hire a team to carry our equipments. Such was my first experience in war harness. Afterward, with hardened muscles, rendered athletic by long marches and invigorated by hardships, I could look back upon those days and smile, while carrying a knapsack as lightly as my heart. That morning my heart was as heavy as my knapsack. At last the welcome orders came: "Prepare to open ranks! Rear, open order, march! Right dress! Front! Order arms! Fix bayonets! Stack arms! Unslung knapsacks! In place, rest!"

The tendency of raw soldiers is to overload themselves on their first march. Experience only can teach them its disadvantages, and the picture I have attempted to draw is not exaggerated. On the first long march the reaction sets in, and the recruit goes to the opposite extreme, not carrying enough of the absolutely necessary baggage, and thereby becoming dependent upon his obliging comrades when a camp is reached. Old soldiers preserve a happy medium. I have seen a new regiment start out with all the indescribable material carried by raw troops, sometimes including sheet-iron stoves, and come back after a long march covered with more mud than baggage, stripped of everything except their blankets, haversacks, canteens, muskets, and cartridge-boxes. These were the times when the baggage of the new recruits was often worth more than their services.

During that afternoon in Boston, after marching and countermarching, or, as one of our farmer-boy recruits expressed it, after "hawing and geeing" around the streets, we were sent to Fort Independence for the night for safe-keeping. A company of regulars held the fort; guards walked their post with a stiffness and uprightness that was astonishing. They acted more like pieces of mechanism than men. Our first impression of these old regulars was that there was a needless amount of "wheel about and turn about, and walk just so," and of saluting, and presenting arms. We were all marched to our quarters within the fort, where we unslung our knapsacks. The first day's struggle with a

* It is said by a member of the Monticello Guards, a Confederate organization that took part in the Battle of Bull Run, that most of its members started to the front with an abundant supply of fine linen shirts.—Ed.

knapsack over, the general verdict was "got too much of it." At supper-time we were marched to the dining-barracks, where our bill of fare was beefsteak, coffee, wheat bread, and potatoes, but not a sign of milk or butter. It struck me as queer when I heard that the army was never provided with butter and milk.

The next day we were started for Washington, by rail and boat, and the following morning we took breakfast in Philadelphia, where we were attended by matrons and maidens, who waited upon us with thoughtful tenderness, as if they had been our own mothers and sweethearts instead of strangers. They feasted us and then filled our haversacks. God bless them! If we did not quite appreciate them then, we did afterward. After embarking on the cars at Philadelphia, the waving of handkerchiefs was less and less noticeable along the route. We arrived in Baltimore late at night and marched through its deserted streets silently, as though we were criminals instead of patriots. On our arrival in Washington the next morning, we were marched to barracks, dignified by the name of "Soldiers' Retreat," where a half loaf of "soft-tack," as we had already begun to call wheat bread, was issued, together with a piece of "salt junk," about as big and tough as the heel of my government shoe, and a quart of coffee,—which constituted our breakfast. Our first day in Washington was spent in shaving, washing, polishing our brasses and buttons, and cleaning-up for inspection. A day or two later we moved to quarters not far from the armory, looking out on the broad Potomac, within sight of Long Bridge and the city of Alexandria. We were at the front, or near enough to satisfy our immediate martial desires.

The weather was so mild in that February, 1862, that many of us used the river for bathing, and found its temperature not uncomfortable. Here and there the sound of a gun broke the serenity, but otherwise the quiet seemed inconsistent with the war preparations going on around us. In the distance, across the wide bay, we could see the steeples and towers of the city of Alexandria, while up stream, on the right, was the Long Bridge. Here and there was to be seen the moving panorama of armed men, as a regiment crossed the bridge; a flash of sunlight on the polished muskets revealed them to the eye; while the white-topped army baggage-wagons filed over in constant procession, looking like sections of whitewashed fence in motion. The overgrown country village of that period, called Washington, can be described in a few words. There were wide streets stretching out from a common center like a spider's web. The Capitol, with its unfinished dome; the

Patent Office, the Treasury, and the other public buildings, were in marked and classic contrast with the dilapidated, tumble-down, shabby look of the average homes, stores, groceries, and groggeries, which increased in shabbiness and dirty dilapidation as they receded from the center. Around the muddy streets wandered the long-faced, solemn-visaged hog, uttering sage grunts. The climate of Washington was genial, but the mud was fearful. I have drilled in it, marched in it, and run from the provost-guard in it, and I think I appreciate it from actual and familiar knowledge. In the lower quarter of the city there was not a piece of sidewalk. Even Pennsylvania Avenue, with its sidewalks, was extremely dirty; the cavalcade of teams, artillery caissons, and baggage-wagons, with their heavy wheels stirred the mud into a stiff batter for the pedestrian.

Officers in tinsel and gold lace were so thick on Pennsylvania Avenue that it was a severe trial for a private to walk there. The salute exacted by officers, of bringing the hand to the visor of the cap, extending the arm to its full length, then letting it drop by the side, was tiresome when followed up with the industry required by this horde. Perhaps I exaggerate, but in a half-hour's walk on the avenue I think I have saluted two hundred officers. Brigadier-generals were more numerous there than I ever knew them to be at the front. These officers, many of whom won their positions by political wire-pulling at Washington, we privates thought the great bane of the war; they ought to have been sent to the front rank of battle, to serve as privates until they had learned the duties of a soldier. Mingled with these gaudy, useless officers were citizens in search of fat contracts, privates, "non-com's," and officers whose uniforms were well worn and faded, showing that they were from the encampments and active service. Occasionally a regiment passed through the streets, on the way to camp; all surged up and down wide Pennsylvania Avenue.

This was shortly before the battle of Fort Donelson; and the first Bull Run, being the only considerable pitched battle up to that time, was still a never-failing topic of discussion and reminiscence among the men. When we fell in with soldiers who had been in the fight, we were inquisitive. Before enlisting, and while on a visit to a neighboring town, I was one evening at the village store, when the talk turned upon the duration of the war. Jim Tinkham, the clerk of the grocery store, announced his belief in a sixty days' war. I modestly asked for more time. The older ones agreed with Jim and argued, as was common at that time, that the Government would soon block-

ade all the Rebel ports and starve them out. Tinkham proposed to wager a supper for those present, if the Rebels did not surrender before snow came that year. I accepted. Neither of us put up any money, and in the excitement of the weeks which followed I had forgotten the wager. During my first week in Washington, who should I meet but Jim Tinkham, the apostle of the sixty-day theory. He was brown with sunburn, and clad in a rusty uniform which showed service in the field. He was a veteran, for he had been at the battle of Bull Run. He confidentially declared that after getting the order to retreat at that battle, he should not have stopped short of Boston if he had not been halted by a soldier with a musket, after crossing Long Bridge.

"They were enlisting a regiment for three months in our town," he said, "and I thought I'd come out with the rest of the boys and settle the war. Our regiment was camped near Alexandria, and the whole of us, the recruits, grew impatient to end the war and get home to see the folks. I tell you, we were glad when we were told to get ready for a march. We left our knapsacks and heavy luggage in camp with a few old fellows and sick ones, who grieved because they couldn't go on the excursion and help the Secesh out of Virginia.

"They gave us rations of salt junk, hard-tack, sugar, and coffee. Each man carried his rubber and woolen blanket, forty rounds of cartridges, a canteen, his gun and equipments, and most of us a patent drinking-tube. I threw away the salt junk and hard-tack, and filled my haversack with peach-pie, cakes, and goodies. I hadn't been on the march an hour before I realized that it might not be such fun, after all. There was a thirty-two-pound gun mooring on the road, with sixteen or eighteen horses to pull it. Finally, two or three companies were detailed to help the horses. The weather was scorching hot, but the most trying thing was the jerky way they marched us. Sometimes they'd double-quick us, and again they'd keep us standing in the road waiting in the hot sun for half an hour, then start us ahead again a little way, then halt us again, and so on. The first day we marched until after sundown, and when we halted for the night we were the tiredest crowd of men I ever saw.

"The next day was the 17th of July. I had eaten up all my pies and cakes and was hungry, so I stopped at a house and asked if they would sell me something to eat. There were three negro girls, a white woman, and her daughter, in the house. The white folks were proud and unaccommodating. They said the Yankees had stolen everything — all

their 'truck,' as they called it; but when I took out a handful of silver change, they brought me a cold Johnny-cake and some chicken. As I was leaving the house, the daughter said: 'You'n Yanks are right peart just now, but you'ns'll come back soon a right smart quicker than yer'r going, I reckon!' — a prophecy we fulfilled to the letter.

"We marched helter-skelter nearly all night without orders to stop, until, just before daylight, we halted near a little building they called a church (Pohick Church). I kept up on the march with my company, though my feet were blistered and my bones ached badly.

"The first gun of the fight I heard," added Tinkham, "was when we were eight or ten miles from Centreville, on the afternoon of the 18th of July, the engagement at Blackburn's ford. We were hurried up at double-quick and marched in the direction of the firing until we reached Centreville, about eleven o'clock that night. It looked like war, and no mistake, in the morning. Batteries and stacked arms lined the roads; officers on horseback were everywhere; regiments were marching on to the field, and excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. On the 20th more Virginians came into camp, looking, as they said, for negroes, and complaining of our soldiers. We got new rations of beef and pork, and, very early on the morning of the 21st, we marched through Centreville up the turnpike road. Near Cub Run we saw carriages and barouches which contained civilians who had driven out from Washington to witness the operations. A Connecticut boy said: 'There's our Senator!' and some of our men recognized Senator Wilson and other members of Congress. Every one of us expected to have our names in the papers when we got home. We thought it wasn't a bad idea to have the great men from Washington come out to see us thrash the Rebs.

"That day was the hottest one I ever experienced. We marched and marched and double-quicked, and didn't appear to get ahead at all. Every one of whom we inquired the distance to Manassas Junction said five miles, and after a while they would say ten miles instead of five, and we know now that that was under the truth. Then we began to throw away our blankets. After a while we turned off from the main road into a cart path which led through the woods and dry, dusty, worn-out fields. At last we arrived at Sudley's ford and rested, while several regiments, under General Hunter, waded Bull Run. While here we could see shells bursting in little round clouds in the air far to the left of us down the Run. The dust rising on the roads ahead was said to be the Rebel army advancing to

fight us. We were going to have a fight; there was but little doubt about it now!

"We soon followed the others across Bull Run and came to a field on a hill (near the Matthews house), where we saw dead and wounded men. It made me feel faint to look at them. A battery of the enemy had just left a position in front of us. An officer here rode up, pointed toward the enemy, and said something which was not distinguishable to me, but the boys began exclaiming: 'Hurrah, they are running!'—'The Rebels are running!'—'It's General McDowell! He says they are running!' On the right of us was a battery, in the field, the guns of which were fired as fast as the men could load. One of the men on the battery told me afterward that they made the Rebel battery change position every fifteen minutes. We advanced to the crest, fired a volley, and saw the Rebels running toward the road below (the Warrenton turnpike). Then we were ordered to lie down and load. We aimed at the puffs of smoke we saw rising in front and on the left of us. The men were all a good deal excited. Our rear rank had singed the hair of the front rank, who were more afraid of them than of the Rebels.

"The next thing I remember was the order to advance, which we did under a scattering fire; we crossed the turnpike, and ascending a little way, were halted in a depression or cut in the road which runs from Sudley's ford. The boys were saying constantly, in great glee: 'We've whipped them.' 'We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree.' 'They are running.' 'The war is over.' About noon there wasn't much firing, and we were of the opinion that the enemy had all run away. There was a small wooden house on the hill, rising from the left-hand side of the road as we were going, where, we afterward heard, a Mrs. Henry, an invalid, had been killed in the engagement.* About one o'clock the fence skirting the road at the foot of the hill was pulled down to let our batteries (Griffin's and Ricketts's) pass up to the plateau. The batteries were in the open field near us. We were watching to see what they'd do next, when a terrible volley was poured into them. It was like a pack of Fourth-of-July fire-crackers under a barrel, magnified a thousand times. The Rebels had crept upon them unawares, and the men at the batteries were about all killed or wounded."

Here let me interrupt Tinkham's narrative to say that one of the artillery-men there engaged has since told me that, though he had

been in several battles since, he had seldom seen worse destruction in so short a time. He said they saw a regiment advancing, and the natural inference was that they were Rebels. But an officer insisted it was a New York regiment which was expected for support, and so no order was given to fire on them. "Then came a tremendous explosion of musketry," said the artillery-man, "and all was confusion. Wounded men with dripping wounds were clinging to caissons, to which were attached frightened and wounded horses. Horses attached to caissons rushed through the infantry ranks. I saw three horses galloping off, dragging a fourth, which was dead.

"The dead cannoniers lay with the rammers of the guns and sponges and lanyards still in their hands. The battery was annihilated by those volleys in a moment. Those who could get away didn't wait. We had no supports near enough to protect us properly, and the enemy were within seventy yards of us when that volley was fired. Our battery being demolished in that way was the beginning of our defeat at Bull Run," said this old regular.

"Did the volunteers fight well?" I inquired.

"Yes, the men fought well and showed pluck. I've seen a good deal worse fighting and I've seen better since. I saw the Rebels advance and try to drag away those eleven guns three times, but they were driven back by steady volleys from our infantry. Then some of our men tried to drag the guns away, but were ordered to take their places in the ranks to fight. They couldn't be spared!"

But, to return to Tinkham's recollections of the fight:

"It must have been four o'clock in the afternoon," he said, "at a time when our fire had become scattered and feeble, that the rumor passed from one to another that the Rebels had got reënforcements. Where are ours? we asked. There was no confusion or panic then, but discouragement. And at this juncture, from the woods ahead, on each side of the Sudley ford road, there came terrible volleys. The Confederates were in earnest. A wounded Southerner lying near me said earnestly and repeatedly: 'Thank God, I die for my country!' Our men began to feel it was no use to fight without reënforcements. They fell back steadily, cursing their generals because no reënforcements were sent to them. The men had now in most cases been marching and fighting thirteen hours. The absence of general officers con-

* Mrs. Judith Henry, bedridden from old age, was living in the house with her children. When the battle opened near the Matthews house, a mile away, Mrs. Henry was carried for safety into a ravine on the left, below the Sudley road. A little later the house seemed to be the safest place, and she was carried back to her bed. For a time the house was in the line of the artillery fire from both sides. Mrs. Henry received five wounds from fragments of shells and died two hours after the battle.—Ed.

vinced us more than anything else that it was no use to fight longer. The enemy were pressing us, and we fell back. We didn't run!"

Complaint against the officers, like this by Tinkham, was common among the privates with whom I talked. Said another man to me:

"The fault was, we were not well disciplined or officered. I noticed in the reports that several Rebel generals and commissioned officers were killed and wounded. You'll notice, on the other hand, that but very few of ours were.* Companies, and in some instances regiments, were commanded by non-commissioned officers, on account of the absence of those of higher rank."

An old regular said to me regarding the stampede:

"That was the fault of the officers who allowed the baggage-wagons to come to the front, instead of being parked at Centreville. The stampede and confusion began among them first. Why, the men were so little frightened when they began to fall back in groups scattered through the fields that I saw them stop frequently to pick blackberries. Frightened men don't act in that way. At Cub Run, between the Stone Bridge and Centreville, the irresponsible teamsters, with the baggage-wagons, were all crowded together near the bridge, and were in a desperate hurry to cross. A Rebel battery began dropping shell in among them, and thus demolished some of the wagons and blocked the way. The confusion and hurry and excitement then

began. The drivers on the south side, finding they couldn't cross with their wagons, now began to cut their traces and mount their horses and hurry away. Those who drove baggage-wagons on the safe side of Cub Run then began to desert them and cut the traces and shout and gallop off. The infantry, seeing this confusion and not understanding the cause of it, quickened their pace. Soon the narrow road became filled with flying troops, horses, baggage-wagons, and carriages. Then the volunteers began to throw away their muskets and equipments, so as to stand an even chance in the race. Here and there, all along the route, abandoned wagons had been overturned and were blocking the way. One white-headed citizen, an old man, looking very sorrowful, stood directing the soldiers on their way to Washington, saying: 'You'd better hurry on, or the cavalry will cut off your retreat!' The houses all along the route were filled with wounded men, while the ambulances were filled with officers hastening to Washington. Soldiers here and there marched in groups, and sorrowfully discussed the situation and its causes. The expression heard on every side among them was: 'Why were not the reserves brought up from Centreville to help us?' 'Why didn't they bring up the troops from Fairfax Court House?'—questions, it seems to me, hard to answer, even if they did come from private soldiers running away from the field of Bull Run!

Warren Lee Goss.

* The official reports show the losses of officers to be — Federal: killed, 19; wounded, 64; missing, 40; total, 123. Confederate: killed, 25; wounded, 63; missing, 1; total, 89. In view of these figures, it would seem that the Federal officers were at least as exposed to danger as the Confederates. That they were relatively to the enemy no less brave than their own men, would appear from this table (from official records) of losses of enlisted men — Federal: killed, 462; wounded, 947; missing, 1176; total, 2585. Confederate: killed, 362; wounded, 1519; missing, 12; total, 1893. The proportion of officers lost to men lost is, on the Federal side, 1 to 21; on the Confederate side, 1 to 21.27; too slight a difference upon which to formulate theories of bravery. — ED.

A PHASE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

In a striking passage in his "History of England" (vol. I., p. 332, Am. ed.) Macaulay calls attention to the contrast between the social condition of England in the seventeenth century and the nineteenth. He says:

"There is scarcely a page in the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harder. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting

knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. . . . As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there,

whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. . . . The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the negro slave — which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winches at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer.”

It is nearly thirty years since these words were written. It is interesting to speculate how much more strongly and strikingly they might have been emphasized if they had been written to-day. What we call social science, or the study which concerns itself with the elevation of men in their homes and in their social and municipal relations, was then comparatively in its infancy. The wide-spread activity of individuals and associations busy-ing themselves with the condition of the pauper and criminal classes; the devotion of women of wealth, leisure, and social refinement to the reform and improvement of our jails and hospitals and almshouses; the active interest and expenditure of capitalists in the improvement of the homes of the poor; the scientific study of questions of drainage and ventilation, of foods and food supply; the whole subject of the rights of women and their emancipation from restrictive and oppressive prejudices; the mutual obligations of employer and employed, with the closely related questions of strikes and trades-unions, coöperative building and manufacturing schemes, and the like; the societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and for the better provision for the education and recreation of the poor, the laboring classes, the crippled, the blind, and the deaf and dumb,— all these manifold forms of activity in the interest of the advancement and elevation of society are largely the product of the last quarter of a century.

What now is their relation to Christian ethics? or, to put the question, as I prefer to do, in a more concrete and homely way, What has the religion of the New Testament to say to our modern social science?

Two things, it seems to me, it has to say with equal emphasis and explicitness, one of them in the way of warning and the other of encouragement.

And, first, in the way of warning. The moment that men begin to grapple with the evils which afflict society, they are in danger

of forgetting or ignoring the everlasting principle of personal responsibility. In the face of poverty, disease, unemployed labor, intemperance, and kindred forms of human wretchedness, the first impulse of a humane spirit is to devise some means of relieving these various ills without adequately recognizing the causes which have produced them. Hence we have those public and private institutions of charity which are so preëminently the characteristic of our own generation. No sooner does the cry of want arise than some benevolent hand opens the door of a refuge or lodging-house, where men and women are fed and housed without money and without price. No sooner does a man fall behind in the strife of trade or the professions than he turns to the charitable to carry him over the hard times until some rising tide of prosperity shall fill the channels of his wonted calling. No sooner does an unscrupulous father abandon his family, or an extravagant mother prefer to appropriate her earnings to drink or dress instead of spending them in the decent maintenance of her children, than some institution steps forward to take the custody of the children and relieve the parents of their charge. “Don’t you think we had better send such a one’s children to the Home for the Friendless?” said a warm-hearted woman to a neighbor. “On what ground?” was asked. “Because their mother neglects them so habitually,” was the answer, as though it would be wiser to disband a family than to educate its head into a wiser and more Christian recognition of her duty to her own offspring. A man may make his home a hell and his children congenital drunkards and vagabonds, and the most efficient method of dealing with his vices which we seem thus far to have devised is to send his family to the poor-house and himself to the inebriate asylum. Over against every form of thriftlessness and prodigality we erect an institution to interpose between the individual and the righteous penalty of his own extravagance. It is the bitterest cause of the philanthropy of our generation that it has created a sentiment among the poor, the reckless, the intemperate, and the indolent, that, somehow or other, come what may, they will be provided for.

I arraign this policy on the ground that it traverses the plain teaching of that most helpful volume which has ever been given to men, and which we know as the New Testament. I open the pages of that volume and I read: “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.” I open them again and I read: “He that provideth not for his household is worse than an infidel.” And again: “If any man will not work, neither shall he eat.” And yet

again: "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." I find the great Apostle to the Gentiles setting an example of self-respecting independence which is at once an inspiration and a rebuke to all subsequent time, by working at his trade as a tent-maker with his own hands. I read in his letter to the Church at Ephesus: "Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good"; and in all these various passages I see so many side-lights throwing into stronger relief the great principle that that social compassion is neither wise nor Christian which lifts the burden of individual obligation or interposes to arrest the penalty of personal unfaithfulness.

Nay, more, I arraign our social policy on another and still higher ground. A Christian socialism must needs be based on the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and in its practical workings it will think more of the influence of what it does upon its brother man than upon its own feelings. But our ordinary dealing with the social problems of our own time is like that of a weak mother who will not chastise her child nor suffer him to be chastised because of the pain which it causes to her own feelings. It does not occur to her that such a course of conduct is inspired, not by maternal love, but by personal selfishness. If you loved your child you would deal with him, not as your mere feelings dictated, but as his highest interests demanded; and even so, if you love your brother man you will do for him, not what he wants you to do for him, but what he needs to have done for him. But we have cultivated a morbid sentimentalism in regard to individual suffering until there must be no form of misery which we cannot straightway hustle out of sight or effusively relieve. It is enough for us that a sturdy personage sits on the curb-stone begging. Where did he come from? How long has he been there? What is the truth or falsehood of his story? These are questions for which we have no time and less taste. "Here is a half-dollar, my man! A plague on those hard-hearted theorists who declaim against the giving of doles in the street! Do you say that you want more? Well, then, here is a ticket for a night's lodging or a free bed in the Home for the Homeless;" and, having buttoned up our pocket-books once more, we pass on with a comfortable sense of our superior benevolence. Here, again, it does not occur to us that we should have done better if we had merely given our brother a kick and passed on. Yes, a thousand times better! for a kick would have been, at most, merely a

physical indignity, whereas, as it is, we have subjected this fellow-creature of ours to the keenest moral indignity, for we have said to him, by an act far more eloquently expressive than any words, "Morally you are already on the way to that most abject degradation, a state of chronic pauperism. Well, then, lie there where you are in the gutter and rot. I have no time or inclination to help you to stand upon your own feet. It is easier and more congenial to leave you where you are, and by what I may do for you to encourage you to stay there." It is high time for men to ask the question whether this is or is not substantially the teaching of our social beneficence, as we actually see it about us.

And here, as I believe, enters the domain of Christian ethics. There is much of human suffering, ignorance, and poverty which is the fruit of misfortune, that it is our plain duty always and everywhere to relieve. There is much more which is the fruit of indolence and thriftlessness and vice. To interfere between this latter and its penalty is not and never was meant to be the promise of our social science; nor, if I read the New Testament aright, is this the teaching of its pages or of the Master himself. "Give us of your oil," cry the improvident and foolish virgins to their wise and more provident companions, and according to the teaching of our modern socialism and of much of our modern philanthropy the answer ought to have been, "Certainly, dear sisters, take the larger share, and so learn how generous we can be to others less forecasting than ourselves"; but in fact the answer is, "Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you, but go ye and *buy for yourselves*."

But again, the mission of Christian ethics to our modern social science is to speak not only a word of warning, but also a word of encouragement. That branch of science has concerned itself largely in our own generation with the relations of capital to labor, with the improvement of men's homes and streets, of prisons and almshouses and hospitals. One of the most encouraging features of the social progress of our time has been the hearty and often generous interest which landlords and capitalists, men of science and men of the various professions, have shown in bringing every latest scientific discovery to bear upon the practical elevation of the poor, and the physical and intellectual improvement of the less favored. The immense sums of money spent for placing educational advantages within the reach of the masses who spend their lives in daily toil, and the sums, scarcely less vast, which, in our mother country if not in our own, have been spent in building model cot-

rages and tenements, and even factories for the poor, is a demonstration of this. But in all this expenditure of money and wealth there is often involved an experience of discouragement which it is idle to ignore. The classes who are most benefited by these reforms do not care for social science. Model dwellings and rules of hygiene are equally distasteful and uninteresting to them. If you appeal to them to conform their lives to wiser rules of cleanliness, temperance, frugality, and forecast, too often you appeal to them in vain. Essays on light and drainage and ventilation, which laboriously you circulate among them, are left unread. Even the most elaborate and costly schemes for their advantage fail of any practical effect. It is tolerably well ascertained, for instance, that the Peabody lodging-houses have not reached, or, at any rate, have not greatly benefited, the class for whom they were designed. These have shunned homes involving rules of decency, cleanliness, and self-restraint, which would have been to them intolerable, as they would have shunned a prison; and the Peabody model tenements became the homes of the better class of skilled mechanics, and even of clergymen and other professional men, by whom they were in no sense needed. In other words, no argument of the science of sociology by itself was strong enough efficiently to reach the class to whom it was addressed.

But when social reforms have allied themselves to the spirit and motives of the New Testament, when a woman like Octavia Hill has gone into the homes of the poor to reform the evils of London tenements, not with the power of mere money or mere organization, or merely scientific theories, but with the power of personal sympathy, the situation has been wholly changed. The transforming power of his love who "having loved his own, loved them unto the end," has transfused the spirit of scientific reform with the spell of self-sacrificing and Christ-like enthusiasm. It has taught men that highest motive for coöperating in the upbuilding of a higher and purer social law and life, which is to be found in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. It has quickened

the brain and the hand of science with the magic spell of love. It has enlarged the vision of the reformer to see in human society, here and now, the type and prophecy of that diviner society yet to be. And so, when men's hearts have grown cold and their hands weary, with what has seemed so often a futile and fruitless grapple with the evils which afflict society, it has bidden them lift their eyes to One who gave *himself* for his brethren, and so has taught them a lesson of immortal hope and patience!

And this is the message of encouragement which Christian ethics brings to our social science of to-day. How shall we deal with these urgent social problems of the hour—whether they concern the reclaiming of our fallen brethren and sisters here at our very side, or our fellow-creature, the despised Chinaman, who has found his way to our far-off Pacific coast, save as we look at each and every one of them in the light that streams from the cross of One who gave himself to *lift men up*? In such a spirit is the mighty influence that is to reach and redeem society; and when our whole social philosophy is interpenetrated and saturated with that spirit, then and not till then shall our social problems find their final solution.

And therefore, when we find ourselves discouraged—as who of us does not?—with the slowness of that progress which any social reform makes among us,—when we face the obduracy, the prejudice, the dense and stolid ignorance, which almost any and every movement in the interests of a sounder social science is sure to encounter,—this becomes at once our loftiest motive and our most lasting encouragement. We are not working for an hour or a day; we are not striving for the advance of a race which was born yesterday and will perish to-morrow. Our faith in social progress is at once part and prophecy of a grander future. Over all that *we* do to make life cleaner and wiser and healthier, moves the plan of Him whose will it is to make His children immortal. And our social science will be a spell of power and blessing among men just in so far as it is transfused by His spirit and ennobled by His love.

Henry C. Potter.



In one of those far distant years,
 About the time of early tillage,
 The proud Bandana Fusileers
 Were forming just above the village,
 Full fifty and two hundred strong,
 For their usual march of glory
 Down the turnpike wide and long,
 Little dreaming the whole story
 Would be told in days to come,

When suddenly the old snare-drum
 Pealed out so sharp and rang so cheery
 That every man was on the plumb,
 However old, however weary ;
 And lo, as down the lines they gazed,
 Wondering what could ail the drummer,
 In his place they saw, amazed,
 The most curious newcomer
 Who had ever drummed a drum.

For all the world as big around
 And jolly as a Punchinello,
 His white hat with bright scarlet bound,
 His old green jacket faced with yellow ;
 But who he was, or whence had fared
 That most iridescent figure,
 No one knew, and no one cared,
 While with such immortal vigor
 He discoursed upon the drum.

It was a beat that would have stirred
 The pulses of the very coldest,
 And such a stroke had not been heard
 Within the memory of the oldest.
 Down on the drum's defenseless head
 Fell the sticks with such a clatter
 As few men, alive or dead,
 Ever dreamed of, for that matter—
 Drum, drum, drum, der-um, drum, drum!

And now from every side uprose,
 Responsive to that roll and rattle,
 Great rounds of cheers resembling those
 Which rang along the Concord battle,
 When, pale as death with patriot ire,
 The undaunted Buttrick shouted,
 "Soldiers, fire! For God's sake, fire!"
 And the British troops were routed,
 And at last the war was come.

And so the glorious march began
 With here an opening, there a wheeling,
 As if it were a living fan,
 In part concealing, part revealing,
 The secret of those fine deploys

So bewildering to the senses
 Of the truant village boys
 Who now lined the walls and fences,
 Thinking of the day to come.

Ah, nevermore along that street
 Will martial music more ecstatic
 Sweethearts and wives and children greet
 In parlor, oriel, or attic ;
 Ah, nevermore to cheer and shout
 Down that turnpike long and sandy
 Will such wizard notes ring out
 Of our "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"
 From that old colonial drum.

Ah me ! ah me ! to hear again
 That ruddy and gray-headed scorner
 Of all the woes that time can rain
 As down he swept round Tanyard Corner,
 Or when he drummed his very best
 Near the elm tree by the Prestons,
 Or with very special zest
 At the halt in front of Weston's,
 Known so well in times to come!

For here it was upon that day
 The drummer gave his final touches ;
 And here it was that, strange to say,
 While creeping by upon his crutches,
 The oldest man the country round
 Suddenly before the drummer
 Stopped and gazed as one spellbound.
 "No man," sighed he, "but young Plummer
 Could so play upon a drum."

"But he is dead, no doubt, no doubt."
 And while he stood there marveling greatly,
 The other in his turn spoke out.
 "It 's Boynton, whom we called 'The
 Stately.'"

Ah, what a meeting ! Gracious heaven !"
 While in tears they kept repeating
 "Bennington" and "seventy-seven."
 "What a meeting ! what a meeting !"
 Till it seemed no end would come.

Of all that saw no eye was dry ;
 And nothing then would do but straightway
 To seize a carriage that stood by,
 Magnificent, in Barret's gateway,
 And carry both to Boynton's door.
 "Piny Farm," from that same summer,
 Was the hospitable shore
 Where the old and world-tossed drummer
 Lived for many years to come.

Henry Ames Blood.

A BALLAD OF MANILA BAY.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

YOUR threats how vain, Corregidor;
Your rampired batteries, feared no more;
Your frowning guard at Manila gate,—
When our Captain went before!

Lights out. Into the unknown gloom
From the windy, glimmering, wide sea-room.
Challenging fate in that dark strait
We dared the hidden doom.

But the death in the deep awoke not then;
Mine and torpedo they spoke not then;
From the heights that loomed on our passing line
The thunders broke not then.

Safe through the perilous dark we sped,
Quiet each ship as the quiet dead,
Till the guns of El Fraile roared—too late,
And the steel prows forged ahead.

Mute each ship as the mute-mouth grave,
A ghost leviathan cleaving the wave;
But deep in its heart the great fires throb,
The travailing engines rave,

The ponderous pistons urge like fate,
The red-throat furnaces roar elate,
And the sweating stokers stagger and swoon
In a heat more fierce than hate.

So through the dark we stole our way
Past the grim warders and into the bay,
Past Kalibuyo, and past Salinas,—
And came at the break of day

Where strong Cavité stood to oppose,—
Where, from a sheen of silver and rose,
A thronging of masts, a soaring of towers,
The beautiful city arose.

How fine and fair! But the shining air
With a thousand shattering thunders there
Flapped and reeled. For the fighting foe—
We had caught him in his lair.

Surprised, unready, his proud ships lay
Idly at anchor in Baker Bay;—
Unready, surprised, but proudly bold,
Which was ever the Spaniard's way.

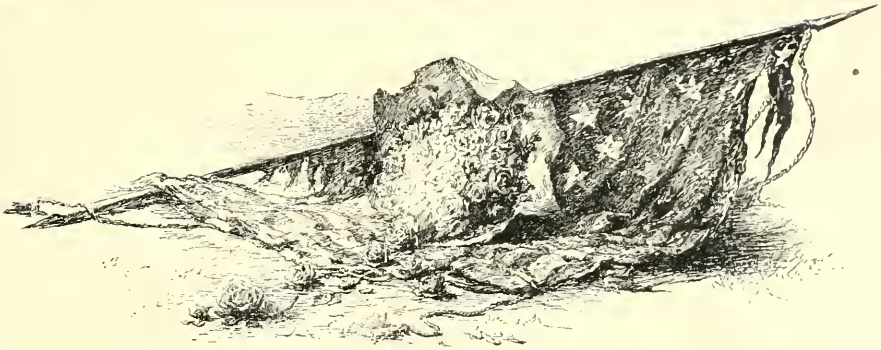
Then soon on his pride the dread doom fell,
Red doom,—for the ruin of shot and shell
Lit every vomiting, bursting hulk
With a crimson reek of hell.

Manila Bay! Manila Bay!
How proud the song on our lips to-day!
A brave old song of the true and strong
And the will that has its way:

Of the blood that told in the days of Drake
When the fight was good for the fighting's sake!
For the blood that fathered Farragut
Is the blood that fathered Blake;

And the pride of the blood will not be undone
While war's in the world and a fight to be won.
For the master now, as the master of old,
Is "the man behind the gun."

The dominant blood that daunts the foe,
That laughs at odds, and leaps to the blow,—
It is Dewey's glory to-day, Nelson's
A hundred years ago!



A NIGHT SCENE.

HOW I do love a wilding bank
Where no wind stirs,
So bravely hedged by rank on rank
Of junipers!

The glint of waters seen afar
Is eve's delight;
With dark a solitary star
Begins the night.

It cannot gaze on such a nook
For long alone,
But beckons up a host to look
And make it known.

These call the moon her toppling horn
Of light to bring.
She wakes the birds that think it morn
And time to sing.

Though morn it is not, such a night
Yet bids arise
All wakeful souls to the delight
In those pure eyes.

All souls desire—rightly to see
A sight like this—
Some sweet accordant company
To share their bliss.

Who—who but thee shall on my breast
Lean lightly, love,
And let her wistful eyes still rest
On those above?

James Herbert Morse.

THEODORE O'HARA.



THEODORE O'HARA.
O'HARA'S GRAVESTONE.

IT is purposed here to sketch briefly the life of a Southern soldier who builded for himself an enduring fame as a poet, upon four lines.

These lines, together with other stanzas of the poem in which they occur, may be seen in the national cemeteries of the United States, cast in iron and placed

along the silent ways which wander among the dead, to commemorate the sleeping brave of North and South alike; and these four immortal lines, which have sufficed to secure their author's name a place in the sacred annals, are inscribed also over the gateway of the National Cemetery at Washington. Though the man who wrote them fought upon the opposing side, even to the end, these lines seem no whit less fitting here than when we find them placed above the wearers of the gray who rest in the cemetery at New Orleans. Thus does the spirit of poesy triumph over material issues, appealing to something within us before which mere differences of political opinion, strong and abiding as they seem to be, sink out of sight and are lost forever. To forget the questions upon which they have been divided to their hurt, let men cherish those truths upon which they are one.

Theodore O'Hara, soldier, poet, and journalist, was born in Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820. He was the son of Kane O'Hara, an Irish gentleman who, after having left his own land on account of political oppression, became distinguished in Kentucky as an educator of great learning and ability. The family finally settled in the vicinity of Frankfort, Kentucky. After being prepared under the teaching of his father, Theodore was sent to St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, Kentucky, where he graduated with high honors. After this he practiced law for a time, but in 1845 he held a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, and the next year was appointed captain in the old United States Army.

He served through the Mexican War and was

brevetted major on the field for gallantry and meritorious conduct. He then practiced law in Washington for a time, but when Lopez attempted the liberation of Cuba, O'Hara joined the expedition and led a regiment at Cardenas, in which battle he was severely wounded. Subsequently he was concerned in Walker's adventurous expedition to Central America. He afterwards conducted several newspapers in the South with great ability and brilliancy—among them the "Mobile Register."

At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion he joined the service at once, and was put in command of the fort at the entrance of Mobile Bay, which he bravely defended until ordered to retire. After this he served on Albert Sidney Johnston's staff, and was beside that officer when he fell at Shiloh. Later on he was chief-of-staff to General John C. Breckinridge, and was in the famous charge at Stone River. He served as chief-of-staff until the end of the war. After the war he engaged in some commercial transactions in Columbus, Georgia, but finally retired to a plantation on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee River, where he died of fever on the 7th of June, 1867. In 1873 the legislature of Kentucky provided for the bringing back of his body to his native State, and in 1874 he was buried with military honors in the State Cemetery at Frankfort. This is a brief record of O'Hara's life.

Fond of adventure, full of restless energy, and of a daring disposition, he was essentially the soldier of fortune, possessed of the impulsive spirit which induces one to stake all on the hazard of a die rather than to attain by painful and persistent effort. But rich as he seems to have been in the great and many gifts of mind and heart which distinguished him, I cannot see that O'Hara was ambitious—unless for military distinction. It may be that the Muses did haunt his every step, weaving about each scene the witchery of idealism and romance so enchanting to the poetic mind, but they certainly did not compel him to put into living verse the varied and picturesque experiences through which he must have passed. He wrote but little. What dreams and fancies he may have failed to transcribe one can only conjecture, and these conjectures must be entertained in silence. The age is impatient of

mysteries, and listens with an incredulous ear to speculations about unknown possibilities, or to intuitive guesses which it does not understand. The world is a stickler for the tangibility of actual performance. It is, therefore, with actual performance that one must deal here.

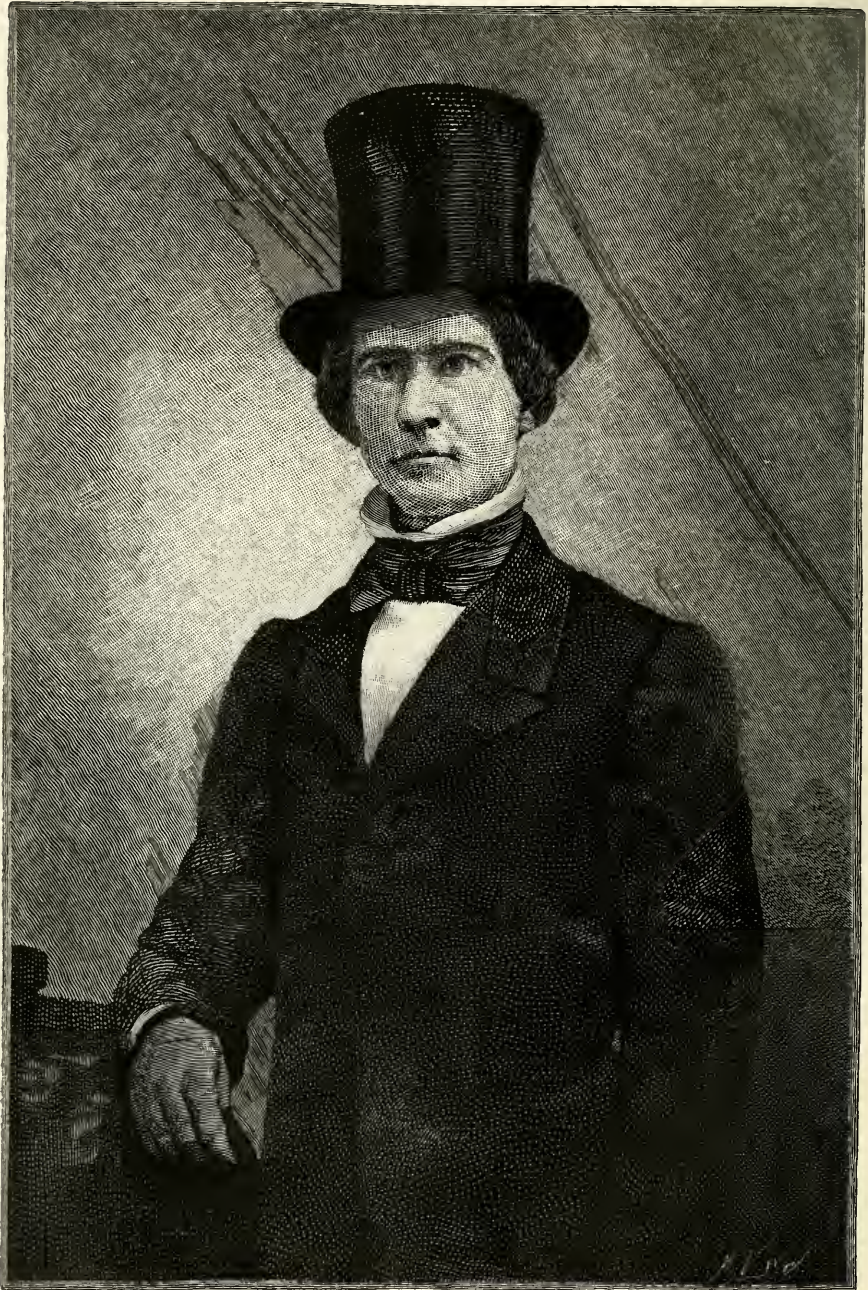
O'Hara wrote only two poems which have been preserved to history — one entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead," and one, "A Dirge for the Brave Old Pioneer." These are identical in the manner of their construction, and they are both elegiac and commemorative poems. He seems to have written only when special demand was made upon him, and then only in this one vein. It is upon this first-mentioned poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," that O'Hara's claim for immortality must rest. It was written to commemorate the death of his comrades who fell in Mexico, and was read by him upon the occasion of their burial in the plot of ground set apart by the State for their reception in the cemetery at Frankfort. O'Hara now sleeps within the same ground, and may be said to have sung his own memorial, standing upon his unmade grave. The opening stanza of this poem, especially the second quatrain of it, remains unsurpassed in its own field.

The muffled drum's sad
roll has beat
The soldier's last tat-
too ;
No more on life's parade
shall meet
That brave and fallen
few.
On Fame's eternal
camping-ground
Their silent tents are
spread,
But Glory guards, with
solemn round,
The bivouac of the
dead.

In my opinion no amount of tinkering could improve these last four verses. They have been found fault with by some, who contend that there is no truth in the similes presented, that soldiers do not pitch their tents when they bivouac for the night; but as the first couplet plainly



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND TOMB OF O'HARA.



ENGRAVED BY H. VELTEN.

THEODORE O'HARA.

FROM A PRINT FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

oints the mind to an ideal and eternal camping-ground, the image of the "silent tents" follows naturally, while the second couplet refers to the sleeping bodies when they bivouac for the night of death, only until the reveille shall sound. The technical correctness of these similes is beyond question; and as to their higher poetic sense, their ideal beauty must be apparent to every appreciative mind. To one who cannot perceive this, arguments on the subject can mean nothing.

Some incidents of interest naturally attach themselves to the history of this poem. There is a peculiar completeness to the circle of events pertaining to it. O'Hara — himself a soldier — commemorates in it the death of his companions in battle, and reads it at their burial. After long years, when he had served through another war, he is himself gathered to rest beside them, and his poem, which consecrated the spot, has become a fitting and enduring monument for himself. It is not of equal merit throughout, but there are many lines only less stirring and impressive than those already given.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade.

These lines suggest the onward, resistless rush of a mountain torrent; the images which appear before the mind are quickly replaced. The picture is fleeting but vivid, and the touch is broad and masterful. Note how the emphasis is thrown upon the word "charge": one can hear the command ringing along the expectant lines, and can well imagine how the thrill of battle must have shot through each heart within

Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

The other poem contains nothing approaching the verses I have quoted.

The place of O'Hara's burial is worth transcribing. I will, however, attempt but a glimpse of it here. At the moment in which I write, the slanting sunlight of a waning November day comes across the marble-dotted slopes and mounds, which are as green as an April hill, and the soft south wind makes a low moaning in the needled branches of the pines, whose dark clusters are here and there relieved by the pale dead gold of the changing cypress and the deeper color of the shimmering beech, and at rarer intervals by leafless dogwood trees all aglow with scarlet berries. Out under the darkening masses, through the half-open barrier of tree trunks, one may catch glimpses of the far-off hills, above which burns the golden

glory of the sinking sun. At times there comes the faint tinkling of distant bells from where the cattle return to the valley, in which sleeps the unseen city. Far up above the fine tracing of the naked elms, gold-tipped clouds of delicate purple drift through the gray green of the sky. Close by — beside the tomb of O'Hara, with its sculptured sword and scabbard and encircling wreath of oak and laurel — bends a rose-bush whose late blooms touch listlessly with their pale lips the cold and unresponsive marble. A little way off rises the great memorial shaft surmounted by marble cannons and flags, and above these by the winged figure of Victory; and here, among the graves of those who once listened to their angry roar, stand the blackened and silent guns which belched forth death and flame at Buena Vista and Chapultepec — grim guardians now of the quiet warriors who have met the last enemy. A soft radiance suffuses the scene, and the last rays of the sun just touch the wings of Victory where she seems to sway against the clouds. It is here that the full import and beauty of O'Hara's lines may be felt; for, as the hush of evening deepens, one can fancy he hears the slow and measured tread as the majestic figure of Glory keeps on her ceaseless round by this bivouac of the dead, and afar on the eternal camping-ground of Fame the imagination pictures the "silent tents" in which the departed souls rest forever upon the peaceful fields of the hereafter.

O'Hara is lovingly remembered by thousands who knew him personally. He was genial and generous in disposition, and possessing a mind well stored both from books and with the experiences of an adventurous life, he is said to have been exceedingly happy and brilliant in conversation, having a clear sense of humor, a nimble wit, and a quick tongue at repartee. He was the life and soul of many a camp-fire circle in the wars, and the many varied incidents of his life which cannot be given here, for lack of space, all show him to have been utterly fearless. His impulsive and daring nature made him thirst continually for the excitements of danger, and gave him relish for the chances of the fight. Sensitive and refined himself, his manner towards others, while characterized by an inherent, self-respecting pride, was sufficiently unreserved and hearty, and without the tinge of any belittling vanity or shadow of ostentation. He was something above the medium in stature, slender, graceful, and well proportioned in figure, very erect and military in his bearing, and quick, wiry, and decisive in his movements. His hair was black, jet black, and his eyes so nearly so that there was but a shade of difference. They were full of alert intelligence, indicating in every glance

the vital force and restlessness of his nature. His nose was straight and his mouth was somewhat small; the lips, seeming always close pressed together or slightly "pursed," were almost feminine in their clearness and delicacy of outline, but showed great firmness and determination as well as refinement. His head was nicely poised and well set on his shoulders, and his hands and feet were very small and well cared for. He died seemingly unconscious of his highest gifts, his greatest fault being his neglecting to follow steadily some definite aim — if that be a fault. Since then the hand of Time, grappling for hidden treasure amidst the ruins of lost and buried incident and circumstance, has saved from the wreck of this life a few lines only,—written when he was thinking more of others than of himself,—but lines of such transcendent merit that they have fixed the name of Theodore O'Hara in history.

Robert Burns Wilson.

THE BIVOUC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,

Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain drew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pay
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the moldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—II.*

CAMPAIGNING TO NO PURPOSE.



WHILE we were in camp at Washington in February, 1862, we were drilled to an extent which to the raw "thinking soldier" seemed unnecessary. Our colonel was a strict disciplinarian. His efforts to drill out of us the methods of action and thought common to civilians, and to substitute in place thereof blind, unquestioning obedience to military rules, were always appreciated at their true value. In my company there was an old drill-sergeant (let me call him Sergeant Hackett) who was in perfect accord with the colonel. He had no occasion to reprove me often, and finally to inflict a blast of profanity at which my self-respect rebelled. Knowing that swearing was a breach of discipline, I waited confidently for the colonel, with the manner of one gentleman calling upon another. After the formal salute, I opened complaint by saying: "Colonel, Mr. Hackett has ——"

The colonel interrupted me angrily, and with fire in his eye, exclaimed: "'Mister'! There *are* no misters in the army."

"I thought, sir ——" I began apologetically. "Think? think?" he cried. "What right have you to think? I do the thinking for this regiment! Go to your quarters!"

I did not tarry. There seemed to be no common ground on which he and I could argue questions of personal etiquette. But I could do no injustice to his character as a commander if I failed to illustrate another manner of reproof which he sometimes applied.

One day, noticing a corporal in soiled clothes, he said: "Corporal, you set a bad

example to the men with your soiled gloves. Why do you?"

"I've had no pay, sir, since entering the service, and can't afford to hire washing."

The colonel drew from his pocket a pair of gloves spotlessly white, and handing them to the corporal said: "Put on those; I washed them myself!"

This was an unforgotten lesson to the whole regiment that it was a soldier's duty to attend himself to his personal neatness.

IN a camp of soldiers, rumor, with her thousand tongues, is always speaking. The rank and file and under-officers of the line are not taken into the confidence of their superiors. Hence the private soldier is usually in ignorance as to his destination. What he lacks in information is usually made up in surmise and conjecture; every hint is caught at and worked out in possible and impossible combinations. He plans and fights imaginary battles. He maneuvers for position, with pencil and chalk, on fanciful fields, at the same time knowing no more of the part he is actually performing in some great or little plan than the knapsack he bears. He makes some shrewd guesses (the Yankee's birthright), but he knows absolutely nothing. It is this which makes the good-will and confidence of the rank and file in the commander so important a factor in the *morale* of an army.

How we received the report or whence it came I know not, but it was rumored one morning that we were about to move. The order in reality came at last, to the distress and dismay of the sutlers and the little German woman who kept the grocery round the corner. We left her disconsolate over the cakes, pies, and goodies liberally purchased, but which were yet unpaid for when we fell into two ranks, were counted off, and marched to conquer the prejudices of other sutlers.

We took the cars (early in March, I think), and were hurried through Hagerstown and other little sleepy-looking villages of Maryland. The next morning found us at Sandy Hook, about half a mile from Harper's Ferry; thence, after about three hours' delay, we marched to a place opposite the promontory on and around which is situated the picturesque village of Harper's Ferry, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah

rivers. It was cold at our camping-place, between the canal and the river. There were no rations awaiting our arrival, and we were suffering from the hunger so common to soldiers. Who ever saw one off duty who was not in pursuit of something to eat? We couldn't get anything for love or money. We had at last reached a place where the people showed some of the distress incidental to war, and a strong disinclination to feed or believe in us. We were grieved, but it couldn't be helped. Their reception was as frosty as the weather. Our genial and winning address made no im-

fitted with a claw, one of which held the gunwale of the boat, the other the shore abutment. Twenty men now came down on the left with planks, one inch thick, six inches wide, and fifteen feet long, narrowed at each end; these they laid across the five joists of barks, and returned on the right. Another party meanwhile moored another boat, which dropped down-stream opposite the one already bridged; five joists, each twenty feet long, were laid upon the gunwale by five men; these were fastened by those in the boat, by means of ropes, to cleats or hooks provided



A SUTLER'S TENT.

pression on these Yankee-hating Marylanders, and their refusal to feed us threw a shadow over us as uncomfortable as the shadow of their hills. No wonder John Brown failed in such a place as this.

The bridge from the Maryland to the Virginia or Harper's Ferry shore had been destroyed by fire, leaving only the granite abutments (which were afterward built upon again), and we were soon set at work conveying some flat-bottomed scows from Sandy Hook to Harper's Ferry. As early as nine o'clock about one hundred men came down opposite the ferry, just above the old bridge, and broke into little groups, in military precision. Four or five with spades and other implements improvised a wooden abutment on the shore; another party rowed against the stream, moored a scow, and let it drift down until it was opposite the wooden abutment; then a party of ten advanced, each two men carrying a claw-balk, or timbers

for the purpose on the side of the scows, which were shoved off from the shore until the shore end of the balk rested upon the shore boat. These were covered with planks in the same manner as before; side-rails of joists were lashed down with ropes to secure the whole. So one after another of the boats was dropped into position until a bridge several hundred feet long reached from the Maryland to the Virginia shore, for the passage of artillery and every description of munitions for an army. Owing to the force of the current, a large rope cable was stretched from shore to shore fifty feet above the bridge, and the upper end of each boat was stayed to the cable by a smaller rope. The clock-like precision with which these men worked showed them to be the drilled engineers and pontoniers of the regular army. After the bridge was built, a slight, short man, with sandy hair, in military dress, came out upon it and congratulated the engineers on their success.



CONFEDERATE PRISONERS. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.)

This unassuming man was George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac.

It was the first boat-bridge thrown out in active service of the army of the United States, and it was on this that the army of General Banks crossed to the Virginia shore in 1862. Hour after hour this frail-looking bridge, which by force of the current swung almost in a semicircle between the two shores, was crowded with men and the material of an army. Officers were not allowed to trot their horses; troops in crossing were given the order, "Route step," as the oscillation of the cadence step or trotting horse is dangerous to the stability of a bridge of any kind, much more of the seemingly frail structure of boats and timbers, put together with ropes, here described.

I crossed the bridge soon after it was laid; visited Jefferson Rock, the ruins of the burned armory, and the town in general. The occasional crack of a musket among the hills on the other side of the Shenandoah told that the rebel scouts were still there. Colonel Geary's men were engaged in driving them from the hills, preparatory to the advance of General Banks. During the day fifteen or twenty were captured and marched through the town, presenting a generally shabby and unmilitary appearance. They did not impress me as they did afterward when charging on our lines, with their unmusical yell and dauntless front.

The craggy heights about Harper's Ferry are exceedingly picturesque. Here, around this promontory, the waters of the Shenandoah and Potomac meet with murmurs of con-

gratulation, and go dancing on joyfully, hand in hand, to the ocean. The headland, around which the village of Harper's Ferry is built, is noticeable for its ruggedness, but its bold outlines are subdued into something like pastoral beauty by contrast with the huge, irregular heights which rise grandly above on either side, and look down upon it. Maryland Heights, precipitous, rock-ribbed, and angular, frown, as it were, at their rougher rival, Loudon Heights, on the opposite Virginia side below, while Harper's Ferry lies demure and modest between them.

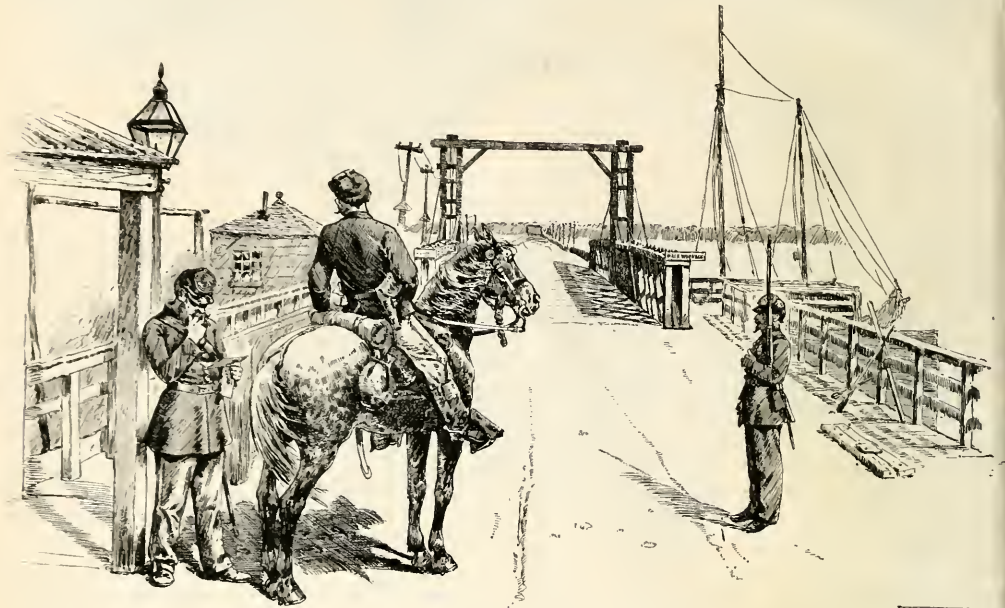
The ruins of the burned armory of the United States were noticeable from the Maryland shore; also the masses of men moving in ceaseless tramp over the long and almost crescent-like bridge. The murmur of many voices, the mellow, abrupt call of the negro drivers to their mules, the glistening arms of the infantry reflected in the sunlight, the dull rumble of artillery-wheels and baggage-wagons, live in memory to-day, after a lapse of years, as one of the pictures of "war's wrinkled front," framed in the routine of more ordinary scenes of army life.

One of my early army passions was collecting mementos of historic interest. For weeks I carried in my knapsack a brick taken from the old engine-house where John Brown so coolly fought, while his sons lay dying by his side. Near the ruins of the armory was a rough, extemporized barricade across the railroad which ran around the northern shore, upon a foundation built on solid masonry, rising from the river's edge. The barricade was made of broken and fire-bruised machinery, twisted muskets and bayonets, the débris of

the armory. I had obtained a pass, and, prospecting around the village, had wandered along the shore to the barricade described. Among its material was a hand-car without driving machinery or brake—simply a platform on wheels. I succeeded, after laboring a long time, in getting the car upon the railroad, and pushed it forward up the incline of the track about a mile. Blocking the wheels, I visited a cave near there, obtaining specimens of minerals and stalagmites, and loading them upon my chariot, started on the down-grade, with a strong wind as assistant motive-

season to see the climax. My carriage struck the barricade with such force as to send it over, with a dull crash, into the river below. It cured me forever of any desire to ride where no provision has been made for stopping the vehicle. I tell this incident as a specimen of the scrapes an idle soldier may fall into.

The next day we were sent by rail back to Washington, and into camp upon our old grounds. A few mornings afterward an inspection was ordered. It came with the usual hurry and parade. Knapsacks and equipments



LONG BRIDGE — EXAMINING A PASS.

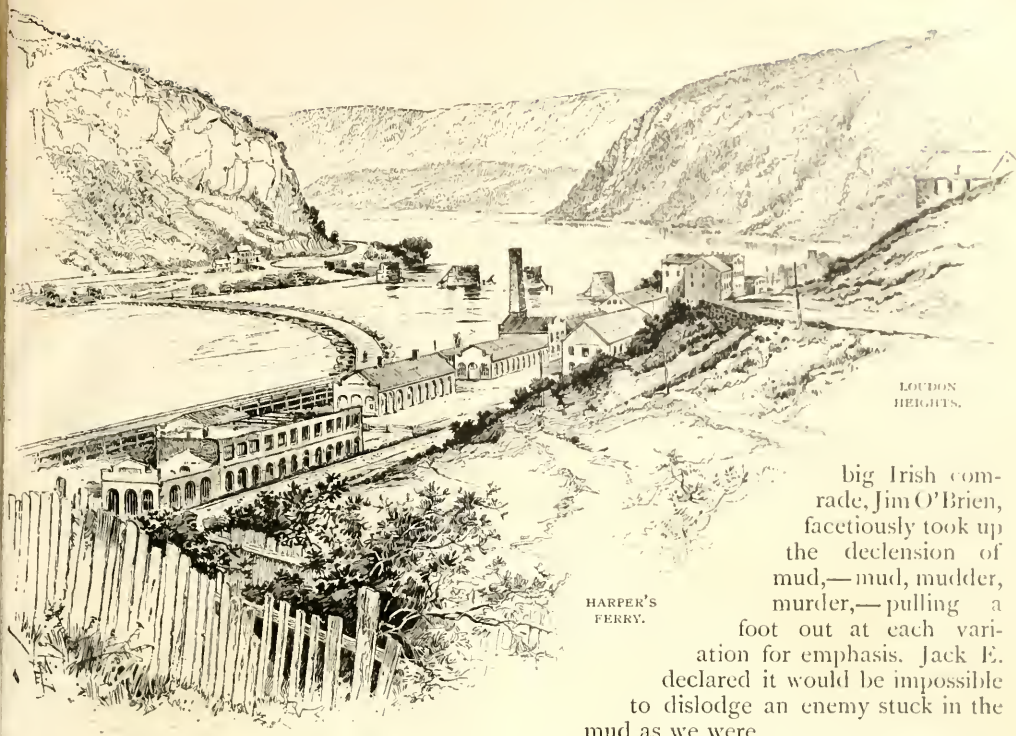
W.H. Shelton

power. My car soon began to obtain a rapidity of motion that astonished me. The farther I went the greater the speed. I had no idea so much momentum could be obtained on a slight down-grade. I rushed on like the wind. Blue-coated comrades shouted in derision as I passed them. I remember saluting two or three officers, who gazed at me with dazed and amused countenances, as I rushed at break-neck speed along the track toward the barricade from which I had started. I was rather confused, but could see distinctly enough that there was soon to be a smash-up. I saw discord ahead unless I could avoid the collision; and as that seemed impracticable, I jumped and struck on the softest spot I could find in my hasty survey. The knees of my trowsers were badly torn, and I was bruised in more spots than one would deem possible, but got to my feet in

were in shining order; every musket, bayonet, and button, boot and belt, as bright as rubbing and fear of censure or police duty could make them. Inspection over, the last jingle of ramrod in resounding musket was heard, and we were dismissed, with an intimation that on the morrow we were to go on a march.

The sun rose through the mists of the morning,—one of those quiet mornings when every sound is heard with distinctness. The waters of the Potomac were like a sheet of glass as we took up our line of march across the Long Bridge, making the old structure shake with our cadence step. Our moods varied: some laughed and joked; some, in suppressed tones, talked with their comrades as to their destination. Not much was said about fighting, but I, for one, did a great deal of thinking on that tender subject.

After we passed the fort, which commanded



MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

LOUDON
HEIGHTS.HARPER'S
FERRY.

big Irish comrade, Jim O'Brien, facetiously took up the declension of mud,—mud, mudder, murder,—pulling a foot out at each variation for emphasis. Jack E. declared it would be impossible to dislodge an enemy stuck in the mud as we were.

the bridge on the Virginia side, we encountered one of the most powerful allies of the Rebel hosts, particularly during the winter and spring campaigns in Virginia,—MUD. No country can beat a Virginia road for mud. We struck it thick. It was knee-deep. It was verily "heavy marching." The foot sank very insidiously into the mud, and reluctantly came out again; it had to be coaxed, and while you were persuading your reluctant left, the willing right was sinking into unknown depths; it came out of the mud like the noise of a suction-pump when the water is exhausted.

The order was given, "Route step"; we climbed the banks of the road in search of firm earth, but it couldn't be found, so we went on pumping away, making about one foot in depth to two in advance. Our feet seemingly weighed twenty pounds each. We carried a number six into the unknown depths of mud, but it came out a number twelve, elongated, yellow, and nasty; it had lost its fair proportions, and would be mistaken for anything but a foot, if not attached to a leg. It seemed impossible that we should ever be able to find our feet in their primitive condition again. Occasionally a boot or shoe would be left in the mud, and it would take an exploring expedition to find it. Oh, that disgusting, sticking mud! Wad Rider declared that if Virginia was once in the Union, she was now in the mud. A

The army resembled, more than anything else, a congregation of flies making a pilgrimage through molasses. The boys called their feet "pontons," "mud-hooks," "soil-excavators," and other names not quite so polite. When we halted to rest by the wayside, our feet were in the way of ourselves and everybody else. "Keep your mud-hooks out of my way," "Save your pontoons for another bridge," were heard on all sides, mingled with all the reckless, profane, and quaint jokes common to the army, and which are not for print.

The mud was in constant league with the enemy; an efficient ally in defensive warfare; equivalent to reinforcements of twenty thousand infantry. To realize the situation, spread tar a foot deep all over your back-yard, and then try to walk through it; particularly is this experiment recommended to those citizens who were constantly crying, "Why doesn't the army move?" It took the military valor all out of a man. Any one would think, from reading the Northern newspapers, that we soldiers had macadamized roads to charge over at the enemy. It would have pleased us much to have seen those "On to Richmond" fellows put over a five-mile course in the Virginia mud, loaded with a forty-pound knapsack, sixty rounds of cartridges, and haversacks filled with four days' rations.

Without exaggeration, the mud has never got full credit for the immense help it af-

forded the enemy, as it prevented us from advancing upon them. The ever-present foe, winter and spring, in Old Virginia was Mud. Summer and fall it was Dust, which was preferable; though marching without water, with dust filling one's nostrils and throat, was not a pleasant accompaniment with our "salt horse" and "hard-tack."

That first night out we went into camp near a small brook, where we washed off enough of the mud to recognize our feet. We had hard-tack and coffee for supper. And didn't it "go good"! What sauce ever equaled that of hunger? Truly the feast is in the palate. How we slept! Feet wet, boots for a pillow, the mud oozing up around our rubber blankets, but making a soft bed withal, and we sleeping the dreamless sleep of tired men. I would be willing, occasionally, to make another such march, through the same mud, for such a sleep.

At early daylight we fell in for rations of hot coffee and hard-tack. Immediately after we took up our line of march, or, as Wad Rider expressed it, "began to pull mud." With intervals of rest, we "pulled mud" until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we halted near Manassas Junction. It was strange that the enemy could not have been chivalrous enough to meet us half-way, and save us the trials and troubles of wallowing

through all that mud. Then the Quaker guns—Who has not heard of the "Quaker guns" at Manassas? We met the logs, mounted on wheels, around the fortifications of Manassas, and can assure you they were not so formidable as the mud.

After thoroughly inspecting our enemies,—the logs,—we re-formed our ranks and took the back track for Washington. The rain soon began to fall, coming down literally in sheets; it ran down our backs in rivulets, and we should have run had we met the enemy about that time—that is, if the mud had permitted; for there is nothing which will so take the courage out of a soldier as to wet the seat of his trousers. On we went, pumping and churning up and down in the mud, till about ten o'clock, when we pitched camp near the road-side, as wet and bedraggled a set of men as ever panted for military glory, or pursued the bubble reputation at the wooden cannon's mouth. We arrived at our old camp near Washington the following evening.

Virginia mud has never been fully comprehended; but I hope those who read these pages will catch a faint glimmering of the reality. To be fully understood, one must march in it, sleep in it, be encompassed round about by it. Great is mud—Virginia mud!

Warren Lee Goss.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

FEBRUARY 12-16, 1862.

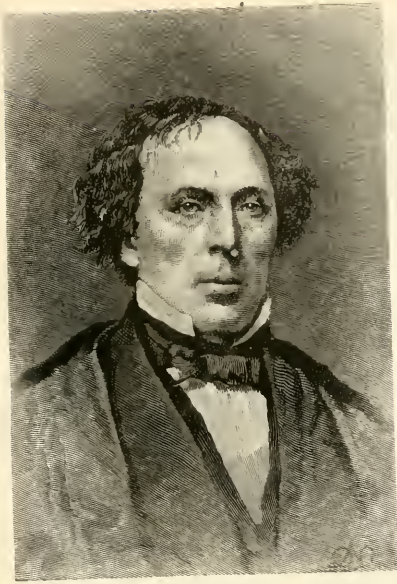


ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

THE village of Dover was—and for that matter yet is—what our English cousins

would call the shire-town of the county of Stewart, Tennessee. In 1860 it was a village

unknown to fame, meager in population, architecturally poor. There was a court-house in the place, and a tavern, remembered now as double-storied, unpainted, and with windows of eight-by-ten glass, which, if the panes may be likened to eyes, were both squint and catarractous. Looking through them gave the street outside the appearance of a sedgy slough of yellow backwater. The entertainment furnished man and beast was good of the kind; though at the time mentioned a sleepy traveler, especially if he were of the North, might have been somewhat vexed by the explosions which spiced the good things of a debating society that nightly took possession of the bar-room, to discuss the relative fighting qualities of the opposing sections. The pertinency of the description lies in the fact that on these occasions the polemicists of Dover, even the wisest of them, little dreamed how near they were to a day when trial of the issue would be had on the hills around them, and at their very doors, and



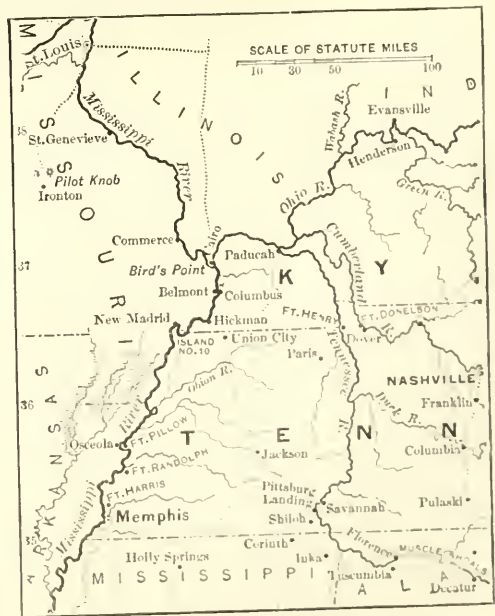
GENERAL JOHN B. FLOYD. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. ANTHONY.)

t to be broken. The question was whether the effort would be made directly or by turning its defended positions. Of the national gun-boats afloat above Cairo, some were formidably iron-clad. Altogether the flotilla was strong enough to warrant the theory that a direct descent would be attempted; and to meet the movement the Confederates threw up powerful batteries, notably at Columbus, Island No. 10, Memphis, and Vicksburg. So fully were they possessed of that theory that they measurably neglected the possibilities of invasion by way of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. Not until General Johnston established his headquarters at Nashville was serious attention given to the defense of those streams. A report to his chief of engineers of November 21, 1861, establishes that at that date a second battery on the Cumberland at Dover had been completed; that a work on the ridge had been laid out, and two guns mounted; and that the encampment was then surrounded by an abatis of felled timber. Later, Brigadier-general Lloyd Tilghman was sent to Fort Donelson as commandant, and on January 25th he reports the batteries prepared, the entire field-works built with a trace of two thousand nine hundred feet, and rifle-pits guarding the approaches commenced. The same officer speaks further of reinforcements housed in four hundred log-cabins, and adds that while this was being done at Fort Donelson, Forts Henry and Heiman, over on the Tennessee, were being thoroughly strengthened. January 30th, Fort Donelson was formally inspected by Lieuten-

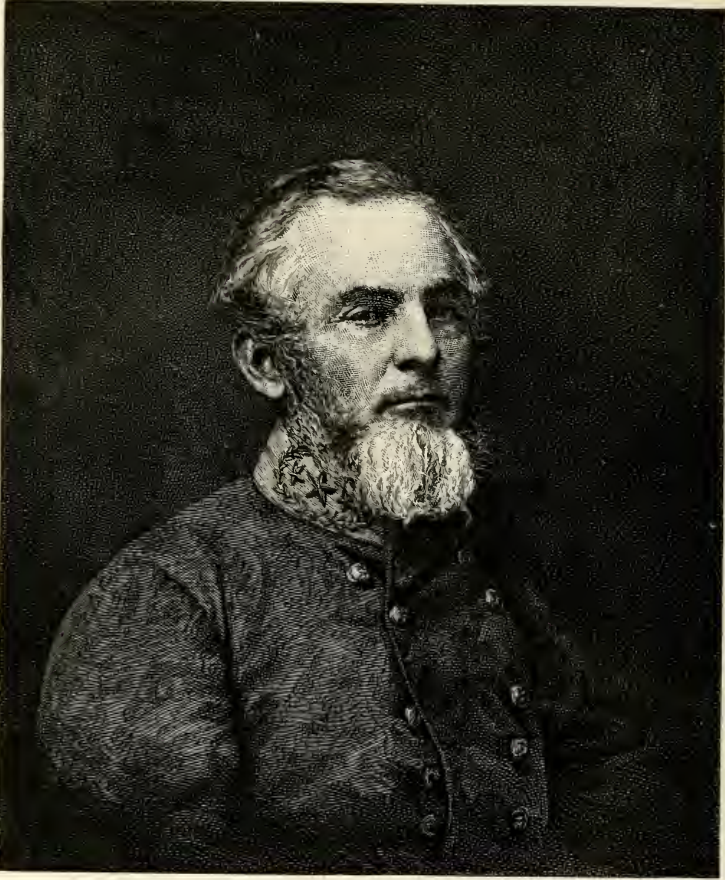
ant-colonel Gilmer, chief engineer of the Western Department, and the final touches ordered to be given it.

It is to be presumed that General Johnston was satisfied with the defenses thus provided for the Cumberland river. From observing General Buell at Louisville, and the stir and movement of multiplying columns under General U. S. Grant in the region of Cairo, he suddenly awoke determined to fight for Nashville at Donelson. To this conclusion he came as late as the beginning of February; and thereupon the brightest of the Southern leaders proceeded to make a capital mistake. The Confederate estimate of the Union force at that time in Kentucky alone was one hundred and nineteen regiments. The force at Cairo, St. Louis, and the towns near the mouth of the Cumberland river was judged to be about as great. It was also known that we had unlimited means of transportation for troops, making concentration a work of but few hours. Still General Johnston persisted in fighting for Nashville, and for that purpose divided his thirty thousand men. Fourteen thousand he kept in observation of Buell at Louisville. Sixteen thousand he gave to defend Fort Donelson. The latter detachment he himself called "the best part of his army." It is difficult to think of a great master of strategy making an error so perilous.

Having taken the resolution to defend Nashville at Donelson, he intrusted the operation to three chiefs of brigade—John B. Floyd, Gideon J. Pillow, and Simon B.



THE LOWER TENNESSEE AND CUMBERLAND REGIONS.



GENERAL GIDEON J. PILLOW. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE S. COOK.)

Buckner. Of these, the former was ranking officer, and he was at the time under indictment by a grand jury at Washington for malversation as Secretary of War under President Buchanan, and for complicity in an embezzlement of public funds. As will be seen, there came a crisis when the recollection of the circumstance exerted an unhappy influence over his judgment. The second officer had a genuine military record; but it is said of him that he was of a jealous nature, insubordinate, and quarrelsome. His bold attempt to supersede General Scott in Mexico was green in the memories of living men. To give pertinency to the remark, there is reason to believe that a personal misunderstanding between him and General Buckner, older than the rebellion, was yet unsettled when the two met at Donelson. All in all, therefore, there is little doubt that the junior of the three commanders was the fittest for the enterprise intrusted to them. He was their equal in courage; while in devotion to the cause and to his profession of

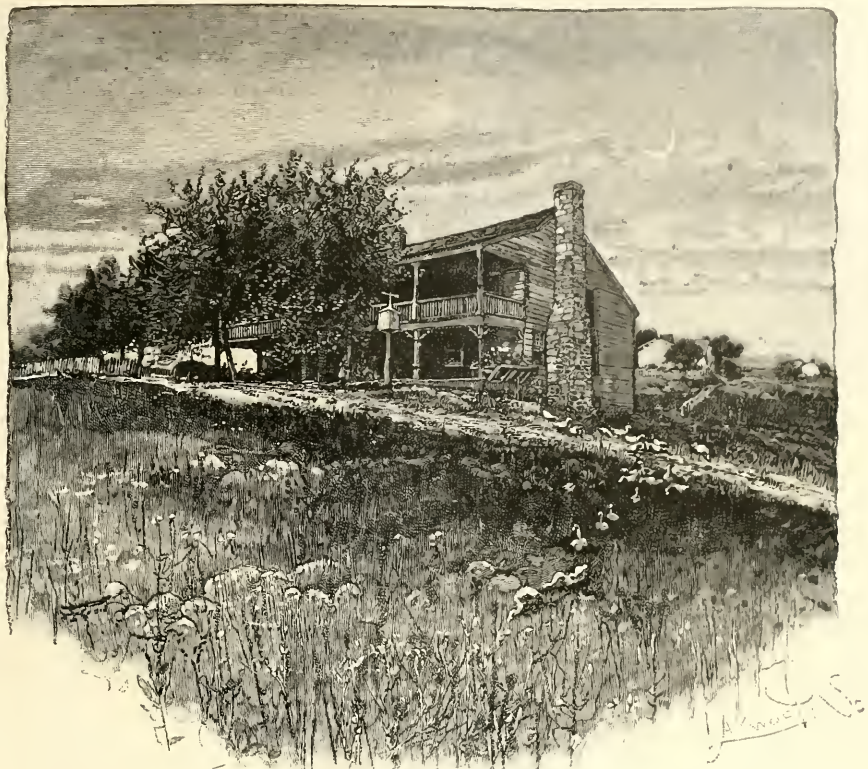
arms, in tactical knowledge, in military bearing, in the faculty of getting the most service out of his inferiors, and inspiring them with confidence in his ability,—as a soldier in all the higher meanings of the word, he was greatly their superior.

FORT DONELSON READY FOR BATTLE.

THE 6th of February, 1862, dawned darkly after a thunder-storm. Pacing the parapets of the work on the hill above the inlet formed by the junction of Hickman's creek and the Cumberland river, a sentinel, in the serviceable butternut jeans uniform of the Confederate army of the West, might that day have surveyed Fort Donelson almost ready for battle. In fact, very little was afterward done to it. There were the two water batteries sunk in the northern face of the bluff, about thirty feet above the river; in the lower battery nine thirty-two-pounder guns and one ten-inch Columbiad, and in the upper another Columbiad, bored and

rified as a thirty-two-pounder, and two thirty-two-pounder carronades. These guns lay between the embrasures, in snug revetment of sand in coffee-sacks, flanked right and left with stout traverses. The satisfaction of the sentry could have been nowise diminished at seeing the backwater lying

log-houses of the garrison. Here and there groups of later comers, shivering in their wet blankets, were visible in a bivouac so cheerless that not even morning fires could relieve it. A little music would have helped their sinking spirits, but there was none. Even the picturesque effect of gay uniforms was wanting.



DOVER TAVERN—GENERAL BUCKNER'S HEADQUARTERS AND THE SCENE OF THE SURRENDER.

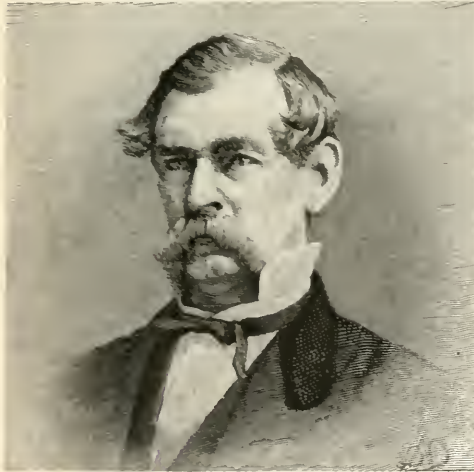
deep in the creek; a more perfect ditch against assault could not have been constructed. The fort itself was of good profile, and admirably adapted to the ridge it crowned. Around it, on the landward side, ran the rifle-pits, a continuous but irregular line of logs, covered with yellow clay. From Hickman's Creek they extended far around to the little run just outside the town on the south. If the sentry thought the pits looked shallow, he was solaced to see that they followed the coping of the ascents, seventy or eighty feet in height, up which a foe must charge, and that, where they were weakest, they were strengthened by trees felled outwardly in front of them, so that the interlacing limbs and branches seemed impassable by men under fire. At points inside the outworks, on the inner slopes of the hills, defended thus from view of an enemy as well as from his shot, lay the huts and

In fine, the Confederate sentinel on the ramparts that morning, taking in the whole scene, knew the jolly rollicking picnic days of the war were over.

To make clearer why the 6th of February is selected to present the first view of the fort, about noon that day the whole garrison was drawn from their quarters by the sound of heavy guns, faintly heard from the direction of Fort Henry, a token by which every man of them knew that a battle was on. The occurrence was in fact expected, for two days before a horseman had ridden to General Tilghman with word that at 4:30 o'clock in the morning rocket signals had been exchanged with the picket at Bailey's Landing, announcing the approach of gun-boats. A second courier came, and then a third; the latter, in great haste, requesting the general's presence at Fort Henry. There was quick mounting at headquarters, and, before the

camp could be taken into confidence, the general and his guard were out of sight. Occasional guns were heard the day following. Donelson gave itself up to excitement and con-

and was posted to cover the land approaches to the water batteries. A left wing was organized into six brigades, commanded respectively by Colonels Heiman, Davidson, Drake, Wharton, McCausland, and Baldwin, and posted from right to left in the order named. Four batteries were distributed amongst the left wing. General Bushrod R. Johnson, an able officer, served the general commanding as chief-of-staff. Dover was converted into a depot of supplies and ordnance stores. These dispositions made, Fort Donelson was ready for battle.



MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. SMITH. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

EN ROUTE TO FORT DONELSON.

It may be doubted if General Grant called a council of war. The nearest approach to it was a convocation held on the *Tigress*, a steam-boat renowned throughout the Army of the Tennessee as his headquarters. The morning of the 11th of February, a staff-officer visited each commandant of division and brigade with the simple verbal message: "General Grant sends his compliments, and requests to see you this afternoon on his boat." Minutes of the proceedings were not kept; there was no adjournment; each person retired when he got ready, knowing that the march would take place next day, probably in the forenoon.

jecture. At noon of the 6th, as stated, there was continuous and heavy cannonading at Fort Henry, and greater excitement at Fort Donelson. The polemicians in Dover became uneasy, and prepared to get away. In the evening fugitives arrived in groups, and told how the gun-boats ran straight upon the fort and took it. The polemicians hastened their departure from town. At exactly midnight the gallant Colonel Heiman marched into Fort Donelson with two brigades of infantry rescued from the ruins of Forts Henry and Heiman. The officers and men by whom they were received then knew that their turn was at hand; and at day-break, with one mind and firm of purpose, they set about the final preparation.

Brigadier-General Pillow reached Fort Donelson on the 9th; Brigadier-General Buckner came in the night of the 11th; and Brigadier-General Floyd on the 13th. The latter, by virtue of his rank, took command.

The morning of the 13th—calm, spring-like, the very opposite of that of the 6th—found in Fort Donelson a garrison of twenty-eight regiments of infantry: thirteen from Tennessee, two from Kentucky, six from Mississippi, one from Texas, two from Alabama, four from Virginia. There were also present two independent battalions of Kentuckians, one regiment of cavalry, and artillerymen for six light batteries and seventeen heavy guns, making a total of quite eighteen thousand effectives.

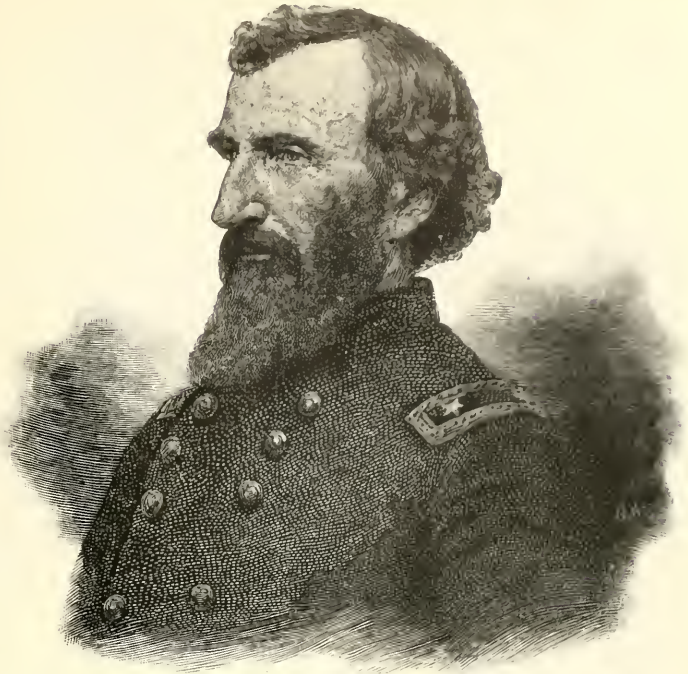
General Buckner's division—six regiments and two batteries—constituted the right wing,

There were in attendance on the occasion some officers of great subsequent notability. Of these Ulysses S. Grant was first. The world knows him now; then his fame was all before him. A singularity of the volunteer service in that day was that nobody took account of even a first-rate record in the Mexican War. The battle of Belmont, though indecisive, was a much better reference. A story was abroad that Grant had been the last man to take boat at the end of that affair, and the addendum that he had lingered in face of the enemy until he was hauled aboard with the last gang-plank, did him great good. From the first his silence was remarkable. He knew how to keep his temper. In battle, as in camp, he went about quietly, speaking in a conversational tone; yet he appeared to see everything that went on, and was always intent on business. He had a faithful assistant adjutant-general, and appreciated him; he preferred, however, his own eyes, word, and hand. His aides were little more than messengers. In dress he was plain, even negligent; in partial amendment of that his horse was always a good one and well kept. At the council—calling it such by grace—he smoked, but never said a word. In all probability he was framing the orders of march which were issued that night.

Charles F. Smith, of the regular army, was also present. He was a person of superb physique, very tall, perfectly proportioned, straight, square-shouldered, ruddy-faced, with eyes of genuine blue, and long snow-white mustaches. He seemed to know the army regulations by heart, and caught a tactical mistake, whether of command or execution, by a kind of mental *coup d'œil*. He was naturally kind, genial, communicative, and never failed to answer when information was sought of him; at the same time he believed in "hours of service" regularly published by the adjutants as a rabbi believes in the ten tables, and to call a court-martial on a "bummer" was in his eyes a sinful waste of stationery. On the review he had the look of a marshal of France. He could ride along a line of volunteers in the regulation uniform of a brigadier-general, plume, chapeau, epaulets and all, without exciting laughter—something nobody else could do in the beginning of the war. He was at first accused of disloyalty, and when told of it, his eyes flashed wickedly; then he laughed, and said, "Oh, never mind! They'll take it back after our first battle." And they did. At the time of the meeting on the *Tigress* he was a brigadier-general, and commanded the division which in the land operations against Fort Henry marched up the left bank of the river against Fort Heiman.

Another officer worthy of mention was John A. McClernand, also a brigadier. By profession a lawyer, he was in his first of military service. Brave, industrious, methodical, and of unquestioned cleverness, he was rapidly acquiring the art of war.

There was still another in attendance on the *Tigress* that day not to be passed—a young man who had followed General Grant from Illinois, and was seeing his first of military service. No soldier in the least familiar with headquarters on the Tennessee can ever forget the slender figure, large black eyes, hectic cheeks, and sincere, earnest manner of John A. Rawlins, then assistant adjutant-general, afterward major-general and secretary of war. He had two devotions in especial—



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. MCCLERNAND.

the cause and his chief. He lived to see the first triumphant and the latter first in peace as well as in war. Probably no officer of the Union was mourned by so many armies.

Fort Henry, it will be remembered, was taken by Flag-Officer Foote on the 6th of February. The time up to the 12th was given to reconnoitering the country in the direction of Fort Donelson. Two roads were discovered: one of twelve miles direct, the other almost parallel with the first, but, on account of a slight divergence, two miles longer.

By eight o'clock in the morning, the first division, General McClernand commanding, and the second, under General Smith, were in full march.

McClernand's was composed of Illinois troops entirely, with the exception of company C Second United States cavalry and company I Fourth United States cavalry. The first brigade, Colonel Richard J. Oglesby, five regiments of infantry, the Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first Illinois; artillery, batteries A and B, Illinois; cavalry, besides the companies stated, Carmichael's, Dollins', O'Harnett's, and Stewart's. The second brigade, Colonel W. H. L. Wallace, four regiments of infantry, the Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-fifth, and Forty-eighth Illinois; artillery, batteries B and D; cavalry, the Fourth Illinois. Third brigade, Colonel W. R. Morrison, two regiments of in-

fications is five to one; to save the Union commander from a charge of rashness, however, he had at control a fighting quantity ordinarily at home on the sea rather than the land.

After receiving the surrender of Fort Henry, Flag-Officer Foote had hastened to Cairo to make preparation for the reduction of Fort Donelson. With six of his boats, he passed into the Cumberland River; and on the 12th, while the two divisions of the army were marching across to Donelson, he was hurrying, fast as steam could drive him and his following, to a second trial of iron batteries afloat against earth batteries ashore. The *Carondelet*, Commander Walke, having preceded him, had been in position be-

low the fort since the 12th. By sundown of the 12th, McClernand and Smith reached the points designated for them in orders.

On the morning of the 13th of February General Grant, with about 20,000 men, was before Fort Donelson.* We have had a view of the army in the works ready for battle; a like view of that outside and about to go into position of attack and assault is not so easily to be given. At dawn the latter host rose up from the bare ground, and, snatching bread and coffee as best they could, fell into lines that stretched away over hills, down hollows, and through thickets making it impossible for even colonels to see their regiments from flank to flank.

Pausing to give a thought to the situation, it is proper to remind the reader that he is about to witness an event of more than mere historical interest; he is about to see the men of the North and North-west and of the South and South-west enter for the first time into a strife of arms; on one side, the best blood of Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas, aided materially by fighting representatives from Virginia; on the other, the best blood of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska.

THE FEDERALS FIND POSITIONS.

WE have now before us a spectacle seldom witnessed in the annals of scientific war—an army behind field-works erected in a chosen



Glimpse of the Cumberland River where the gun-boats first appeared, looking north from the highest earth-works of Fort Donelson.

fantry, the Seventeenth and Fortyninth Illinois. General Smith's division was more mixed, being composed, first brigade, Colonel John McArthur, of the Ninth, Twelfth, and Forty-first Illinois; third brigade, Colonel John Cook, the Seventh and Fiftieth Illinois, the Fifty-second Indiana, Fourteenth Iowa, and Thirteenth Missouri, with light artillery batteries D, H, and K, Missouri; fourth brigade, Colonel Jacob G. Lauman, infantry, the Twenty-fifth Indiana, Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa, and Berge's sharpshooters; fifth brigade, Colonel Morgan L. Smith, infantry, the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana.

It is to be observed now that the infantry of the command with which, on the morning of the 12th of February, General Grant set out to attack Fort Donelson was twenty-five regiments in all, or three less than those of the Confederates. Against their six field-batteries he had seven. In cavalry alone he was materially stronger. The rule in attacking forti-

* General Grant estimates his available forces at this time at 15,000, and on the last day at 27,000, 5000 or 6000 of whom were guarding transportation trains in the rear.—Ed.

position waiting quietly while another army very little its superior in numbers proceeds at leisure to place it in a state of siege. Such was the operation General Grant had before him at day-break of the 13th of February. Let us see how it was accomplished and how it was resisted.

In a clearing about two miles from Dover there was a log-house, at the time occupied

Graves commanded the first, Maney the second: both were of Tennessee. As always in situations where the advancing party is ignorant of the ground and of the designs of the enemy, resort was had to skirmishers, who are to the main body what antennæ are to insects. Theirs it is to unmask the foe. Unlike sharpshooters, they act in bodies. Behind



THE CRISP FARM—GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.

by a Mrs. Crisp. As the road to Dover ran close by, it was made the headquarters of the commanding general. All through the night of the 12th, the coming and going was incessant. Smith was ordered to find a position in front of the enemy's right wing, which would place him face to face with Buckner. McClelland's order was to establish himself on the enemy's left, where he would be opposed to Pillow.

A little before dawn Berge's sharpshooters were astir. Theirs was a peculiar service. Each was a preferred marksman, and carried a long-range Henry rifle, with sights delicately arranged as for target practice. In action each was perfectly independent. They never maneuvered as a corps. When the time came they were asked, "Canteens full?" "Biscuits for all day?" Then their only order, "All right; hunt you holes, boys." Thereupon they dispersed, and, like Indians, sought cover to please themselves, behind rocks and stumps, or in hollows. Sometimes they dug holes; sometimes they climbed into trees. Once in a good location, they remained there the day. At night they would crawl out and report in camp. This morning, as I have said, the sharpshooters dispersed early to find places within easy range of the breastworks.

The movement by Smith and McClelland was begun about the same time. A thick wood fairly screened the former. The latter had to cross an open valley under fire of two batteries, one on Buckner's left, the other on a high point jutting from the line of outworks held by Colonel Heiman of Pillow's command.



FRONT VIEW OF MRS. CRISP'S HOUSE.

the skirmishers, the batteries started out to find positions, and through the brush and woods, down the hollows, up the hills the guns and caissons were hauled. It is nowadays a very steep bluff, in face of which the good artillerist will stop or turn back. At Donelson, however, the proceeding was generally slow and toilsome. The officer had to find a vantage-ground first: then with axes a road to it was hewn out: after which, in many instances, the men, with the prolongs over their shoulders, helped the horses along. In the gray of the dawn the sharpshooters were deep in their deadly game; as the sun came up, one battery after another, having found position, opened fire, and was instantly and gallantly answered: and all the time behind the hidden sharpshooters, and behind the skirmishers, who occasionally stopped to take a hand in the fray, the regiments marched, route-step, colors flying, after their colonels.



MAP OF FORT DONELSON, AS INVESTED BY GENERAL GRANT; BASED ON THE OFFICIAL MAP BY GENERAL J. B. MCPHERSON.

About eleven o'clock Commander Walke, of the *Carondelet*, engaged the water batteries. The air was then full of the stunning music of battle; though as yet not a volley of musketry had been heard. Smith, nearest the enemy at starting, was first in place; and there, leaving the fight to his sharpshooters and skirmishers and to his batteries, he reported to the chief in the log-house, and, like an old soldier, calmly waited orders. McClellan, following a good road, pushed on rapidly to the high grounds on the right. The appearance of his column in the valley covered by the two Confederate batteries provoked a furious shelling from them. On the double-quick his men passed through it; and when in the wood beyond, they resumed the route-step and saw that nobody was hurt, they fell to laughing at themselves. The real baptism of fire was yet in store for them.

When McClellan arrived at his appointed place and extended his brigades, it was discovered that the Confederate outworks offered a front too great for him to envelop. To attempt to rest his right opposite their extreme left would necessitate a dangerous attenuation of his line and leave him without reserves. Over on their left, moreover, ran the road already mentioned as passing from Dover on the south to Charlotte and Nashville, which it was of the highest importance to close hermetically that soon there would be no communication left General Floyd except by the river. If the road to Charlotte were left to the enemy, they might march out at their pleasure.

The insufficiency of his force was thus made apparent to General Grant, and whether a discovery of the moment or not, he set about its correction. He knew a reinforcement was

coming up the river under convoy of Foote; besides which a brigade, composed of the Eighth Missouri and the Eleventh Indiana infantry and Battery A, Illinois, had been left behind at Forts Henry and Heiman under myself. A courier was dispatched to me with an order to bring my command to Donelson. I ferried my troops across the Tennessee in the night, and reported with them at headquarters before noon the next day. The brigade was transferred to General Smith; at the same time an order was put into my hand assigning me to command the third division.

As the regiments marched past me in the road, I organized them: first brigade, Colonel Cruft, the Thirty-first Indiana, Seventeenth Kentucky, Forty-fourth Indiana, and Twenty-fifth Kentucky; third brigade, Colonel Thayer, the First Nebraska, and Seventy-sixth and Sixty-eighth Ohio. Four other regiments, the Forty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Illinois and Twentieth Ohio, intended to constitute the second brigade, came up later, and were attached to Thayer's command.

My division was thereupon conducted to a position between Smith and McClermand, enabling the latter to extend his line well to the left and cover the road to Charlotte.

Thus on the 14th of February the Confederates were completely invested, except that the river above Dover remained to them. The supineness of General Floyd all this while is to this day incomprehensible. A vigorous attack the morning of the 13th might have thrown Grant back upon Fort Henry. Such an achievement would have more than offset Foote's conquest. The *morale* to be gained would have alone justified the attempt. But with McClermand's strong division on the right, my own in the center, and Smith's on the left, the opportunity was gone. On General Grant's side the possession of the river was all that was wanting; with that he could force the fighting, or wait the certain approach of the grimmiest enemy of the besieged—starvation.

ILLINOIS BREAKS A LANCE WITH TENNESSEE.

It is now—morning of the 14th—easy to see and understand with something more than approximate exactness the oppositions of the two forces. Smith is on the left of the Union army opposite Buckner. My division, in the center, confronts Colonels Heiman, Drake, and Davidson, each with a brigade. McClermand, now well over on the right, keeps the road to Charlotte and Nashville against the major part of Pillow's left wing. The infantry on both sides are in cover behind the crests of the hills or in thick woods, listening to the

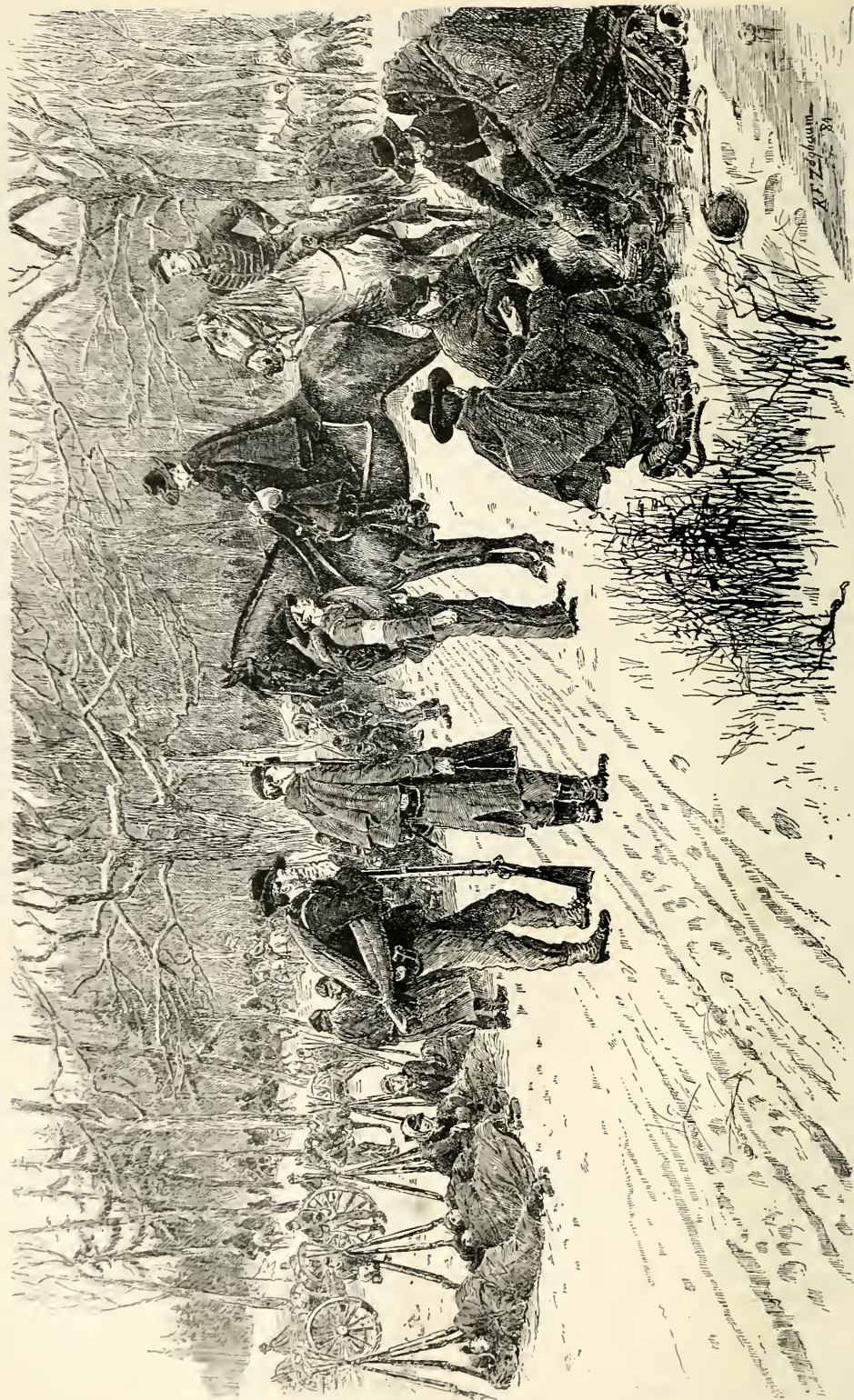
ragged fusillade which the sharpshooters and skirmishers maintain against each other almost without intermission. There is little pause in the exchange of shells and round shot. The careful chiefs have required their men to lie down. In brief, it looks as if each party was inviting the other to begin.

These circumstances, the sharp-shooting and cannonading, ugly as they may seem to one who thinks of them under comfortable surroundings, did in fact serve a good purpose the day in question in helping the men to forget their sufferings of the night before. It must be remembered that the weather had changed during the preceding afternoon: from suggestions of spring it turned to intensified winter. From lending a gentle hand in bringing Foote and his iron-clads up the river, the wind whisked suddenly around to the north and struck both armies with a storm of mixed rain, snow, and sleet. All night the tempest blew mercilessly upon the unsheltered, fireless soldiers, making sleep impossible. Inside the works, nobody had overcoats; while thousands of those outside had marched from Fort Henry as to a summer fête, leaving coats, blankets, and knapsacks behind them in camp. More than one stout fellow has since admitted, with a laugh, that nothing was so helpful to him that horrible night as the thought that the wind, which seemed about to turn his blood into icicles, was serving the enemy the same way; they, too, had to stand out and take the blast.

In the hope now that the reader has a tolerable presentment of the situation which the orators of Dover had, to the extent of their influence, aided in bringing upon their village that dreary morning of the 14th of February, let us go back to the preceding day, and bring up an incident of McClermand's swing into position.

About the center of the Confederate outworks there was a V-shaped hill, marked sharply by a ravine on its right and another on its left. This Colonel Heiman occupied with his brigade of five regiments—all of Tennessee but one. The front presented was about twenty-five hundred feet. In the angle of the V, on the summit of the hill, Captain Maney's battery, also of Tennessee, had been planted. Without protection of any kind, it nevertheless completely swept a large field to the left, across which an assaulting force would have to come in order to get at Heiman or at Drake, next on the south.

Maney, on the point of the hill, had been active throughout the preceding afternoon, and succeeded in drawing the fire of some of McClermand's guns. The duel lasted until night. Next morning it was renewed with increased sharpness, Maney being assisted on



THE BIVOUAC IN THE SNOW ON THE LINE OF BATTLE — QUESTIONING A PRISONER

his right by Graves's battery of Buckner's division, and by some pieces of Drake's on his left.

McClelland's advance was necessarily slow and trying. This was not merely a logical result of unacquaintance with the country and the dispositions of the enemy; he was also under an order from General Grant to avoid everything calculated to bring on a general engagement. In Maney's well-served guns he undoubtedly found serious annoyance, if not a positive obstruction. Concentrating guns of his own upon the industrious Confederate, he at length fancied him silenced and the enemy's infantry on the right thrown into confusion—circumstances from which he hastily deduced a favorable chance to deliver an assault. For that purpose he reinforced his third brigade, which was nearest the offending battery, and gave the necessary orders.

Up to this time, it will be observed, there had not been any fighting involving infantry in line. This was now to be changed. Old soldiers, rich with experience, would have regarded the work proposed with gravity; they would have shrewdly cast up an account of the chances of success, not to speak of the chances of coming out alive; they would have measured the distance to be passed, every foot of it under the guns of three batteries, Maney's in the center, Graves's on their left, and Drake's on their right—a direct line of fire doubly crossed. Nor would they have omitted the reception awaiting them from the rifle-pits. They were to descend a hill entangled for two hundred yards with underbrush, climb an opposite ascent partly shorn of timber; make way through an abatis of tree-tops; then, supposing all that successfully accomplished, they would be at last in face of an enemy whom it was possible to reinforce with all the reserves of the garrison—with the whole garrison, if need be. A veteran would have surveyed the three regiments selected for the honorable duty with many misgivings. Not so the men themselves. They were not old soldiers. Recruited but recently from farms and shops, they accepted the assignment heartily and with youthful confidence in their prowess. It may be doubted if a man in the ranks gave a thought to the questions, whether the attack was to be supported while making, or followed up if successful, or whether it was part of a general advance. Probably the most they knew was that the immediate objective before them was the capture of the battery on the hill.

The line when formed stood thus from the right: the Forty-ninth Illinois, then the Seventeenth, and then the Forty-eighth, Colonel Haynie. At the last moment, a question of

seniority arose between Colonels Morrison and Haynie. The latter was of opinion that he was the ranking officer. Morrison replied that he would conduct the brigade to the point from which the attack was to be made, after which Haynie could take the command, if he desired to do so.

Down the hill the three regiments went, crashing and tearing through the undergrowth. Heiman, on the lookout, saw them advancing. Before they cleared the woods, Maney opened with shells. At the foot of the descent, in the valley, Graves joined his fire to Maney's. There Morrison reported to Haynie, who neither accepted nor refused the command. Pointing to the hill, he merely said, "Let us take it together." Morrison turned away, and rejoined his own regiment. Here was confusion in the beginning, or worse, an assault begun without a head. Nevertheless, the whole line went forward. On a part of the hill-side the trees were yet standing. The open space fell to Morrison and his Forty-ninth, and paying the penalty of the exposure, he outstripped his associates. The men fell rapidly; yet the living rushed on and up, firing as they went. The battery was the common target. Maney's gunners, in relief against the sky, were shot down in quick succession. His first lieutenant (Burns) was one of the first to suffer. His second lieutenant (Massie) was mortally wounded. Maney himself was hit; still he stayed, and his guns continued their punishment; and still the farmer lads and shop boys of Illinois clung to their purpose. With marvelous audacity they pushed through the abatis, and reached a point within forty yards of the rifle-pits. It actually looked as if the prize were theirs. The yell of victory was rising in their throats. Suddenly the long line of yellow breastworks before them, covering Heiman's five regiments, crackled and turned into flame. The forlorn hope stopped—staggered—braced up again—shot blindly through the smoke at the smoke of the new enemy, secure in his shelter. Thus for fifteen minutes the Illinoisans stood fighting. The time is given on the testimony of the opposing leader himself. Morrison was knocked out of his saddle by a musket-ball, and disabled; then the men went down the hill. At its foot they rallied round their flags, and renewed the assault. Pushed down again, again they rallied, and a third time climbed to the enemy. This time the battery set fire to the dry leaves on the ground, and the heat and smoke became stifling. It was not possible for brave men to endure more. Slowly, sullenly, frequently pausing to return a shot, they went back for the last time; and in going their ears and souls



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF PILLOW'S DEFENSES IN FRONT OF MCCLERNAND, SHOWING WATER IN THE TRENCHES.

were riven with the shrieks of their wounded comrades, whom the flames crept down upon and smothered and charred where they lay.

Considered as a mere exhibition of courage, this assault, long maintained against odds—twice repulsed, twice renewed—has been seldom excelled. One hundred and forty-nine men of the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth were killed and wounded. Of Haynie's loss we have no report.

THE BATTLE OF THE GUN-BOATS.

THERE are few things connected with the operations against Fort Donelson so relieved of uncertainty as this: that when General Grant at Fort Henry became fixed in the

resolution to undertake the movement, his primary object was the capture of the force to which the post was intrusted. To effect their complete environment, he relied upon Flag-Officer Foote, whose astonishing success at Fort Henry justified the extreme of confidence.

Foote arrived on the 14th, and made haste to enter upon his work. The *Carondelet* (Commander Walke) had been in position since the 12th.* Behind a low outpost of the shore, for two days, she maintained a fire from her rifled guns, happily of greater range than the best of those of the enemy.

At nine o'clock on the 14th, Captain Culbertson, looking from the parapet of the upper battery, beheld the river below the first bend

* A fuller account of the part the gun-boats took in the attack will be included in an illustrated paper on the work of Foote and the Western Flotilla, to appear in the next issue of *THE CENTURY*, and to be contributed by Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Walke, who was one of the chief actors in this important service. The construction of the fleet will also be described by Captain James B. Eads, who planned and built the iron-clads.—ED.

full of transports, landing troops under cover of a fresh arrival of gun-boats. The disembarkation concluded, Foote was free. He waited until noon. The captains in the batteries mistook his deliberation for timidity. The impinging of their shot on his iron armor was heard distinctly in the fort a mile and a half away. The captains began to doubt if he would come at all. But at three o'clock they took position under fire: the *Louisville* on the right, the *St. Louis* next, then the *Pittsburg*, then the *Carondelet*, all iron-clad.

Five hundred yards from the batteries, and yet Foote was not content! In the Crimean war the allied French and English fleets, of much mightier ships, undertook to engage the Russian shore batteries, but little stronger than those at Donelson. The French on that occasion stood off eighteen hundred yards. Lord Lyons fought his *Agamemnon* at a distance of eight hundred yards. Foote forged ahead within four hundred yards of his enemy, and was still going on. His boat had been hit between wind and water; so with the *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet*. About the guns the floors were slippery with blood, and both surgeons and carpenters were never so busy. Still the four boats kept on, and there was great cheering; for not only did the fire from the shore slacken; the lookouts reported the enemy running. It seemed that fortune would smile once more upon the fleet, and cover the honors of Fort Henry afresh at Fort Donelson. Unhappily, when about three hundred and fifty yards off the hill, a solid shot plunged through the pilot-house of the flag-ship, and carried away the wheel. Near the same time the tiller-ropes of the *Louisville* were disabled. Both vessels became unmanageable, and began floating down the current. The eddies turned them round like logs. The *Pittsburg* and *Carondelet* closed in and covered them with their hulls.

Seeing this turn in the fight, the captains of the batteries rallied their men, who cheered in their turn, and renewed the contest with increased will and energy. A ball got lodged in their best rifle. A corporal and some of his men took a log fitting the bore, leaped out on the parapet, and rammed the missile home.* "Now, boys," said a gunner in Bidwell's battery, "see me take a chimney!" The flag of the boat and the chimney fell with the shots.

When the vessels were out of range, the victors looked around them. The fine form of their embrasures was gone; heaps of earth had been cast over their platforms. In a space of twenty-four feet they picked up as many shot and shells. The air had been full of fly-

ing missiles. For an hour and a half the brave fellows had been rained upon; yet their losses had been trifling in numbers. Each gunner had selected a ship, and followed her faithfully throughout the action, now and then uniting fire on the *Carondelet*. The Confederates had behaved with astonishing valor. Their victory sent a thrill of joy through the army. The assault on the outworks, the day before, had been a failure. With the repulse of the gun-boats the Confederates scored success number two, and the communication by the river remained open to Nashville. The winds that blew sleet and snow over Donelson that night were not so unendurable as they might have been.

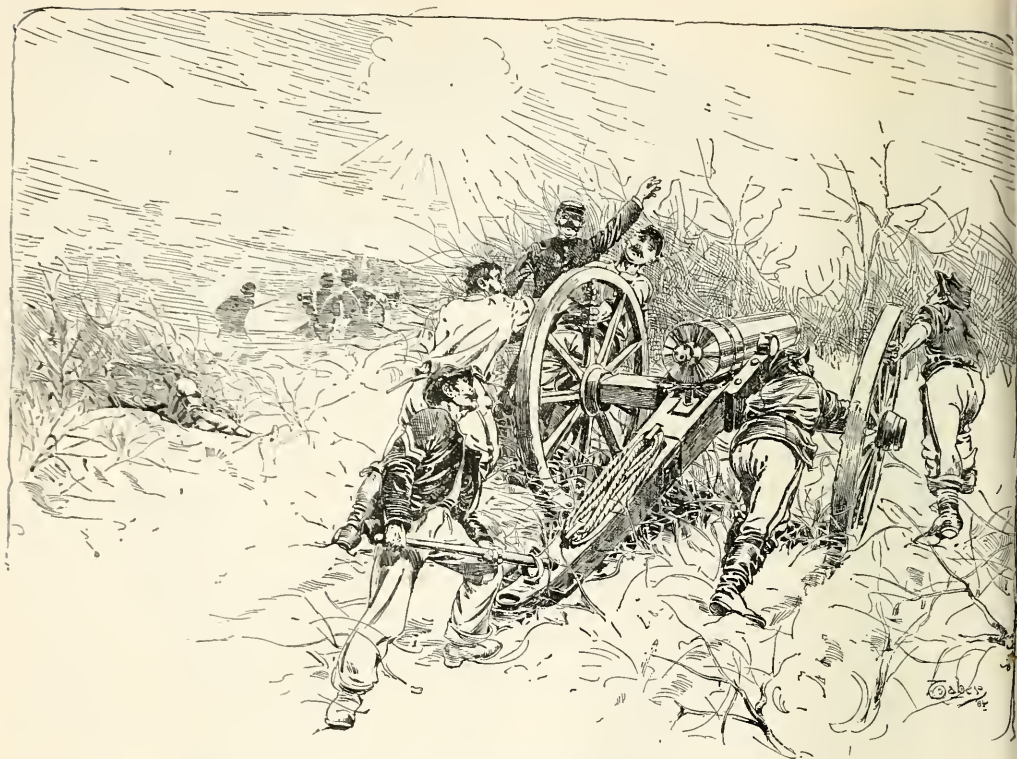
A DAY OF BATTLE.

THE night of the 14th of February fell cold and dark, and under the pitiless sky the armies remained in position so near to each other that neither dared light fires. Overpowered with watching, fatigue, and the lassitude of spirits which always follows a strain upon the faculties of men like that which is the concomitant of battle, thousands on both sides lay down in the ditches and behind logs, and whatever else would in the least shelter them from the cutting wind, and tried to sleep. Very few closed their eyes. Even the horses, after their manner, betrayed the suffering they were enduring.

That morning General Floyd had called a council of his chiefs of brigades and divisions. He expressed the opinion that the post was untenable, except with fifty thousand troops. He called attention to the heavy reinforcements of the Federals, and suggested an immediate attack upon their right wing to re-open land communication with Nashville, by way of Charlotte. The proposal was agreed to unanimously. General Buckner proceeded to make dispositions to cover the retreat, in the event the sortie was successful. Shortly after noon, when the movement should have begun, the order was countermanded at the instance of Pillow. Then came the battle with the gun-boats.

In the night the council was recalled, with general and regimental officers in attendance. The situation was again debated, and the same conclusion reached. According to the plan resolved upon, Pillow was to move at dawn with his whole division, and attack the right of the besiegers. General Buckner was to be relieved by troops in the forts, and with his command to support Pillow by assailing the right of the enemy's center. If he succeeded, he was to take post outside the entrenchments

* One of the gunners is said to have torn up his coat in lieu of wadding.— Ed.



MCALLISTER'S BATTERY IN ACTION.*

on the Wynn's Ferry road to cover the retreat. He was then to act as rear-guard. Thus early, leaders in Donelson were aware of the mistake into which they were plunged. Their resolution was wise and heroic. Let us see how they executed it.

Preparations for the attack occupied the night. The troops were for the most part taken out of the rifle-pits, and massed over on the left to the number of ten thousand or more. The ground was covered with ice and snow; yet the greatest silence was observed. It seems incomprehensible that columns mixed of all arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, could have engaged in simultaneous movement, and not have been heard by some listener outside. One would think the jolting and rumble of the heavy gun-carriages would have told the story. But the character of the night must be remembered. The pickets of the Federals were struggling for life against the blast, and probably did not keep good watch.

Oglesby's brigade held McClelland's extreme right. Here and there the musicians were beginning to make the woods ring with reveille, and the numbed soldiers of the line were rising from their icy beds, and shaking the snow from their frozen garments. As yet, however, not a company had "fallen in." Suddenly the pickets fired, and with the alarm on their lips rushed back upon their comrades. The woods on the instant became alive.

The regiments formed, officers mounted and took their places; words of command rose loud and eager. By the time Pillow's advance opened fire on Oglesby's right, the point first struck, the latter was fairly formed to receive it. A rapid exchange of volleys ensued. The distance intervening between the works on one side and the bivouac on the other was so short that the action began before Pillow could effect a deployment. His brigades came up in a kind of echelon, left in front, and passed "by regiments left into line," one by one, however; the regiments

* Captain McAllister's battery did good service the next day. In his report he describes the manner of working the battery as follows: "I selected a point, and about noon opened on the four-gun battery through an opening in which I could see the foe. Our fire was promptly returned, with such precision that they cut our right wheel on howitzer number three in two. I had no spare wheel, and had to take one off the limber to continue the fight. I then moved all my howitzers over to the west slope of the ridge and loaded under cover of it, and ran the pieces up by hand until I could get the exact elevation. The recoil would throw the guns back out of sight, and thus we continued the fight until the enemy's battery was silenced."—ED.

quickly took their places, and advanced without halting. Oglesby's Illinoisans were now fully awake. They held their ground, returning in full measure the fire that they received. The Confederate Forrest rode around as if to get in their rear,* and it was then give and take, infantry against infantry. The semi-echelon movement of the Confederates enabled them, after an interval, to strike W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, on Oglesby's left. Soon Wallace was engaged along his whole front, now prolonged by the addition to his command of Morrison's regiments. The first charge against him was repulsed; whereupon he advanced to the top of the rising ground behind which he had sheltered his troops in the night. A fresh assault followed, but aided by a battery across the valley to his left, he repulsed the enemy a second time. His men were steadfast, and clung to the brow of the hill as if it were theirs by holy right. An hour passed, and yet another hour, without cessation of the fire. Meantime the woods rang with a monstrous clangor of musketry, as if a million men were beating empty barrels with iron hammers.

Buckner flung a portion of his division on McClernand's left, and supported the attack with his artillery. The enfilading fell chiefly on W. H. L. Wallace. McClernand, watchful and full of resources, sent batteries

the snow with their blood. The smoke, in pallid white clouds, clung to the underbrush and tree-tops as if to screen the combatants from each other. Close to the ground the flame of musketry and cannon tinted everything a lurid red. Limbs dropped from the trees on the heads below, and the thickets were shorn as by an army of cradlers. The division was under peremptory orders to hold its position to the last extremity, and W. H. L. Wallace was equal to the emergency.

It was now ten o'clock, and over on the right Oglesby was beginning to fare badly. The pressure on his front grew stronger. The "rebel yell," afterward a familiar battle-cry on many fields, told of ground being gained against him. To add to his doubts, officers were riding to him with a sickening story that their commands were getting out of ammunition, and asking where they could



PRESENT ASPECT OF THE POSITION OF THE GUN-BOATS AND OF THE WEST BANK.

[Fort Donelson is in the farther distance on the extreme left—Hickman's Creek empties into the Cumberland in the middle distance—Midway are the remains of the obstructions placed in the river by the Confederates—The upper picture, showing Isaac Williams's house, is a continuation of the right of the lower view.]

to meet Buckner's batteries. To that duty Taylor rushed with his Company B; and McAllister pushed his three twenty-four-pounders into position and exhausted his ammunition in the duel. The roar never slackened. Men fell by the score, reddening

go for a supply. All he could say was to take what was in the boxes of the dead and wounded. At last he realized that the end was come. His right companies began to give way, and as they retreated, holding up their empty cartridge-boxes, the enemy were

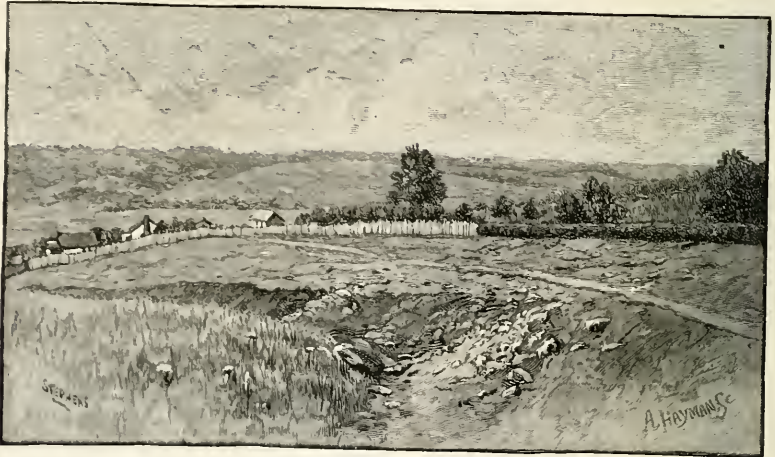
* Colonel John McArthur, originally of General C. F. Smith's division, but then operating with McClernand, was there, and though at first discomfited, his men beat the cavalry off, and afterward shared the full shock of the tempest with Oglesby's troops.—L. W.

emboldened, and swept more fiercely around his flank, until finally they appeared in his rear. He then gave the order to retire the division.

W. H. L. Wallace from his position looked off to his right and saw but one regiment of Oglesby's in place, maintaining the fight, and that was John A. Logan's Thirty-first Illinois. Through the smoke he could see Logan riding in a gallop behind his line; through the roar in

THE THIRD DIVISION IN BATTLE.

Without pausing to consider whether Confederate general could now have escaped with his troops, it must be evident that should have made the effort. Pillow had charged his duty well. With the disappointment of W. H. L. Wallace's brigade, it remained for the victor to deploy his regim-



VIEW NEAR DOVER TOWARD THE INTERIOR WORKS OF FORT DONELSON — HEDGE OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY ON THE RIGHT.

his front and the rising yell in his rear, he could hear Logan's voice in fierce entreaty to his "boys." Near the Thirty-first stood W. H. L. Wallace's regiment, the Eleventh Illinois, under Lieutenant-colonel Ransom. The gaps in the ranks of the two were closed up always toward the colors. The ground at their feet was strewn with their dead and wounded; at length the common misfortune overtook Logan. To keep men without cartridges under fire sweeping them front and flank would be cruel, if not impossible; and seeing it, he too gave the order to retire, and followed his decimated companies to the rear. The Eleventh then became the right of the brigade, and had to go in turn. Nevertheless, Ransom changed front to rear coolly, as if on parade, and joined in the general retirement. Forrest charged them and threw them into a brief confusion. The greater portion clung to their colors, and made good their retreat. By eleven o'clock Pillow held the road to Charlotte and the whole of the position occupied at dawn by the first division, and with it the dead and all the wounded who could not get away.

Pillow's part of the programme, arranged in the council of the night before, was accomplished. The country was once more open to Floyd. Why did he not avail himself of the dearly bought opportunity, and march his army out?

into column and march into the country. The road was his. Buckner was in position to protect Colonel Head's withdrawal from the trenches opposite General Smith on the right; that done, he was also in position to cover the retreat. Buckner had also faithfully performed his task.

On the Union side the situation at this critical time was favorable to the proposed retirement. My division in the center was weakened by the dispatch of one of my brigades to the assistance of General McClellan; in addition to which my orders were to hold my position. As a point of still greater importance, General Grant had gone on to the *St. Louis* at the request of Flag-Officer Foote, and he was there in consultation with that officer, presumably uninformed of the disaster which had befallen his right. It would take a certain time for him to return to the field and dispose his forces for pursuit. It may be said with strong assurance, consequently, that Floyd could have put his march fairly *en route* for Charlotte before the Federal commander could have interposed an obstruction to the movement. The real difficulty was in the hero of the morning, who now made haste to blight his laurels. General Pillow's vanity whistled itself into ludicrous exaltation. Imagining General Grant's whole

ly defeated and flying in rout Fort Henry and the transports the river, he deported himself accordingly. He began by ignoring Floyd. He rode to Buckner and accused him of shameful conduct. He sent an aide to the nearest telegraph station with a dispatch to Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the Department, asseverating, "on the honor of a soldier," that the day was his. Nor did he stop at that. The victory, to be available, required that the enemy should be mowed with energy. Such was a trait of Napoleon. Without deigning even to consult his chief, he ordered Buckner to move out and attack the Federals. There was a gorge, up which a road ran toward a central position, or rather what had been our central position. Pointing to the gorge and the road, he told Buckner that was his way, and bade him attack in force.

There was nothing to do but obey; and when Buckner had begun the movement, the programme decided upon the evening before was wiped from the slate.

When Buckner reluctantly took the gorge I marked out for him by Pillow, the whole Confederate army, save the detachments on the flanks, was virtually in pursuit of McClernand, coming by the Wynn's Ferry road—falling back, in fact, upon my position. My division now to feel the weight of Pillow's hand; they should fail, the fortunes of the day would depend upon the veteran Smith.

When General McClernand perceived the peril threatening him in the morning, he sent an officer to me with a request for assistance. His request I referred to General Grant, who was at the time in consultation with Foote. Upon the turning of Oglesby's flank, McClernand repeated his request, with such a representation of the situation that, assuming responsibility, I ordered Colonel Cruft to report with his brigade to McClernand. Cruft went promptly. Unfortunately a guide misdirected him, so that he became involved in a retreat, and was prevented from accomplishing his object.

I was in the rear of my single remaining brigade, in conversation with Captain Rawlins, Grant's staff, when a great shouting was heard behind me on the Wynn's Ferry road, whereupon I sent an orderly to ascertain the cause. The man reported the road and woods crowded with soldiers apparently in rout. An officer rode by at full speed, shouting, "All's



ROWLETT'S MILL, ON THE EDDYVILLE ROAD AT HICKMAN'S CREEK.

lost! Save yourselves!" A hurried consultation was had with Rawlins, at the end of which the brigade was put in motion toward the enemy's works, on the very road by which Buckner was pursuing under Pillow's mischievous order. It happened also that Colonel W. H. L. Wallace had dropped into the same road with such of his command as stayed by their colors. He came up riding and at a walk, his leg over the horn of his saddle. He was perfectly cool, and looked like a farmer from a hard day's plowing.

"Good-morning," I said.

"Good-morning," was the reply.

"Are they pursuing you?"

"Yes."

"How far are they behind?"

That instant the head of my command appeared on the road. The colonel calculated, then answered:

"You will have about time to form line of battle right here."

"Thank you. Good-day."

"Good-day."

At that point the road began to dip into the gorge; on the right and left there were woods, and in front a dense thicket. An order was dispatched to bring Battery A forward at full speed. Colonel John A. Thayer, commanding the brigade, formed it on the double-quick into line; the First Nebraska and the Fifty-eighth Illinois on the right, and the Fifty-eighth Ohio, with a detached company, on the left. The battery came up on the run and swung across the road, which had been



BRANCH OF HICKMAN'S CREEK NEAR JAMES CRISP'S HOUSE—THE LEFT OF GENERAL SMITH'S LINE.

left open for it. Hardly had it unlimbered, before the enemy appeared, and firing began. For ten minutes or thereabouts the scenes of the morning were reenacted. The Confederates struggled hard to perfect their deployments. The woods rang with musketry and artillery. The brush on the slope of the hill was mowed away with bullets. A great cloud arose and shut out the woods and the narrow valley below. Colonel Thayer and his regiments behaved with great gallantry, and the contest was over. The assailants fell back in confusion and returned to the entrenchments. W. H. L. Wallace and Oglesby re-formed their commands behind Thayer, supplied them with ammunition, and stood at rest waiting for orders. There was then a lull in the battle. Even the cannonading ceased, and everybody was asking, What next?

Just then General Grant rode up to where General McClelland and I were in conversation. He was almost unattended. In his hand there were some papers, which looked like telegrams. Wholly unexcited, he saluted and received the salutations of his subordinates. Proceeding at once to business, he directed them to retire their commands to the heights out of cannon range, and throw up works. Reënforcements were

en route, he said, and it was advisable to await their coming. He was then informed of the mishap to the First Division, and that the road to Charlotte was open to the enemy.

In every great man's career there is a crisis exactly similar to that which now overtook General Grant, and it cannot be better described than as a crucial test of his nature. A mediocre person would have accepted the news as an argument for persistence in his resolution to enter upon a siege. Had General Grant done so, it is very probable his history would have been then and there concluded. His admirers and detractors are alike invited to study him at this precise juncture. It cannot be doubted that he saw with painful distinctness the effect of the disaster to his right wing. His face flushed slightly. With a sudden grip he crushed the papers in his hand. But in an instant these signs of disappointment or hesitation—as the reader pleases—cleared away. In his ordinary quiet voice he said, addressing himself to both officers, "Gentlemen, the position on the right must be retaken." With that he turned and galloped off.

Seeing in the road a provisional brigade, under Colonel Morgan L. Smith, consisting of the Eleventh Indiana and the Eighth

Headquarters, Army in the Field
Camp near Fort Mifflin, February 16th 1862.

Sir: Yours of this date, proposing amicable and appropriate
Commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No
terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be
accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant

A. A. Grant
Brigadier General, Commanding

General A. A. Buckner,
Confederate Army,

Copied by me, within 29th 1864.
A. A. G.

Missouri infantry, going, by order of General C. F. Smith, to the aid of the First Division, I suggested that if General McClelland would order Colonel Smith to report to me, I would attempt to recover the lost ground; and the order having been given, I reconnoitered the hill, determined upon a place of assault, and arranged my order of attack. I chose Colonel Smith's regiments to lead, and for that purpose conducted them to the crest of a hill opposite a steep bluff covered by the enemy. The two regiments had been formerly of my brigade. I knew they had been admirably drilled in the Zouave tactics, and my confidence in Smith and in McGinness, colonel of the Eleventh, was implicit. I was sure they would take their men to the top of the bluff. Colonel Cruft was put in line to support them on the right. Colonel Ross, with his regiments, the Seventeenth and Forty-ninth, and the Forty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Fifty-eighth Illinois, were put as support on the left. Thayer's brigade was held in reserve. These dispositions filled the time till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when heavy cannonading, mixed with a long roll of musketry, broke out over on the left, whither it will be necessary to transfer the reader.

CHARLES F. SMITH'S BATTLE.

THE veteran in command on the Union left had contented himself with allowing Buckner no rest, keeping up a continual sharp-shooting. Early in the morning of the 14th he made a demonstration of assault with three of his regiments, and though he purposely withdrew them, he kept the menace standing, to the great discomfort of his *vis-à-vis*. With the patience of an old soldier, he waited the pleasure of the general commanding, knowing that when the time came he would be called upon. During the battle of the gun-boats he rode through his command and grimly joked with them. He who never permitted the slightest familiarity from a subordinate, could yet indulge in fatherly pleasantries with the ranks when he thought circumstances justified them. He never for a moment doubted the courage of volunteers; they were not regulars — that was all. If properly led, he believed they would storm the gates of his Satan's Majesty. Their hour of trial was now come.

From his brief and characteristic conference with McClelland and myself, General Grant rode to General C. F. Smith. What took place between them is not known further than that he ordered an assault upon the outworks as a diversion in aid of the assault about to be delivered on the right. General Smith personally directed his chiefs of brigade to get

their regiments ready. Colonel John Cook by his order increased the number of his skirmishers already engaged with the enemy.

Taking Lauman's brigade General Smith began the advance. They were under fire constantly. The guns in the fort joined in with the infantry who were at the time in the rifle-pits, the great body of the Confederate right wing being with General Buckner. The defense was greatly favored by the ground, which subjected the assailants to a double fire from the beginning of the abatis. The men have said that it looked too thick for a rabbit to get through. General Smith, on his horse, took position at the front and center of the line. Occasionally he turned in his saddle to see how the alignment was kept. For the most part, however, he held his face steadily toward the enemy. He was, of course, a conspicuous object for the sharpshooters in the rifle-pits. The air around him twittered with minie-bullets. Erect as in review, he rode on, timing the gait of his horse with the movement of his colors. A soldier said: "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder, and went on."

On to the abatis the regiments moved without hesitation, leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind. There the fire seemed to grow trebly hot, and there some of the men halted, whereupon, seeing the hesitation, General Smith put his cap on the point of his sword, held it aloft, and called out, "No firing now, my lads! — Here — this is the way. Come on!" He picked a path through the tangled limbs of the trees, holding his cap all the time in sight; and the effect was magical. The men swarmed in after him, and got through in the best order they could — not all of them alas! On the other side of the obstruction they took the semblance of re-formation, and charged in after their chief, who found himself then between the two fires. Up the abatis he rode; up they followed. At the last moment the keepers of the rifle-pits clambered out and fled. The four regiments engaged the feat — the Twenty-fifth Indiana, and the Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Iowa — planted their colors on the breastwork. The gray-haired hero set his cap jauntily on his head, pulled his mustache, and rode to the front, chiding them awhile, then laughing at them. He had come to stay. Later in the day, Buckner came back with his division, and all his efforts to dislodge Smith were vain.

THE THIRD DIVISION RETAKES THE FORT.

WE left my division about to attack in aid of the recapture of the hill, which had been the scene of the combat between Pillow

Clermand. If only on account of the results which followed that assault, in connection with the heroic performance of General F. Smith, it is necessary to return to it.

Adding to my old regiments,—the Eighth Missouri and the Eleventh Indiana,—I asked them if they were ready. They demanded the aid of me. Waiting a moment for Morgan Smith to light a cigar, I called out, "Forward it is, then!" They were directly in front of the ascent to be climbed. Without stopping for his supports, Colonel Smith led them down into a broad hollow, and catching up of the advance, Cruft and Ross also moved forward. As the two regiments began to climb, the Eighth Missouri slightly in the lead, a line of fire ran along the brow of the height. The flank companies cheered while they loyed as skirmishers. Their Zouaves practiced of excellent service to them. Now they crept the ground, creeping when the fire was hottest, running when it slackened, they gained with astonishing rapidity, and at the same time maintained a fire that was like a rattling of the earth. For the most part the shots aimed at them passed over their heads, and took effect in the ranks behind them. Colonel Smith's cigar was shot off close to his lips. He took another and called for a torch. A soldier ran and gave him one. "Thank you. Take your place now. We are just up," he said, and, smoking, spurred his men forward. A few yards from the crest of the height the regiments began loading and firing as they advanced. The defenders gave up. On the top there was a brief struggle, which was ended by Cruft and Ross with their supports.

The whole line then moved forward simultaneously, and never stopped until the Confederates were within the works. There had been no occasion to call on the reserves. The road to Charlotte was again effectually shut, the battle-field of the morning, with the dead and wounded lying where they had fallen, was in possession of the Third Division, which stood halted within easy musket-range of the rifle-pits. It was then about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon. I was reconnoitering the works of the enemy preliminarily, when Colonel Webster, of General Grant's staff, came to me and repeated the order to fall back out of cannon range and throw up breastworks. "The general does not know that we have the hill," I said. Webster replied: "I give you the hill as he gave it to me." "Very well," said I, and gave him my compliments, and say that I had received the order." Webster smiled and rode away. The ground was not valuable, though the assault was deferred. In

assuming the responsibility, I had no doubt of my ability to satisfy General Grant of the correctness of my course; and it was subsequently approved.

When night fell, the command bivouacked without fire or supper. Fatigue parties were told off to look after the wounded; and in the relief given there was no distinction made between friend and foe. The labor extended through the whole night, and the surgeons never rested. By sunset the conditions of the morning were all restored. The Union commander was free to order a general assault next day or resort to a formal siege.

THE LAST COUNCIL OF WAR.

A GREAT discouragement fell upon the brave men inside the works that night. Besides suffering from wounds and bruises and the dreadful weather, they were aware that though they had done their best they were held in a close grip by a superior enemy. A council of general and field officers was held at headquarters, which resulted in a unanimous resolution that if the position in front of General Pillow had not been re-occupied by the Federals in strength, the army should effect its retreat. A reconnoissance was ordered to make the test. Colonel Forrest conducted it. He reported that the ground was not only re-occupied, but that the enemy were extended yet farther around the Confederate left. The council then held a final session.

General Buckner, as the junior officer present, gave his opinion first; he thought he could not successfully resist the assault, which would be made at daylight by a vastly superior force. But he further remarked, that as he understood the principal object of the defense of Donelson was to cover the movement of General A. S. Johnston's army from Bowling Green to Nashville, if that movement was not completed he was of opinion that the defense should be continued at the risk of the destruction of the entire force. General Floyd replied that General Johnston's army had already reached Nashville, whereupon General Buckner said that "it would be wrong to subject the army to a virtual massacre, when no good could result from the sacrifice, and that the general officers owed it to their men, when further resistance was unavailing, to obtain the best terms of capitulation possible for them."

Both Generals Floyd and Pillow acquiesced in the opinion. Ordinarily the council would have ended at this point, and the commanding general would have addressed himself to the

duty of obtaining terms. He would have called for pen, ink, and paper, and prepared a note for dispatch to the commanding general of the opposite force. But there were circumstances outside the mere military situation which at this juncture pressed themselves into consideration. As this was the first surrender of armed men, banded together for war upon the general government, what would the Federal authorities do with the prisoners? This question was of application to all the gentlemen in the council. It was lost to view, however, when General Floyd announced his purpose to leave with two steamers which were to be down at daylight, and to take with him as many of his division as the steamers could carry away.

General Pillow then remarked that there were no two persons in the Confederacy whom the Yankees would rather capture than himself and General Floyd (who had been Buchanan's Secretary of War, and was under indictment at Washington). As to the propriety of his accompanying General Floyd, the latter said, coolly, that the question was one for every man to decide for himself. Buckner was of the same view, and added that as for himself he regarded it as his duty to stay with his men and share their fate, whatever it might be. Pillow persisted in leaving. Floyd then directed General Buckner to consider himself in command. Immediately that the council was concluded, General Floyd prepared for his departure. His first move was to have his brigade drawn up. The peculiarity of the step was that, with the exception of one Missouri regiment, his regiments were all Virginians. A short time before daylight the two steam-boats arrived. Without loss of time the General hastened to the river, embarked with his Virginians, and at an early hour cast loose from the shore, and in good time, and safely, he reached Nashville. He never satisfactorily explained upon what principle he appropriated all the transportation on hand to the use of his particular command.

Colonel Forrest was present at the council, and when the final resolution was taken, he promptly announced that he neither could nor would surrender his command. The bold trooper had no qualms upon the subject. He assembled his men, all as hardy as himself, and after reporting once more at headquarters, he moved out and plunged into a slough formed by backwater from the river. An icy crust covered its surface, the wind blew fiercely, and the darkness was unrelieved by a star. There was fearful floundering as the com-

mand following him. At length he struck dry land, and was safe. He was next heard of at Nashville.

General Buckner, who throughout the affair, bore himself with dignity, ordered the troops back to their positions and opened communications with General Grant, whose laconic demand of "unconditional surrender," in his reply to General Buckner's overtures, became at once a watch-word of the war.

THE SURRENDER.

THE Third Division was astir very early on the 16th of February. The regiments began to form and close up the intervals between them, the intention being to charge the breastworks south of Dover about breakfast-time. In the midst of the preparation a bugle was heard, and a white flag was seen coming from the town toward the pickets. I sent my adjutant-general to meet the flag half-way and inquire its purpose. Answer was returned that General Buckner had capitulated during the night, and was now sending information of the fact to the commander of the troops in this quarter, that there might be no further bloodshed. The division was ordered to advance and take possession of the works and of all public property and prisoners. Leaving that agreeable duty to the brigade commander, I joined the officer bearing the flag, and with my staff rode across the trench and into the town, till we came to the door of the old tavern already described, where I dismounted. The tavern was the headquarters of General Buckner, to whom I sent my name; and being an acquaintance, I was at once admitted.

I found General Buckner with his staff at breakfast. He met me with politeness and dignity. Turning to the officers at the table, he remarked: "General Wallace, it is not necessary to introduce you to these gentlemen; you are acquainted with them all." They arose, came forward one by one, and gave their hands in salutation. I was then invited to breakfast, which consisted of corn bread and coffee, the best the gallant host had in his kitchen. We sat at table about an hour and a half, when General Grant arrived, and took temporary possession of the tavern as his headquarters. Later in the morning the army marched in and completed the possession.

Lew Wallace.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

Horace Greeley.

GREELEY'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN.

AN UNPUBLISHED ADDRESS BY HORACE GREELEY.¹



HERE have been ten thousand attempts at the life of Abraham Lincoln, whereof that of Wilkes Booth was perhaps the most atrocious; yet it stands by no means alone. Orators have harangued, preachers have sermonized, editors have canted and descanted; forty or fifty full-fledged biographies have been inflicted on a much-enduring public; yet the man, Abraham Lincoln, as I saw and thought I knew him, is not clearly depicted in any of these, so far as I have seen. I do not say that most or all of these are not better than *my* Lincoln—I only say they are not mine. Bear with me an hour and I will show you the man as he appeared to me—as he seems not to have appeared to any of them; and if he shall be shown to you as by no means the angel that some, or the devil that others, have portrayed him, I think he will be brought nearer to your apprehension and your sympathies than the idealized Lincoln of his panegyrists or his defamers. Nay, I do sincerely hope to make the real Lincoln, with his thoroughly human good and ill, his virtues and his imperfections, more instructive and more helpful to ordinary humanity, than his unnatural, celestial apotheosized shadow ever was or could be.

I shall pass rapidly over what I may distinguish as the *rail-splitting* era of his life. Born in a rude portion of Kentucky in 1809; removed into the still more savage, unpeopled wilderness, then the Territory of Indiana, in 1811; losing his mother and only brother while yet a child, and his only sister in later youth, he grew up in poverty and obscurity on the rugged outskirts of civilization, or a little beyond it, where there were no schools, post-offices few and far between, newspapers in those days seldom seen in the new and narrow clearings, and scarce worth the eyesight they marred when they were seen; the occasional stump speech of a candidate for office, and the more frequent sermon of some Methodist or Baptist

itinerant—earnest and fervid, but grammatically imperfect, supplying most of the intellectual and spiritual element attainable. He did not attend school for the excellent reason that there *was* no school within reach—the poor whites from the Slave-States, who mainly settled Southern Indiana, being in no hurry to establish schools, and his widowed father being one of them. So he chopped timber, and split rails, and hoed corn, and pulled fodder, as did other boys around him (when they did anything); learning to read as he best might, and, thenceforth, reading from time to time such few books, good, bad, and indifferent, as fell in his way, and so growing up to be six feet four inches high by the time he was twenty years old. As no one ever publicly denied that he was an obedient, docile son, a kind, indulgent brother, and a pleasant, companionable neighbor, I will take these points as conceded.

About the time he became of age his father made a fresh plunge into the wilderness—this time into the heart of Illinois, halting for a year near the present city of Springfield, and then striking eastward seventy miles to Coles County, whither his son did not see fit to follow him: but having once already when nineteen years of age made a voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans on a flat boat, laden with produce, he now helped build such a boat, and made his second journey thereon to the Crescent City; returning to serve a year as clerk in a store; then heading a company of volunteers for the Black Hawk War of 1832; and next becoming at once a law student and a candidate for the legislature; receiving an almost unanimous vote in the only precinct where he was known, but failing of an election in the county. He had already, since he became his own man, obtained some schooling, and the craft of a land surveyor; he was twenty-three years old when he in the same season became a captain of volunteers, a candidate for representative, and a student at law.

Let me pause here to consider the surprise often expressed when a citizen of limited schooling is chosen to be, or is presented for one of

¹ This interesting address by Horace Greeley was written either in 1868 or not far from that date; but for some reason it did not receive publication—and it is believed was never delivered. Mr. Greeley's manuscript, now in the possession of a former editor

of the "Tribune," has been lent to me to decipher. Its frequent and closely and minutely written interlineations, and its general illegibility have made its reproduction a somewhat appalling task.

Joel Benton.

the highest civil trusts. Has that argument any foundation in reason, any justification in history?

Of our country's great men, beginning with Ben Franklin, I estimate that a majority had little if anything more than a common school education, while many had less. Washington, Jefferson, and Madison had rather more; Clay and Jackson somewhat less; Van Buren perhaps a little more; Lincoln decidedly less. How great was his consequent loss? I raise the question; let others decide it. Having seen much of Henry Clay, I confidently assert that not one in ten of those who knew him late in life would have suspected from aught in his conversation or bearing, that his education had been inferior to that of the college graduates by whom he was surrounded. His knowledge was different from theirs; and the same is true of Lincoln's as well. Had the latter lived to be seventy years old, I judge that whatever of hesitation or *rawness* was observable in his manner would have vanished, and he would have met and mingled with educated gentlemen and statesmen on the same easy footing of equality with Henry Clay in his later prime of life. How far his two flatboat voyages to New Orleans are to be classed as educational exercises above or below a freshman's year in college, I will not say; doubtless some freshmen know more, others less, than those journeys taught him. Reared under the shadow of the primitive woods, which on every side hemmed in the petty clearings of the generally poor, and rarely energetic or diligent, pioneers of the Southern Indiana wilderness, his first introduction to the outside world from the deck of a "broad-horn" must have been wonderfully interesting and suggestive. To one whose utmost experience of civilization had been a county town, consisting of a dozen or twenty houses, mainly log, with a shabby little court-house, including jail, and a shabby, ruder, little church, that must have been a marvelous spectacle which glowed in his face from the banks of the Ohio and the lower Mississippi. Though Cairo was then but a desolate swamp, Memphis a wood-landing and Vicksburgh a timbered ridge with a few stores at its base, even these were in striking contrast to the somber monotony of the great woods. The rivers were enlivened by countless swift-speeding steamboats, dispensing smoke by day and flame by night; while New Orleans, though scarcely one-fourth the city she now is, was the focus of a vast commerce, and of a civilization which (for America) might be deemed antique. I doubt not that our tall and green young backwoodsman needed only a piece of well-tanned sheepskin suitably (that is, learnedly) inscribed to have rendered those two boat trips memorable as his degrees in ca-

capacity to act well his part on that stage which has mankind for its audience.

He learned and practised land-surveying because he must somehow live—not ultimately but presently—and he had no idolatrous affection for the wholesome exercise of rail-splitting. He studied law, giving thereto all the time that he could spare from earning his daily bread, for he aspired to political life; and seven-eighths of all the desirable offices in this country are monopolized by the legal profession—I will not judge how wisely. He stood for the legislature, as an election would have enabled him to study regularly without running in debt; whereas, land surveying must take him away from his books. Beaten then, though he received the votes of nearly all his neighbors, he was again a candidate in 1834, and now, when twenty-five years old, and not yet admitted to the bar, he was elected and took his seat—the youngest but one, and probably the tallest member on the floor. He was reelected in 1836, in 1838, and in 1840, receiving after his fourth election the vote of his fellow Whigs for Speaker. He had thus practically, when but thirty-one years old, attained the leadership of his party in Illinois; and that position was never henceforth contested while he lived. When the party had an electoral ticket to frame, he was placed at its head; when it had a chance to elect a United States Senator, it had no other candidate but Lincoln, though under his advice it waived its preference, and united with the anti-Nebraska Democrats in choosing their leader, Lyman Trumbull; it presented him to the first Republican National Convention as its choice for vice-president, and the next, as its choice for president, which prevailed. Meantime, when his second seat in the Senate became vacant in 1858, there was not one Republican in the State who suggested any other name than his for the post. What was it, in a State so large as Illinois, and a party that was justly proud of its Browning, its Yates, its Davis, its Washburne, and others, gave him this unquestioned ascendancy?

I would say, first, his unhesitating, uncalculating, self-sacrificing devotion to the principles and aims of his party. When a poor, unknown youth he first proclaimed himself a Whig, Jacksonism was dominant and rampant throughout the land, and especially in Illinois, where it seemed to have the strength of Gibraltar. In 1836, Ohio and Indiana went for Harrison, but Illinois was not moved to follow them. In 1840, the Whigs carried every other free State, New Hampshire excepted; yet Illinois despite her many veterans who had served under Harrison, or been under his rule, as Governor of the Northwest Territory, went

for Van Buren. Again, in 1844, Mr. Lincoln traveled far and wide, speaking long and well as a Clay elector, yet the State rolled up a largely increased majority for Polk, and she went heavily for Pierce in 1852, likewise for Buchanan in '56. She never cast an electoral vote for any other than the Democratic nominee, till she cast all she had for her own Lincoln. I apprehend that throughout his political career Mr. Lincoln was the most earnest partizan, the most industrious, effective canvasser of his party in the State. Having espoused the Whig cause when it was hopeless, and struggled unavailingly for it, through twenty years of adversity, his compatriots had learned to repose implicit faith in him beyond that which they accorded to any other man, Henry Clay alone excepted.

Our presidential and State canvasses are often improvidently conducted. People wander to distant counties to listen to favorite orators, and swell processions at mass-meetings. They compel speakers to strain and crack their voices in addressing acres of would-be auditors; when, in fact, more effect is usually produced, so far as conviction is concerned, by a quiet, protracted talk in a log school-house than by half-a-dozen tempestuous harangues to a gathering of excited thousands. I perceive and admit the faults, the vices of our system of electioneering; and yet I hold that an American presidential canvass, with all its imperfections on its head, is of immense value, of inestimable utility, as a popular political university, whence even the unlettered, the ragged, the penniless may graduate with profit if they will. In the absence of the stump, I doubt the feasibility of maintaining institutions more than nominally republican; but the stump brings the people face to face with their rulers and aspirants to rule; compels an exhibition and scrutiny of accounts and projects, and makes almost every citizen, however heedless and selfish, an arbiter in our political controversies, enlisting his interest and arousing his patriotism. The allowance of a monarch, exorbitant as it is, falls far below the cost of choosing a president; but the acquaintance with public affairs diffused through a canvass is worth far more than its cost. That falsehoods and distorted conceptions are also disseminated is unhappily true; but there was never yet a stirring presidential canvass which did not leave the people far better, and more generally, informed on public affairs than it found them. The American stump fills the place of the *coup d' état*, and the Spanish-American *pronunciamento*. It is, in an eminently practical sense, the conservator of American liberty, and the antidote to official tyranny and corruption.

The canvasser, if fit to be a canvasser, is

teaching his hearers; fit or unfit, he can hardly fail to be instructed himself. He is day by day presenting facts and arguments and reading in the faces of his hearers their relative pertinence and effectiveness. If his statement of his case does not seem to produce conviction, he varies, fortifies, reënforces it; giving it from day to day new shapes until he has hit upon that which seems to command the hearty, enthusiastic assent of the great body of his hearers; and this becomes henceforth his model. Such was the school in which Abraham Lincoln trained himself to be the foremost *convincer* of his day—the one who could do his cause more good and less harm by a speech than any other living man.

Every citizen has certain conceptions, recollections, convictions, notions, prejudices, which together make up what he terms his politics. The canvasser's art consists in making him believe and feel that an over-ruling majority of these preconceptions ally him to that side whereof said canvasser is the champion. In other words, he seeks to belittle those points whereon his auditor is at odds with him and emphasizes those wherein they two are in accord; thus persuading the hearer to sympathize, act and vote with the speaker. And with this conception in view, I do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Lincoln's speech at Cooper Institute, New York, in the spring of 1860, the very best political address to which I ever listened—and I have heard some of Webster's grandest. As a literary effort, it would not of course, bear comparison with many of Webster's speeches; but regarded simply as an effort to convince the largest possible number that they ought to be on the speaker's side, not on the other, I do not hesitate to pronounce it unsurpassed.

I first met Mr. Lincoln late in 1848 at Washington, as a representative in the Thirtieth Congress—the only one to which he was ever elected. His was, as apportioned under the census of 1840, a Whig district; and he was elected from it in 1846 by the largest majority it ever gave any one. He was then not quite forty years old; a genial, cheerful, rather comely man, noticeably tall, and the only Whig from Illinois—not remarkable otherwise, to the best of my recollection. He was generally liked on our side of the House; he made two or three moderate and sensible speeches which attracted little attention; he voted generally to forbid the introduction of slavery into the still untainted Territories; but he did not vote for Mr. Galt's resolve looking to the immediate abolition of slavery in the Federal district, being deterred by the somewhat fiery preamble thereto. He introduced a counter-proposition of his own, looking to

abolition by a vote of the people—that is by the whites of the district—which seemed to me much like submitting to the votes of the inmates of a penitentiary a proposition to double the length of their respective terms of imprisonment. In short, he was one of the very mildest type of Wilmot Proviso Whigs from the free States—not nearly so pronounced as many who long since found a congenial rest in the ranks of the pro-slavery democracy. But as I had made most of the members my enemies at an early stage of that short session, by printing an elucidated exposé of the iniquities of Congressional mileage; and as he did not join the active cabal against me, though *his* mileage figured conspicuously and by no means flatteringly in that exposé, I parted from him at the close of the Congress with none but grateful recollections. There were men accounted abler on our side of the House—such as Collamer, of Vermont; Palfrey, and Mann, of Massachusetts, and perhaps Schenck and Root, of Ohio—yet I judge that no other was more generally liked and esteemed than he. And yet had each of us been required to name the man among us who would first attain the presidency, I doubt whether five of us would have designated Abraham Lincoln.

He went home to his law office after trying, I think, to be commissioner of the General Land Office under the incoming Taylor régime and finding the place bespoken; and thenceforth, little was heard of him out of Illinois until the Northern uprising consequent on the introduction and passage of what is known as the “Nebraska Bill.” He had hitherto been known as rather conservative than otherwise; this act had the same effect on him as on many others. He was henceforth an open, determined opponent of any extension of slavery to territory previously free. Thus he bore his part in the Illinois contests of 1854 and 1856; and thus when unanimously proclaimed the standard bearer of the Republican party of the State in the senatorial struggle of 1858, he opened the canvass in a speech to the convention which nominated him, which embodied these memorable words:

If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated, with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not ex-

pect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

Here is the famous doctrine of the “irrepressible conflict,” which Governor Seward set forth four months later in his speech at Rochester, New York, which attracted even wider attention and fiercer denunciation than Mr. Lincoln’s earlier avowal. “Shall I tell you what this collision means?” queried Governor S., with reference to the existing controversy respecting slavery in the Territory: “They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and, therefore, ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an *irrepressible conflict* between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave holding nation, or entirely a free labor nation. . . . It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and the free States; and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises when made, vain and ephemeral.”

Finer reading of a national horoscope no statesman ever made—clearer glance into the dim-lit future has rarely been vouchsafed to holy prophet after long vigils of fasting and prayer at Sinai or Nebo. And yet what a stunning concert—or rather dissonance of shriek, and yell, and hostile brays these twin utterances evoked, from ten thousand groaning stumps, from a thousand truculent, shrewish journals! An open adhesion to atheism or anarchy could hardly have called forth fiercer or more scathing execrations. Yet looking back through an eventful interval of less than a decade we see that no truth is more manifest, and hardly one was at that moment more pertinent than that so clearly yet so inoffensively stated, first by the Western lawyer and candidate, then by the New York senator.

I invoke that truth to-day as a bar to harsh judgments and bitter denunciations—as a balm to the wounds of the nation. There *was* “an irrepressible conflict,” the Union *could not* “endure half slave and half free.” The interests of slave-holders and free labor *were* antagonistic, and it was by no contrivance of politicians, but in spite of their determined efforts that the slavery question was perpetually, with brief intervals, distracting Congress, and involving the North and the South in

fierce collision. Shallow talkers say "If it had not been for this or for that — if there had been no Calhoun or no Garrison, no Wendell Phillips or no Wise — if John Brown had died ten years sooner, or Jeff Davis had never been born there would have been no Nebraska question; no secession; no civil war." Idle, empty babble, dallying with surfaces and taking no account of the essential and inevitable! If none of the hundred best-known and most widely hated of our notables of the last twenty years had ever been born, the late struggle might have been postponed a few years or might have been hastened, but it could not have been averted. It broke out in God's good time because it had to be — because the elements of discord imbedded in our institutions could no longer be held passive, so far as its divine end had been fully accomplished. Such are the convictions which have impelled me to plead for amnesty, charity, and mercy, and oblivion, as I should have pleaded though with even less effect had the other party triumphed. Though there had never been a Missouri to admit, a Texas to annex, nor a Kansas to organize and colonize with free labor or with slaves, the "conflict between opposing and enduring forces" would, nevertheless, have wrought out its natural results.

I cannot help regarding that senatorial contest of 1858, between Lincoln and Douglas, as one of the most characteristic and at the same time most creditable incidents in our national history. There was an honest and earnest difference with regard to a most important and imminent public question; and Illinois was very equally divided thereon, with a United States senator for six years to be chosen by the legislature then to be elected. Henceforth each party selects its ablest and most trusted champion, nominates him for the coveted post, and sends him out as the authorized, indorsed, accredited champion of its principles and policy to canvass the State and secure a verdict for its cause. So the two champions traversed the prairies, speaking alternately to the same vast audiences at several central, accessible points, and speaking separately at others, until the day of election; when Douglas secured a small majority in either branch of the legislature, and was reelected, though Lincoln had the larger popular vote. But while Lincoln had spent less than a thousand dollars in all, Douglas in the canvass had borrowed and dispensed no less than eighty thousand dollars; incurring a debt which weighed him down to the grave. I presume no dime of this was used to buy up his competitor's voters, but all to organize and draw out his own; still the debt so improvidently, if not culpably, incurred remained to harass him out of this mortal life.

Lincoln it was said was beaten; it was a hasty, erring judgment. This canvass made him stronger at home, stronger with the Republicans of the whole country, and when the next national convention of his party assembled, eighteen months thereafter, he became its nominee for President, and thus achieved the highest station in the gift of his country; which but for that misjudged feat of 1858 he would never have attained.

A great deal of knowing smartness has been lavished on that Chicago nomination. If A had not wanted this, or had B been satisfied with that, or C not been offended because he had missed or been refused something else, the result would have been different, says Shallowpate. But know, O Shallowpate! that Lincoln was nominated for the one sufficient reason that he could obtain more electoral votes than any of his competitors! And that reason rarely fails in a national convention. It nominated Harrison in '39; Polk in '44; Taylor in '48; Pierce in '56; and Lincoln in '60. Those who compose national conventions are generally at least shrewd politicians. They want to secure a triumph if for no better reason than that they hope thereby to gratify their own personal aspirations. So they consult and compare and balance popularities, and weigh probabilities; and at last the majority center upon that candidate who can poll most votes. This may not be our noblest test of statesmanship, but it is at least intelligible. And thus Abraham Lincoln became President, having every electoral vote from the free States, but three of the seven cast from New Jersey.

Then followed secession, and confederation, and civil war, whereof the first scenes had been enacted before Mr. Lincoln commenced his journey to Washington, taking leave of his fellow-citizens of Springfield with prophetic tenderness and solemnity, and thenceforward addressing at almost every stopping place vast crowds who would have kept silence; and so meandering to the national capital, everywhere cheered and welcomed, though nearly half his auditors had voted against him, until he neared the slave line; and now he was over-persuaded by the urgent representations of Senator Seward and General Scott, based upon the espials and discoveries of Police-Superintendent Kennedy, to break his engagement to traverse Baltimore, as he had traversed New York and other cities which had given heavy majorities against him, and take instead a sleeping-car which, passing through Baltimore in the dead of night, landed him in Washington hours before that wherein he was expected publicly to enter Baltimore.

I have no doubt that there was a plot to

assassinate him on his way through Baltimore — that the outbreak which cost the lives of six Massachusetts volunteers would have been anticipated by two weeks had he afforded the opportunity; but this peril of assassination is one of the inevitable attendants of conspicuous activity in public affairs in times of popular passion. I cannot say how many distinct, written notices that *my* life was forfeited, and the forfeit would soon be exacted, I have been honored with — certainly a dozen, possibly a hundred — and, arguing from the little to the great, I have no doubt that Mr. Lincoln's allotment of these seductive billets must have considerably exceeded ten thousand.

But what then? Must we sit up all night because so many people die in their beds? We cannot evade the assassin; we cannot fence him out, or Henry IV., of France, and ever so many more powerful and beloved monarchs would not have succumbed to the dagger, the pistol, or the bowl. The most powerful of living rulers is Alexander II., of Russia, and his life has twice within a few years past been saved by the inaccuracy of a regicide's aim.¹ The words of the mighty Julius, as rendered by Shakspeare, embody the truest and highest wisdom:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

I am quite certain that this was also Mr. Lincoln's profound conviction, and that he acted on it whenever he was not overruled by a clamor too sudden and too weighty to allow his judgment fair play. "Hence his untimely death," you say. I do not believe it; you may renounce the sunlight and sit trembling in an inner dungeon surrounded by triple walls and triple guards and yet the assassin will steal in upon you unawares. There is no absolute safeguard against him; your only refuge is the assurance that

Man is immortal 'til his work is done.

Despite ten thousand menaces and warnings and offers to pay for his taking off, and to take him off for pay, Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated President. No crack of rifle or bark of revolver interrupted the reading of his inaugural, though I confidently expected and awaited it. Under a bright March sun, surrounded by a brilliant coterie of foreign ministers and home

dignitaries, the new President read the inaugural, which he had evidently prepared with care and anxious deliberation before leaving his distant home. That document will be lingered over and admired long after we shall all have passed away. It was a masterly effort at persuasion and conciliation by one whose command of logic was as perfect as his reliance on it was unqualified. The man evidently believed with all his soul that if he could but convince the South that he would arrest and return her fugitive slaves and offered to slavery every support required by comity, or by the letter of the Constitution, he would avert her hostility, dissolve the Confederacy, and restore throughout the Union the sway of the Federal authority and laws! There was never a wilder delusion. I doubt whether one single individual was recalled from meditated rebellion to loyalty by that overture, yet mark how solemnly, how touchingly he pleads that war may be averted:

[Here Mr. Greeley quotes the close of the inaugural.²—EDITOR.]

I apprehend that Mr. Lincoln was very nearly the last man in the country whether North or South to relinquish his rooted conviction, that the growing chasm might be closed and the Union fully restored without the shedding of blood. Inured to the ways of the Bar and the Stump, so long accustomed to hear of rebellions that never came to light, he long and obstinately refused to believe that reason and argument, fairly employed, could fail of their proper effect. Though Montgomery Blair, that member of his cabinet who best understood the Southern character, strenuously insisted from the outset that war was inevitable, that hard knocks must be given and taken before the authority of the Union could be restored, or would be recognized in the Cotton States, the President gave far greater heed to the counsel and anticipations of his Secretary of State, whose hopeful nature and optimistic views were in accordance with his own stubborn prepossessions.

I saw him for a short hour about a fortnight after his inauguration; and though the tidings of General Twiggs's treacherous surrender of the larger portion of our little army, hitherto employed in guarding our Mexican frontier, had been some days at hand, I saw and heard nothing that indicated or threatened belligerency on our part. On the contrary, the President sat listening to the endless whine of office-seekers, and doling out village post-offices to importunate or lucky partizans just as though we were sailing before land breezes on a smiling, summer sea; and to my inquiry, "Mr. President! do you know that you will have to *fight* for the place in which you sit?"

¹ Assassinated finally March 13, 1881.—EDITOR.

² See "Abraham Lincoln: A History," Vol. III, p. 319.—EDITOR.

he answered pleasantly, I will not say lightly—but in words which intimated his disbelief that any fighting would transpire or be needed; and I firmly believe that this dogged resolution not to believe that our country was about to be drenched in fraternal blood, is the solution of his obstinate calmness throughout the earlier stages of the war; and especially, his patient listening to the demand of a deputation from the Young Christians of Baltimore as well as of the mayor and of other city dignitaries, that he should stipulate while blockaded in Washington, and in imminent danger of expulsion, that no more Northern volunteers should cross the sacred soil of Maryland in hastening to his relief. We could not comprehend this at the North—many of us have not yet seen through it; most certainly if he had required a committee of ten thousand to kick the bearers of this preposterous, impudent demand back to Baltimore, the ranks of that committee would have been filled in an hour from any Northern city or county containing fifty thousand inhabitants.

And thus the precious early days of the conflict were surrendered because the President did not even yet believe that any serious conflict would be had. He still clung to the delusion that forbearance, and patience, and moderation, and soft words would yet obviate all necessity for deadly strife. Thus new volunteers were left for weeks to rot in idleness and dissipation in the outskirts and purlieus of Washington, because their commander-in-chief believed that it would never be necessary or advisable to load their muskets with ball cartridges. But when at length that heartless, halting, desolating, stumbling, staggering, fatally delayed advance to Bull Run was made by half the regiments that should have been sent forward, and had recoiled in ignominious disaster, as an advance so made against a compact, determined, decently handled force must, there came a decided change. The wanton rout of that black day cost the President but one night's sleep. It cost me a dozen, while good men died of it who had never been within two hundred miles of the so quickly deserted field. Henceforth Mr. Lincoln accepted war as a stern necessity, and stood ready to fight it out to the bitter end.

And yet while I judge that many were more eager than he to bring the struggle to an early if worthy close, no one would have welcomed an honorable and lasting pacification with a sincerer joy. No man was ever more grossly misrepresented or more widely misapprehended than he was on this point; and I deem the fault partly his own or that of his immediate counselors. Let me state distinctly how and why.

The rebellion, once fairly inaugurated, was

kept alive and aggravated by systematic and monstrous misrepresentation at the South of the spirit and purpose of the North. That our soldiers were sent down to kill, ravage, and destroy, with "Beauty and booty" on their standards, and rage and lust in their hearts; and that the North would be satisfied with nothing less than its utter spoliation, if not the absolute extirpation of the Southern people—such were the tales currently reported and widely believed in that vast region wherein no journal not avowedly Confederate existed or could exist for years, until the strength of the Rebellion lay in a widespread belief within its domain that nothing worse could possibly happen to its adherents or their families than subjugation to the Union. Hence I hold that our Government, whatever its hopes of a favorable issue, should not only have welcomed every overture looking to pacification from the other side but should have studied and planned to multiply opportunities for conference and negotiation. When Henry May, an anti-war representative of Baltimore, in Congress, sought permission to go to Richmond in quest of peace, Mr. Lincoln allowed him to slip clandestinely through our lines; but kept his mission quiet and disclaimed all responsibility for it. I would have publicly said: "Go in welcome, Mr. May; I only stipulate that you publish, and authenticate by your signature, the very best terms that are offered you at Richmond; and I agree if they be responsibly indorsed to give them a prompt unprejudiced consideration." And I would have repeated this to every Democrat who might at any time have solicited like permission. So, when in July, 1863, Mr. A. H. Stephens sought permission to visit Washington in a Confederate gunboat with some sort of overture, I would have responded: "Spare us your gunboat, Mr. S.; that would be superfluous here; but you will find a swift vessel and a safe-conduct awaiting you at Fort Monroe; so come to us at once, properly accredited, and you will find us not merely willing but anxious to stay this revolting effusion of human blood." And so to the last. I do firmly believe that the President's Niagara card, "To whom it may Concern," did much to disabuse the Southern mind with regard to Northern purposes, and might have been so framed and proffered as to have done very much more had it said directly, affirmatively, what it said inferentially, negatively. I believe it would have paralyzed thousands of arms then striking frenziedly at the best of their and our country. And I hold Mr. Lincoln's ultimate visit to Fort Monroe, there to confer with Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, with a view to peace, one of the wisest and noblest acts of an eventful, illustrious

life, and one which contributed more than many a Union victory to the speedy disintegration and collapse of the Rebellion. Honored be the wisdom that comes late, if it be not indeed *too* late!

As to the slavery question I think Mr. Lincoln resolutely looked away from it so long as he could, because he feared that his recognizing slavery as the mainspring and driving wheel of the Rebellion was calculated to weaken the Union cause by detaching Maryland, Kentucky, and possibly Missouri also, from its support. "One war at a time" was his wise veto on every avoidable foreign complication; and in the same spirit he vetoed Fremont's and Phelps's, and Hunter's, and other early efforts to liberate the slaves of rebels, or to enlist negro troops. I am not arguing that he was right or wrong in any particular instance; I am only setting forth his way of looking at these grave questions, and the point of view from which he regarded them. To deal with each question as it arose and not be embarrassed in so dealing with it by preconceptions and premature committals, and never to widen needlessly the circle of our enemies, was his inflexible rule. Hence when Congress, in the summer of 1864, named and enacted an elaborate plan of reconstruction for the States then in revolt—which bill was presented to him during the last hour of the session—he withheld his signature and thereby caused its failure—not, as he explained, that he was adverse to the conditions proposed therein, but that he "refused to be inflexibly committed to *any* single plan of restoration"—while the Rebellion was still unsubdued, and while exigencies might arise in the progress of the conflict, which could not be foreseen. The document wherein Messrs. Wade and Winter Davis criticized and controverted this decision is far clearer and more caustic than any Mr. Lincoln ever wrote; and yet I believe, the judgment of posterity will be that he had the right side of the question.

I am not so clear that he had the better position in his discussion with Messrs. Corning and other Democrats of Albany and in his like correspondence with Democratic leaders in Ohio touching the arrest and punishment of Mr. Vallandigham. The essential question at issue was this: "How far may a citizen lawfully and with impunity oppose a war which his country is waging?" It is a question as old as human freedom, and its settlement has not yet been approximated. That there must be liberty to nominate and support candidates hostile to the further prosecution of the contest, and in favor of decisive efforts looking to and in favor of its speedy close by negotiation, is not contested: but where is the limit of this

liberty? May the Opposition proceed to arraign the President as a usurper, despot, anarchist, murderer, and eulogize the cause of the public enemy as righteous, patriotic, and entitled to every good man's sympathy and support? If not, where is the freedom of discussion in election? If yea, how is the national authority to be upheld and its right in extremity to the best services of the whole people enforced and maintained? Mr. Vallandigham was and had been an open, unqualifiedly consistent opponent of the War for the Union. He held that war to be unjust, unconstitutional, and wantonly aggressive. He held that the Union could only be restored through the discomfiture of the national forces and the consequent abandonment of all attempts to "coerce" the South. There was nothing equivocal in his attitude, nor in his utterances, whether in Congress or on the stump. And it cannot be fairly denied that his speeches were as clearly giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy as were the cavalry raids of John Morgan, J. E. B. Stuart, or Mosby. So General Burnside, commanding the military department, including Ohio, had him arrested, tried by a court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress; which sentence was commuted by the President into banishment to the Southern Confederacy—which sentence was duly executed. And thereupon Mr. V—— was nominated for Governor by the Democracy of Ohio, and a strong appeal made to the President by the Democrats of Albany and elsewhere, for an unconditional reversal of the sentence of banishment, assuming that Mr. V—— had been condemned and banished in violation of law and right—"for no other reason than words addressed to a public meeting in criticism of the course of the administration; and in condemnation of the military orders of" Burnside. I think Mr. V——'s friends have ground to stand upon so strong—or at least so plausible—that they might well have offered to set forth more broadly and forcibly the position and the action they controverted.

Mr. Lincoln answered them in what I consider the most masterly document that ever came from his pen. I doubt that Webster could have done better—I am sure he could not have so clearly and so forcibly appealed to the average apprehension of his countrymen; it is clear enough from his letter that the whole business was distasteful to him—that he thought Burnside had blundered in meddling at all with Vallandigham, or even recognizing his existence. Indeed, he intimates this part plainly in the course of his letter; yet he braces himself for his task and fully justifies therein the claim I set up for him, that he was the cleav-

erest logician for the masses that America has yet produced. Six years before he had crushed by a sentence the sophism that sought to cover the extension of slavery into the Territories with the mantle of "Popular Sovereignty": "It means," said he, "that if A chooses to make B his slave, C shall not interfere to prevent it," so, in answering Messrs. Corning and company, he treated their letter as covering a demand that the rebel cause might be served and promoted in the loyal States with impunity by any action that would not be unlawful in times of profound peace—a position that he stoutly contested. . . .

[Mr. Greeley here quotes from Mr. Lincoln's letter of June 12, 1863.—EDITOR.]

. . . I do not suppose this logic convinced Mr. Lincoln that the arrest, and trial, and conviction of Mr. V—— were wise and useful measures of repression—if it did it has had no kindred effect on *my* mind. Yet I hold that the bitterest opponent of the President and his policy must in fairness admit that the case is not entirely one-sided—that if government is to exist it must have power to suppress rebellion against its authority; and that it is neither reasonable nor possible to accord the same immunities and uniformly respect the same safeguards of free speech and personal liberty in the presence of a gigantic rebellion, as in times of public tranquillity and unbroken allegiance to order and law.

I have said that Mr. Lincoln when I first knew him was classed with the more conservative of Northern Whigs on the subject of slavery. On the 3d of March, 1837—the last day of General Jackson's rule—he submitted to the Legislature of Illinois a protest against certain pro-slavery resolves passed by the Democratic majority of that body, wherein on behalf of himself and his brethren he says:

They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

In 1848 he voted in Congress (as we have seen) to lay on the table Mr. Galt's resolve, proposing instructions to the Federal District Committee to report a bill abolishing slavery in said district; but submitted a substitute looking to compensated, gradual emancipation,

upon the express assent of a majority of the legal voters thereof. Ten years later, instructed by the Nebraska developments he had advanced, as we have seen, to the conception that "the Union could not permanently endure half slave and half free"—and that slavery, not the Union, would eventually have to succumb and disappear. This was a great stride; and he had hardly moved again when he wrote me on the 22d of August, 1862, in reply to an appeal from the pro-slavery policy which had thus far governed the practical conduct of the war, this exposition of his war policy:

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish, that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours, A. LINCOLN.

This manifesto was exultingly hailed by the less radical portion of his supporters—I never could imagine why. It recognized the right to destroy slavery whenever that step should be deemed necessary to the national salvation—nay, it affirmed the *duty* of destroying in such contingency. And it proved that the President was meditating that grave step and clearly perceiving that it might—nay, probably *would*—become necessary, and that he wished to prepare the public mind for acquiescence therein whenever he should realize and announce that the time had come. I do not see how these points can have escaped the attention of any acute and careful observer.

It may well be noted here that this letter, though in form a response to my "Prayer of Twenty Millions," was not so in fact; I had not besought him to proclaim general eman-

cipation, I had only urged him to give full effect to the laws of the land, which prescribed that slaves employed with their master's acquiescence in support of the rebellion should thenceforth be treated as free by such employment, and by the general hostility of their owners to the national authority. I have no doubt that Mr. Lincoln's letter had been prepared before he ever saw my "Prayer," and that this was merely used by him as an opportunity, an occasion, an excuse, for setting his own altered position — changed not by his volition, but by circumstances — fairly before the country.

At the same time, I have no doubt that his letter expresses the exact literal truth, precisely as it lay in his mind. Assailed on the one hand as intent on upholding and preserving, on the other as subtly scheming and contriving to subvert and abolish slavery, he was really and truly obnoxious to neither of these charges, but solely, engrossingly intent in putting down the Rebellion, and preserving the Union by any and every means, and ready either to guarantee the perpetuity or proclaim the overthrow of human bondage, according as the one step or the other should seem likely to subserve and secure that end. Hence the first proclamation of freedom, which was issued but a few weeks after the appearance of this letter, seemed to me but the fulfilment of a promise implied in its fore-runner.

I did not see the President between the issue of his first and that of his second Proclamation of Freedom — in fact, not from January, 1862, till about February 1, 1863. He then spoke of the Emancipation policy as not having yet effected so much good here at home as had been promised or predicted, but added that it had helped us decidedly in our foreign relations. He intimated no regret that it had been adopted, and, I presume, never felt any. In fact, as he was habitually and constitutionally cautious as to making advances, he seldom or never felt impelled or required to take a step backward. Never putting down his foot till he felt sure there was firm ground beneath it, he never feared to lay his whole weight on it when once fairly down. And, having committed himself to the policy of Emancipation, he proclaimed and justified it in letters to sympathizing British workmen, and to friends and foes on every side. His proposal of gradual and compensated Emancipation in the loyal slave States and districts, his postponed but hearty sanction of the enlistment of Black soldiers, and his persistent and thorough recognition and assertion of the Inalienable Rights of Man, were links in one chain which he wove skilfully, if not nimbly, around the writhing form of the overmastered, fainting Rebellion. I am no admirer of the style of his more elaborate and pretentious

state papers, especially his messages to Congress. They lack the fire and force that an Andrew, a Chase, or even a Stanton would have given them; they are not electric — not calculated to touch the chords of the national heart, and thrill them with patriotic ardor; yet I doubt that our national literature contains a finer gem than that little speech at the Gettysburg celebration, November 19, 1863, . . . after the close of Mr. Everett's classic but frigid oration. . . .

One more citation, and what seems to me the essential characteristics of a man as truly unconsciously portrayed in his own acts and words, will have been set fairly before you:

Kentucky had been a chief obstacle to the early adoption of an Emancipation policy. As the President's native State, as the most central and weighty of the so-called border States, and as preponderantly favorable to the Union, though very largely represented in the rebel armies, the President had long hesitated and yielded to his natural reluctance to offend his loyal Whites, as it was clear that any act looking to general Emancipation would surely do.

When the die had at length been cast, and the attitude of the government had become unequivocal, her governor, Bramlett, with ex-Senator Dickson and Editor A. G. Hodges, appeared in Washington as bearers of her solemn protest against that policy. The President met them cordially, and they discussed their difference freely and amicably, but neither party seems to have made much headway in convincing and converting the other. After the Kentuckians had left, Mr. Hodges asked the President to give in writing the substance of the views he had set forth during their interview, and he did it in a letter of remarkable terseness and cogency even for him. I will cite but two passages which illustrate phases of Mr. Lincoln's character and of his mode of viewing the great questions at issue, which I have not clearly presented. In the former he says:

I am naturally antislavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet, I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took, that I would to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view, that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary, abstract judgment, on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have

done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery.

I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation, and yet preserve the Constitution?

By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assume this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of the government, country, and Constitution, all together.

Having briefly set forth how and why he was driven by the difficulty of subduing the Rebellion first to proclaim Emancipation, and then to summon Blacks as well as Whites to the defense of the country, and barely glancing at the advantages thus secured, he closes with these words:

And now let any Union man who complains of the measure, test himself by writing down in one line that he is for subduing the Rebellion by force of arms and in the next; that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be but for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his case so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

I add a word which was not in the verbal conversation. In telling this tale I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised, or expected. God alone can claim it. Whether it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Those few words: "I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity; I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me," furnish a key to the whole character and career of the man. He was no inspired Elijah or John Baptist, emerging from the awful desert sanctified by lonely fastings and wrestlings with Satan in prayer, to thrill a loving, suppliant multitude

with unwonted fires of penitence and devotion. He was no loyal singer of Israel touching at will his heart and sweeping all the chords of emotion and inspiration in the general heart—he was simply a plain, true, earnest, patriotic man, gifted with eminent commonsense, which, in its wide range, gave a hand to shrewdness on the one hand, humor on the other, and which allied him intimately, warmly with the masses of mankind. I doubt whether any woman or child, White or Black, bond or free, virtuous or vicious, accosted or reached forth a hand to Abraham Lincoln, and detected in his countenance or manner any repugnance or shrinking from the proffered contact, any assumption of superiority or betrayal of disdain. No one was ever more steeped in the spirit of that glorious lyric of the inspired Scotch plowman—

A man 's a man, for a' that;

and no one was ever acquainted and on terms of friendly intimacy with a greater number of human beings of all ranks and conditions than was he whom the bullet of Wilkes Booth claimed for its victim.

I pass over his reflection, his second inaugural, his final visit to the army of the Potomac, and his entry into Richmond, hard on the heels of a prolonged, postponed capture; I say nothing of his manifest determination to treat the prostrate insurgents with unexampled magnanimity, and the terrible crime which with singular madness quenched, under the impulse of intense sympathy with the Rebellion, the life which was at that moment of greater importance and value to the rebels than that of any other living man. All these have added nothing to the symmetry of a character which was already rounded and complete. Never before did one so constantly and visibly *grow* under the discipline of incessant cares, anxieties, and trials. The Lincoln of '62 was plainly a larger, broader, better man than he had been in '61; while '63 and '64 worked his continued and unabated growth in mental and moral stature. Few have been more receptive, more sympathetic, and (within reasonable limits) more plastic than he. Had he lived twenty years longer, I believe he would have steadily increased in ability to counsel his countrymen, and in the estimation of the wise and good.

But he could in no case have lived so long. "Perfect through suffering" is the divine law; and the tension of mind and body through his four years of eventful rule had told powerfully upon his physical frame. When I last saw him, some five or six weeks before his death, his face was haggard with care, and

seamed with thought and trouble. It looked care-plowed, tempest-tossed, and weather-beaten, as if he were some tough old mariner, who had for years been beating up against wind and tide, unable to make his port or find safe anchorage. Judging from that scathed, rugged countenance, I do not believe he could have lived out his second term had no felon hand been lifted against his priceless life.

The chief moral I deduce from his eventful career asserts

The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm!

the majestic heritage, the measureless opportunity of the humblest American youth. Here was an heir of poverty and insignificance, obscure, untaught, buried throughout his childhood in the primitive forests, with no transcendent, dazzling abilities, such as make their way in any country, under any institution, but emphatically in intellect, as in station, one of the millions of strivers for a rude livelihood who, though attaching himself stubbornly to the less popular party, and especially so in the State which he had chosen as his home, did nevertheless become a central figure of the Western Hemisphere, and an object of honor, love, and reverence throughout the civilized world. Had he been a genius, an intellectual prodigy, like Julius Cæsar, or Shakspeare, or Mirabeau, or Webster, we might say: "This lesson is not for us — with such faculties any one could achieve and succeed"; but he was not a born king of men, ruling by the resistless might of his natural superiority, but a child of the people, who made himself a great persuader, therefore a leader, by dint of firm resolve, and patient effort, and dogged perseverance. He slowly won his way to eminence and renown by ever doing the work that lay next to him — doing it with all his growing might — doing it as well as he could, and learning by his failure, when failure was encountered, how to do it better. Wendell Phillips once coarsely said: "He grew because we watered him," which was only true in so far as this — he was open to all impressions and influences, and gladly profited by all the teachings of events and circumstances, no matter how adverse or unwelcome. There was probably no year of his life in which he was not a wiser, cooler, better man than he had been the year preced-

ing. It was of such a nature — patient, plodding, sometimes groping, but ever towards the light — that Tennyson sings:

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

There are those who profess to have been always satisfied with his conduct of the war, deeming it prompt, energetic, vigorous, matterly. I did not, and could not, so regard it. I believed then — I believe this hour — that a Napoleon I., a Jackson, would have crushed secession out in a single short campaign — almost in a single victory. I believed that an advance to Richmond 100,000 strong might have been made by the end of June, 1861, that would have insured a counter-revolution throughout the South, and the voluntary return of every State, through a dispersion and disavowal of its rebel chiefs, to the counsels and the flag of the Union. But such a return would have not merely left slavery intact — it would have established it on firmer foundations than ever before. The momentarily alienated North and South would have fallen on each other's necks, and, amid tears and kisses, have sealed their Union by ignominious making the Blacks the scapegoat of their bygone quarrel; and wreaking on them the spirit which they had purposed to expend on each other. But God had higher ends to which Bull Run, a Ball's Bluff, a Gaines's Mill, a Gettysburg, were indispensable; and so they came to pass, and were endured and profited by. The Republic needed to be passed through chastening, purifying fires of adversity and suffering, so these came and did their work, and the verdure of a new national life springs green from their ashes. Other men were helpful to the great renovation, and nobly did their part in it; yet, looking back through the lifting mists of seven eventful, tragic, trying, glorious years, I clearly discern that the one providential leader, the indispensable hero of the great drama — faithfully reflecting even in his hesitations and seeming vacillations the sentiment of the masses — fitted by his very defects and shortcomings for the burden laid upon him, the good to be wrought out through him, was Abraham Lincoln.

Horace Greeley.



LONGING.

WHEN I am gone —
Say! will the glad wind wander, wander on;
 Stooping with tenderest touches, yet
 With frolic care beset,
Lifting the long gray rushes, where the Stream
And I so idly dream?

I feel its soft caress;
The toying of its wild-wood tenderness
 On brow and lip and eyes and hair,
 As if through love aware
That days must come when no fond wind shall creep
 Down where my heart's asleep!

Hast thou a sympathy,
A soul, O wandering Wind, that thou dost sigh?
Or is't the heart within us still
 That aches for good or ill,
And deems that Nature whispers, when alone
 Our inner Self makes moan?

William M. Briggs.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FOOTE AND THE GUN-BOATS.

Soon after the surrender of Fort Sumter, while in St. Louis I received a letter from Attorney-General Bates, dated Washington, April 17th, in which he said: "Be not surprised if you are called here suddenly by telegram. If called, come instantly. In a certain contingency it will be necessary to have the aid of the most thorough knowledge of our Western rivers and the use of team on them, and in that event I have advised that you should be consulted." The call by telegraph followed close upon the letter. I hurried to Washington, where I was introduced to the Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Gideon Welles, and to the Assistant Secretary, Captain Fox. In the August following I was to construct seven gun-boats, which, according to contract, were to draw six feet

of water, carry thirteen heavy guns each, plated with two-and-a-half-inch iron, and have a speed of nine miles an hour. The *De Kalb* (at first called the *St. Louis*) was the type of the other six, named the *Carondelet*, *Cincinnati*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *Pittsburgh*. They were 175 feet long, 51½ feet beam; the flat sides sloped at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and the front and rear casemates corresponded with the sides, the stern-wheel being entirely covered by the rear casemate. Each gun-boat was pierced for three bow guns, eight broadside guns (four on a side), and two stern guns. Before these seven gun-boats were completed, I engaged to convert the snag-boat *Benton* into an armored vessel of still larger dimensions.*

After completing the seven and dispatch-

* Of the services of Captain Eads to the Western flotilla, Mr. Boynton says, in the "History of the Navy": "During the month of July, 1861, the Quartermaster-General advertised for proposals to construct a number of iron-clad gun-boats for service on the Mississippi River. The bids were opened on the 5th of August, and Mr. Eads was found to be the best bidder for the whole number, both in regard to the time of completion and price. . . . On the 7th of August, 1861, Mr. Eads signed a contract with Quartermaster-General Meigs to construct these seven vessels ready for their crews and armaments in sixty-five days. At this early period the people in the border States, especially in the slave States, had not yet learned to accommodate themselves to a state of war. The pursuits of peace were interrupted; but the energy and enterprise which were to provide the vast material required for an energetic prosecution of the war had not then been aroused. None could foresee the result, and a spirit of doubt and distrust pervaded financial and commercial circles. It was at this time that the contractor returned to St. Louis with an obligation to perform what, under ordinary circumstances, would have been deemed by most men an impossibility. Rolling-mills, machine-shops, foundries, forges, and saw-mills were all idle. The demands of peace had ceased for months before, and the working-men were enlisting, or seeking in States more quiet their accustomed employment. The engines that were to drive this our first iron-clad fleet were yet to be built. The timber to form their hulls was uncut in the forests, and the huge rollers and machinery that were to form their iron armor were not yet constructed. The rapidity with which all these various parts were to be supplied forbade depending alone in any two or three establishments in the country, no matter how great were their resources. The signatures were scarcely dry on this important contract before persons in different parts of the country were employed upon the work through telegraphic orders issued from Washington. Special agents were dispatched in every direction, and saw-mills were simultaneously occupied in cutting

ing them down the Mississippi to Cairo, I was requested by Admiral Foote (who then went by the title of "flag-officer," the title of admiral not being recognized at that time in our navy), as a special favor to him, to accompany the *Benton*, the eighth one of the fleet, in her passage down to Cairo. It was in December, and the water was falling rapidly.

The *Benton* had been converted from the U. S. snag-boat *Benton* into the most powerful iron-clad of the fleet. She was built with two hulls about twenty feet apart, very strongly braced together. She had been purchased by General Fremont while he was commandant of the Department of the Missouri, and had been sent to my ship-yard for alteration into a gun-boat. I had the space between the two hulls planked, so that a continuous bottom extended from the outer side of one hull to the outer side of the other. The upper side was decked over in the same manner; and by extending the outer sides of the two hulls forward until they joined each other at a new stem, which received them, the twin boats became one wide, strong, and substantial hull. The new bottom did not extend to the stern of the hull, but was brought up to the deck fifty feet forward of the stern, so as to leave a space for a central wheel, with which the boat was to be propelled. This wheel was turned by the original engines of the snag-boat, each of the engines having formerly turned an independent wheel on the outside of the twin boat. In this manner the *Benton* became a war vessel of about seventy-five feet beam, a greater breadth, perhaps, than that of any war vessel then afloat. She was about two hundred feet long. A slanting casemate, covered with iron plates, was placed on her sides and across her bow and stern; and the wheel was protected in a similar manner. The casemate on the sides and bow was covered with iron three

and a half inches thick; the wheel-hous and stern with lighter plates, like the first seven boats built by me. She carried thirteen guns,—three in the bow casemate, four on each side, and two astern.

The wish of Admiral Foote to have me see this boat safely to Cairo was prompted by his knowledge that I had had experience in the management of steam-boats upon the river, and his fear that she would be detained by grounding. Ice had just begun to float in the Mississippi when the *Benton* put out from my ship-yard at Carondelet for the south. Some thirty or forty miles below St. Louis she grounded. Under the direction of Captain Winslow, who commanded the vessel, Lieutenant Bishop, executive officer of the ship, an intelligent and energetic young man, set the crew at work. An anchor was put out for the purpose of hauling her off. My advice was not asked with reference to this first proceeding, and although I had been requested by Admiral Foote to accompany the vessel, he had not instructed the captain, so far as I knew, to be guided by my advice in case of difficulty. After they had been working all night to get the boat afloat, she was harder on than ever; moreover, the water had fallen about six inches. I then volunteered the opinion to Captain Winslow that if he would run hawsers ashore in a certain direction, directly opposite to that in which he had been trying to move the boat, she could be got off. He replied, very promptly, "Mr. Eads, if you will undertake to get her off, I shall be very willing to place the entire crew under your direction." I at once accepted the offer; and Lieutenant Bishop was called up and instructed to obey my directions. Several very large hawsers had been put on board of the boat for the fleet at Cairo. One of the largest was got out and secured to a large tree on the shore, and

the timber required in the construction of the vessels, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, and Missouri, and railroads, steam-boats, and barges were engaged for its immediate transportation. Nearly all of the largest machine-shops and foundries in St. Louis, and many small ones, were at once set at work day and night, and the telegraph lines between St. Louis and Pittsburgh and Cincinnati were occupied frequently for hours in transmitting instructions to similar establishments in those cities for the construction of the twenty-one steam-engines and the five-and-thirty steam-boilers that were to propel the fleet. . . . Within two weeks not less than four thousand men were engaged in the various details of its construction. Neither the sanctity of the Sabbath nor the darkness of night was permitted to interrupt it. The workmen on the hulls were promised a handsome bonus in money for each one who stood steadfastly at the work until it was completed, and many thousands of dollars were thus gratuitously paid by Mr. Eads when it was finished. On the 12th of October, 1861, the first United States iron-clad, with her boilers and engines on board, was launched in Carondelet, Missouri, in forty-five days from the laying of her keel. She was named the *St. Louis*, by Rear-Admiral Foote, in honor of the city. When the fleet was transferred from the War Department to the Navy, this name was changed to *Baron de Kalb*, there being at that time a vessel commissioned in the navy called the *St. Louis*. In ten days after the *De Kalb* the *Carondelet* was launched, and the *Cincinnati*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *Pittsburgh* followed in rapid succession. An eighth vessel (the *Benton*), larger, more powerful, and superior in every respect, was also undertaken before the hulls of the first seven had fairly assumed shape. . . . Thus just one individual put in construction and pushed to completion within one hundred days a powerful squadron of eight steamers, aggregating five thousand tons, capable of steaming at nine knots per hour, each heavily armored, fully equipped, and all ready for their armament of one hundred and seven large guns. The fact that such a work was done is nobler praise than any that can be bestowed by words. It is to be regretted, however, that the promptness and energy of the man who thus created an iron-clad navy on the Mississippi were not met on the part of the Government with an equal degree of faithfulness in performing its part of the contract. On one pretext or another, the stipulated payments for the work were delayed by the War Department until the default assumed such magnitude that nothing but the assistance rendered by patriotic and confiding friends enabled the contractor, after exhausting his own ample means, to complete the fleet. Besides the honorable reputation which flows from success in such a work, he has the satisfaction of reflecting that it was with vessels at the time his own property that the brilliant capture of Fort Henry was accomplished, and the conquest of Donelson and Island Number Ten achieved. The ever-memorable midnight passage of Island Number Ten by the *Pittsburgh* and *Carondelet*, which compelled the surrender of that powerful stronghold, was performed by vessels furnished four or five months previous by the same contractor, and at the time unpaid for.—Ed.

heavy a strain was put upon it as the cable would be likely to bear. As the water was falling, I ordered out a second one, and a third, and a fourth, until five or six eleven-inch hawsers were heavily strained in the effort to drag the broad-bottomed vessel off the bar. There were three steam capstans on the bow of the vessel, and these were used in lightening the strain by luffs upon the hawsers. One of the hawsers was led through a snatch-block fastened by a large chain to a ring-bolt on the side of the vessel. I was on the upper deck of the vessel near Captain Winslow when the chain which held this block broke. It was made of iron one and one-eighth inches in diameter, and the link separated into three pieces. The largest, being one-half of the link, was found on the shore at a distance of at least five hundred feet. Half of the remainder struck the iron plating on the bow of the boat, making an indentation half the thickness of one's finger in depth. The third piece struck Captain Winslow on the fleshy part of the arm, cutting through his coat and the muscles of his arm. The wound was a very painful one, but he bore it as might be expected. The iron had probably cut an inch and a half into the arm between the shoulder and the elbow. In the course of the day the *Benton* was floated, and proceeded on her voyage down the river without further delay. Captain Winslow soon after departed for his home on leave of absence. On his recovery he was placed in command of the *Kearsarge*, and to that accident he owed, perhaps, the fame of being the captor of the *Alabama*.

When the *Benton* arrived at Cairo she was visited by all the officers of the army and navy stationed there, and was taken, on that day the following day, on a trial trip a few miles down the river. The *Essex*, in command of Captain William Porter, was lying four or five miles below the mouth of the Ohio on the Kentucky shore. As the *Benton* passed along up, on her return from this little expedition, Captain Porter offered his congratulations to Foote on the apparent excellence of the boat.

"Yes," replied Foote, "but she is almost too slow."

"Plenty fast enough to fight with," was Porter's rejoinder.

Very soon after this (early in the spring of 1862) I was called to Washington, with the request to prepare plans for still lighter iron-clad vessels, the draught of those which I had then completed being only about six feet. The later plans were for vessels that should be capable of going up the Tennessee and the Cumberland. As rapidly as possible I pre-

pared and presented for the inspection of Secretary Welles and his able assistant, Captain Fox, plans of vessels drawing five feet. They were not acceptable to Captain Fox, who said:

"We want vessels much lighter than that."

"But you want them to carry a certain thickness of iron?" I replied.

"Yes, we want them to be proof against heavy cannon-shot—plated and heavily plated, but they must be of much lighter draught."

After the interview I returned with the plans to my hotel, and commenced a revision of them; and in the course of a few days I presented the plans for the *Osage* and the *Neosho*. These vessels, according to my recollection, were about forty-five feet beam on deck, their sides slanting outward, and the tops of the gunwales rising only about six inches above the surface of the water, so as to leave very little space to be covered with the plating, which extended two and a half feet down under water on these slanting sides. The deck of the vessel, rising from six inches above water, curved upward about four feet higher at center; and this was covered all over with iron an inch thick. The plating on the sides was two and a half inches thick. Each vessel had a rotating turret, carrying two eleven-inch guns, the turret being either six or eight inches thick (I forget which), but extending only a few feet above the deck of the vessel. I was very anxious to construct these turrets after a plan which I had devised, quite different from the Ericsson or Coles systems, and in which the guns should be operated by steam. But, within a month after the engagement at Fort Donelson, the memorable contest between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* occurred, whereupon the Navy Department insisted on Ericsson turrets being placed upon these two vessels.

At the same time the department was anxious to have four larger vessels for operations on the lower Mississippi River, which should have two turrets each, and it consented that I should place one of my turrets on each of two of these vessels (the *Chickasaw* and the *Milwaukee*) at my own risk, to be replaced with Ericsson's in case of failure. These were the first turrets in which the guns were manipulated by steam, and they were fired every forty-five seconds. The *Osage* and *Neosho*, with their armaments, stores, and everything on board, drew only three and a half feet of water, and steamed about nine miles an hour. While perfecting those plans, I prepared the designs for the larger vessels (the *Chickasaw*, *Milwaukee*, *Winnebago*, and *Kickapoo*), and when these were approved by Captain Fox and the officers of the navy

to whom they were submitted at Washington, Mr. Welles expressed the wish that I should confer with Admiral Foote about them before proceeding to build them, inasmuch as the experience which he had had at Forts Henry and Donelson and elsewhere would be of great value, and might enable him to suggest improvements in them. I therefore hastened from Washington to Island Number Ten, a hundred miles below Cairo, on the Mississippi River, where Foote's flotilla was then engaged.

In the railway train a gentleman who sat in front of me, learning that I had constructed Foote's vessels, introduced himself as Judge Foote, of Cleveland, a brother of the Admiral. Among other interesting matters, he related an anecdote of one of his little daughters who was just learning to read. After the capture of Fort Henry the squadron was brought back to Cairo for repairs, and, on the Sunday following, the crews, with their gallant flag-officer, attended one of the churches in Cairo. Admiral Foote was a thorough Christian gentleman and excellent impromptu speaker. Upon this occasion, after the congregation had assembled, some one whispered to him that the minister was ill and would be unable to officiate; whereupon the Admiral went up into the pulpit himself, and after the usual prayer and hymn, he selected as the text John xiv. 1, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." Upon this text he delivered what was declared to be an excellent sermon, or exhortation, after which he dismissed the congregation. An account of the sermon was widely published in the papers at the time, and came into the hands of the little niece just referred to. After she had read it, she exclaimed to her father:

"Uncle Foote did not say that right."

"Say what right?" asked the father.

"Why, when he preached."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.'"

"Well, what should he have said?" inquired the father.

"Why, he ought to have said, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in the gun-boats.'"

On arriving at Cairo, I found Representative Elihu B. Washburne, afterward our minister to France, waiting for an opportunity to visit the army, then in Missouri, in the neighborhood of Island Number Ten, coöperating with Admiral Foote in the reduction of that stronghold. We embarked together on a small tug-boat, which carried the mail down

to the fleet. We arrived and landed alongside the flag-ship *Benton*, and were cordially greeted by Admiral Foote. I presented a letter which I had brought from the Secretary of the Navy. We withdrew to his cabin to consider the plans of the four new gun-boats. Mr. Washburne was sent to the Missouri shore. After discussing the plans of the new boats for fifteen or twenty minutes we returned to the deck.

At the time we landed, the *Benton* and the other boats of the fleet were anchored between two and three miles above the Confederate forts, and were then throwing their shells into the enemy's works. When we boarded the *Benton* Admiral Foote had his lorgnette in his hand, and through it was watching the flight of each shell discharged from the guns of his ship. He resumed this occupation when we came up on deck, until, after a shot or two had been fired, one of his officers approached and handed him a dozen or more letters which had been brought down in the mail. While still conversing with me, his eye glanced over them as he held them in his hand, and he selected one which he proceeded to open. Before reading probably four lines, he turned to me with great calmness and composure, and said, "Mr. Eads, I must ask you to excuse me for a few minutes while I go down to my cabin. This letter brings me the news of the death of my son, about thirteen years old, who I had hoped would live to be the stay and support of his mother."

Without further remark, and without giving the slightest evidence of his feelings to any one, he left me and went to his cabin. I was, of course, deeply grieved; and when he returned, after an absence of not more than fifteen minutes, still perfectly composed, I endeavored to divert his mind from his affliction by referring to the plans and to my interview with his brother. I told him also the anecdote of his little niece which his brother had related, and this served to clothe his face with a temporary smile. I then asked him if he would be kind enough to assign me some place where I could sleep on the *Benton* that night. It was then probably three o'clock in the day. He replied that I must not stay on board. I said that I had come down for that very purpose, since I wanted to see how the *Benton* and the other boats worked under fire. I was not particular where I slept; any place would do for me; I did not want to turn any of the officers out of their rooms.

With a look of great gravity and decision, he replied:

"Mr. Eads, I cannot permit you to stay

re a moment after the tug is ready to return. There is no money in the world which could justify me in risking my life here; and you have no duty here to perform, as I have, which requires you to risk yours. You *must not stay*," emphasizing the words very distinctly! "You must return, both you and Mr. Ashburne, as soon as the tug is ready to go."

I felt somewhat disappointed at this, for I had fully expected to spend a day at least on board the *Benton*, and to visit the other vessels of the fleet, with many of the officers of which I was well acquainted. I did not believe there was much danger in remaining, for the shells of the enemy seemed to fall short; but within fifteen minutes after this, one of these interesting missiles struck the water fifty or a hundred feet from the side of the *Benton*. This satisfied me that Foote was right, and I did not insist on staying.

The Admiral was a great sufferer from sick headache. I remember visiting him in his room at the Planters' House in St. Louis, a day or two after the battle of Belmont, when he was suffering very severely from one of these attacks, which lasted two days. He was one of the most fascinating men in company

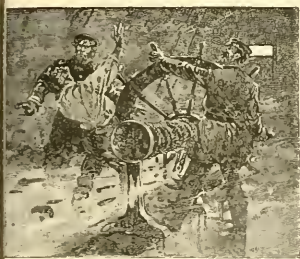
that I ever have met, being full of anecdote, and having a graceful, easy flow of language. He was likewise, ordinarily, one of the most amiable-looking of men; but when angered, as I once saw him, his face impressed me as being most savage and demoniacal, and I can imagine that at the head of a column or in an attack he would have been invincible. Some idea of the moral influence that he possessed over men may be gained from the fact that, long before the war, when commanding the United States fleet of three vessels in Chinese waters, he converted every officer and man in the fleet to the principles of temperance, and had every one of them sign the pledge. I believe that this was the beginning of the reform movement in the navy which led to the disuse of the rations of grog which used to be served to the sailors on shipboard at stated hours every day.

From my knowledge of Foote, I think that there is no doubt that if his health had not given way so early in the war, he would have gained laurels like those so gallantly won by Farragut. And, aside from his martial character, no officer ever surpassed him in those evidences of genuine refinement and delicacy which mark the true gentleman.

James B. Eads.

OPERATIONS OF THE WESTERN FLOTILLA.

INCLUDING ENGAGEMENTS AT BELMONT, FORT HENRY, FORT DONELSON, ISLAND NO. 10, FORT PILLOW, AND MEMPHIS.



FOOTE IN THE WHEEL-HOUSE.

AT the beginning of the War, the army and navy were mostly employed in protecting the loyal people who resided on the borders of the disaffected States, and in reconciling

those whose sympathies were opposed. But the defeat at Manassas and other reverses convinced the Government of the serious character of the contest, and of the necessity of more vigorous and extensive preparations for war. Our navy yards were soon filled with workmen; recruiting stations for unemployed seamen were established, and we soon had more sailors than were required for the ships that could be fitted for service. Artillerymen

for the defenses of Washington being scarce, five hundred of these sailors, with a battalion of marines (for guard duty), were sent to occupy the forts on Shuter's Hill, near Alexandria. The *Pensacola* and the Potomac flotilla and the seaboard navy yards required nearly all of the remaining unemployed seamen. While Foote was improvising a flotilla for the Western rivers he was making urgent appeals to the Government for seamen. Finally some one at the Navy Department thought of the five hundred tars stranded on Shuter's Hill, and obtained an order for their transfer to Cairo, where they were placed on the receiving ship *Maria Denning*. There they met fresh-water sailors from our great lakes, and steam-boat hands from the Western rivers. Of the seamen from the East, there were Maine lumbermen, New Bedford whalers, New York liners, and Philadelphia sea-lawyers. The foreigners enlisted were mostly Irish, with a few English and Scotch, French,

Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes. The Northmen, considered the hardiest race in the world, melted away in the Southern sun with surprising rapidity.

On the gun-boat *Carondelet* were more young men perhaps than on any other vessel in the fleet. Philadelphians were in the majority; Bostonians came next, with a sprinkling from other cities, and just enough men-o'-war's men to leaven the lump with naval discipline. The *St. Louis* had more than its

ment was launched at Carondelet, near St. Louis. She was named the *St. Louis* by Admiral Foote; but there being another vessel of that name in the navy, she was afterward called the *De Kalb*. The other iron-clads, the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *Pittsburgh*, were launched soon after the *St. Louis*, Mr. Eads having pushed forward the work with most commendable zeal and energy. Two of these were built at Mound City, Ill. To the fleet of iron-clads above named were added the *Benton* (the largest and best vessel of the Western flotilla), the *Essex*, and a few smaller and partly armored gun-boats.

Flag-Officer Foote arrived at St. Louis on September 6th, and assumed command of the Western flotilla. He had been my fellow midshipman in 1827, on board the United States ship *Natchez*, of the West India squadron, and was then a promising young officer. At Pensacola, in the fall of 1828, the ship was visited with yellow fever; and we had to go ashore and encamp on Santa Rosa Island clean out and disinfect the ship, and sail to New York to escape the pestilence. From the *Natchez* Foote was transferred to the *Hornet*, of the same squadron, and was appointed her sailing-master. After he left the *Natchez*, we never met again until February 1861, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he was the executive officer. Foote, Schenck and myself were then the only survivors of the midshipmen of the *Natchez*, in her cruise of 1827, and now I am the only officer left.

During the cruise of 1827, while pacing the deck at night, on the lonely seas, and talking with a pious shipmate, Foote became convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, of which he was an earnest professor to the last. He rendered important service while in command of the brig *Perry*, on the coast of Africa, in 1849, in suppressing the slave-trade, and he greatly distinguished himself by his skill and gallantry in the attack upon the Barrier Forts, near Canton (1856), which he breached and carried by assault, leading the assailing column in person. He was slow and cautious in arriving at conclusions, but firm and tenacious of purpose. He has been called "the Stonewall Jackson of the Navy." He often preached to his crew on Sundays, and was always desirous of doing good. He was not a man of striking personal appearance, but there was a sailor-like heartiness and frankness about him that made his company very desirable.

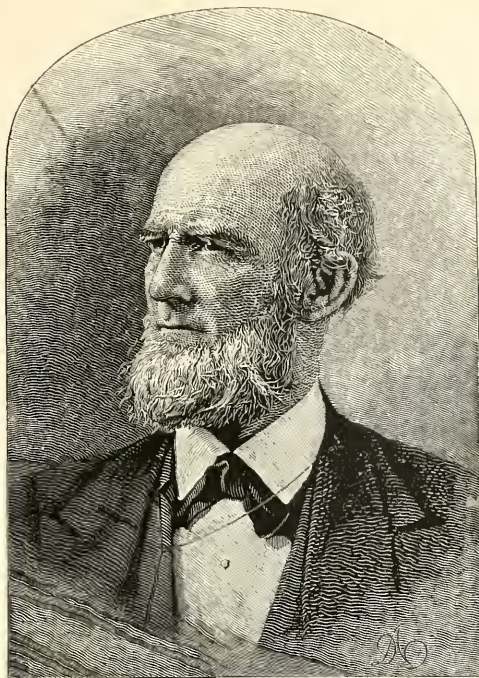
Flag-Officer Foote arrived at Cairo September 12th, and relieved Commander John Rodgers of the command of the station. The first operations of the Western flotilla con-



REGION OF FOOTE'S OPERATIONS.

share of men-o'-war's men, Lieutenant-Commander Paulding having had the first choice of a full crew, and having secured all the frigate *Sabine's* reenlisted men who had been sent West.

During the spring and summer of 1861, Commanders Rodgers, Stemple, Phelps, and Mr. James B. Eads had purchased, equipped, and manned, for immediate service on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, three wooden gun-boats—the *Taylor*, of six eight-inch shell-guns and one thirty-two pounder; the *Lexington*, of four eight-inch shell-guns and one thirty-two pounder, and the *Conestoga*, of three thirty-two pounder guns. This nucleus of the Mississippi flotilla (like the fleets of Perry, Macdonough, and Chauncey in the war of 1812) was completed with great skill and dispatch; they soon had full possession of the Western rivers above Columbus, Kentucky, and rendered more important service than as many regiments could have done. On October 12, 1861, the first of the seven iron-clad gun-boats ordered of Mr. Eads by the Govern-



Ira B. Eads

isted chiefly of reconnaissances on the Mississippi, Ohio, Cumberland, and Tennessee rivers. At this time it was under the control of the War Department, and acting in coöperation with the army under General Grant, whose headquarters were at Cairo.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

ON the evening of the 6th of November, 1861, I received instructions from General Grant to proceed down the Mississippi with the wooden gun-boats *Taylor* and *Lexington* on a reconnaissance, and as convoy to some half-dozen transport steamers; but I did not know the character of the service expected of me until I anchored for the night, seven or eight miles below Cairo. Early the next morning, while the troops were being landed near Belmont, Missouri, opposite Columbus, Kentucky, I attacked the Confederate batteries, at the request of General Grant, as a diversion, which was done with some effect. But the superiority of the enemy's batteries on the bluffs at Columbus, both in the number and the quality of his guns, was so great that it would have been too hazardous to have remained long under his fire with such frail vessels as the *Tay-*

lor and *Lexington*, which were only expected to protect the land forces in case of a repulse. Having accomplished the object of the attack, the gun-boats withdrew, but returned twice during the day and renewed the contest. During the last of these engagements a cannon-ball passed obliquely through the side, deck, and scantling of the *Taylor*, killing one man and wounding others. This convinced me of the necessity of withdrawing my vessels, which had been moving in a circle to confuse the enemy's gunners. We fired a few more broadsides, therefore, and, perceiving that the firing had ceased at Belmont, an ominous circumstance, I returned to the landing, to protect the army and transports. In fact, the destruction of the gun-boats would have involved the loss of our army and our depot at Cairo, the most important one in the West.

Soon after we returned to the landing-place our troops began to appear, and the officers of the gun-boats were warned by General McClelland of the approach of the enemy. The Confederates came *en masse* through a corn-field, and opened with musketry and light artillery upon the transports, which were filled or being filled with our retreating soldiers. A well-directed fire from the

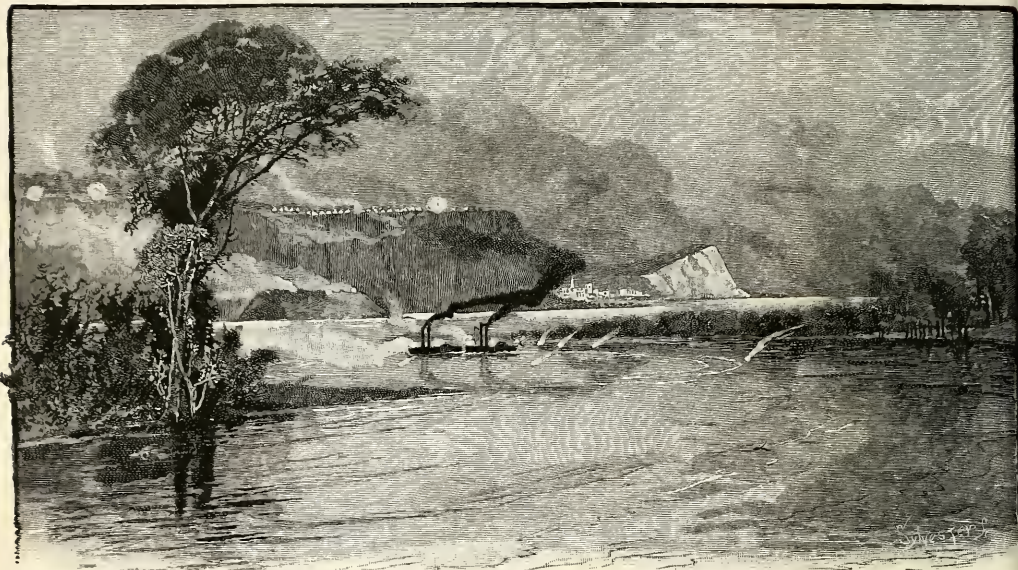
gun-boats made the enemy fly in the greatest confusion.*

Admiral Foote was at St. Louis when the battle of Belmont was fought, and, it appears, made no report to the Secretary of the Navy of the part which the gun-boats took in the action. Neither did he send my official report to the Navy Department. The officers of the vessels were highly complimented by

to inform the flag-officer of the General's intentions, which were kept perfectly secret.

THE BATTLE OF FORT HENRY.

DURING the winter of 1861-2 an expedition was planned by Flag-Officer Foote and Generals Grant and McClernand against Fort Henry, situated on the eastern bank of the

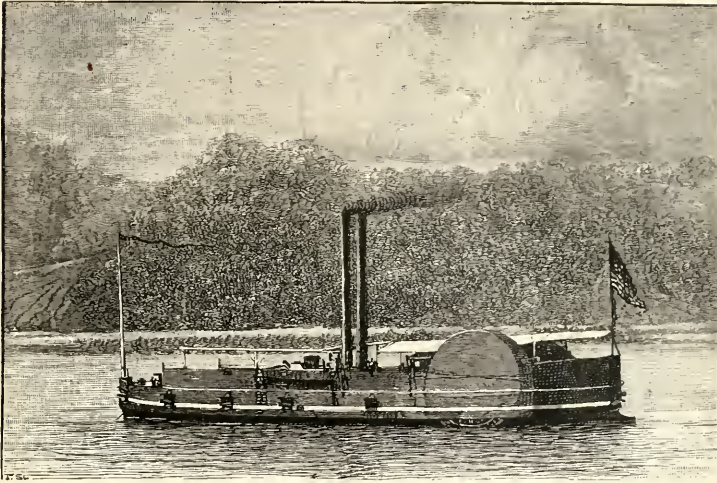


GUN-BOATS "TAYLOR" AND "LEXINGTON" ENGAGING THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES OF COLUMBUS, KY., DURING THE BATTLE OF BELMONT. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKER.)

General Grant for the important aid they rendered in this battle; and in his second official report of the action he made references to my report. It was impossible for me

Tennessee River, a short distance south of the line between Kentucky and Tennessee. In January the iron-clads were brought down to Cairo, and great efforts were made to prepare

* The Federal forces at Belmont numbered between 3500 and 4000. During the first half of the battle the Confederate force was probably less. General Polk in his report says that after the Confederate camp had been captured he sent over from Columbus six regiments under Pillow and Cheatham, which were directly engaged in recovering the lost ground, and two regiments, which, under his own direction, supported the flank movement. The loss on each side in killed, wounded, and missing was between 500 and 600. General Grant directed the movements on the field, and both he and his chief lieutenant, General McClernand, had horses shot under them. The following is part of a private letter from General Grant to his father, written on the night of the 8th: ". . . When all ready, we proceeded about one mile toward Belmont, opposite Columbus, when I formed the troops into line, and ordered two companies from each regiment to deploy as skirmishers and push on through the woods and discover the position of the enemy. They had gone but a little way when they were fired upon, and the ball may be said to have fairly opened. The whole command, with the exception of a small reserve, was then deployed in like manner and ordered forward. The order was obeyed with great alacrity, the men all showing great courage. . . . From here we fought our way from tree to tree through the woods to Belmont, about two and a half miles, the enemy contesting every foot of ground. Here the enemy had strengthened their position by felling the trees for two or three hundred yards, and sharpening their limbs, making a sort of abatis. Our men charged through, making the victory complete, giving us possession of their camp and garrison equipage, artillery, and everything else. We got a great many prisoners. The majority, however, succeeded in getting aboard their steamers and pushing across the river. We burned everything possible and started back, having accomplished all that we went for and even more. Belmont is entirely covered by the batteries from Columbus, and is worth nothing as a military position — cannot be held without Columbus. The object of the expedition was to prevent the enemy from sending a force into Missouri to cut off troops I had sent there for a special purpose, and to prevent reënforcing Price. Besides being well fortified at Columbus, their number far exceeded ours, and it would have been folly to have attacked them. We found the Confederates well armed and brave. On our return, stragglers that had been left in our rear (now front) fired into us, and more recrossed the river, and gave us battle for a full mile, and afterward at the boats when we were embarking. There was no hasty retreating or running away. Taking into account the object of the expedition, the victory was complete."—Ed.



UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "TAYLOR." (DRAWN BY ADMIRAL WALKE.)

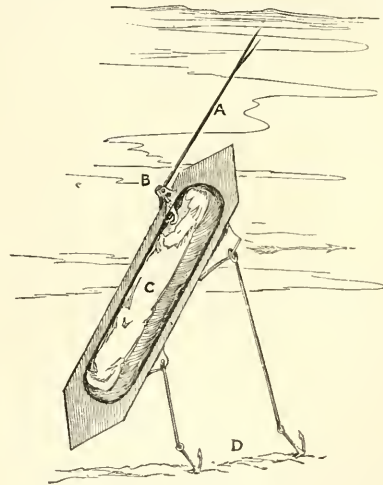
them for immediate service, but only four of the iron-clads could be made ready as soon as required. They were the *Essex*, Captain Wm. D. Porter, mounting four nine-inch guns; the *Cincinnati*, flag-steamer, Commander Stemple; the *Carondelet*, Commander Walke; and the *St. Louis*, Lieutenant-Commander Paulding. Each of the last three carried four seven-inch rifled, three eight-inch shell, and six thirty-two-pound guns.

On the morning of the 2d of February the flag-officer left Cairo with the four armored vessels above named, and the wooden gun-boats *Taylor*, *Lexington*, and *Conestoga*, and in the evening reached the Tennessee River. On the 4th the fleet anchored six miles below Fort Henry. The next day, while reconnoitering, the *Essex* received a shot which passed through the pantry and the officers' quarters and visited the steering. On the 5th the flag-officer inspected the officers and crew at quarters, addressed them, and offered a prayer.

Heavy rains had been falling, and the river had risen rapidly to an unusual height; the swift current brought down an immense quantity of heavy drift-wood, lumber, fences, and large trees, and it required all the steam-power of the *Carondelet*, with both anchors down, and the most strenuous exertions of the officers and crew, working day and night, to prevent the boat from being dragged down-stream. This adversity appeared to dampen the ardor of our crew, but when the next morning they saw a large number of white objects, which through the fog looked like polar bears, coming down the stream, and ascertained that they were the enemy's torpedoes forced from their moorings by the powerful current, they took heart, regarding the freshet as providential

and as a presage of victory. The overflowing river, which opposed our progress, swept away in broad daylight this hidden peril; for if the torpedoes had not been disturbed, or had broken loose at night while we were shoving the drift-wood from our bows, some of them would surely have exploded near or under our vessels.

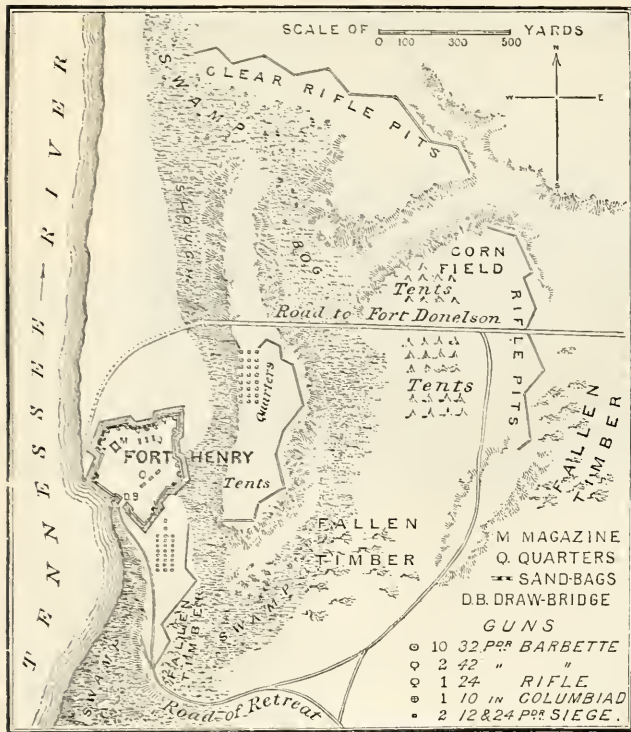
The 6th dawned mild and cheering, with a light breeze, sufficient to clear away the smoke. At 10:20 the flag-officer made the signal to



CROSS-SECTION OF A CONFEDERATE TORPEDO FOUND IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

A, iron rod armed with prongs to fasten upon the bottom of boats going up-stream and act upon B, a lever connecting with trigger to explode a cap and ignite the powder. C, canvas bag containing 70 lbs. powder. D, anchors to hold torpedo in place.

This torpedo consisted of a stout sheet-iron cylinder, pointed at both ends, about 5½ feet long and 1 foot in diameter. The iron lever was 3¼ feet long, and armed with prongs to catch in the bottom of a boat. This lever was constructed to move the iron rod on inside of cylinder, thus acting upon the trigger of the lock to explode the cap and fire the powder. The machine was anchored, presenting the prongs in such a way that boats going down-stream should slide over them, but those coming up should catch.



mission to fire at one or two of the enemy's retreating vessels, as he could not at that time bring his gun to bear on the fort. He fired one shot, which passed through the upper cabin of a hospital-boat, whose flag was not seen, but injured no one. The *Carondelet* was struck in about thirty places by the enemy's heavy shot and shell. Eight struck within two feet of the bow-ports, leading to the boilers, around which barricades had been built—a precaution which I always took before going into action, and which on several occasions prevented an explosion. The *Carondelet* fired one hundred and seven shell and solid shot; none of her officers or crew was killed or wounded.

The firing from the armored vessels was rapid and well sustained from the beginning of the attack, and seemingly accurate, as we could occasionally see the earth thrown in great heaps over the enemy's guns.

prepare for battle, and at 10:50 came the order to get under way and steam up to Panther Island, about two miles below Fort Henry. At 11:35, having passed the foot of the island, we formed in line and approached the fort four abreast,—the *Essex* on the right, then the *Cincinnati*, *Carondelet*, and *St. Louis*. The last two, for want of room, were interlocked, and remained in that position during the fight.

As we slowly passed up this narrow stream, no sound could be heard or a moving object seen in the dense woods which overhung the dark swollen river. The gun-crews of the *Carondelet* stood silent at their posts, impressed with the serious and important character of the service before them. About noon the fort and the Confederate flag came suddenly into view, the barracks, the new earthworks, and the great guns well manned. The captains of our guns were men-of-war's men, good shots, and had their men well drilled.

The flag-steamer, the *Cincinnati*, fired the first shot as the signal for the others to begin. At once the fort responded from her eleven heavy guns, and was ablaze with the flame of cannon. The wild whistle of their rifle-shells was heard on every side of us. On the *Carondelet* not a word was spoken more than at ordinary drill, except when Matthew Arthur, captain of the starboard bow-gun, asked per-

Nor was the fire of the Confederates to be despised; their heavy shot broke and scattered our iron-plating as if it had been putty, and often passed completely through the casemates. But our old men-of-war's men, captains of the guns, proud to show their worth in battle, infused life and courage into their young comrades. And when these experienced gunners saw a shot coming toward a port, they had the coolness and discretion to order their men to bow down, to save their heads.

After nearly an hour's hard fighting, the captain of the *Essex*, going below, addressed the officers and crew, complimented the first division for their splendid execution, and asked them if they did not want to rest and give three cheers, which were given with a will. But the feelings of joy and the bright anticipations of victory on board the *Essex* were suddenly changed by a terrible calamity, which I cannot better describe than by quoting from a letter to me from James Laning, second master of the *Essex*. He says:

"A shot from the enemy pierced the casemate just above the port-hole on the port side, then through the middle boiler, killing in its flight Acting Master's Mate S. B. Brittan, Jr., and opening a chasm for the escape of the scalding steam and water. The scene which followed was almost indescribable. The writer, who had gone aft in obedience to orders only a few moments before (and was thus providentially saved), was met by Fourth Master Walker, followed by a crowd

of men rushing aft. Walker called to me to go back; that a shot from the enemy had carried away the steam-pipe. I at once ran to the stern of the vessel, and looking out of the stern-port, saw a number of our brave fellows struggling in the water. The steam and hot water in the forward gun-deck had driven all who were able to get out of the ports overboard, except a few who were fortunate enough to cling to the casemate outside. When the explosion took place Captain Porter was standing directly in front of the boilers, with his aide, Mr. Brittan, at his side. He at

seaman named James Coffey, who was shot-man to the No. 2 gun, was on his knees, in the act of taking a shell from the box to be passed to the loader. The escaping steam and hot water had struck him square in the face, and he met death in that position. When I told Captain Porter that we were victorious, he immediately rallied, and, raising himself on his elbow, called for three cheers, and gave two himself, falling exhausted on the mattress in his effort to give the third. A seaman named Jasper P. Breas, who was badly scalded, sprang to his feet, exclaiming: 'Sur-



UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "ST. LOUIS." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

once rushed for the port-hole on the starboard side, and threw himself out, expecting to go into the river. A seaman, John Walker, seeing his danger, caught him around the waist, and supporting him with one hand, clung to the vessel with the other, until, with the assistance of another seaman, who came to the rescue, they succeeded in getting the captain upon a narrow guard or projection, which ran around the vessel, and thus enabled him to make his way outside to the after-port, where I met him. Upon speaking to him, he told me he was badly hurt, and that I must hunt for Mr. Riley, the First Master, and if he was disabled I must take command of the vessel, and man the battery again. Mr. Riley was unharmed, and already in the discharge of his duties as Captain Porter's successor. In a very few minutes after the explosion our gallant ship (which, in the language of Flag-Officer Foote, had fought most effectually through two-thirds of the engagement) was drifting slowly away from the scene of action; her commander badly wounded, a number of her officers and crew dead at their post, while many others were writhing in their last agony. As soon as the scalding steam would admit, the forward gun-deck was explored. The pilots, who were both in the pilot-house, were scalded to death. Marshall Ford, who was steering when the explosion took place, was found at his post at the wheel, standing erect, his left hand holding the spoke and his right hand grasping the signal-bell rope. A

rendered! I must see that with my own eyes before I die.' Before any one could interfere, he clambered up two short flights of stairs to the spar-deck. He shouted 'Glory to God!' and sank exhausted on the deck. Poor Jasper died that night."

The *Essex* before the accident had fired seventy shots from her two nine-inch guns. A powder boy, Job Phillips, fourteen years of age, coolly marked down upon the casemate every shot his gun had fired, and his account was confirmed by the gunner in the magazine. Her loss in killed, wounded, and missing was thirty-two.

The *St. Louis* was struck seven times. She fired one hundred and seven shots during the action. No one on board the vessel was killed or wounded.

Flag-Officer Foote during the action was in the pilot-house of the *Cincinnati*, which received thirty-two shots. Her chimneys, after-cabin, and boats were completely riddled. Two of her guns were disabled. The only fatal shot she received passed through the

larboard front, killing one man and wounding several others. I happened to be looking at the flag-steamer when one of the enemy's heavy shot struck her. It had the effect, apparently, of a thunder-bolt, ripping her side-timbers and scattering the splinters over the vessel. She did not slacken her speed, but moved on as though nothing unexpected had happened.

From the number of times the gun-boats were struck, it would appear that the Confederate artillery practice, at first, at least, was as good, if not better, than ours. This, however, was what might have been expected, as the Confederate gunners had the advantage of practicing on the ranges the gun-boats would probably occupy as they approached the fort. The officers of the gun-boats, on the contrary, with guns of different caliber and unknown range, and without practice, could not point their guns with as much accuracy. To counterbalance this advantage of the enemy, the gun-boats were much better protected by their casemates for distant firing than the fort by its fresh earth-works. The Confederate soldiers fought as valiantly and as skillfully as the Union sailors. Only after a most determined resistance, and after all his heavy guns had been silenced, did General Tilghman lower his flag. The Confederate loss, as reported, was six killed and nine or ten wounded. The prisoners, including the general and his staff, numbered about eighty, the remainder of the garrison, about 3100 men, having escaped to Fort Donelson.

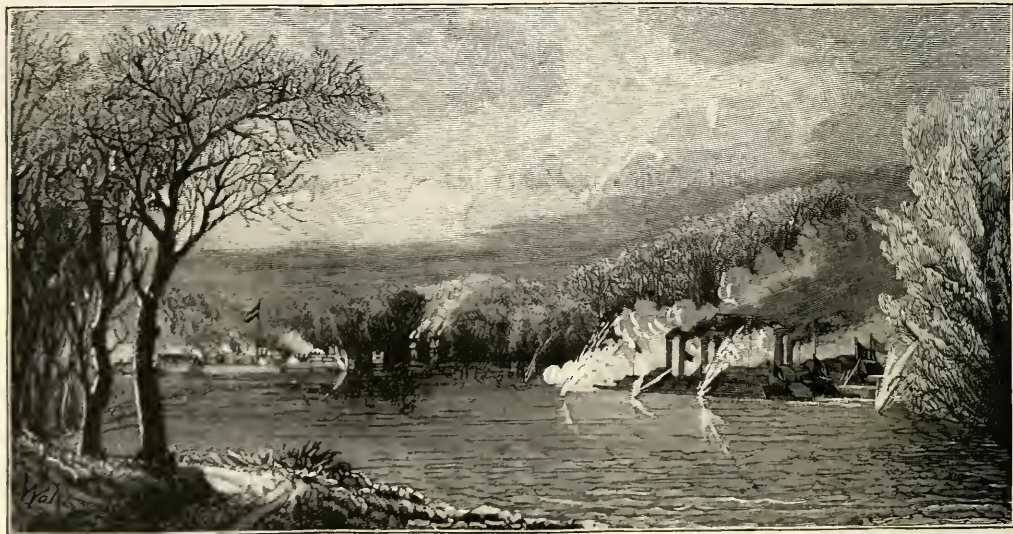
Our gun-boats continued to approach the

fort until General Tilghman, with two or three of his staff, came off in a small boat to the *Cincinnati* and surrendered the fort to Flag-Officer Foote, who sent for me, introduced me to General Tilghman, and gave me orders to take command of the fort and hold it until the arrival of General Grant.

General Tilghman was a soldierly-looking man, a little above medium height, with piercing black eyes and a resolute, intelligent expression of countenance. He was dignified and courteous, and won the respect and sympathy of all who became acquainted with him. In his official report of the battle he said that his officers and men fought with the greatest bravery until 1:50 P. M., when seven of his eleven guns were disabled; and, finding it impossible to defend the fort, and wishing to spare the lives of his gallant men, after consultation with his officers he surrendered the fort.

It was reported at the time that, in surrendering to Flag-Officer Foote, the Confederate general said, "I am glad to surrender to so gallant an officer," and that Foote replied, "You do perfectly right, sir, in surrendering, but you should have blown my boat out of the water before I would have surrendered to you." I was with Foote soon after the surrender, and I cannot believe that such a reply was made by him. He was too much of a gentleman to say anything calculated to wound the feelings of an officer who had defended his post with signal courage and fidelity, and whose spirits were clouded by the adverse fortunes of war.

When I took possession of the fort the



BATTLE OF FORT HENRY. GUN-BOATS "ST. LOUIS," "CARONDELET," "ESSEX," AND "CINCINNATI."
(DRAWN BY ADMIRAL WALKER.)

Confederate surgeon was laboring with his coat off to relieve and save the wounded; and although the officers and crews of the gun-boats gave three hearty cheers when the Confederate flag was hauled down, the first inside view of the fort sufficed to suppress every feeling of exultation and to excite our deepest pity. On every side the blood of the dead and wounded was intermingled with the earth and their implements of war. Their largest gun, a 128-pounder, was dismounted and filled with earth by the bursting of one of our shells near its muzzle; the carriage of another was broken to pieces, and two dead men lay near it, almost covered with heaps of earth; a rifled gun had burst, throwing its mangled gunners into the water. But few of the garrison escaped unhurt.

General Grant, with his staff, rode into the fort about three o'clock on the same day, and relieved me of the command. The general and staff then accompanied me on board the *Carondelet* (anchored near the fort), where he complimented the officers of the flotilla in the highest terms for the gallant manner in which they had captured Fort Henry. He had expected his troops to take part in a land attack, but the heavy rains had made the direct roads to the fort almost impassable.

The wooden gun-boats *Conestoga*, Commander S. L. Phelps, *Taylor*, Lieutenant-Commander William Gwin, and *Lexington*, Lieutenant J. W. Shirk, engaged the enemy at long range in the rear of the iron-clads. After the battle they pursued the enemy's transports up the river, and the *Conestoga* captured the steamer *Eastport*. The news of the capture of Fort Henry was received with great rejoicing all over the North.

On the 7th I received on board the *Carondelet* Colonels Webster, Rawlins, and McPherson, with a company of troops, and under instructions from General Grant proceeded up the Tennessee River, and completed the



GENERAL LLOYD TILGHMAN, CONFEDERATE COMMANDER AT FORT HENRY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

destruction of the bridge of the Memphis and Bowling Green Railroad.

THE GUN-BOATS AT FORT DONELSON.

ON returning from my expedition up the Tennessee River, General Grant requested me to hasten to Fort Donelson with the *Carondelet*, *Taylor*, and *Lexington*, and announce my arrival by firing signal guns. The object of this movement was to take possession of the river as soon as possible, and to engage the enemy's attention by making formidable demonstrations before the fort, and prevent it from being reënforced. On February 10th the *Carondelet* alone (towed by the transport *Alps*) proceeded up the Cumberland River, and on the 12th arrived a few miles below the fort.

Fort Donelson occupied one of the best defensive positions on the river. It was built on a bold bluff about one hundred and twenty feet in height, on the west side of the river, where it

makes a slight bend to the eastward. It had three batteries, mounting in all sixteen guns; the lower battery, about twenty feet above the water, had eight 32-pounders, and one 128-pounder; the second, about fifty feet above the water, was of about equal strength; the third, on the summit, had three or four heavy field-guns, or siege-guns, as they appeared to us from a distance.

When the *Carondelet*, her tow being cast off, came in sight of the fort and proceeded

about three miles and anchored. But the sound of her guns aroused our soldiers on the southern side of the fort into action; one report says that when they heard the guns of the *avant courier* of the fleet, they gave cheer upon cheer, and rather than permit the sailors to get ahead of them again, they engaged in skirmishes with the enemy, and began the terrible battle of the three days following.* On the *Carondelet* we were isolated and beset with dangers from the enemy's lurking sharpshooters.



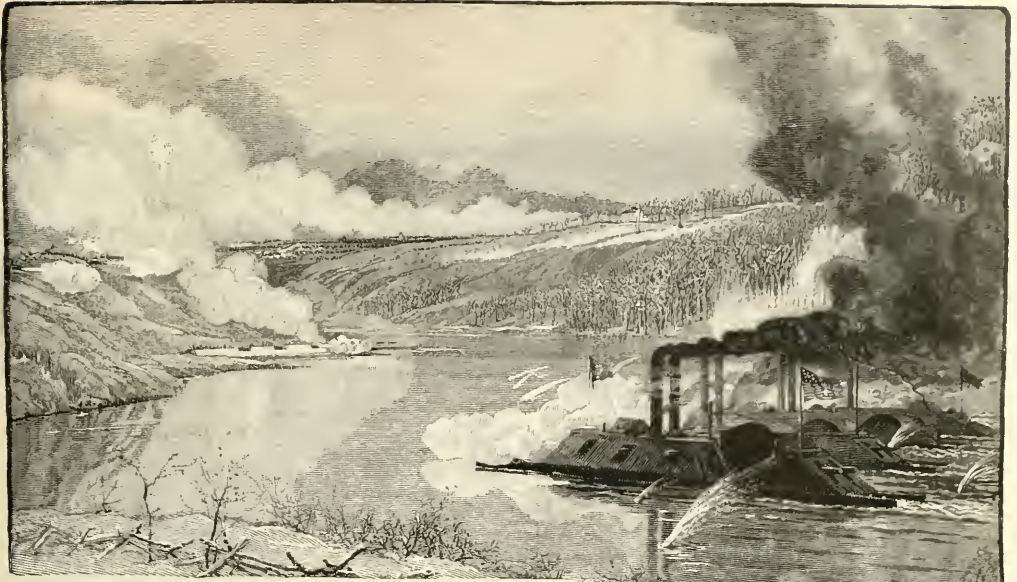
BETWEEN DECKS—SERVING THE GUNS. (DRAWN BY ALLEN C. REDWOOD, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKER.)

up to within long range of the batteries, not a living creature could be seen. The hills and woods on the west side of the river hid part of the enemy's formidable defenses, which were lightly covered with snow; but the black rows of heavy guns, pointing down on us, reminded me of the dismal-looking sepulchers cut in the rocky cliffs near Jerusalem, but far more repulsive. At 12:50 P. M., to unmask the silent enemy, and to announce my arrival to General Grant, I ordered the how-guns to be fired at the fort. Only one shell fell short. There was no response except the echo from the hills. The fort appeared to have been evacuated. After firing ten shells into it the *Carondelet* dropped down the river

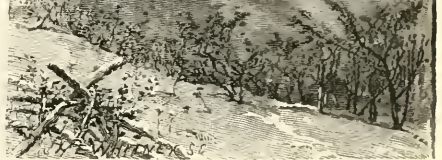
On the 13th a dispatch was received from General Grant, informing me that he had arrived the day before, and had succeeded in getting his army in position, almost entirely investing the enemy's works. "Most of our batteries," he said, "are established, and the remainder soon will be. If you will advance with your gun-boat at ten o'clock in the morning, we will be ready to take advantage of any diversion in our favor."

I immediately complied with these instructions, and at 9:05, with the *Carondelet* alone and under cover of a heavily wooded point, fired one hundred and thirty-nine seventy-pound and sixty-four-pound shells at the fort. We received in return the fire of all the

* For a description of the capture of Fort Donelson by the army under General Grant, see the paper by General Lew Wallace in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1884.



THE GUN-BOATS AT FORT DONELSON.—THE LAND ATTACK IN THE DISTANCE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKER.)

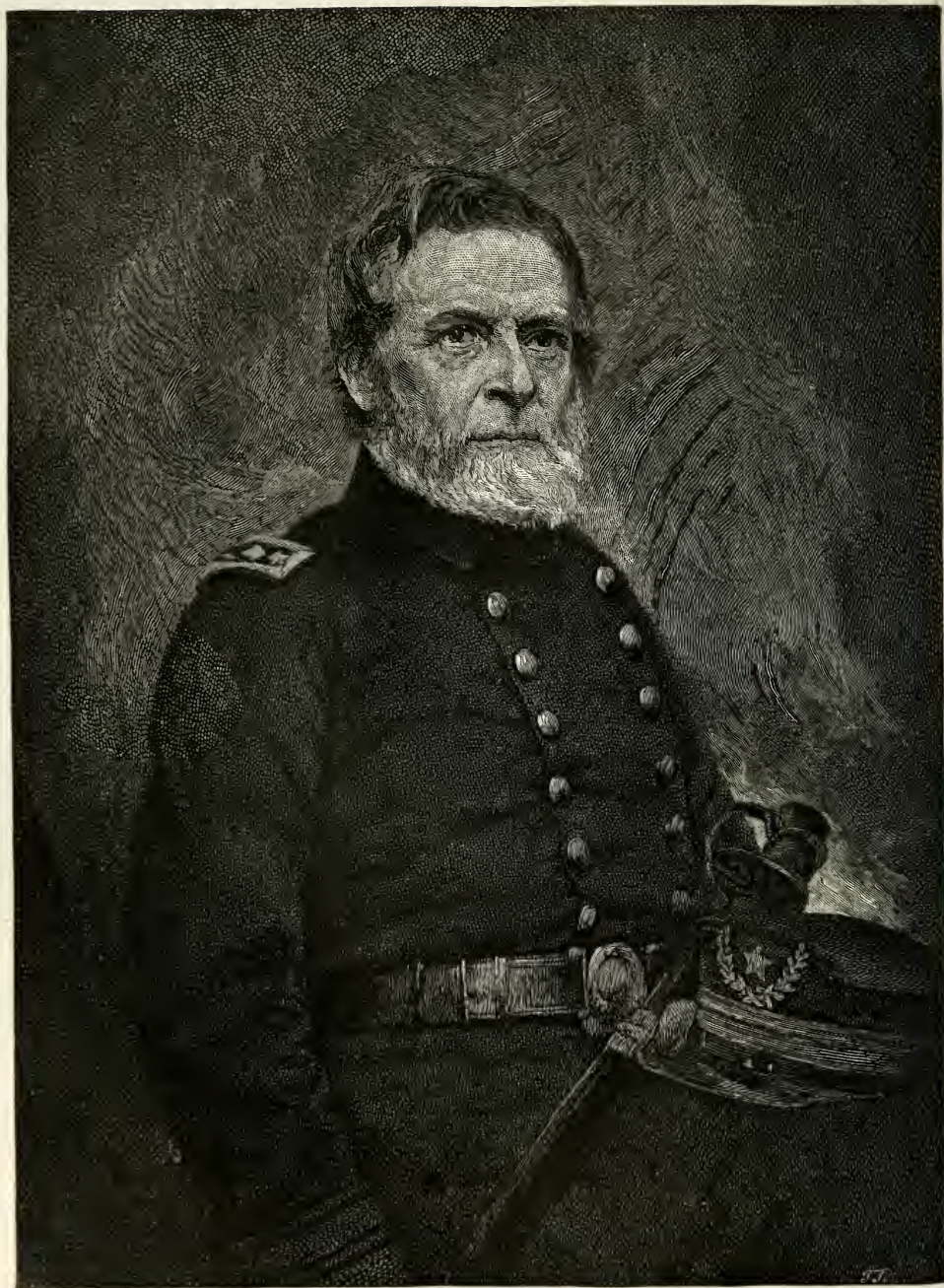


enemy's guns that could be brought to bear on the *Carondelet*, which sustained but little damage, except from two shots. One, a 128-pound solid, at 11:30 struck the corner of our port broadside casemate, passed through it, and in its progress toward the center of our boilers glanced over the temporary barricade in front of the boilers. It then passed over the steam-drum, struck the beams of the upper deck, carried away the railing around the engine-room and burst the steam-heater, and, glancing back into the engine-room, "seemed to bound after the men," as one of the engineers said, "like a wild beast pursuing its prey." I have preserved this ball as a souvenir of the fight at Fort Donelson. When it burst through the side of the *Carondelet*, it knocked down and wounded a dozen men, seven of them severely. An immense quantity of splinters was blown through the vessel. Some of them, as fine as needles, shot through the clothes of the men like arrows. Several of the wounded were so much excited by the suddenness of the event and the sufferings of their comrades that they were not aware that they themselves had been struck until they felt the blood running into their shoes. Upon receiving this shot we ceased firing for a while.

After dinner we sent the wounded on board the *Alps*, repaired damages, and, not expecting any assistance, at 12:15 we resumed, in accordance with General Grant's request, and bombarded the fort until dusk, when nearly

all our ten-inch and fifteen-inch shells were expended. The firing from the shore having ceased, we retired. We could not ascertain the amount of damage inflicted on the fort, but were told by its officers, and by correspondents who visited it after the capture, that we disabled three guns and killed an engineer. The whole number of the killed and wounded could not be ascertained. The commander of the Confederate batteries acknowledged that the casualties were greater and the damage to the guns more serious on the day of the *Carondelet's* attack than on the following day, when the whole fleet was engaged. The practice of the gunners of the *Carondelet*, being much more deliberate on the first day of the battle (owing to ample time and a partly sheltered position), must have been far superior to the practice of the gunners of the fleet on the second day, under the excitement and hurry of an attack at close quarters, with the enemy's heavy shot constantly striking and crashing through the sides of their vessels.

At 11:30 on the night of the 13th Flag-Officer Foote arrived below Fort Donelson with the iron-clads *St. Louis*, *Louisville*, and *Pittsburgh*, and the wooden gun-boats *Taylor* and *Conestoga*. On the 14th all the hard materials in the vessels, such as chains, lum-



ANDREW HULL FOOTE, REAR-ADMIRAL U. S. N. (DIED JUNE 26, 1863.)

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY.)

ber, and bags of coal, were laid on the upper decks to protect them from the plunging shots of the enemy. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon our fleet advanced to attack the fort, the *Louisville* being on the west side of the river, the *St. Louis* (flag-steamer) next, then the *Pittsburgh* and *Carondelet* on the east side of the river. The wooden gun-boats were about a thousand yards in the rear. When we started in line abreast, at a moderate speed, the *Louisville* and *Pittsburgh*, not keeping up to their positions, were hailed from the flag-steamer to "steam up." At 3:30, when about a mile and a half from the fort, two shots were fired at us, both falling short. When within a mile of the fort the *St. Louis* opened fire, and the other iron-clads followed, slowly and deliberately at first, but more rapidly as the fleet advanced. The flag-officer hailed the *Carondelet*, and ordered us not to fire so fast. Some of our shells went over the fort, and almost into our camp beyond. As we drew nearer, the enemy's fire greatly increased in force and effect. But, the officers and crew of the *Carondelet* having recently been long under fire, and having become practiced in fighting, her gunners were as cool and composed as old veterans. We heard the deafening crack of the bursting shells, the crash of the solid shot, and the whizzing of fragments of shell and wood as they sped through the vessel. Soon a 128-pounder struck our anchor, smashed it into flying bolts, and bounded over the vessel, taking away a part of our smoke-stack; then another cut away the iron boat-davits as if they were pipe-stems, whereupon the boat dropped into the water. Another ripped up the iron plating and glanced over; another went through the plating and lodged in the heavy casemate; another struck the pilot-house, knocked the plating to pieces, and sent fragments of iron and splinters into the pilots, one of whom fell mortally wounded, and was taken below; another shot took away the remaining boat-davits and the boat with them; and still they came, harder and faster, taking flag-staffs and smoke-stacks, and tearing off the side armor as lightning tears the bark from a tree. Our men fought desperately, but, under the excitement of the occasion, loaded too hastily, and the port rifled gun exploded. One of the crew, in his account of the explosion soon after it occurred, said: "I was serving the gun with shell. When it exploded it knocked us all down, killing none, but wounding over a dozen men, and spreading dismay and confusion among us. For about two minutes I was stunned, and at least five minutes elapsed before I could tell what was the matter. When I found out that

I was more scared than hurt, although suffering from the gunpowder which I had inhaled, I looked forward and saw our gun lying on the deck, split in three pieces. Then the cry ran through the boat that we were on fire, and my duty as pump-man called me to the pumps. While I was there, two shots entered our bow-ports and killed four men and wounded several others. They were borne past me, three with their heads off. The sight almost sickened me, and I turned my head away. Our master's mate came soon after and ordered us to our quarters at the gun. I told him the gun had burst, and that we had caught fire on the upper deck from the enemy's shell. He then said: 'Never mind the fire; go to your quarters.' Then I took a station at the starboard tackle of another rifled bow-gun and remained there until the close of the fight." The carpenter and his men extinguished the flames.

When within four hundred yards of the fort, and while the Confederates were running from their lower battery, our pilot-house was struck again and another pilot wounded, our wheel was broken, and shells from the rear boats were bursting over us. All four of our boats were shot away and dragging in the water. On looking out to bring our broadside guns to bear, we saw that the other gun-boats were rapidly falling back out of line. The *Pittsburgh* in her haste to turn struck the stern of the *Carondelet*, and broke our starboard rudder, so that we were obliged to go ahead to clear the *Pittsburgh* and the point of rocks below. The pilot of the *St. Louis* was killed and the pilot of the *Louisville* was wounded. Both vessels had their wheel-ropes shot away, and the men were prevented from steering the *Louisville* with the tiller-ropes at the stern by the shells from the rear boats bursting over them. The *St. Louis* and *Louisville*, becoming unmanageable, were compelled to drop out of battle, and the *Pittsburgh* followed; all had suffered severely from the enemy's fire. Flag-Officer Foote was wounded while standing by the pilot of the *St. Louis* when he was killed. We were then about 350 yards from the fort.

There was no alternative for the *Carondelet* in that narrow stream but to keep her head to the enemy and fire into the fort with her two bow-guns, to prevent it, if possible, from returning her fire effectively. The enemy saw that she was in a manner left to his mercy, and concentrated the fire of all his batteries upon her. In return, the *Carondelet's* guns were well served to the last shot. Our new acting gunner, John Hall, was just the man for the occasion. He came forward, offered his



EXPLOSION OF A GUN ON BOARD THE "CARONDELET" DURING THE ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON.
(DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKER.)

services, and with my sanction took charge of the starboard-bow rifled gun. He instructed the men to obey his warnings and follow his motions, and he told them that when he saw a shot coming he would call out "Down" and stoop behind the breech of the gun as he did so; at the same instant the men were to stand away from the bow-ports. Nearly every shot from the fort struck the bows of the *Carondelet*. Most of them were fired on the ricochet level, and could be plainly seen skipping on the water before they struck. The enemy's object was to sink the gun-boat by striking her just below the water-line. They soon succeeded in planting two thirty-two-pound shots in her bow, between wind and water, which made her leak badly, but her compartments kept her from sinking until we could plug up the shot-holes. Three shots struck the starboard casemating; four struck the port casemating forward of the rifle-gun; one struck on the starboard side, between the water-line and plank-sheer, cutting through the planking; six shots struck the pilot-house, shattering one section into pieces and cutting through the iron casing. The smoke-stacks were riddled.

Our gunners kept up a constant firing while we were falling back; and the warning words, "Look out!" "Down!" were often heard, and heeded by nearly all the gun-crews. On one occasion, while the men were at the muzzle of the middle bow-gun, loading it, the warning came just in time for them to jump inside as a thirty-two-pounder struck the lower sill, and glancing up struck the upper sill, then, falling on the inner edge of the lower sill, bounded on deck and spur around like a top, but hurt no one. It was very evident that if the men who were loading had not obeyed the order to drop, several of them would have been killed. So I repeated the instructions and warned the men at the guns and the crew generally to bow or stand off from the ports when a shot was seen coming. But some of the young men, from a spirit of bravado or from a belief in the doctrine of fatalism, disregarded the instructions, saying it was useless to attempt to dodge a cannon-ball, and they would trust to luck. The warning words, "Look out!" "Down!" were again soon heard; down went the gunner and his men, as the whizzing shot glanced on the gun, taking off the gunner's cap and the heads of two of the young men who trusted to luck, and in defiance of the order were standing up or passing behind him. This shot killed another man also, who was at the last gun of the starboard side, and disabled the gun. It came in with a hissing sound; three sharp spats and a heavy bang told the sad fate of

three brave comrades. Before the decks were well sanded, there was so much blood on them that our men could not work the guns without slipping.

We kept firing at the enemy so long as he was within range, to prevent him, if possible, from seeing us through the smoke. The *Carondelet* was the first in and the last out of the fight at Fort Donelson, and was more damaged than any of the other gun-boats, as the boat-carpenters who repaired them subsequently informed me. She was much longer under fire than any other vessel of the flotilla; and, according to the report of the Secretary of the Navy, her loss in killed and wounded was twice as great as that of all the other gun-boats together. She fired more shot and shell into Fort Donelson than any other gun-boat, and was struck fifty-four times. These particulars are given because a disposition was shown by correspondents and naval historians to ignore the services of the *Carondelet* on this and other occasions.

In the action of the 14th all of the armored vessels were fought with the greatest energy, skill, and courage, until disabled by the enemy's heavy shot. In his official report of the battle the flag-officer said: "The officers and men in this hotly contested but unequal fight behaved with the greatest gallantry and determination." The casualties on board the boats were ten killed and forty-four wounded.

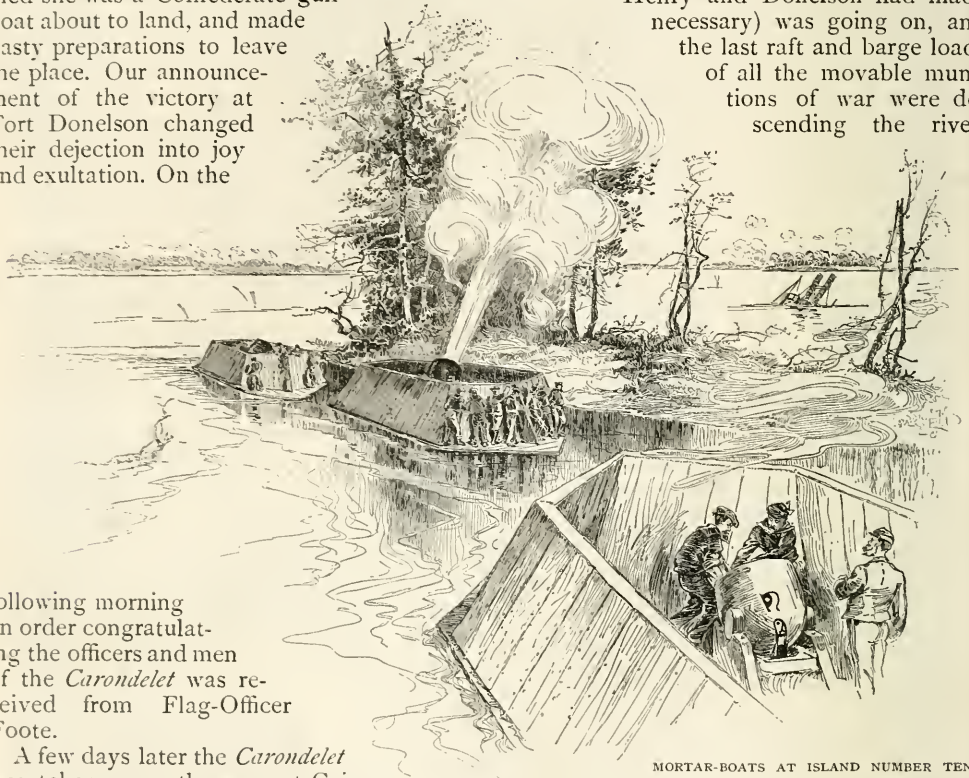
Although the gun-boats were repulsed in this action, the demoralizing effect of their cannonade, and of the heavy and well-sustained fire of the *Carondelet* on the day before, must have been very great, and contributed in no small degree to the successful operations of the army under General Grant on the following day.

After the battle I called upon the flag-officer, and found him suffering from his wounds. He asked me if I could have run past the fort, something I should not have ventured upon without permission.

The 15th was employed in the burial of our slain comrades. I read the Episcopal service on board the *Carondelet*, under our flag at half-mast; and the sailors bore their late companions to a lonely field within the shadows of the hills. When they were about to lower the first coffin, a Roman Catholic priest appeared, and his services being accepted, he read the prayers for the dead, and in the course of his remarks said: "Although the deceased did not die like Christians, they died like heroes, in defense of their country and flag." As the last service was ended, the sound of the battle being waged by General Grant, like the rumbling of distant thunder, was the only requiem for our departed shipmates.

On Sunday, the 16th, at dawn, Fort Donelson surrendered and the gun-boats steamed up to Dover. After religious services, the *Carondelet* proceeded to Cairo, and arrived there on the morning of the 17th, in such a dense fog that she passed below the town unnoticed, and had great difficulty in finding the landing. There had been a report that the enemy was coming from Columbus to attack Cairo during the absence of its defenders; and while the *Carondelet* was cautiously feeling her way back and blowing her whistle, some people imagined she was a Confederate gun-boat about to land, and made hasty preparations to leave the place. Our announcement of the victory at Fort Donelson changed their dejection into joy and exultation. On the

On the morning of the 23d the flag-officer made a reconnaissance to Columbus, Kentucky, with four gun-boats and two mortar-boats, accompanied by the wooden gun-boat *Conestoga*, conveying five transports. The fortifications looked more formidable than ever. The enemy fired two guns, and sent up a transport with the pretext, it was said, of effecting an exchange of prisoners. But at that time, as we learned afterward from a credible source, the evacuation of the fort (which General Grant's successes at Forts Henry and Donelson had made necessary) was going on, and the last raft and barge loads of all the movable munitions of war were descending the river,



MORTAR-BOATS AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

following morning an order congratulating the officers and men of the *Carondelet* was received from Flag-Officer Foote.

A few days later the *Carondelet* was taken up on the ways at Cairo for repairs; and a crowd of carpenters worked on her night and day. After the repairs were completed, she was ordered to make the experiment of backing up stream, which proved a laughable failure. She would sheer from one side of the river to the other, and with two anchors astern she could not be held steady enough to fight her bow-guns down stream. She dragged both anchors alternately, until they came together, and the experiment failed completely.

which, with a large quantity previously taken away, could and would have been captured by our fleet if we had received this information in time. On the 4th of March another reconnaissance in force was made with all the gun-boats and eight mortar-boats, and the fortress had still a formidable, life-like appearance, caused by Quaker guns, however, as it had been evacuated two days before.*

On the 5th of March, while we were descending the Mississippi in a dense fog, the

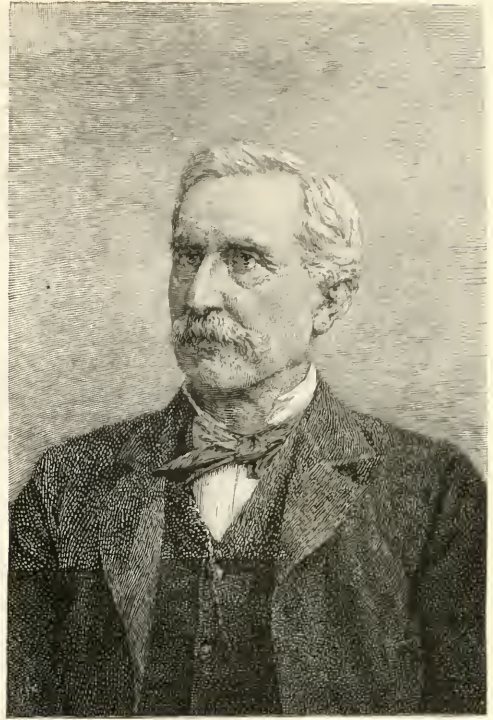
* An incident illustrative of the character of Foote occurred on that day at Columbus on the deck of the flag-steamer, after a consultation which he held with his commanding officers. As well as I can remember, Foote said: "Gentlemen, I expect you to support me, as Aaron and Hur stayed the hands of Moses until the victory was won over Amalek." Turning to me with a look of inquiry, for confirmation, as it were, of the correctness of his scriptural reference, I, concurring, said that, according to my recollection, Aaron and another friend did hold up the hands of Moses during some great battle until the going down of the sun, and until the victory was won. (Exodus xvii. 11, 12, 13.)—H. W.

flag-steamer leading, the Confederate gun-boat *Grampus*, or *Dare-devil Jack*, the sauciest little vessel on the river, suddenly appeared across our track and "close aboard." She stopped her engines and struck her colors, and we all thought she was ours at last. But when the captain of the *Grampus* saw how slowly we moved, and as no gun was fired to bring him to, he started off with astonishing speed and was out of danger before the flag-steamer could fire a gun. She ran before us yawing and flirting about, and blowing her alarm-whistle so as to announce our approach to the enemy who had now retired to Island Number Ten, a strong position sixty miles below Columbus (and of the latitude of Forts Henry and Donelson), where General Beauregard, who was now in general command of our opponents, had determined to contest the possession of the river.

EXPLOITS AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

ON March 15th the flotilla and transports continued on their way to Island Number Ten, arriving in its vicinity about nine in the morning. The strong and muddy current of the river had overflowed its banks and carried away every movable thing. Houses, trees, fences, and wrecks of all kinds were being swept rapidly down-stream. The twists and turns of the river near Island Number Ten are certainly remarkable. Within a radius of eight miles from the island it crosses the boundary line of Kentucky and Tennessee three times, running on almost every point of the compass. We were greatly surprised when we arrived above Island Number Ten and saw on the bluffs a chain of forts extending for four miles along the crescent-formed shore, with the white tents of the enemy in the rear. And there lay the island in the lower corner of the crescent, with the side fronting the Missouri shore lined with heavy ordnance, so trained that with the artillery on the opposite shore almost every point on the river between the island and the Missouri bank could be reached at once by all the enemy's batteries.

On the 17th an attack was made on the upper battery by all the iron-clads and mortar-boats. The *Benton* (flag-steamer), lashed between the *Cincinnati* and *St. Louis*, was on the east side of the river; the *Mound City*, *Carondelet*, and *Pittsburgh* were on the west side; the last, however, changed her position to the east side of the river before the firing began. We opened fire on the upper fort at 1:20, and by order of the flag-officer fired one gun a minute. The enemy replied

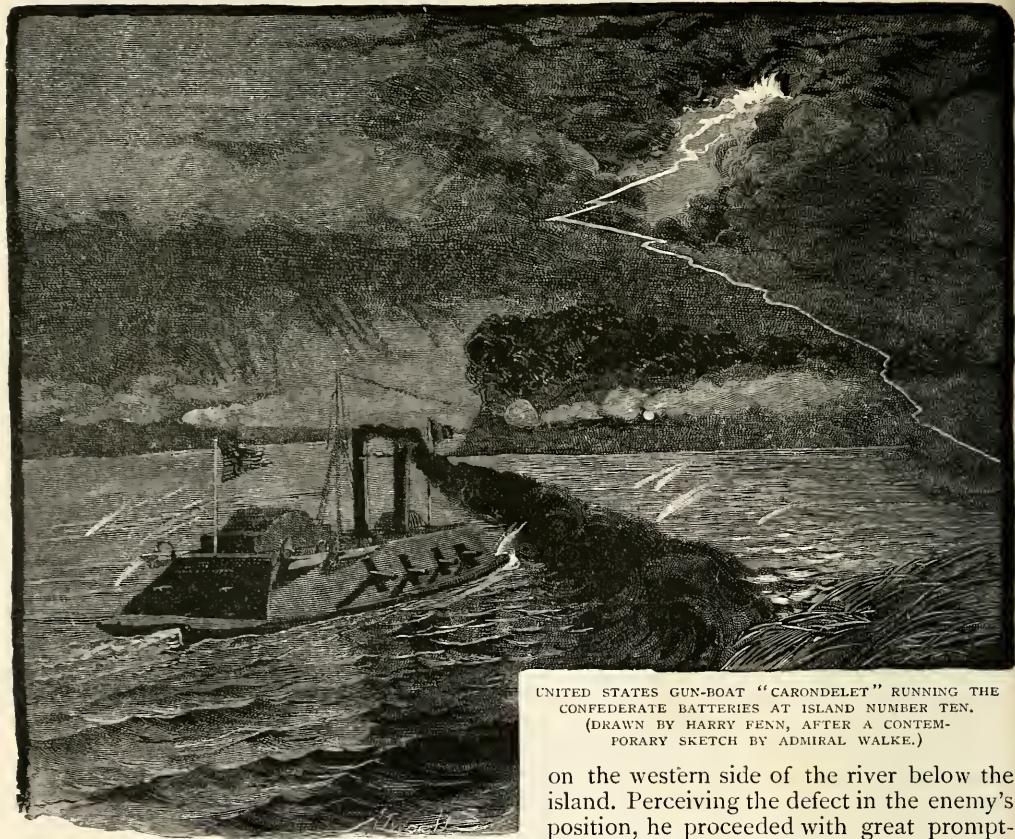


GENERAL W. W. MACKALL, CONFEDERATE COMMANDER AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. DAVIS.)

promptly, and some of his shot struck the *Benton*, but, owing to the distance from which they were fired, did but little damage. We silenced all the guns in the upper fort except one. During the action one of the rifled guns of the *St. Louis* exploded, killing and wounding several of the gunners; another proof of the truth of the saying that the guns furnished the Western flotilla were less destructive to the enemy than to ourselves.

From March 17th to April 4th but little progress was made in the reduction of the Confederate works—the gun-boats firing a few shot now and then at long range, but doing little damage. The mortar-boats, however, were daily throwing thirteen-inch bombs, and so effectively at times that the Confederates were driven from their batteries and compelled to seek refuge in caves and other places of safety. But it was very evident that the great object of the expedition—the reduction of the works and the capture of the Confederate forces—could not be effected by the gun-boats alone, owing to their mode of structure and to the disadvantage under which they were fought in the strong and rapid current of the Mississippi. This was the opinion not only of naval officers, but also of General Pope and other army officers.

On the 23d of March the monotony of the



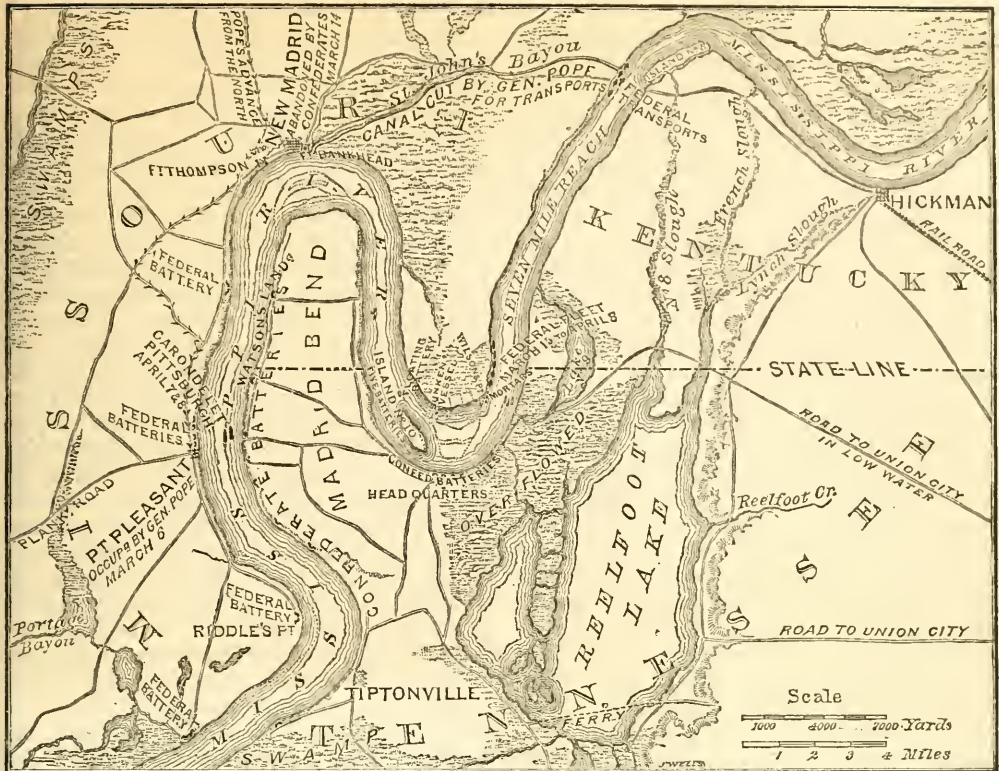
UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "CARONDELET" RUNNING THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES AT ISLAND NUMBER TEN. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH BY ADMIRAL WALKER.)

long and tedious investment was unfortunately varied in a very singular manner. The *Carondelet* being moored nearest the enemy's upper fort, under several large cottonwood trees, in order to protect the mortar-boats, suddenly, and without warning, two of the largest of the trees fell across her deck, mortally wounding one of the crew and severely wounding another, and doing great damage to the vessel. This was twelve days before I ran the gauntlet at Island Number Ten with the *Carondelet*.

To understand fully the importance of that adventure, some explanation of the military situation at and below Island Number Ten seems necessary. After the evacuation of New Madrid, which General Pope had forced by blockading the river twelve miles below, at Point Pleasant, the Confederate forces occupied their fortified positions on Island Number Ten and the eastern shore of the Mississippi, where they were cut off by impassable swamps on the land side. They were in a *cul-de-sac*, and the only way open for them to obtain supplies or to effect a retreat was by the river south of Island Number Ten. General Pope, with an army of twenty thousand men, was

on the western side of the river below the island. Perceiving the defect in the enemy's position, he proceeded with great promptness and ability to take advantage of it. It was his intention to cross the river and attack the enemy from below, but he could not do this without the aid of a gun-boat to silence the enemy's batteries opposite Point Pleasant and protect his army in crossing. He wrote repeatedly to Flag-Officer Foote, urging him to send down a gun-boat past the enemy's batteries on Island Number Ten, and in one of his letters expressed the belief that a boat could pass down at night under cover of the darkness. But the flag-officer invariably declined, saying in one of his letters to General Pope that the attempt "would result in the sacrifice of the boat, her officers and men, which sacrifice I would not be justified in making."

During this correspondence the bombardment still went on, but was attended with such poor results that it became a subject of ridicule among the officers of Pope's army, one of whom (Colonel Gilmore, of Chillicothe, Ohio) is reported to have said that often when they met, and inquiry was made respecting the operations of the flotilla, the answer would generally be: "Oh! it is still bombarding the State of Tennessee at long range." And a Confederate officer said that no casualties resulted and no damage was



MAP OF MILITARY AND NAVAL OPERATIONS ABOUT ISLAND NO. TEN. (BASED ON THE TWO MAPS BY CAPTAIN A. B. GRAY, C. S. A., MADE IN MARCH, 1862, AND ON OFFICIAL REPORTS.)

sustained at Island Number Ten from the fire of the gun-boats.

On March 20th Flag-Officer Foote consulted his commanding officers, through Commander Stemple, as to the practicability of taking a gun-boat past the enemy's forts to New Madrid, and all except myself were opposed to the enterprise, believing with Foote that the attempt to pass the batteries would result in the almost certain destruction of the boat. I did not think so, but believed with General Pope that, under the cover of darkness and other favorable circumstances, a gun-boat might be run past the enemy's batteries, formidable as they were with nearly fifty guns. And although fully aware of the hazardous nature of the enterprise, I knew that the aid of a gun-boat was absolutely necessary to enable General Pope to succeed in his operations against the enemy, and thought the importance of this success justified the risk of running the gauntlet of the batteries on Island Number Ten and the adjacent shores. The

army officers were becoming impatient, and it was well known that the Confederates had a number of small gun-boats below, and were engaged in building several large and powerful vessels, of which the renowned *Arkansas* was one. And there was good reason to apprehend that these gun-boats would ascend the river and pass or silence Pope's batteries, and relieve the Confederate forces on Island Number Ten and the eastern shore of the Mississippi. That Pope and Foote apprehended this, appears clearly from the correspondence between them.*

The flag-officer now called a formal council of war of all his commanding officers. It was held on board the flag-steamer, on the 28th or 29th of March, and all except myself concurred in the opinion formerly expressed that the attempt to pass the batteries was too hazardous and ought not to be made. When I was asked to give my views, I favored the undertaking, and advised compliance with the requests of General Pope. When asked if I was willing to make the attempt

* An interesting and important enterprise in this campaign was the construction under great difficulties of a canal, twelve miles in length, from the Mississippi to New Madrid, as shown in the map. The progress of General Pope's campaign having been retarded by the want of vessels to take the army over the river, it was decided to make a water-way across country, whereby the transports might elude the Confederate batteries. The execution of the work was superintended by Colonel J. W. Bissell, of the U. S. Engineers.—Ed.

with the *Carondelet*, I replied in the affirmative. Foote accepted my advice, and expressed himself as greatly relieved from a heavy responsibility, as he had determined to send none but volunteers on an expedition he regarded as perilous and of very doubtful success.

Having received written orders from the flag-officer, under date of March 30th, I at once began to prepare the *Carondelet* for the ordeal. All the loose material at hand was collected, and on the 4th of April the decks were covered with it, to protect them against plunging shot. Hawsers and chain cables were placed around the pilot-house and other vulnerable parts of the vessel, and every precaution was adopted to prevent disaster. A coal-barge laden with hay and coal was lashed to the part of the port side on which there was no iron plating, to protect the magazine. And it was truly said that the old *Carondelet* at that time resembled a farmer's wagon prepared for market. The engineers led the escape-steam, through the pipes aft, into the wheel-house, to avoid the puffing sound it made when blown through the smoke-stacks.

All the necessary preparations having been made, I informed the flag-officer of my intention to run the gauntlet that night, and received his approval. Colonel Buford, who commanded the land forces temporarily with the flotilla, assisted me in preparing for the trip, and on the night of the 4th brought on board Captain Hollenstein, of the Forty-second Illinois, and twenty-three sharpshooters of his command, who volunteered their services, which were gratefully accepted. Colonel Buford remained on board until the last moment to encourage us. I informed the officers and crew of the character of the undertaking, and all expressed a readiness to make the venture. In order to resist boarding parties in case we should be disabled, the sailors were well armed, and pistols, cutlasses, muskets, boarding-pikes, and hand-grenades were within reach. Hose was attached to the boilers for throwing scalding water over any who might attempt to board. If it should be found impossible to save the vessel, it was designed to sink rather than burn her, as the loss of life would probably be greater in the latter case by the explosion of her magazine. During the afternoon there was promise of a clear, moonlight night, and it was determined to wait until the moon was down, and then to make the attempt, whatever the chances. Having gone so far.

we could not abandon the project without a bad effect on the men, equal almost to failure.

At ten o'clock the moon had gone down, and the sky, the earth, and the river were alike hidden in the black shadow of a thunder-storm, which had now spread itself over all the heavens. As the time seemed favorable, I ordered the first master to cast off. Dark clouds now rose rapidly over us, and enveloped us in almost total darkness, except when the sky was lighted up by the welcome flashes of vivid lightning, to show us the perilous way we were to take. Now and then the dim outline of the landscape could be seen, and the forest bending under the roaring storm that came rushing up the river.

With our bow pointing to the island, we passed the lowest point of land without being observed, it appears, by the enemy. All speed was given to the vessel to drive her through the tempest. The flashes of lightning continued with frightful brilliancy, and "almost every second," wrote a correspondent, "every brace, post, and outline could be seen with startling distinctness, enshrouded by a bluish white glare of light, and then her form for the next minute would become merged in the intense darkness." When opposite Battery No. 2, on the mainland,* the smoke-stacks blazed up, but the fire was soon subdued. It was caused by the soot becoming dry, as the escape-steam, which usually kept the stacks wet, had been sent into the wheel-house, as already mentioned, to prevent noise. With such vivid lightning as prevailed during the whole passage, there was no prospect of escaping the vigilance of the enemy, but there was good reason to hope that he would be unable to point his guns accurately. Again the smoke-stacks took fire, and were soon put out; and then the roar of the enemy's guns began, and from Batteries Nos. 2, 3, and 4 came almost incessantly the sharp crack and screaming sound of their rifle-shells, which seemed to unite with the electric batteries of the clouds to annihilate us.

While nearing the island or some shoal point, during a few minutes of total darkness, we were startled by the loud, sharp order, "Hard a-port!" from our brave and skillful pilot, First Master Hoel. We almost grazed the island, and it appears were not observed through the storm until we were close in, and the enemy, having no time to point his guns, fired at random. In fact, we ran so near that the enemy did not, probably could not,

* During the dark and stormy night of April 1st Colonel George W. Roberts, of the 42d Illinois Regiment, executed a brilliant exploit. Forty picked men, in five barges, with muffled oars, left for Battery No. 1 (two miles above Island Number Ten). They proceeded in silence, and were unobserved until within a few rods of the fort, when a vivid flash of lightning discovered them to the sentries. They fired, but our men did not reply, and in an instant they were climbing up the slippery bank, and in three minutes more the six guns were spiked, Colonel Roberts himself spiking a huge eighty-pound pivot-gun. Some of these guns had been previously dismounted by our fleet, and were now rendered doubly useless.—H. W.

depress his guns sufficiently. While close under the lee of the island and during a lull in the storm and in the firing, one of our pilots heard a Confederate officer shout, "Elevate your guns!" "Yes, confound you," said the pilot, in a much lower key, "elevate." It is probable that the muzzles of those guns had been depressed to keep the rain out of them, and the officers, not expecting another night attack in such a storm, and arriving late, ordered the guns elevated just in time to save us from the direct fire of the enemy's heaviest fort; and this, no doubt, was the cause of our remarkable escape. Nearly all the enemy's shot went over us.

Having passed the principal batteries, we were greatly relieved from suspense, patiently endured, however, by the officers and crew. But there was another formidable obstacle in the way—a floating battery, which was the great "war elephant" of the Confederates, built to blockade the Mississippi permanently. As we passed her she fired six or eight shots at us, but without effect. One ball struck the coal-barge and one was found in a bale of hay; we found also one or two musket-bullets. We arrived at New Madrid about midnight with no one hurt, and were most joyfully received by our army. At the suggestion of Paymaster Nixon, all hands "spliced the main brace."

On Sunday, the 6th, after prayers and thanksgiving, the *Carondelet*, with General Granger, Colonel Smith of the Forty-third Ohio, and Captain Marshall, of General Pope's staff on board, made a reconnaissance twenty miles down the Mississippi, nearly to Tiptonville, the enemy's forts firing on her all the way down. We returned their fire, and dropped a few shells into their camps beyond. On the way back, we captured and spiked the guns of a battery of one thirty-two-pounder and one twenty-four-pounder, in about twenty-five minutes, opposite Point Pleasant. Before we landed to spike the guns, a tall Confederate soldier, with cool and deliberate courage, posted himself behind a large cottonwood-tree, and repeatedly fired upon us, until our Illinois sharpshooters got to work on him from behind the hammock nettings. He had two rifles, which he soon dropped, fleeing into the woods with his head down. We were glad he escaped, and were disposed to give him three cheers for his gallantry. The next day he was captured and brought into camp at Tiptonville, with the tip of his nose shot off. He said it was "diamond cut diamond" between the Illinois men and himself, but that they were sharper shooters than he expected to meet with on a gun-boat. After the capture of this battery, the enemy prepared to evacuate his positions on Island Number Ten

and the adjacent shores, and thus, as one of the historians of the civil war says, the *Carondelet* struck the blow that secured the victory at Island Number Ten.

Returning to New Madrid, we were instructed by General Pope to attack the enemy's batteries of six sixty-four-pounders which protected his rear; and besides, another gun-boat was expected. The *Pittsburgh* (Lieutenant-Commander Thompson) ran the gauntlet without injury, during a thunder-storm, at two in the morning of April 7th, and arrived at five o'clock; but she was not ready for service, and the *Carondelet* attacked the principal batteries at Watson's Landing alone and had nearly silenced them when the *Pittsburgh* came up astern and fired nearly over the *Carondelet's* upper deck, after she and the Confederates had ceased firing. I reported to General Pope that we had cleared the opposite shores of the enemy, and were ready to cover the crossing of the river and the landing of the army. Seeing themselves cut off, the garrison at Island Number Ten surrendered to Foote. The other Confederates retreating before Pope's advance, were overtaken and captured at four o'clock on the morning of the 8th; and about the same time, the cavalry under Colonel W. L. Elliott took possession of the enemy's deserted works on the Tennessee shore.

The result of General Pope's operations in connection with the services of the *Carondelet* below Island Number Ten was the capture of three generals (including General W. W. Mackall who, ten days before the surrender, had succeeded General John P. McCown in the immediate command at Madrid Bend), over five thousand men, twenty pieces of heavy artillery, seven thousand stand of arms, and a large quantity of ammunition and provisions, without the loss of a man on our side.

ON the 12th the *Benton* (flag-steamer), with the *Cincinnati*, *Mound City*, *Cairo*, and *St. Louis*, passed Tiptonville and signaled the *Carondelet* and *Pittsburgh* to follow. Five Confederate gun-boats came up the next day and offered battle; but after the exchange of a few shots at long range they retired down the river. We followed them all the way to Craighead Point, where they were under cover of their fortifications at Fort Pillow. I was not aware at the time that we were chasing the squadron of my esteemed shipmate of the U. S. Frigates *Cumberland* and *Merrimack*, Colonel John W. Dunnington, who afterward fought so bravely at Arkansas Post.

On the 14th General Pope's army landed about six miles above Craighead Point, near Osceola, under the protection of the gun-

boats. While he was preparing to attack Fort Pillow, Foote sent his executive officer twice to me on the *Carondelet* to inquire whether I would undertake, with my vessel and two or three other gun-boats, to pass below the fort to coöperate with General Pope, to which inquiries I replied that I was ready at any time to make the attempt. But Pope and his army (with the exception of fifteen hundred men) were ordered away, and the expedition against Fort Pillow was abandoned. Between the 14th of April and the 10th of May two or three of the mortar-boats were towed down the river and moored near Craighead Point, with a gun-boat to protect them. They were employed in throwing thirteen-inch bombs across the point into Fort Pillow, two miles distant. The enemy returned our bombardment with vigor, but not with much accuracy or effect. Several of their bombs fell close alongside the *Carondelet* and other gun-boats, when we were three miles from the fort.

The Confederate fleet called the "River Defense" having been reënforced, they determined upon capturing the mortar-boats or giving us battle. On the 8th three of their vessels came to the point from which the mortar-boats had thrown their bombs, but, finding none, returned. Foote had given special orders to keep up steam and be ready for battle any moment, day or night. There was so much illness at that time in the flotilla that about a third of the officers and men were under medical treatment, and a great many were unfit for duty. On the 9th of May, at his own request, our distinguished commander-in-chief, Foote, was relieved from his arduous duties. He had become very much enfeebled from the wounds received at Fort Donelson and from illness. He carried with him the heart-felt sympathy and regrets of all his command. He was succeeded by Flag-Officer Davis, a most excellent officer.

FIGHTING THE CONFEDERATE FLEET.

THIS paper would not be complete without some account of the naval battles fought by the flotilla immediately after the retirement of Flag-Officer Foote, under whose supervision and amid the greatest embarrassments it had been built, organized, and equipped. On the morning of the 10th of May a mortar-boat was towed down the river, as usual, at 5 A. M., to bombard Fort Pillow. The *Cincinnati* soon followed to protect her. At 6:35 eight Confederate "rams" came up the river at full speed. The *Carondelet* at once prepared for action, and slipped her hawser to the "bare

end," ready for orders to "go ahead." No officer was on the deck of the *Benton* (flag-steamers) except the pilot, Mr. Birch, who informed the flag-officer of the situation, and passed the order to the *Carondelet* and *Pittsburgh* to proceed without waiting for the flag-steamers. General signal was also made to the fleet to get under way, but it was not visible on account of the light fog.

The *Carondelet* started immediately after the first verbal order; the others, for want of steam or some other cause, were not ready, except the *Mound City*, which put off soon after we were fairly on our way to the rescue of the *Cincinnati*. We had proceeded about a mile before our other gun-boats left their moorings. The rams were advancing rapidly, and we steered for the leading vessel, *General Bragg*, a brig-rigged, side-wheeled steam ram, far in advance of the others, and apparently intent on striking the *Cincinnati*. When about three-quarters of a mile from the *General Bragg*, the *Carondelet* and *Mound City* fired on her with their bow-guns, until she struck the *Cincinnati* on the starboard quarter, making a great hole in the shell-room, through which the water poured with resistless force. The *Cincinnati* then retreated up the river and the *General Bragg* drifted down, evidently disabled. The *General Price*, following the example of her consort, also rammed the *Cincinnati*. We fired our bow-guns into the *General Price*, and she backed off, disabled also. The *Cincinnati* was again struck by one of the enemy's rams, the *General Sumter*. Having pushed on with all speed to the rescue of the *Cincinnati*, the *Carondelet* passed her in a sinking condition, and, rounding to, we fired our bow and starboard broadside guns into the retreating *General Bragg* and the advancing rams, *General Jeff Thompson*, *General Beauregard*, and *Lovell*. Heading up-stream, close to a shoal, the *Carondelet* brought her port broadside guns to bear on the *Sumter* and *Price*, which were dropping down-stream. At this crisis the *Van Dorn* and *Little Rebel* had run above the *Carondelet*; the *General Bragg*, *Jeff Thompson*, *Beauregard*, and *Lovell* were below her. The last three, coming up, fired into the *Carondelet*; she returned their fire with her stern-guns; and, while in this position, I ordered the port rifled fifty-pound Dahlgren gun to be leveled and fired at the center of the *Sumter*. The shot struck the vessel just forward of her wheel-house, and the steam instantly poured out from her ports and all parts of her casemates, and we saw her men running out of them and falling or lying down on her deck. None of our gun-boats had yet come to the assistance of the *Carondelet*.

The *Benton* and *Pittsburgh* had probably gone to aid the *Cincinnati*, and the *St. Louis* to relieve the *Mound City*, which had been badly rammed by the *Van Dorn*. The smoke at this time was so dense that we could hardly distinguish the gun-boats above us. The upper deck of the *Carondelet* was swept with grape-shot and fragments of broken shell; some of the latter were picked up by one of the sharpshooters, who told me they were obliged to lie down under shelter to save themselves from the grape and other shot of the *Pittsburgh* above us, and from the shot and broken shell of the enemy below us. Why some of our gun-boats did not fire into the *Van Dorn* and *Little Rebel* while they were above the *Carondelet*, and prevent their escape, if possible, I never could make out.

As the smoke rose we saw that the enemy was retreating rapidly and in great confusion. The *Carondelet* dropped down to within half a mile above Craighead Point, and kept up a continual fire upon their vessels, which were very much huddled together. When they were nearly, if not quite, beyond gunshot, the *Benton*, having raised sufficient steam, came down and passed the *Carondelet*; but the Confederates were under the protection of Fort Pillow before the *Benton* could reach them. Our fleet returned to Plum Point, except the *Carondelet*, which dropped her anchor on the battle-field, two miles or more below the point, and remained there two days on voluntary guard duty.

This engagement was sharp, but not decisive. From the first to the last shot fired by the *Carondelet*, one hour and ten minutes elapsed. After the battle, long-range firing was kept up until the evacuation of Fort Pillow.

On the 25th Colonel Ellet's seven rams arrived,—a useful acquisition to our fleet. During the afternoon of June 4th heavy clouds of smoke were observed rising from Fort Pillow, followed by explosions, which continued through the night; the last of which, much greater than the others, lit up the heavens and the Chickasaw bluffs with a brilliant light, and convinced us that this was the parting salute of the Confederates before leaving for the lower Mississippi. At dawn next morning the fleet was all astir to take possession of Fort Pillow, the flag-steamer leading. We found the casemates, magazines, and breastworks blown to atoms.

On our way to Memphis the enemy's steamer *Sovereign* was intercepted by one of our tugs. She was run ashore by her crew, who attempted to blow her up, but were foiled in their purpose by a boy of sixteen whom the enemy had pressed into service, who, after the abandonment of the vessel, took the extra weights from the safety-valves, opened

the fire-doors and flue-caps, and put water on the fires; and having procured a sheet, he signaled the tug, which came up and took possession. It may be proper to say that on our way down the river we respected private property, and did not assail or molest any except those who were in arms against us.

The morning of the 6th of June we fought the battle of Memphis, which lasted one hour and ten minutes. It was begun by the enemy (whose vessels were in double line of battle opposite the city) firing upon our fleet, then at a distance of a mile and a half or two miles above the city. Their fire continued for a quarter of an hour, when the attack was promptly met by two of our ram squadron, the *Queen of the West* (Colonel Charles Ellet) leading, and the *Monarch* (Lieutenant-Colonel Ellet, younger brother of the leader). These vessels fearlessly dashed ahead of our gun-boats, ran for the enemy's fleet, and at the first plunge succeeded in sinking one and disabling another. The astonished Confederates received them gallantly and effectively. The *Queen of the West* and *Monarch* were followed in line of battle by the gun-boats, under the lead of Flag-Officer Davis, and all of them opened fire, which was continued from the time we got within good range until the end of the battle—two or three tugs keeping all the while a safe distance astern. The *Queen of the West* was a quarter of a mile in advance of the *Monarch*, and after having rammed one of the enemy's fleet, she was badly rammed by the *Beauregard*, which then, in company with the *General Price*, made a dash at the *Monarch* as she approached them. The *Beauregard*, however, missed the *Monarch* and struck the *General Price* instead in her port side, cutting her down to the water-line, tearing off her wheel instantly, and placing her *hors de combat*. The *Monarch* then rammed the *Beauregard*, which had been several times raked fore and aft by the shot and shell of our iron-clads, and she quickly sank in the river opposite Memphis. The *General Lovell*, after having been badly rammed by the *Queen of the West* (or the *Monarch*, as it is claimed), was struck by our shot and shell, and, at about the same time and place as the *Beauregard*, sank to the bottom so suddenly as to take a considerable number of her officers and crew down with her, the remainder being saved by small boats and our tugs. The *General Price*, *Little Rebel* (with a shot-hole through her steam-chest), and our *Queen of the West*, all disabled, were run on the Arkansas shore opposite Memphis; and the *Monarch* afterward ran into the *Little Rebel* just as our fleet were passing her in pursuit of the remainder of the enemy's fleet, then retreating rapidly down the

river. The *Jeff Thompson*, below the point and opposite President's Island, was the next boat disabled by our shot. She was run ashore, burned, and blown up. The Confederate ram *Sumter* was also disabled by our shell and captured. The *Bragg* soon after shared the same fate, and was run ashore, where her officers abandoned her, and disappeared in the forests of Arkansas. All the Confederate rams which had been run on the Arkansas shores were captured. The *Van Dorn*, having a start, alone escaped down the river. The *Monarch* and *Switzerland* were dispatched in pursuit of her and a few transports, but returned without overtaking them, although they captured another steamer.

The scene at this battle was rendered most sublime by the desperate nature of the engagement and the momentous consequences that followed very speedily after the first attack. Thousands of people crowded the high bluffs overlooking the river. The roar of the cannon and shell shook the houses on shore on either side for many miles. First wild yells, shrieks, and clamors, then loud, despairing murmurs, filled the affrighted city. The screaming, plunging shell crashed into the boats, blowing some of them and their crews into fragments, and the rams rushed upon each other like wild beasts in deadly conflict. Blinding smoke hovered about the scene of all this confusion and horror; and, as the battle progressed and the Confederate fleet was destroyed, all the cheering voices on shore were silenced. With each disaster a sympathizing wail went up from the multitude. When the last hope of the Confederates gave way, the lamentations which went up from the spectators were like cries of anguish.

Boats were put off from our vessels to save as many lives as possible. No serious injury was received by any one on board the United States fleet. Colonel Ellet received a pistol-shot in the leg; a shot struck the *Carondelet*

in the bow, broke up her anchor and anchor-stock, and fragments were scattered over her deck among her officers and crew, wounding slightly Acting-Master Gibson and two or three others who were standing at the time on the forward deck with me. The heavy timber which was suspended on the sides of our gunboats, at the water-line, to protect them from being sunk by the Confederate rams, greatly impeded our progress in battle, and it was therefore cut adrift from the *Carondelet* when that vessel was in chase of the *Bragg* and *Sumter*. The latter had just landed a number of her officers and crew, some of whom were emerging from the bushes along the bank of the river, unaware of the *Carondelet's* proximity, when I hailed them through a trumpet, and ordered them to stop or be shot. They obeyed immediately, and by my orders were taken on board a tug and delivered on the *Benton*.

General Jeff Thompson, notable in partisan or border warfare, having signally failed with those rams at Fort Pillow, now resigned them to their fate. It was said that he stood by his horse watching the effect of this desperate struggle, and seeing at last his rams all gone, captured, sunk, or burned, he exclaimed, philosophically, "They are gone, and I am going," mounted his horse, and disappeared.

An enormous amount of property was captured by our squadron; and in addition to the Confederate fleet, we captured at Memphis six large Mississippi steamers, each marked "C. S. A." We also seized a large quantity of cotton in steamers and on shore, and the property at the Confederate navy-yard, and caused the destruction of a large steam ram on the stocks, which was to have been a sister ship to the renowned *Arkansas*. About one hundred Confederates were killed and wounded and one hundred and fifty captured. Chief of all results of the work of the flotilla was the opening of the Mississippi River once for all from Cairo to Memphis.*

Henry Walke.

* The opening of the lower part of the Mississippi by the fleet under Admiral Farragut will be described in an early number of THE CENTURY, by Admiral Porter.



PRACTICING ON A RIVER PICKET.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.



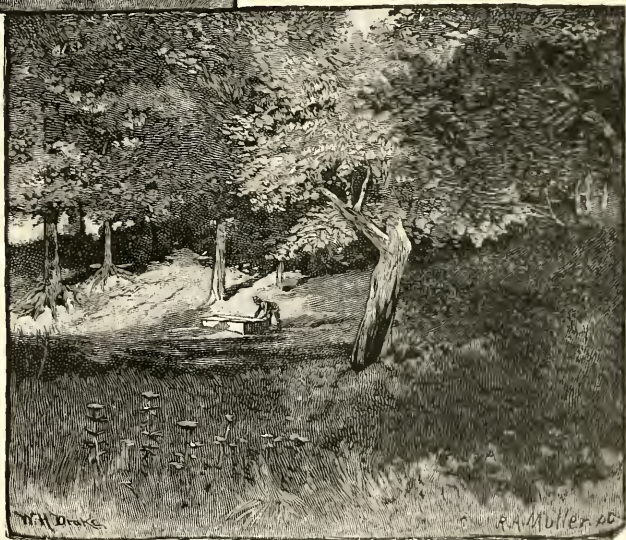
NEW SHILOH CHURCH, ON THE SITE OF THE LOG CHAPEL DESTROYED AFTER THE BATTLE.

[This is the Corinth road, looking south toward Corinth. Sherman's first line of battle was formed in the background above the ravine, in which is the Shiloh spring.]

THE battle of Shiloh, fought on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, is perhaps less understood, or, to state the case more accurately, more persistently misunderstood, than any other engagement between National and so-called Confederate troops during the entire rebellion. Correct reports of the battle have been published, notably by Sherman, Badeau, and, in a speech before a meeting of veterans, by General Prentiss; but all of these appeared long subsequent to the close of the rebellion, and after public opinion had been most erroneously formed.

Events had occurred before the battle, and others subsequent to it, which determined me to make no report to my then chief, General Halleck, further than was contained in a letter, written immediately after the battle, informing him that an engagement had been fought, and announcing the result. The occurrences alluded to are these: after the capture of Fort Donelson, with over fifteen thousand effective men and all their uni-

tions of war, I believed much more could be accomplished without further sacrifice of life. Clarksville, a town between Donelson and Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, and on the east bank of the Cumberland, was garrisoned by the enemy. Nashville was also garrisoned, and was probably the best provisioned depot at the time in the Confederacy. Albert Sidney Johnston occupied Bowling Green, Kentucky, with a large force. I believed, and my information justified the belief, that these places would fall into our hands without a battle, if threat-

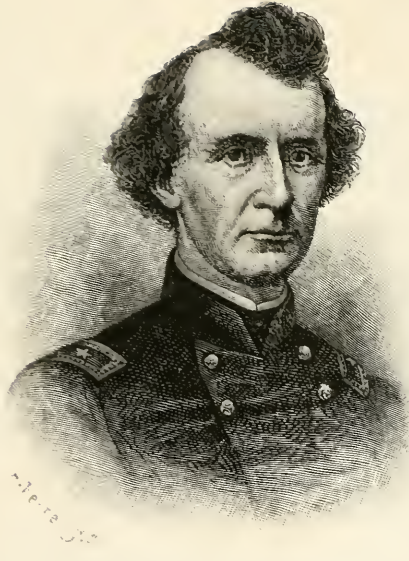


SHILOH SPRING, IN RAVINE SOUTH OF THE CHAPEL.

[The spring is on the Confederate side of the ravine, the chapel being opposite on the left. Hard fighting took place here, in the early morning of Sunday, between Sherman's troops and Hardee's.]

ened promptly. I determined not to miss this chance. But being only a district commander, and under the immediate orders of the department commander, General Halleck, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, it was my duty to communicate to him all I proposed to do, and to get his approval, if possible. I did so communicate, and receiving no reply, acted upon my own judgment. The result proved that my information was correct, and

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE.

sustained my judgment. What, then, was my surprise, after so much had been accomplished by the troops under my immediate command, between the time of leaving Cairo, early in February, and the 4th of March, to receive from my chief a dispatch of the latter date, saying: "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and position of your command?" I was left virtually in arrest on board a steamer, without even a guard, for about a week, when I was released and ordered to resume my command.

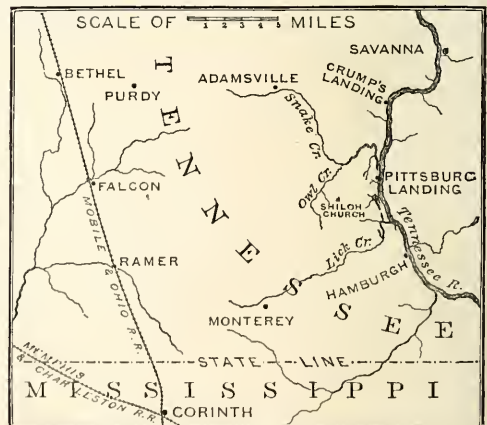
Again: Shortly after the battle of Shiloh had been fought, General Halleck moved his headquarters to Pittsburg Landing, and assumed command of the troops in the field. Although next to him in rank, and nominally in command of my old district and army, I was ignored as much as if I had been at the most distant point of territory within my jurisdiction; and although I was in command of all the troops engaged at Shiloh, I was not permitted to see one of the reports of General Buell or his subordinates in that battle, until they were published by the War Department, long after the event. In consequence, I never myself made a full report of this engagement.

When I was restored to my command, on the 13th of March, I found it on the Tennessee River, part at Savanna and part at Pittsburg Landing, nine miles above, and on the opposite or western bank. I generally spent the day at Pittsburg, and returned by

boat to Savanna in the evening. I was intending to remove my headquarters to Pittsburg, where I had sent all the troops immediately on my reassuming command; but Buell, with the Army of the Ohio, had been ordered to reinforce me from Columbia, Tennessee. He was expected daily, and would come in at Savanna. I remained, therefore, a few days longer than I otherwise should have done, for the purpose of meeting him on his arrival.

General Lew Wallace, with a division, had been placed by General Smith at Crump's Landing, about five miles farther down the river than Pittsburg, and also on the west bank. His position I regarded as so well chosen that he was not moved from it until the Confederate attack in force at Shiloh.

The skirmishing in our front had been so continuous from about the 3d of April up to the determined attack, that I remained on the field each night until an hour when I felt there would be no further danger before morning. In fact, on Friday, the 4th, I was very much injured by my horse falling with me and on me while I was trying to get to the front, where firing had been heard. The night was one of impenetrable darkness, with rain pouring down in torrents; nothing was visible to the eye except as revealed by the frequent flashes of lightning. Under these circumstances I had to trust to the horse, without guidance, to keep the road. I had not gone far, however, when I met General W. H. L. Wallace and General (then Colonel) McPherson coming from the direction of the front. They said all was quiet so far as the enemy was concerned. On the way back to the boat my horse's feet slipped from under him, and he fell with my leg under his body. The extreme softness of the ground, from the excessive rains of the few preceding days, no doubt saved me from a severe injury and protracted lameness.



OUTLINE MAP OF THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.



PRESENT ASPECT OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

[The central or main landing is here shown. On the hill to the right is seen the flag-staff of the National Cemetery; in the rear and to the left of the cemetery is the steamboat store and post-office, where the roads from the landings meet.]

As it was, my ankle was very much injured; so much so, that my boot had to be cut off. During the battle, and for two or three days after, I was unable to walk except with crutches.

On the 5th General Nelson, with a division of Buell's army, arrived at Savanna, and I ordered him to move up the east bank of the river, to be in a position where he could be ferried over to Crump's Landing or Pittsburg Landing, as occasion required. I had learned that General Buell himself would be at Savanna the next day, and desired to meet me on his arrival. Affairs at Pittsburg Landing had been such for several days that I did not want to be away during the day. I determined, therefore, to take a very early breakfast and ride out to meet Buell, and thus save time. He had arrived on the evening of the 5th, but had not advised me of the fact, and I was not aware of it until some time after. While I was at breakfast, however, heavy firing was heard in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, and I hastened there, sending a hurried note to Buell, informing him of the reason why I could not meet him at Savanna. On the way up the river I directed the dispatch-boat to run in close to Crump's Landing, so that I could communicate with General Lew Wallace. I found him waiting on a boat, apparently expecting to see me,

and I directed him to get his troops in line ready to execute any orders he might receive. He replied that his troops were already under arms and prepared to move.

Up to that time I had felt by no means certain that Crump's Landing might not be the point of attack. On reaching the front, however, about 8 A. M., I found that the attack on Shiloh was unmistakable, and that nothing more than a small guard, to protect our transports and stores, at Crump's was needed. Captain Baxter, a quartermaster on my staff, was accordingly directed to go back and order General Wallace to march immediately to Pittsburg, by the road nearest the river. Captain Baxter made a memorandum of his order. About 1 P. M., not hearing from Wallace, and being much in need of reënforcements, I sent two more of my staff, Colonel McPherson and Captain Rowley, to bring him up with his division. They reported finding him marching toward Purdy, Bethel, or some point west from the river, and farther from Pittsburg by several miles than when he started. I never could see, and do not now see, why any order was necessary further than to direct him to come to Pittsburg Landing, without specifying by what route. The road was direct, and near the river. Between the two points a bridge had



MAJOR-GENERAL LEW WALLACE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

been built across Snake Creek by our troops, at which Wallace's command had assisted, expressly to enable the troops at the two places to support each other in case of need. Wallace did not arrive in time to take part in the first day's fight. General Wallace has since claimed that the order delivered to him by Captain Baxter was simply to join the right of the army, and that the road over which he marched would have taken him to the road from Pittsburg to Purdy, where it crosses Owl Creek, on the right of Sherman; but this is not where I had ordered him nor where I wanted him to go. Even if he were correct as to the wording of the order, it was still a very unmilitary proceeding to join the right of the army from the flank instead of from the base. His was one of three veteran divisions that had been in battle, and its absence was severely felt. Later in the war, General Wallace would never have made the mistake that he committed on the 6th of April, 1862. I presume his idea was that by taking the route he did, he

would be able to come around on the flank or rear of the enemy, and thus perform an act of heroism that would redound to the credit of his command, as well as to the benefit of his country.

Shiloh was a log meeting-house, some two or three miles from Pittsburg Landing, and on the ridge which divides the waters of Snake and Lick creeks, the former emptying into the Tennessee just north of Pittsburg Landing, and the latter south. Shiloh was the key to our position, and was held by Sherman. His division was at that time wholly raw, no part of it ever having been in an engagement; but I thought this deficiency was more than made up by the superiority of the commander. McClelland was on Sherman's left, with troops that had been engaged at Forts Henry and Donelson, and were therefore veterans so far as Western troops had become such at that stage of the war. Next to McClelland came Prentiss, with a raw division, and on the extreme left, Stuart, with one brigade of Sherman's division. Hurlbut was in rear of Prentiss, massed, and in reserve at the time of the onset. The division of General C. F. Smith was on the right, and in reserve. General Smith was sick in bed at Savanna, some nine miles below, but in hearing of our guns His services on those two eventful days would no doubt have been of inestimable value had his health permitted his presence. The command of his division devolved upon Brigadier-General W. H. L. Wallace, a most estimable



THE LANDING AT SAVANNA, NINE MILES BELOW (NORTH OF) PITTSBURG LANDING.

[General Grant's headquarters were in the Cherry mansion, on the right; the portico has since been added. The building on the left is a new hotel. The town lies about a quarter of a mile back from the bluff, and is much changed since the war.]

and able officer,—a veteran, too, for he had served a year in the Mexican war, and had been with his command at Henry and Donelson. Wallace was mortally wounded in the

also considerable underbrush. A number of attempts were made by the enemy to turn our right flank, where Sherman was posted, but every effort was repulsed with heavy loss. But the front attack was kept up so vigorously that, to prevent the success of these attempts to get on our flanks, the Federal troops were compelled several times to take positions to the rear, nearer Pittsburg Landing. When the firing ceased at night, the Federal line was more than a mile



MRS. CRUMP'S HOUSE.—LANDING BELOW THE HOUSE.

[Crump's Landing is, by river, about five miles below (north of) Pittsburg Landing. Here one of General Lew Wallace's three brigades was encamped on the morning of the battle, another brigade being two miles back, on the road to Purdy, and a third brigade half a mile farther advanced. The Widow Crump's house is about a quarter of a mile above the landing.]



first day's engagement, and with the change of commanders thus necessarily effected in the heat of battle, the efficiency of his division was much weakened.

The position of our troops, as here described, made a continuous line from Lick Creek, on the left, to Owl Creek, a branch of Snake Creek, on the right, facing nearly south, and possibly a little west. The water in all these streams was very high at the time, and contributed to protect our flanks. The enemy was compelled, therefore, to attack directly in front. This he did with great vigor, inflicting heavy losses on the Federal side, but suffering much heavier on his own.

The Confederate assaults were made with such disregard of losses on their own side, that our line of tents soon fell into their hands. The ground on which the battle was fought was undulating, heavily timbered, with scattered clearings, the woods giving some protection to the troops on both sides. There was

in rear of the position it had occupied in the morning.

In one of the backward moves, on the 6th, the division commanded by General Prentiss did not fall back with the others. This left his flanks exposed, which enabled the enemy to capture him, with about 2200 of his officers and men. General Badeau gives four o'clock of the 6th as about the time this capture took place. He may be right as to the time, but my recollection is that the hour was later. General Prentiss himself gave the hour as 5:30. I was with him, as I was with each of the division commanders that day, several times, and my recollection is that the last time I was with him was about half-past four, when his division was standing up firmly, and the general was as cool as if he had been expecting victory. But no matter whether it was four or later, the story that he and his command were surprised and captured in their camps is without any foundation whatever.

If it had been true, as currently reported at the time, and yet believed by thousands of people, that Prentiss and his division had been captured in their beds, there would not have been an all-day struggle, with the loss of thousands killed and wounded on the Confederate side.

With this single exception, for a few minutes, after the capture of Prentiss, a continuous and unbroken line was maintained all day from Snake Creek or its tributaries on the right to Lick Creek or the Tennessee on the left, above Pittsburg. There was no hour during the day when there was not heavy firing and generally hard fighting at some point on the line, but seldom at all points at the same time. It was a case of Southern dash against Northern pluck and endurance.

Three of the five divisions engaged the first day at Shiloh were entirely raw, and many of them had only received their arms on the way from their States to the field. Many of them had arrived but a day or two before, and were hardly able to load their muskets according to the manual. Their officers were equally ignorant of their duties. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that many of the regiments broke at the first fire. In two cases, as I now remember, the colonels led their regiments from the field on first hearing the whistle of the enemy's bullets. In

these cases the colonels were constitutional cowards, unfit for any military position. But not so the officers and men led out of danger by them. Better troops never went upon a battle-field than many of these officers and men afterward proved themselves to be, who fled, panic-stricken, at the first whistle of bullets and shell at Shiloh.

During the whole of the first day I was continuously engaged in passing from one part of the field to another, giving directions to division commanders. In thus moving along the line, however, I never deemed it important to stay long with Sherman. Although his troops were then under fire for the first time, their commander, by his constant presence with them, inspired a confidence in officers and men that enabled them to render services on that bloody battle-field worthy of the best of veterans. McClelland was next to Sherman, and the hardest fighting was in front of these two divisions. McClelland told me himself on that day, the 6th, that he profited much by having so able a commander supporting him. A casualty to Sherman that would have taken him from the field that day would have been a sad one for the troops engaged at Shiloh. And how near we came to this! On the 6th Sherman was shot twice, once in the hand, once in the shoulder, the



F. Schell

BRIDGE OVER SNAKE CREEK BY WHICH GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S TROOPS REACHED THE FIELD SUNDAY EVENING.
 [Pittsburg Landing is nearly two miles to the left. Owl Creek empties from the left into Snake Creek, a short distance above the bridge.]

ball cutting his coat and making a slight wound, and a third ball passed through his hat. In addition to this he had several horses shot during the day.

The nature of this battle was such that cavalry could not be used in front; I therefore formed ours into line, in rear, to stop stragglers, of whom there were many. When there would be enough of them to make a show, and after they had recovered from their fright, they would be sent to reënforce some part of the line which needed support, without regard to their companies, regiments, or brigades.

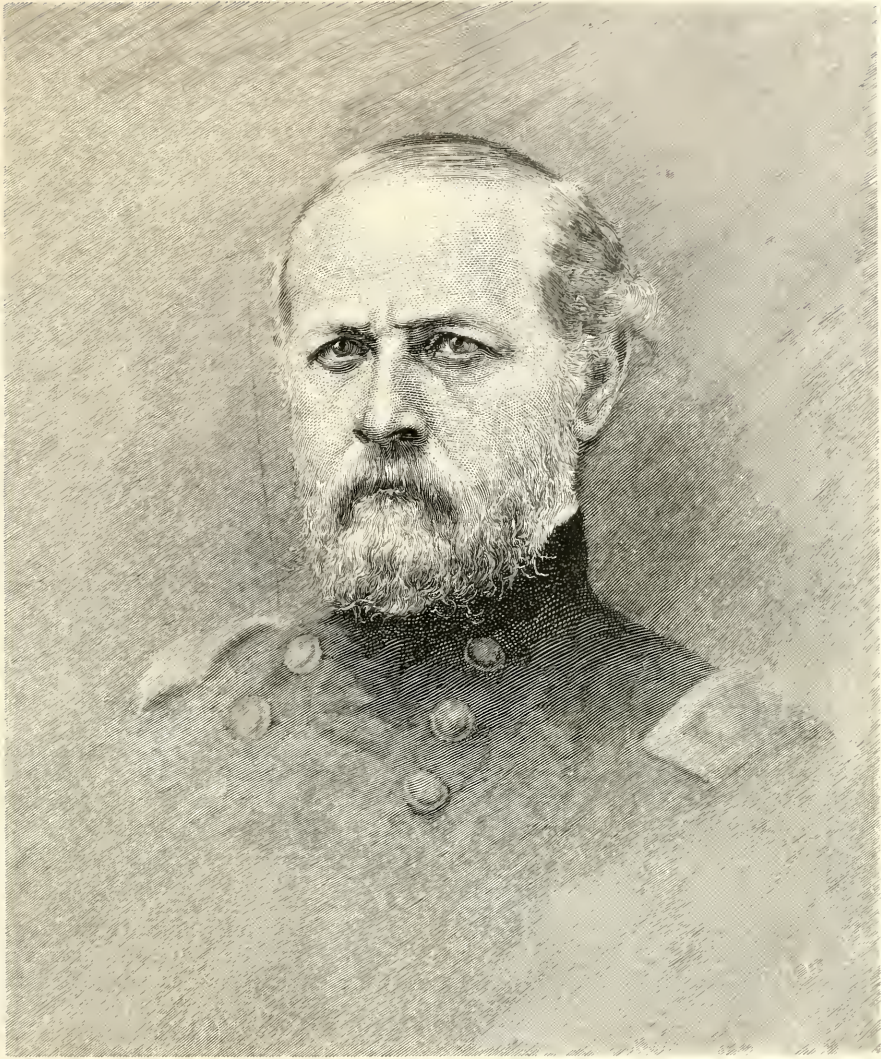
On one occasion during the day, I rode back as far as the river and met General Buell, who had just arrived; I do not remember the hour of the day, but at that time there probably were as many as four or five thousand stragglers lying under cover of the river bluff, panic-stricken, most of whom would have been shot where they lay, without resistance, before they would have taken muskets and marched to the front to protect

themselves. The meeting between General Buell and myself was on the dispatch-boat used to run between the landing and Savanna. It was but brief, and related specially to his getting his troops over the river. As we left the boat together, Buell's attention was attracted by the men lying under cover of the river bank. I saw him berating them and trying to shame them into joining their regiments. He even threatened them with shells from the gunboats near by. But it was all to no effect. Most of these men afterward proved themselves as gallant as any of those who saved the battle from which they had deserted. I have no doubt that this sight impressed General Buell with the idea that a line of retreat would be a good thing just then. If he had come in by the front instead of through the stragglers in the rear, he would have thought and felt differently. Could he have come through the Confederate rear, he would have witnessed there a scene similar to that at our own. The distant rear of an army engaged



CONFEDERATE CHARGE UPON PRENTISS'S CAMP ON SUNDAY MORNING.

"Of the capture of General Prentiss's camp, Colonel Francis Quinn (Twelfth Michigan Infantry) says in his official report dated April 9: "About daylight the dead and wounded began to be brought in. The firing grew closer and closer, till it became manifest a heavy force of the enemy was upon us. The division was ordered into line of battle by General Prentiss, and immediately advanced in line about one-quarter of a mile from the tents, where the enemy were met in short-firing distance. Volley after volley was given and returned, and many fell on both sides, but their numbers were too heavy for our forces. I could see to the right and left. They were visible in line, and every hill-top in the rear was covered with them. It was manifest they were advancing, in not only one, but several lines of battle. The whole division fell back to their tents and again rallied, and, although no regular line was formed, yet from behind every tree a deadly fire was poured out upon the enemy, which held them in check for about one-half hour, when reinforcements coming to their assistance, they advanced furiously upon our camp, and we were forced again to give way. At this time we lost four pieces of artillery. The division fell back about one-half-mile, very much scattered and broken. Here we were posted, being drawn up in line behind a dense clump of bushes."—ED.]

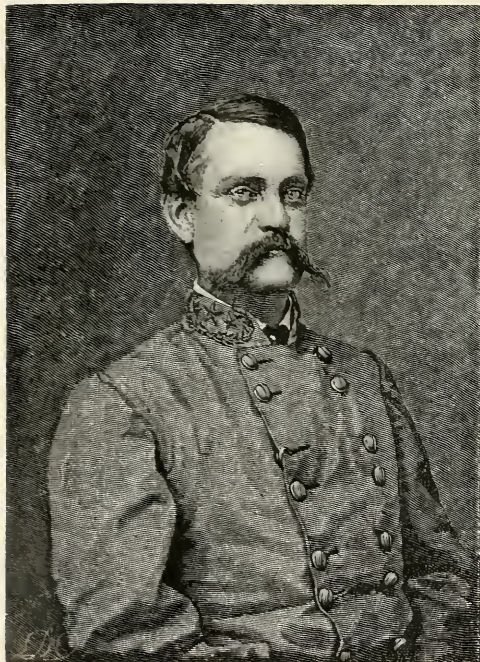


D. C. Buell

in battle is not the best place from which to judge correctly what is going on in front. In fact, later in the war, while occupying the country between the Tennessee and the Mississippi, I learned that the panic in the Confederate lines had not differed much from that within our own. Some of the country people estimated the stragglers from Johnston's army as high as 20,000. Of course, this was an exaggeration.

The situation at the close of the first day was as follows: Extending from the top of the bluff

just south of the log-house which stood at Pittsburg Landing, Colonel J. D. Webster, of my staff, had arranged twenty or more pieces of artillery facing south, or up the river. This line of artillery was on the crest of a hill overlooking a deep ravine opening into the Tennessee. Hurlbut, with his division intact, was on the right of this artillery, extending west and possibly a little north. McClelland came next in the general line, looking more to the west. His division was complete in its organization and ready for any duty. Sherman came



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. S. COOK.)

next, his right extending to Snake Creek. His command, like the other two, was complete in its organization and ready, like its chief, for any service it might be called upon to render. All three divisions were, as a matter of course, more or less shattered and depleted in numbers from the terrible battle of the day. The division of W. H. L. Wallace, as much from the disorder arising from changes of division and brigade commanders, under heavy fire, as from any other cause, had lost its organization, and did not occupy a place in the line as a division. Prentiss's command was gone as a division, many of its members having been killed, wounded, or captured. But it had rendered valiant service before its final dispersal, and had contributed a good share to the defense of Shiloh.

There was, I have said, a deep ravine in front of our left. The Tennessee River was very high at that time, and there was water to a considerable depth in the ravine. Here the enemy made a last desperate effort to turn our flank, but were repelled. The gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, Gwin and Shirk commanding, with the artillery under Webster, aided the army and effectually checked their further progress. Before any of Buell's troops had reached the west bank of the Tennessee, firing had almost entirely ceased; anything like an attempt on the part of the enemy to advance had absolutely ceased.

There was some artillery firing from an unseen enemy, some of his shells passing beyond us; but I do not remember that there was the whistle of a single musket-ball heard. As Buell's troops arrived in the dusk, General Buell marched several of his regiments part way down the face of the hill, where they fired briskly for some minutes, but I do not think a single man engaged in this firing received an injury; the attack had spent its force.

General Lew Wallace arrived after firing had ceased for the day, and was placed on the right. Thus night came, Wallace came, and the advance of Nelson's division came, but none — except night — in time to be of material service to the gallant men who saved Shiloh on that first day, against large odds. Buell's loss on the first day was two men killed and one wounded, all members of the Thirty-sixth Indiana infantry. The presence of two or three regiments of his army on the west bank before firing ceased had not the slightest effect in preventing the capture of Pittsburg Landing.

So confident was I before firing had ceased on the 6th that the next day would bring victory to our arms if we could only take the initiative, that I visited each division commander in person before any reinforcements had reached the field. I directed them to throw out heavy lines of skirmishers in the morning as soon as they could see, and push them forward until they found the enemy, following with their entire divisions in supporting distance, and to engage the enemy as soon as found. To Sherman I told the story of the assault at Fort Donelson, and said that the same tactics would win at Shiloh. Victory was assured when Wallace arrived with his division of five thousand effective veterans, even if there had been no other support. The enemy received no reinforcements. He had suffered heavy losses in killed, wounded, and straggling, and his commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston, was dead. I was glad, however, to see the reinforcements of Buell and credit them with doing all there was for them to do. During the night of the 6th the remainder of Nelson's division, Buell's army, crossed the river, and were ready to advance in the morning, forming the left wing. Two other divisions, Crittenden's and McCook's, came up the river from Savanna in the transports, and were on the west bank early on the 7th. Buell commanded them in person. My command was thus nearly doubled in numbers and efficiency.

During the night rain fell in torrents, and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my headquarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of

my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep, without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log-house on the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg

upon them by the gun-boats every fifteen minutes during the night.

The position of the Federal troops on the morning of the 7th was as follows: General Lew Wallace on the right, Sherman to his left; then McClelland, and then Hurlbut. Nelson, of Buell's army, was on our extreme left, next to the river; Crittenden was next in line after Nelson, and on his right; McCook followed, and formed the extreme right of



FORD WHERE THE HAMBURGH ROAD CROSSES LICK CREEK, LOOKING FROM COLONEL STUART'S POSITION ON THE FEDERAL LEFT.

[Lick Creek at this point was fordable on the first day of the battle, but the rains on Sunday night rendered it impassable on the second day.]

or an arm amputated, as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the rebel fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain.

The advance on the morning of the 7th developed the enemy in the camps occupied by our troops before the battle began, more than a mile back from the most advanced position of the Confederates on the day before. It is known now that the enemy had not yet become informed of the arrival of Buell's command. Possibly they fell back to get the shelter of our tents during the rain, and also to get away from the shells that were dropped

Buell's command. My old command thus formed the right wing, while the troops directly under Buell constituted the left wing of the army. These relative positions were retained during the entire day, or until the enemy was driven from the field.

In a very short time the battle became general all along the line. This day everything was favorable to the Federal side. We now had become the attacking party. The enemy was driven back all day, as we had been the day before, until finally he beat a precipitate retreat. The last point held by him was near the road from the landing to Corinth, on the left of Sherman and right of McClelland. About three o'clock,

being near that point, and seeing that the enemy was giving way everywhere else, I gathered up a couple of regiments, or parts of regiments, from troops near by, formed them in line of battle and marched them forward, going in front myself to prevent premature or long-range firing. At this point there was a clearing between us and the enemy favorable for charging, although exposed. I knew the enemy were ready to break, and only wanted a little encouragement from us to go quickly and join their friends who had started earlier. After marching to within musket-range, I stopped and let the troops pass. The command, *Charge*, was given, and was executed with loud cheers, and with a run, when the last of the enemy broke.

During this second day I had been moving from right to left and back, to see for myself the progress made. In the early part of the afternoon, while riding with Colonel McPherson and Major Hawkins, then my chief commissary, we got beyond the left of our troops. We were moving along the northern edge of a clearing, very leisurely, toward the

river above the landing. There did not appear to be an enemy to our right, until suddenly a battery with musketry opened upon us from the edge of the woods on the other side of the clearing. The shells and balls whistled about our ears very fast for about a minute. I do not think it took us longer than that to get out of range and out of sight. In the sudden start we made, Major Hawkins lost his hat. He did not stop to pick it up. When we arrived at a perfectly safe position we halted to take an account of damages. McPherson's horse was panting as if ready to drop. On examination it was found that a ball had struck him forward of the flank just back of the saddle, and had gone entirely through. In a few minutes the poor beast dropped dead; he had given no sign of injury until we came to a stop. A ball had struck the metal scabbard of my sword, just below the hilt, and broken it nearly off; before the battle was over, it had broken off entirely. There were three of us: one had lost a horse, killed, one a hat, and one a sword-scabbard. All were thankful that it was no worse.



A FEDERAL BATTERY SURPRISED WHILE RETIRING IN GOOD ORDER. (SEE PAGE 633.)



PRESENT ASPECT OF THE OLD HAMBURGH ROAD (TO THE LEFT OF THE NEW ROAD) WHICH LED UP TO "THE HORNETS' NEST."—SEE NOTE UNDER MAP, PAGE 599; ALSO SEE PAGE 625.

After the rain of the night before and the frequent and heavy rains for some days previous, the roads were almost impassable. The enemy, carrying his artillery and supply trains over them in his retreat, made them still worse for troops following. I wanted to pursue, but had not the heart to order the men who had fought desperately for two days, lying in the mud and rain whenever not fighting, and I did not feel disposed to positively order Buell, or any part of his command, to pursue. Although the senior in rank at the time, I had been so only a few weeks. Buell was, and had been for some time past, a department commander, while I only commanded a district. I did not meet Buell in person until too late to get troops ready and pursue with effect; but had I seen him at the moment of the last charge, I should have at least requested him to follow.

The enemy had hardly started in retreat from his last position, when, looking back toward the river, I saw a division of troops coming up in beautiful order, as if going on parade or review. The commander was at

the head of the column, and the staff seemed to be disposed about as they would have been had they been going on parade. When the head of the column came near where I was standing, it was halted, and the commanding officer, General A. McD. McCook, rode up to where I was and appealed to me not to send his division any farther, saying that they were worn out with marching and fighting. This division had marched on the 6th from a point ten or twelve miles east of Savanna, over bad roads. The men had also lost rest during the night while crossing the Tennessee, and had been engaged in the battle of the 7th. It was not, however, the rank and file or the junior officers who asked to be excused, but the division commander. I rode forward several miles the day after the battle, and found that the enemy had dropped much, if not all, of their provisions, some ammunition, and the extra wheels of their caissons, lightening their loads to enable them to get off their guns. About five miles out we found their field hospital abandoned. An immediate pursuit must have resulted in the cap-

ture of a considerable number of prisoners and probably some guns.

Shiloh was the most severe battle fought at the West during the war, and but few in the East equaled it for hard, determined fighting. I saw an open field, in our possession on the second day, over which the Confederates had made repeated charges the day before, so covered with dead that it would have been possible to walk across the clearing, in any direction, stepping on dead bodies, without a foot touching the ground. On our side Federal and Confederate were mingled together in about equal proportions; but on the remainder of the field nearly all were Confederates. On one part, which had evidently not been plowed for several years, probably because the land was poor, bushes had grown up, some to the height of eight or ten feet. There was not one of these left standing unpierced by bullets. The smaller ones were all cut down.

Contrary to all my experience up to that time, and to the experience of the army I was then commanding, we were on the defensive. We were without intrenchments or defensive

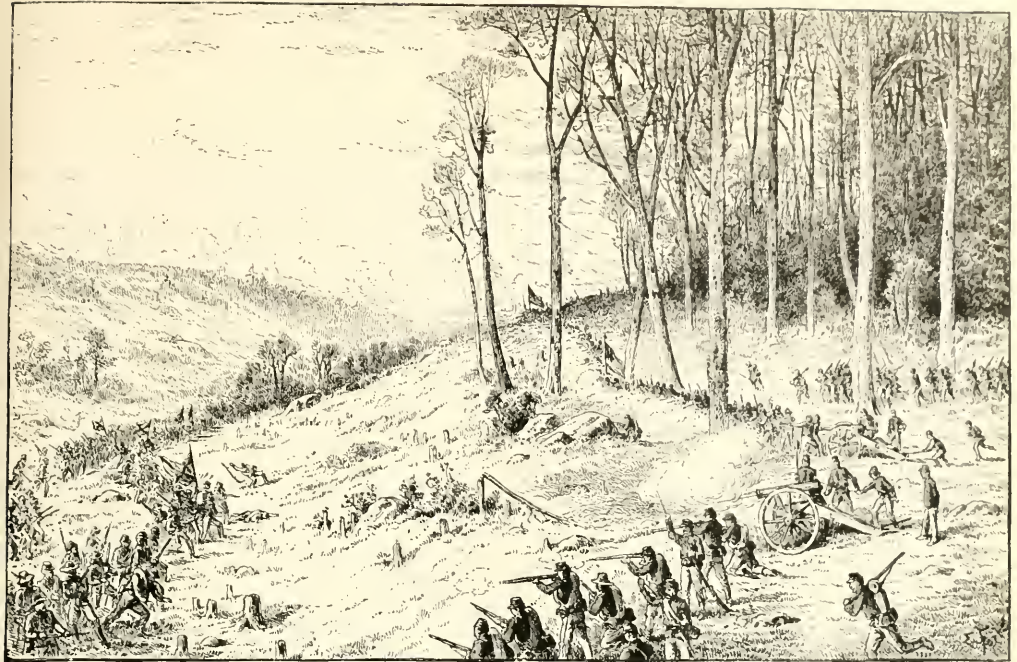
advantages of any sort, and more than half the army engaged the first day was without experience or even drill as soldiers. The officers with them, except the division commanders, and possibly two or three of the brigade commanders, were equally inexperienced in war. The result was a Union victory that gave the men who achieved it great confidence in themselves ever after.

The enemy fought bravely, but they had started out to defeat and destroy an army and capture a position. They failed in both, with very heavy loss in killed and wounded, and must have gone back discouraged and convinced that the "Yankee" was not an enemy to be despised.

After the battle I gave verbal instructions to division commanders to let the regiments send out parties to bury their own dead, and to detail parties, under commissioned officers from each division, to bury the Confederate dead in their respective fronts, and to report the numbers so buried. The latter part of these instructions was not carried out by all; but they were by those sent from Sherman's division, and by some of the parties sent out



STRAGGLERS ON THE WAY TO THE LANDING, AND AMMUNITION WAGONS GOING TO THE FRONT.



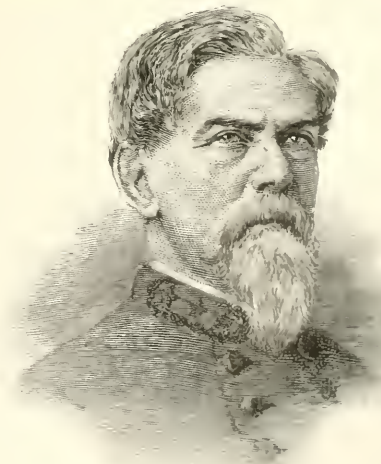
CHECKING THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE ON THE EVENING OF THE FIRST DAY.

[Above this ravine, near the Landing, the Federal reserve artillery was posted, and it was on this line the Confederate advance was checked, about sunset, Sunday evening. The Confederates then fell back, and bivouacked in the Federal camps.—See page 601.]

by McClelland. The heaviest loss sustained by the enemy was in front of these two divisions.

The criticism has often been made that the Union troops should have been intrenched at Shiloh. But up to that time the pick and spade had been but little resorted to at the West. I had, however, taken this subject under consideration soon after reassuming command in the field. McPherson, my only military engineer, had been directed to lay out a line to intrench. He did so, but reported that it would have to be made in rear of the line of encampment as it then ran. The new line, while it would be nearer the river, was yet too far away from the Tennessee, or even from the creeks, to be easily supplied with water from them; and in case of attack, these creeks would be in the hands of the enemy. But, besides this, the troops with me, officers and men, needed discipline and drill more than they did experience with the pick, shovel, and axe. Reinforcements were arriving almost daily, composed of troops that had been hastily thrown together into companies and regiments—fragments of incomplete organizations, the men and officers strangers to each other. Under all these circumstances I concluded that drill and discipline were worth more to our men than fortifications.

General Buell was a brave, intelligent officer, with as much professional pride and ambition of a commendable sort as I ever knew. I had been two years at West Point with him, and had served with him afterward, in garrison and in the Mexican war, several years



MAJOR-GENERAL W. J. HARDEE.

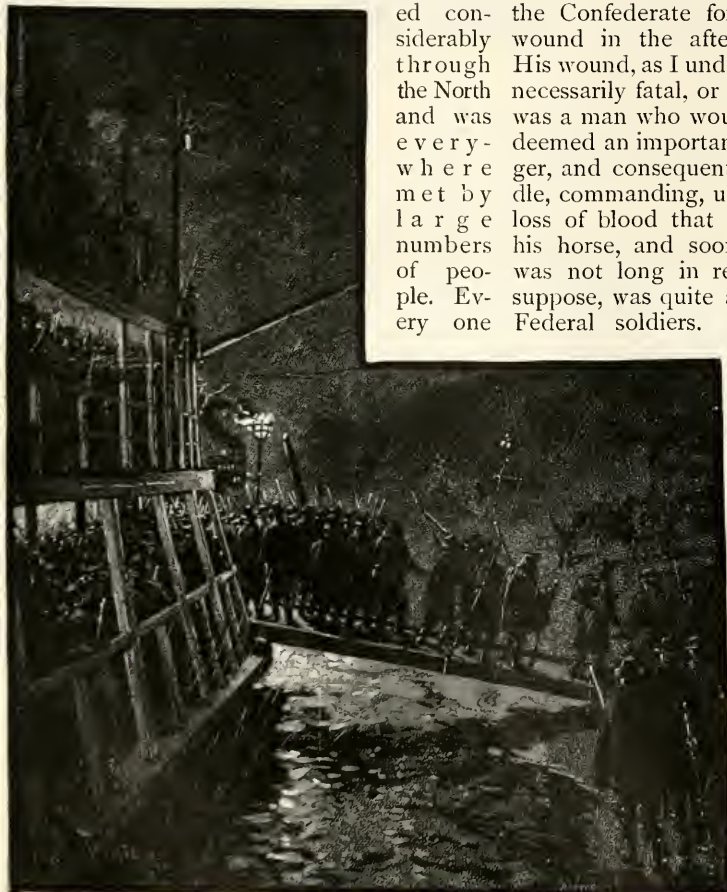
more. He was not given in early life or in mature years to forming intimate acquaintances. He was studious by habit, and commanded the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and perhaps did not distinguish sufficiently the difference between the volunteer who "enlisted for the war" and the soldier who serves in time of peace. One system embraced men who risked life for a principle, and often men of social standing, competence, or wealth, and independence of character. The other includes, as a rule, only men who could not do as well in any other occupation. General Buell became an object of harsh criticism later, some going so far as to challenge his loyalty. No one who knew him ever believed him capable of a dishonorable act, and nothing could be more dishonorable than to accept high rank and command in war and then betray his trust. When I came into command of the army, in 1864, I requested the Secretary of War to restore General Buell to duty.

After the war, during the summer of 1865,

I traveled considerably through the North and was everywhere met by large numbers of people. Every one

had his opinion about the manner in which the war had been conducted; who among the generals had failed, how, and why. Correspondents of the press were ever on hand to hear every word dropped, and were not always disposed to report correctly what did not confirm their preconceived notions, either about the conduct of the war or the individuals concerned in it. The opportunity frequently occurred for me to defend General Buell against what I believed to be most unjust charges. On one occasion a correspondent put in my mouth the very charge I had so often refuted—of disloyalty. This brought from General Buell a very severe retort, which I saw in the New York "World" some time before I received the letter itself. I could very well understand his grievance at seeing untrue and disgraceful charges apparently sustained by an officer who, at the time, was at the head of the army. I replied to him, but not through the press. I kept no copy of my letter, nor did I ever see it in print, neither did I receive an answer.

General Albert Sidney Johnston commanded the Confederate forces until disabled by a wound in the afternoon of the first day. His wound, as I understood afterward, was not necessarily fatal, or even dangerous. But he was a man who would not abandon what he deemed an important trust in the face of danger, and consequently continued in the saddle, commanding, until so exhausted by the loss of blood that he had to be taken from his horse, and soon after died. The news was not long in reaching our side, and, I suppose, was quite an encouragement to the Federal soldiers. I had known Johnston slightly in the Mexican war, and later as an officer in the regular army. He was a man of high character and ability. His contemporaries at West Point, and officers generally who came to know him personally later, and who remained on our side, expected him to prove the most formidable man to meet, that the Confederacy would produce. Nothing occurred in his brief command of an army to prove or disprove the high estimate that had been placed upon his military ability.



BUELL'S TROOPS DEBARKING AT PITTSBURG LANDING, SUNDAY NIGHT.

General Beauregard was next in rank to Johnston, and succeeded to the command, which he retained to the close of the battle and during the subsequent retreat on Cor-

eventual defeat of the enemy, although I was disappointed that reinforcements so near at hand did not arrive at an earlier hour.

The Confederates fought with courage at



BIVOUAC OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS SUNDAY NIGHT.

inth, as well as in the siege of that place. His tactics have been severely criticised by Confederate writers, but I do not believe his fallen chief could have done any better under the circumstances. Some of these critics claim that Shiloh was won when Johnston fell, and that if he had not fallen the army under me would have been annihilated or captured. *If*s defeated the Confederates at Shiloh. There is little doubt that we should have been disgracefully beaten: *if* all the shells and bullets fired by us had passed harmlessly over the enemy, and *if* all of theirs had taken effect. Commanding generals are liable to be killed during engagements; and the fact that when he was shot Johnston was leading a brigade to induce it to make a charge which had been repeatedly ordered, is evidence that there was neither the universal demoralization on our side nor the unbounded confidence on theirs which has been claimed. There was, in fact, no hour during the day when I doubted the

Shiloh, but the particular skill claimed I could not, and still cannot, see; though there is nothing to criticise except the claims put forward for it since. But the Confederate claimants for superiority in strategy, superiority in generalship, and superiority in dash and prowess are not so unjust to the Federal troops engaged at Shiloh as are many Northern writers. The troops on both sides were American, and united they need not fear any foreign foe. It is possible that the Southern man started in with a little more dash than his Northern brother; but he was correspondingly less enduring.

The endeavor of the enemy on the first day was simply to hurl their men against ours — first at one point, then at another, sometimes at several points at once. This they did with daring and energy, until at night the rebel troops were worn out. Our effort during the same time was to be prepared to resist assaults wherever made. The object of the Confederates on the second day was to get away with



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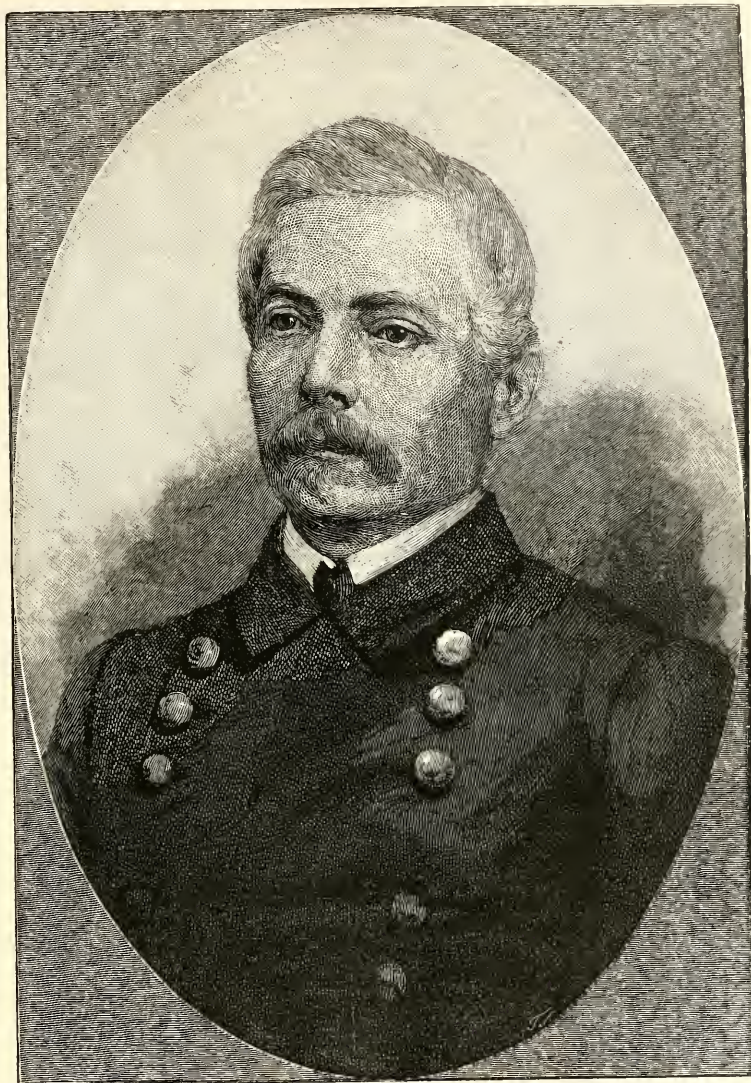
THE LAST STAND MADE BY THE CONFEDERATE LINE.

[General Beauregard at Shiloh Chapel sending his aides to the corps commanders with orders to begin the retreat. This was at two o'clock on Monday (see page 633). The tents are part of Sherman's camp which was reoccupied by him Monday evening.]

as much of their army and material as possible. Ours then was to drive them from our front, and to capture or destroy as great a part as possible of their men and material. We were successful in driving them back, but not so successful in captures as if further pursuit could have been made. But as it was, we captured or recaptured on the second day about as much artillery as we lost on the first; and, leaving out the one great capture of Prentiss, we took more prisoners on Monday

than the enemy gained from us on Sunday. On the 6th Sherman lost seven pieces of artillery, McClernand six, Prentiss eight, and Hurlbut two batteries. On the 7th Sherman captured seven guns, McClernand three, and the Army of the Ohio twenty.

The effective strength of the Union force on the morning of the 6th was 33,000 at Shiloh. Lew Wallace brought 5000 more after nightfall. Beauregard reported the enemy's strength at 40,955. According to the custom



G. T. Donnegan

(FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY GEORGE S. COOK, 1863.)

of enumeration in the South, this number probably excluded every man enlisted as musician, or detailed as guard or nurse, and all commissioned officers,—everybody who did not carry a musket or serve a cannon. With us everybody in the field receiving pay from the Government is counted. Excluding the troops

who fled, panic-stricken, before they had fired a shot, there was not a time during the 6th when we had more than 25,000 men in line. On the 7th Buell brought 20,000 more. Of his remaining two divisions, Thomas's did not reach the field during the engagement; Wood's arrived before

firing had ceased, but not in time to be of much service.

Our loss in the two-days' fight was 1754 killed, 8408 wounded, and 2885 missing. Of these, 2103 were in the army of the Ohio. Beauregard reported a total loss of 10,699, of whom 1728 were killed, 8012 wounded and 957 missing. This estimate must be incorrect. We buried, by actual count, more of the enemy's dead in front of the divisions of McClelland and Sherman alone than here reported, and 4000 was the estimate of the burial parties for the whole field. Beauregard reports the Confederate force on the 6th at over 40,000, and their total loss during the two days at 10,699; and at the same time declares that he could put only 20,000 men in battle on the morning of the 7th.

The navy gave a hearty support to the army at Shiloh, as indeed it always did, both before and subsequently, when I was in command. The nature of the ground was such, however, that on this occasion it could do nothing in aid of the troops until sundown on the first day. The country was broken and heavily timbered, cutting off all view of

the battle from the river, so that friends would be as much in danger from fire from the gun-boats as the foe. But about sundown, when the Federal troops were back in their last position, the right of the enemy was near the river and exposed to the fire of the two gun-boats, which was delivered with vigor and effect. After nightfall, when firing had entirely ceased on land, the commander of the fleet informed himself, proximately, of the position of our troops, and suggested the idea of dropping a shell within the lines of the enemy every fifteen minutes during the night. This was done with effect, as is proved by the Confederate reports.

Up to the battle of Shiloh, I, as well as thousands of other citizens, believed that the rebellion against the Government would collapse suddenly and soon if a decisive victory could be gained over any of its armies. Donelson and Henry were such victories. An army of more than 25,000 men was captured or destroyed. Bowling Green, Columbus, and Hickman, Kentucky, fell in consequence; Clarksville and Nashville, Tennessee, with an immense amount of stores, also fell into

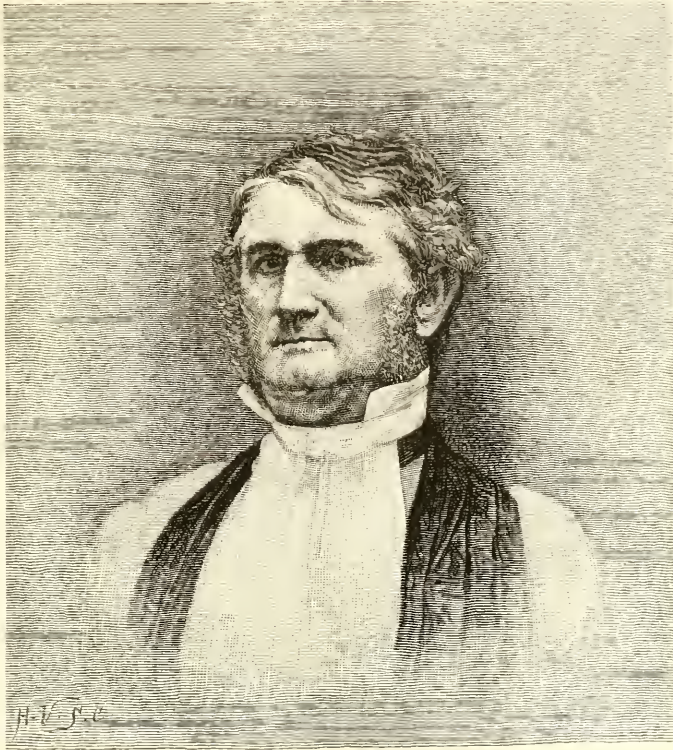


CAPTURE OF A CONFEDERATE BATTERY.

Colonel Robert H. Sturgess, Eighth Illinois Infantry, says in his official report that while awaiting orders on the Purdy road, during the morning of the second day's fight, "General Crittenden ordered the Eighth and Eighteenth (Illinois) to take a rebel battery which some regiment had endeavored to capture, but had been driven back with heavy loss. The men received the order with a cheer, and charged on a double-quick. The enemy, after firing a few shots, abandoned his guns and retreated to the woods. My color-bearer rushed up and planted his colors on one of the guns, and the color-bearer of the Eighteenth took possession of another."

our hands. The Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, from their mouths to the head of navigation, were secured. But when Confederate armies were collected which not only attempted to hold a line farther south, from Memphis to

which we expected to continue to hold. But such supplies within the reach of Confederate armies I regarded as much contraband as arms or ordnance stores. Their destruction was accomplished without bloodshed, and



GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP OF LOUISIANA — KILLED NEAR KENESAW MOUNTAIN, IN JUNE, 1864.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORSE.)

Chattanooga, and Knoxville, and on to the Atlantic, but assumed the offensive, and made such a gallant effort to regain what had been lost, then, indeed, I gave up all idea of saving the Union except by complete conquest. Up to that time it had been the policy of our army, certainly of that portion commanded by me, to protect the property of the citizens whose territory was invaded, without regard to their sentiments, whether Union or Secession. After this, however, I regarded it as humane to both sides to protect the persons of those found at their homes, but to consume everything that could be used to support or supply armies. Protection was still continued over such supplies as were within lines held by us, and

tended to the same result as the destruction of armies. I continued this policy to the close of the war. Promiscuous pillaging, however, was discouraged and punished. Instructions were always given to take provisions and forage under the direction of commissioned officers, who should give receipts to owners, if at home, and turn the property over to officers of the quartermaster or commissary departments; to be issued as if furnished from our Northern depots. But much was destroyed without receipts to owners, which could not be brought within our lines, and would otherwise have gone to the support of secession and rebellion.

This policy, I believe, exercised a material influence in hastening the end.

U. S. Grant.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AND THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.*



ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AT THE AGE OF 35.
FROM A MINIATURE BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, PAINTED IN
LOUISVILLE, KY., IN 1838 OR 1839.

THE appearance of General Johnston before the war is described as both commanding and attractive. In some respects the bust of Alexander Hamilton is the best extant likeness of him, a resemblance very frequently remarked. His cheek-bones were rather high, and his nose gave him a Scotch look. His chin was delicate and handsome; his teeth white and regular; and his mouth square and firm. In the portrait by Bush taken about this time, his lips seem rather full, but as they are best remembered, they were somewhat thin and very firmly set. Light-brown hair clustered over a noble forehead, and from under heavy brows his deep-set but clear, steady eyes looked straight at you with a regard kind and sincere, yet penetrating. In repose his eyes were as blue as the sky, but in excitement they flashed to a steel-gray, and exerted a remarkable power over men.

He was six feet and an inch in height, of about one hundred and eighty pounds weight, straight as an arrow, with broad, square shoulders and a massive chest. He was strong and active, and his bearing was essentially military.

During the angry political strife which preceded the contest of arms, General Johnston remained silent, stern, and sorrowful. He determined to stand at his post in San Francisco, performing his full duty as an officer of the United States, until events should require a decision as to his course. When Texas—his adopted State—passed the ordinance of secession from the Union, the alternative was presented, and, on the day he heard the news, he resigned his commission in the army. He kept the fact concealed, however, lest it might stir up disaffection among the turbulent population of the Pacific coast. He said, "I shall do my duty to the last, and when absolved, shall take my course." All honest and competent witnesses now accord that he carried out this purpose in letter and spirit. General Sumner, who relieved him, reported that he found him "carrying out the orders of the Government."

Mr. Lincoln's administration treated General Johnston with a distrust which wounded his pride to the quick, but afterward made such amends as it could, by sending him a major-general's commission. He was also assured through confidential sources that he would receive the highest command in the Federal army. (See p. 634.—ED.). But he declined to take part against his own people, and retired to Los Angeles with the intention of farming. There he was subjected to an irritating surveillance; while at the

* 1. General Johnston was of New England descent, though both he and his mother were of pioneer stock, and natives of Kentucky. His father was the village physician. He was born February 3d, 1803, in Mason County, Kentucky. He was "a handsome, proud, manly, earnest, and self-reliant boy," "grave and thoughtful." His early education was desultory, but was continued at Transylvania and at West Point, where he evinced superior talents for mathematics, and was graduated in 1826. He was a lieutenant of the Sixth Infantry from 1827 to 1834, when he resigned. His only active service during this period was in the Black Hawk war, where he won considerable distinction. In 1829 he married Miss Henrietta Preston, who died in 1835. In 1836 he joined the army of the young republic of Texas, and rapidly rose to the chief command. In 1839 he was secretary of war, and expelled the intruding United States Indians, after two battles on the River Neches. He served one campaign in Mexico under General Taylor, and was recommended by that commander as a brigadier-general for his conduct at Monterey, but was allowed no command by the Administration. In 1843 he married Miss Eliza Griffin, and retired to a plantation in Brazoria County, Texas, where he spent three years in seclusion and straitened circumstances. In 1849 he was appointed a paymaster by President Taylor, and served in Texas until 1855, when he was made Colonel of the Second Cavalry by President Pierce. In 1857 he conducted the remarkable expedition to Utah, in which he saved the American army there from a frightful disaster by his prudence and executive ability. He remained in command in Utah until the summer of 1860, which he passed with his family in Kentucky. In December of that year, he was assigned to the command of the Pacific Coast.

2. For more extended treatment of this subject, see "The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston," by William Preston Johnston (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880. Pp. 755.), upon which Colonel Johnston has drawn freely in the preparation of this paper. The map on page 621 is reprinted from the same work.

as for a time to paralyze the Federal army and put it on the defensive.

General Johnston had made the opportunity required by the South, if it meant seriously to maintain its independence. He had secured time for preparation; but it neglected the chance, and never recovered it. He at once strongly fortified Bowling Green, and used every measure to stir up and rally the Kentuckians to his standard. He brought Hardee with 4000 men from Arkansas, and kept his little force in such constant motion as to produce the impression of a large army menacing an attack. Even before Buckner advanced, General Johnston had sent to the Southern governors an appeal for arms and a call for 50,000 men. Harris, of Tennessee, alone responded heartily, and the Government at Richmond seemed unable to reënforce him or to arm the troops he had. Many difficulties embarrassed it, and not half his men were armed that winter; while up to the middle of November he received only three new regiments. General Johnston realized the magnitude of the struggle, but the people of the South only awoke to it when it was too late. Calamity then stirred them to an ineffectual resistance, the heroism of which removed the reproach of their early vainglory and apathy. General Johnston never was able to assemble more than 22,000 men at Bowling Green, to confront the 100,000 troops opposed to him on that line.

The only battle of note that occurred that fall was at Belmont, opposite Columbus, in which Polk scored a victory over Grant. General Johnston wrote as follows to the Secretary of War, on Christmas-day, from Bowling Green: "The position of General Zollicoffer on the Cumberland holds in check the meditated invasion and hoped-for revolt in East Tennessee; but I can neither order Zollicoffer to join me here nor withdraw any more force from Columbus without imperiling our communications toward Richmond or endangering Tennessee and the Mississippi Valley. This I have resolved not to do, but have chosen, on the contrary, to post my inadequate force in such a manner as to hold the enemy in check, guard the frontier, and hold the Barren [River] till the winter terminates the campaign; or, if any fault in his movements is committed, or his line becomes exposed when his force is developed, to attack him as opportunity offers." This sums the situation.

In January, 1862, General Johnston found himself confronted by Halleck in the West, and by Buell, who had succeeded Anderson, in

Kentucky. With the exception of the army under Curtis in Missouri, about 12,000 strong, the whole resources of the North-west, from Pennsylvania to the Plains, were turned against General Johnston's lines in Kentucky. Halleck, with armies at Cairo and Paducah, under Grant and C. F. Smith, threatened equally Columbus, the key of the Mississippi River, and the water-lines of the Cumberland and Tennessee, with their defenses, at Forts Donelson and Henry.* Buell's right wing also menaced Donelson and Henry, while his center was directed against Bowling Green, and his left was advancing against Zollicoffer at Mill Spring, on the upper Cumberland. If this last-named position could be forced, the way seemed open to East Tennessee on the one hand, and to Nashville on the other.

The campaign opened with the defeat of the Confederates under Crittenden and Zollicoffer, January 19, 1862, by General Thomas at Mill Spring. The fighting was forced by the Confederates, but the whole affair was in disregard of General Johnston's orders. The loss was not severe, but it ended in a rout which left General Johnston's right flank exposed.

There has been much discussion as to who originated the movement up the Tennessee River. Grant *made* it, and it made Grant. It was obvious enough to all the leaders on both sides. Great efforts were made to guard against it, but the popular fatuity and apathy prevented adequate preparations. It was only one of a number of possible and equally fatal movements, which could not have been properly met and resisted except by a larger force than was to be had.

As soon as General Johnston learned of the movement against Fort Henry he resolved to fall back to the line of the Cumberland, and make the defense of Nashville at Donelson. Buell was in his front with 90,000 men, and to save Nashville—Buell's objective point—he had to fall back upon it with part of his army. He kept for this purpose 14,000 men, including his sick,—only 8500 effectives in all,—to confront Buell's 90,000 men, and concentrated at Fort Donelson 17,000 men under Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, his three most experienced generals, to meet Grant, who had 28,000 troops, but was reported as having only 12,000. He certainly reserved for himself the more difficult task, the place of greater hazard, leaving the chance of glory to others. The proposition that he should have left Nashville open to capture by Buell, and should have taken all his troops to Donelson, could not have been seriously considered

* For descriptions of the military and naval engagements which opened these three rivers, see "The Capture of Fort Donelson," by Major-General Lew Wallace, and "Operations of the Western Flotilla," by Rear-Admiral Henry Walke, in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1884, and January, 1885, respectively.—ED.



MAP OF KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE, INCLUDING FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.

by any general of even moderate military capacity. The answer to any criticism as to the loss of the army at Donelson is *that it ought not to have been lost*. That is all there is of it.

At midnight of February 15-16 General Johnston received a telegram announcing a great victory at Donelson, and before daylight information that it would be surrendered. His last troops were then arriving at Nashville from Bowling Green. His first words were: "I must save this army." He at once determined to abandon the line of the Cumberland, and concentrate all available forces at Corinth, Mississippi, for a renewed struggle. He had indicated this as a probable event to several distinguished officers some time previous. It was now to be carried into effect. He had remaining only his little army from Bowling Green, together with the fragments of Crittenden's army, and the fugitives from Donelson. These he reorganized at Murfreesboro within a week. He saved the most of his valuable stores and munitions, which fully absorbed his railroad transportation to Stevenson, Alabama, and moved his men over the mud roads to Corinth, Mississippi, by way of Decatur, in a wet and stormy season. Nevertheless, he assembled his army—20,000 effectives—at Corinth, on the 25th day of March, full of enthusiasm and the spirit of combat. In the mean time the Confederate Government lent him all the aid in its power, reënforcing him with an army 10,000 strong, from the South-

ern coast, under General Braxton Bragg, and with such arms as could be procured.

When the capture of Fort Henry separated Tennessee into two distinct theaters of war, General Johnston assigned the district west of the Tennessee River to General Beauregard, who had been sent to him for duty. This officer had suddenly acquired a high reputation by the battle of Bull Run, and General Johnston naturally intrusted him with a large discretion. He sent him with instructions to concentrate all available forces near Corinth, a movement previously begun. His own plan was to defend Columbus to the last extremity with a reduced garrison, and withdraw Polk and his army for active movements. Beauregard made the mistake, however, of evacuating Columbus, and making his defense of the Mississippi River at Island Number Ten, which proved untenable and soon surrendered with a garrison of 6000 or 7000 men. He was ill most of the time and intrusted the actual command to Bragg, but did what he could from his sick-bed.

Besides the reënforcements brought by Bragg, General Beauregard found in the western district 17,500 effectives under Polk, and at or near Corinth 5000 men under Pope Walker and Chalmers, and 3000 under Rugles, sent from Louisiana by Lovell. He made eloquent appeals, which brought him several regiments more. Thus he had nearly 40,000 men collected for him, 10,000 of whom

he disposed for river defenses, and the remainder to protect the railroads from Grant's force which was concentrating at Pittsburg Landing. General Johnston's arrival increased the force at Corinth to about 50,000 men, nearly 40,000 of whom were effectives.

After the surrender at Donelson, the South, but especially the important State of Tennessee, was in a delirium of rage and terror. As the retreat from Nashville to the Tennessee River went on, the popular fury rose to a storm everywhere. The people who had refused to listen to his warnings, or answer his appeals for aid, now denounced General Johnston as an idiot, coward, and traitor. Demagogues joined in the wild hunt for a victim, and deputations waited on President Davis to demand his removal. To such a committee of Congressmen he replied: "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have none." General Johnston was too calm, too just, and too magnanimous to misapprehend so natural a manifestation. His whole life had been a training for this occasion. To encounter suddenly and endure calmly the obloquy of a whole nation is, to any man, a great burden. To do this with a serenity that shall not only not falter in duty, but restore confidence and organize victory, is conclusive proof of greatness of soul.

But while the storm of execration raged around him, the men who came into immediate contact with General Johnston never for a moment doubted his ability to perform all that was possible to man. To a friend who urged him to publish an explanation of his course he replied: "I cannot correspond with the people. What the people want is a battle and a victory. That is the best explanation I can make. I require no vindication. I trust that to the future." In his much quoted letter of March 18th to President Davis, written at Decatur, he said, in regard to the loss of Donelson:

"I observed silence, as it seemed to me to be the best way to serve the cause and the country. The facts were not fully known, discontent prevailed, and criticism or condemnation was more likely to augment than to cure the evil. I refrained, well knowing that heavy censures would fall upon me, but convinced that it was better to endure them for the present, and defer for a more propitious time an investigation of the conduct of the generals; for in the mean time their services were required, and their influence was useful. . . . The test of merit in my profession with the people is success. It is a hard rule, but I think it is right. If I join this corps to the forces of Beauregard (I confess a hazardous experiment), then those who are now declaiming against me will be without an argument."

General Johnston's plan of campaign may be summed up in a phrase. It was to concentrate at Corinth and interpose his whole force in front of the great bend of the Tennessee, the natural base of the Federal army:

this effected, to crush Grant in battle before the arrival of Buell. This meant immediate and decisive action. The army he had brought from Nashville was ready for the contest, but Generals Beauregard and Bragg represented to him that the troops collected by them were unable to move without thorough reorganization. Ten days were consumed in this work of reorganization. Moments were precious, but there was the hope of reënforcement by Van Dorn's army, which might arrive before Buell joined Grant, and which did arrive only a day or two later. But Buell's movements were closely watched, and, hearing of his approach on the 2d of April, General Johnston resolved to delay no longer, but strike at once a decisive blow.

In the reorganization of the army, he assigned General Bragg as chief of staff, with command of a corps. To Beauregard he tendered the immediate command of the army in the impending battle. Though General Beauregard declined the offer, he evidently misinterpreted its spirit and intention. He imagined it was a confession of inadequacy for the duty, in which case he ought to have accepted it. The truth was that, coming into this district which he had assigned to Beauregard, Johnston felt disinclined to deprive him of any reputation he might acquire from a victory. He had not the slightest idea, however, of abdicating the supreme command, and said to friends who remonstrated with him: "I will be there to see that all goes right." He was willing to yield to another the glory, if thereby anything was added to the chance of victory. The offer was rather quixotic, but characteristic. He then gave General Beauregard the position of second in command, without special assignment. Indeed, as is shown by his own frequent statements, General Beauregard was, from severe and protracted ill-health, inadequate to any more serious duty.

General Grant's army had been moved up the Tennessee River by boat, and had taken position on its left bank at Pittsburg Landing. It had been landed by divisions, and Bragg had proposed to Beauregard to attack Grant before he assembled his whole force. Beauregard forbade this, intending to await events, and attack him away from his base if possible. Grant's first object was to destroy the railroads which centered at Corinth, and, indeed, to capture that place if he could. But his advance was only part of a grand plan for a combined movement of his own and Buell's army. With Pittsburg Landing as a base, this army was to occupy North Mississippi and Alabama, command the entire railroad system of that section, and take Memphis in the rear, while Halleck forced his way down

the Mississippi River. General Johnston divined the movement before it was begun, and was there to frustrate it. Indeed, Grant was at Pittsburg Landing only one week before Johnston completed the concentration.

Grant has been severely criticised for placing his army with the river at its back. But he was there to take the initiative. He had the larger army, under cover, too, of his gunboats: he was expecting Buell daily; and the ground was admirable for defense. Indeed, his position was a natural stronghold. Flanked by Owl and Lick creeks, with their marshy margins, and with his front protected by a swampy valley, he occupied a quadrilateral of great strength. His troops were stationed on wooded heights, generally screened by heavy undergrowth and approached across boggy ravines or open fields. Each camp was a fortress in itself, and the line of retreat afforded at each step some like point to rally on. He did not fortify his camps, it is true; but he was not there for defense, but for attack. It must be admitted that he undervalued his enemy's daring and celerity; but he was a young general, exultant in his overwhelming victory at Donelson; and his generals and army shared his sense of security. He had an army of 58,000 men in camp, nearly 50,000 of whom were effectives. Buell was near at hand with 37,000 more, and Mitchel was moving against the railroad at Florence, Alabama, not far distant, with an additional force of 18,000. In all Grant had 105,000 effectives. Opposed to him were 50,000 Confederate troops, less than 40,000 of whom were available for combat. General Johnston's aggregate was 60,000 men, opposed to about 200,000 Federals in all, but the effective forces were as above.

Such was the position on April 2d, when General Johnston, learning that Buell was rapidly approaching, resolved to advance next day, and attack Grant before his arrival. His general plan was very simple in outline. It seems to have been to march out and attack the Federals by columns of corps, to make the battle a decisive test, and to crush Grant utterly or lose all in the attempt; this effected, to contend with Buell for the possession of Tennessee, Kentucky, and possibly the North-west.

General Beauregard also, it seems, had a plan, which, however, must have differed widely from that of General Johnston, as it was evidently tentative in its nature,—“a reconnaissance in force,” with a retreat on Corinth as one of its features,—and which admitted the possibility of finishing on Monday a battle which had to be won on Sunday or never. This was not in any sense General Johnston's

plan, and much useless discussion has arisen from a confusion of the two. But, as General Johnston intended to fight, and did fight, on his own plan as long as he lived, the battle may be considered his until Beauregard's order of retreat, about five o'clock Sunday evening, substituted “the reconnaissance in force” in place of the decisive test of victory or defeat.

General Beauregard had been on the ground some six weeks, and his prestige as an engineer and as the victor of Bull Run warranted General Johnston in committing to him the elaboration of the details of the march and order of battle. Unfortunately he changed what seems evidently General Johnston's original purpose of an assault by columns of corps into an array in three parallel lines of battle, which produced extreme confusion when the second and third lines advanced to support the first and intermingled with it. General Johnston's plan is summed up in the following dispatch to President Davis:

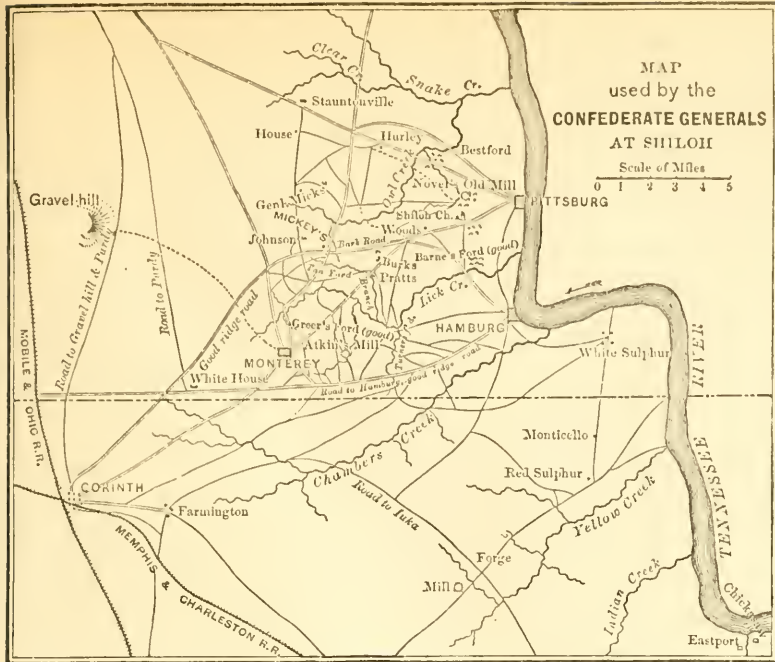
“CORINTH, April 3, 1862.

“General Buell in motion 30,000 strong, rapidly from Columbia by Clifton to Savannah. Mitchel behind him with 10,000. Confederate forces—40,000—ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg. Division from Bethel, main body from Corinth, reserve from Burnsville, converging to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg. Beauregard second in command, Polk the left, Bragg the center, Hardee the right wing. Breckenridge the reserve. *Hope engagement before Buell can form junction.*”

In the original dispatch, the words italicized are in General Johnston's own handwriting. Moreover, owing to ignorance of the country, the march was so ordered that the corps interfered with each other in their advance, and by a detention the battle was delayed an entire day, an almost fatal loss of time.

If it be asked why General Johnston accepted and issued an order of march and battle which he had not contemplated, the reply is that it had been prepared by his second in command, who was presumably more familiar with the country and the roads than himself, and hence with the necessities of the case. But the overruling reason was the question of *time*. Buell was at hand, and Johnston's plan was not to manœuvre, but to attack; and *any* plan which put him front to front with Grant was better than the best two days later.

He did not undervalue the importance of details. No man regarded more closely all the details subsidiary to a great result than General Johnston. But important as were the preliminaries,—the maps, the roads, the methods of putting his army face to face with the enemy, which General Johnston had to take on trust,—he knew that the chief *strategy* of the battle was in the decision to fight. Once in the presence of the enemy, he knew that the re-



the troops did not receive them from the adjutant-general's office until the next afternoon. When the soldiers learned that they were going out to fight, the long-restrained ardor burst into a blaze of enthusiasm, and they did all that was possible for inexperienced troops in both marching and fighting. Some of the arms were distributed that afternoon. With hasty preparations the movement began, and Hardee's corps was at Mickey's,

sult would depend on the way in which his troops were handled. This was his part of the work, and he felt full confidence in his own ability to carry it out successfully. He issued the order as presented by Beauregard, and moved his army against the enemy, April 3d, 1862. General Bragg, commenting on these facts, says :

"The details of that plan, arranged after General Sidney Johnston decided on delivering battle, and had given his instructions, were made up and published in full from the adjutant-general's office. My first knowledge of them was derived from this general order, the authorship of which has been claimed by General Beauregard. . . . In this case, as I understood then, and still believe, Johnston gave verbal instructions for the general movement. . . . Over Colonel Jordan's (the adjutant-general) signature, they reached the army. The general plan (General Johnston's) was admirable — *the elaboration simply execrable.*

"When the time arrived for execution, you know what occurred. In spite of opposition and prediction of failure, Johnston firmly and decidedly ordered and led the attack in the execution of his general plan, and, notwithstanding the faulty arrangement of the troops, was eminently successful up to the moment of his fall. *The victory was won.* How it was lost, the official reports will show, and history has recorded."

General Johnston gave orders about one o'clock on the night of Wednesday, the 2d of April, for the advance. But their elaboration seems to have required some time, and

within four or five miles of Pittsburg, next morning. But some of the troops did not move until the morning of Saturday, the 5th, owing to a still further delay in the delivery of orders by the adjutant-general's office, and all were impeded by the heavy condition of the roads, through a dense forest, and across sloughs and marshes.

The order was to attack at three o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 5th; but the troops were not in position until late that afternoon. All day Friday the advancing columns had pushed on over the tangled, miry roads, hindered and embarrassed by a pelting rain. After midnight a violent storm broke upon them as they stood under arms in the pitch darkness, with no shelter but the trees. From detention by the rain, ignorance of the roads, and a confusion produced by the order of march, some divisions failed to get into line, and the day was wasted.

As they were waiting the disposition of troops late Saturday afternoon, a council of war occurred, in which Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Polk, and Breckenridge took part, and which added greatly to General Johnston's responsibilities, and the heavy burden he had already incurred by his experiment of concentration and his resolve to fight a pitched battle. The Confederate army was in full battle array, within two miles of Shiloh Church and Grant's line, when General Beauregard suddenly proposed that the army should be withdrawn and retreat to Corinth. He maintained that the delay and noise must have given

the enemy notice, and that they would be found intrenched and ready for attack. General Johnston seemed to be much surprised at the suggestion. Polk and Bragg differed with Beauregard, and a warm discussion ensued between him and Polk, in which General Johnston took little part, but closed it with the simple remark, "Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight to-morrow," which he uttered with great decision. Turning to one of his staff-officers, he said: "I would fight them if they were a million. They can present no greater front between these two creeks than we can, and the more men they crowd in there, the worse we can make it for them. Polk is a true soldier and a friend."

General Bragg says: "The meeting then dispersed upon an invitation of the commanding general to meet at his tent that evening. At that meeting a further discussion elicited the same views, and the same firm, decided determination. The next morning, about dawn of day, the 6th, as the troops were being put in motion, several generals again met at the camp-fire of the general-in-chief. The discussion was renewed, General Beauregard again expressing his dissent, when, rapid firing in the front indicating that the attack had commenced, General Johnston closed the discussion by remarking, 'The battle has opened, gentlemen; it is too late to change our dispositions.' He proposed to move to the front, and his subordinates promptly joined their respective commands, inspired by his coolness, confidence, and determination. Few men have equaled him in the possession and display at the proper time of these great qualities of the soldier."

It will readily be perceived how much General Beauregard's urgent opposition to fighting must have added to the weight of General Johnston's responsibility. Beauregard was in the full tide of popular favor, while Johnston was laboring under the load of public obloquy and odium. Nothing short of complete and overwhelming victory would vindicate him in differing with so famous a general. A reverse, even a merely partial success, would leave him under condemnation. Nevertheless, without a moment's hesitation, he resolved to fight.

The sun set on Saturday evening in a cloudless sky, and night fell calm, clear, and beautiful. Long before dawn the forest was alive with silent preparations for the ensuing contest, and day broke upon a scene so fair that it left its memory on thousands of hearts. The sky was clear overhead, the air fresh, and when the sun rose in full splendor, the advancing host passed the word from lip to lip that it was the "sun of Austerlitz."

General Johnston, usually so self-contained, felt the inspiration of the scene, and welcomed with exultant joy the long-desired day. His presence inspired all who came near him. His sentences, sharp, terse, and clear, had the ring of victory in them. Turning to his staff, as he mounted, he exclaimed: "To-night we will water our horses in the Tennessee River." It was thus that he formulated his plan of battle. It must not stop short of entire victory. To Randall L. Gibson, who was commanding a Louisiana brigade, he said: "I hope you may get through safely to-day, but *we must win a victory.*" To Colonel John S. Marmaduke, who had served under him in Utah, he said, placing his hand on his shoulder: "My son, we must this day conquer or perish." To the ambitious Hindman, who had been in the vanguard from the beginning, he said: "You have *earned* your spurs as a major-general. Let this day's work win them." With such words, as he rode from point to point, he raised a spirit in that host which swept away the serried lines of the conquerors of Donelson. Friend and foe alike testify to the enthusiastic courage and ardor of the Southern soldiers that day.

General Johnston's strategy was completed. He was face to face with his foe, and that foe all unaware of his coming. His front line, composed of the Third Corps and Gladden's brigade, was under Hardee, and extended from Owl Creek to Lick Creek, more than three miles. (See maps.) Hindman's division of two brigades occupied the center, Cleburne's brigade had the left, and Gladden's the right wing — an effective total in the front line of 9024. Bragg commanded the second line. He had two divisions: Withers's, of two brigades, on the right, and Ruggles's, of three brigades, on the left. The brigades were, in order from right to left, as follows: Chalmers, Jackson, Gibson, Anderson, Pond. This second line was 10,731 strong. The third line, or reserve, was composed of the First Corps, under Polk, and three brigades under Breckenridge. Polk's command was massed in columns of brigades on the Bark road near Mickey's, and Breckenridge's on the road from Monterey toward the same point. Polk was to advance on the left of the Bark road, at an interval of about eight hundred paces from Bragg's line; and Breckenridge, to the right of that road, was to give support wherever it should become necessary. Polk's corps, 9136 strong in infantry and artillery, was composed of two divisions: Cheatham's on the left, made up of Bushrod R. Johnson's and Stephens' brigades, and Clark's on his right, formed of A. P. Stewart's and Russell's brigades. It followed Bragg's line at about eight hundred yards distance.

Breckenridge's reserve was composed of Tra-bue's, Bowen's, and Statham's brigades, with a total, infantry and artillery, of 6439. The cavalry, about 4300 strong, guarded the flanks or was detached on outpost duty; but, both from the newness and imperfections of their organization, equipment, and drill, and from the rough and wooded character of the ground, they could do little service that day. The effectives of all arms that marched out to battle were 38,773, or, exclusive of cavalry, 35,330.

The Federal army numbered present 49,232, and present for duty 41,543. But at Crump's Landing, five or six miles distant, was General Lew Wallace's division with 8820 present, and 7771 men present for duty. General Nelson's division of Buell's army had arrived at Savannah on Saturday morning, and was now about five miles distant; Crittenden's division also had arrived on the morning of the 6th. So that Grant, with these three divisions, may be considered as having about 22,000 men in immediate reserve, without counting the remainder of Buell's army, which was near by.

As General Johnston and his staff were taking their coffee, the first gun of the battle sounded. "Note the hour, if you please, gentlemen," said General Johnston. It was fourteen minutes past five. They immediately mounted and galloped to the front.

Some skirmishing on Friday between the Confederate cavalry and the Federal outposts, in which a few men were killed, wounded, and captured on both sides, had aroused the vigilance of the Northern commanders to some extent. Sherman reported on the 5th to Grant that two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry were in his front, and added: "I have no doubt that nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. . . . I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position." In his "Memoirs" he says: "I did not believe they designed anything but a strong demonstration." He said to Major Ricker that an advance of Beauregard's army "could not be possible. Beauregard was not such a fool as to leave his base of operations and attack us in ours, — *mere reconnaissance in force.*" This shows a curious coincidence with the actual state of General Beauregard's mind on that day. And Grant telegraphed Halleck on Saturday night: "The main force of the enemy is at Corinth. . . . One division of Buell's column arrived yesterday. . . . I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us."

Nevertheless, some apprehension was felt among the officers and men of the Federal army, and General Prentiss had thrown for-

ward Colonel Moore, with the Twenty-first Missouri Regiment, on the Corinth road. Moore, feeling his way cautiously, encountered Hardee's skirmish-line under Major Hardcastle, and, thinking it an outpost, assailed it vigorously. Thus really the Federals began the fight. The struggle was brief, but spirited. The Eighth and Ninth Arkansas came up. Moore fell wounded. The Missourians gave way, and Shaver's brigade pursued them. Hindman's whole division moved on, following the ridge and drifting to the right, and drove in the grand guards and outposts until they struck Prentiss's camps. Into these they burst, overthrowing all before them.

To appreciate the suddenness and violence of the blow, one must read the testimony of eye-witnesses. General Bragg says, in a sketch of Shiloh made for the writer: "Contrary to the views of such as urged an abandonment of the attack, the enemy was found utterly unprepared, many being surprised and captured in their tents, and others, though on the outside, in costumes better fitted to the bedchamber than to the battle-field." General Preston says: "General Johnston then went to the camp assailed, which was carried between 7 and 8 o'clock. The enemy were evidently surprised. The breakfasts were on the mess tables, the baggage unpacked, the knapsacks, stores, colors, and ammunition abandoned."

The essential feature of General Johnston's strategy had been to get at his enemy as quickly as possible, and in as good order. In this he had succeeded. His plan of battle was as simple as his strategy. It had been made known in his order of battle, and was thoroughly understood by every brigade commander. The orders of the 3d of April were, that "every effort should be made to turn the *left flank of the enemy*, so as to cut off his line of retreat to the Tennessee River and *throw him back on Owl Creek, where he will be obliged to surrender.*" It is seen that, from the first, these orders were carried out in letter and spirit; and, as long as General Johnston lived, the success of this movement was complete. *The battle was fought precisely as it was planned.* The instructions delivered to General Johnston's subordinates on the previous day were found sufficient for their conduct on the battle-field. But, to accomplish this, his own personal presence and inspiration and direction were often necessary with these enthusiastic but raw troops. He had personal conference on the field with most of his generals, and led several brigades into battle. The criticism upon this conduct, that he exposed himself unnecessarily, is absurd to those who know how important rapid decision and instantaneous action are in the crisis of conflict.

His lines of battle were pushed rapidly to the front, and as gaps widened in the first lines, they were filled by brigades of the second and third. One of Breckenridge's brigades was sent to the left to support Cleburne, and the other two were led to the extreme right, only Chalmers being beyond them. Gladden, who was on Hindman's right, and had a longer distance to traverse to strike some of Prentiss's brigades further to the left, found them better prepared, but, after a sanguinary resistance, drove them from their camps. In this bitter struggle Gladden fell mortally wounded. Chalmers's brigade, of Bragg's line, came in on Gladden's right, and his Mississippians drove the enemy with the bayonet half a mile. He was about to charge again, when General Johnston came up, and moved him to the right, and brought John K. Jackson's brigade into the interval. Prentiss's left retreated sullenly, not routed, but badly hammered.

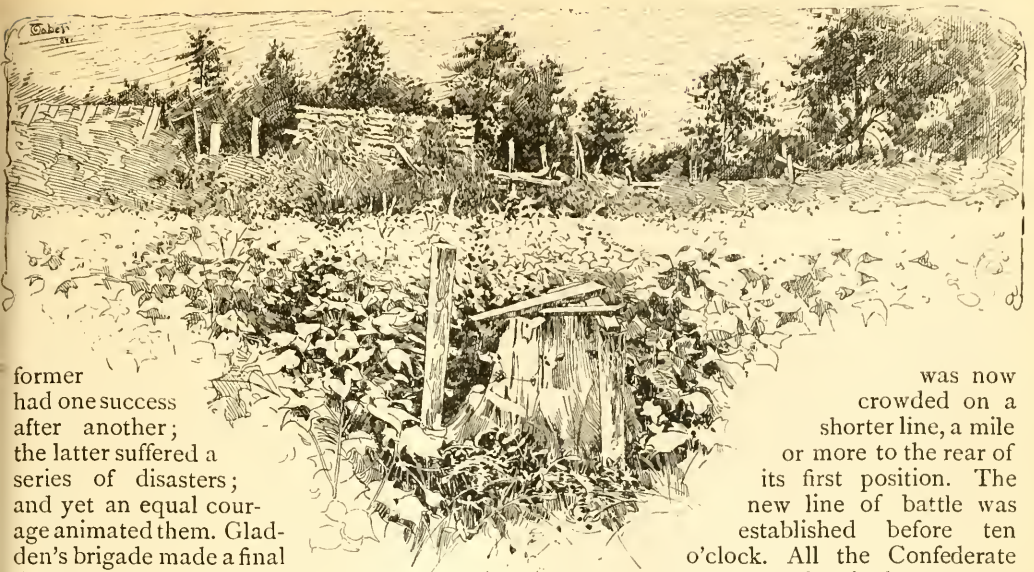
With Hindman as a pivot, the turning movement began from the moment of the overthrow of Prentiss's camps. While the front attacks were made all along the line with a desperate courage which would have swept any ordinary resistance from the field, and with a loss which told fearfully on the assailants, they were seconded by assaults in flank which invariably resulted in crushing the Federal line with destructive force and strewing the field with the wounded and the dead. The Federal reports complain that they were flanked and outnumbered, which is true; for, though fewer, the Confederates were probably stronger at every given point throughout the day except at the Hornets' Nest, where the Federals eventually massed nearly two divisions. The iron flail of war beat upon the Federal front and right flank with the regular and ponderous pulsations of some great engine, and these assaults resulted in a crumbling process which was continually but slowly going on, as regiment and brigade and division yielded to the continuous and successive blows. There has been criticism that there were no grand assaults by divisions and corps. The fact is that there were but few lulls in the contest. The fighting was a grapple and a death-struggle all day long, and, as one brigade after another wilted before the deadly fire of the stubborn Federals, still another was pushed into the combat and kept up the fierce assault. A breathing-spell, and the shattered command would gather itself up and resume its work of destruction. These were the general aspects of the battle.

When the battle began Hindman, following the ridge, had easy ground to traverse; but Cleburne's large brigade, on his left, with its

supports, moving over a more difficult country, was slower in getting upon Sherman's front. That general and his command, aroused by the long roll, the advancing musketry, and the rush of troops to his left, got his division in line of battle and was ready for the assault of Cleburne, which was made about eight o'clock. General Johnston, who had followed close after Hindman, urging on his attack, saw Cleburne's brigade begin its advance, and then returned to where Hindman was gathering his force for another assault. Hardee said of Cleburne that he "moved quickly through the fields, and, though far outflanked by the enemy on our left, rushed forward under a terrific fire from the serried ranks drawn up in front of the camp. A morass covered his front, and, being difficult to pass, caused a break in this brigade. Deadly volleys were poured upon the men from behind bales of hay and other defenses, as they advanced; and after a series of desperate charges, they were compelled to fall back. . . . Supported by the arrival of the second line, Cleburne with the remainder of his troops again advanced, and entered the enemy's encampment, which had been forced on the center and right by the dashing charges of Gladden's, Wood's, and Hindman's brigades."

While Sherman was repelling Cleburne's attack, McClelland sent up three Illinois regiments to reënforce his left. But General Polk led forward Bushrod R. Johnson's brigade, and Major-General Clark Russell's brigade, against Sherman's left, while General Johnston himself put A. P. Stewart's brigade in position on their right. Supported by part of Cleburne's line, they attacked Sherman and McClelland fiercely. Polk said: "The resistance at this point was as stubborn as at any other point on the field." Clark and Bushrod R. Johnson fell badly wounded. Hildebrand's Federal brigade was swept from the field, losing in the onslaught 300 killed and wounded, and 94 missing.

Wood's brigade, of Hindman's division, joined in this charge on the right. As they hesitated at the crest of a hill, General Johnston came to the front and urged them to the attack. They rushed forward with the inspiring "Rebel yell," and with Stewart's brigade enveloped the Illinois troops. In ten minutes the latter melted away under the fire, and were forced from the field. In this engagement John A. McDowell's and Veatch's Federal brigades, as well as Hildebrand's, were demolished and heard of no more. Buckland retreated and took position with McClelland. In these attacks Anderson's and Pond's Confederate brigades joined with great vigor and severe loss, but with unequal fortune. The



SCENE OF GEN. JOHNSTON'S DEATH.

former had one success after another; the latter suffered a series of disasters; and yet an equal courage animated them. Gladden's brigade made a final desperate and successful charge on Prentiss's line.

The whole Federal front, which had been broken here and there, and was getting ragged, gave way under this hammering process on front and flank, and fell back across a ravine to another strong position behind the Hamburg and Purdy road in rear of Shiloh. Sherman's route of retreat was marked by the thick-strewn corpses of his soldiers. At last, pressed back toward both Owl Creek and the river, Sherman and McClernand found safety by the interposition on their left flank of W. H. L. Wallace's fresh division. Hurlbut and Wallace had advanced about eight o'clock, so that Prentiss's command found a refuge in the intervals of the new and formidable Federal line, with Stuart on the left and Sherman's shattered division on the right.

General Johnston had pushed Chalmers to the right and front, sweeping down the left bank of Lick Creek, driving in pickets, until he encountered Stuart's Federal brigade on the Pittsburg and Hamburg road. Stuart was strongly posted on a steep hill near the river, covered with thick undergrowth, and with an open field in front. McArthur was to his right and rear in the woods. Jackson attacked McArthur, who fell back; and Chalmers went at Stuart's brigade. This command reserved its fire until Chalmers's men were within forty yards, and then delivered a heavy and destructive volley; but, after a hard fight, the Federals were driven back. Chalmers's right rested on the Tennessee River bottom-lands, and he fought down the bank toward Pittsburg Landing. The enemy's left was completely turned, and the Federal army

was now crowded on a shorter line, a mile or more to the rear of its first position. The new line of battle was established before ten o'clock. All the Confederate troops were then in the front line, except two of Breckenridge's

brigades, Bowen and Statham, which were moving to the Confederate right, and soon occupied the interval between Chalmers and Jackson. Hardee, with Cleburne and Pond, was pressing Sherman slowly but steadily back. Bragg and Polk met about half-past ten o'clock, and by agreement Polk led his troops against McClernand, while Bragg directed the operations against the Federal center. A gigantic contest now began which lasted more than five hours. In the impetuous rush forward of regiments to fill the gaps in the front line, even the brigade organization was broken; but, though there was dislocation of commands, there was little loss of effective force. The Confederate assaults were made by rapid and often unconnected charges along the line. They were repeatedly checked, and often repulsed. Sometimes counter-charges drove them back for short distances; but, whether in assault or recoil, both sides saw their bravest soldiers fall in frightful numbers. The Confederates came on in motley garb, varying from the favorite gray and domestic "butternut" to the blue of certain Louisiana regiments, which paid dearly the penalty of doubtful colors. Over them waved flags and pennons as various as their uniforms. At each charge there went up a wild yell, heard above the roar of artillery; only the Kentuckians, advancing with measured step, sang in chorus their war-song: "Cheer, boys, cheer; we'll march away to battle."

On the Federal left center W. H. L. Wallace and Hurlbut were massed, with Prentiss's fragments, in a position so impregnable, and thronged with such fierce defenders, that it

won from the Confederates the memorable title of the "Hornets' Nest." (See page 605.) Here, behind a dense thicket on the crest of a hill, was posted a strong force of as hardy troops as ever fought, almost perfectly protected by the conformation of the ground, and by logs and other rude and hastily prepared defenses. To assail it an open field had to be passed, enfiladed by the fire of its batteries. No figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of assault upon this natural fortress. For five hours brigade after brigade was led against it. Hindman's brigades, which earlier had swept everything before them, were reduced to fragments, and paralyzed for the remainder of the day. A. P. Stewart's regiments made fruitless assaults. Then Bragg ordered up Gibson's brigade. Gibson himself, a knightly soldier, was aided by colonels three of whom afterward became generals. The brigade made a gallant charge; but, like the others, recoiled from the fire it encountered. Under a cross-fire of artillery and musketry it at last fell back with very heavy loss. Gibson asked for artillery to be sent him; but it was not at hand, and Bragg sent orders to charge again. The colonels thought it hopeless; but Gibson led them again to the attack, and again they suffered a bloody repulse.

The brigade was four times repulsed, but maintained its ground steadily, until W. H. L. Wallace's position was turned, when, renewing its forward movement in conjunction with Cheatham's command, it helped to drive back its stout opponents. Cheatham, charging on Gibson's right, across an open field, was caught under a murderous cross-fire, but fell back in good order, and, later in the day, came in on Breckenridge's left in the last assault when Prentiss was captured. This bloody fray lasted till nearly four o'clock, without making any visible impression on the Federal center. But when its flanks were turned, these assaulting columns, crowding in on its front, aided in its capture.

General Johnston was with Statham's brigade, confronting Hurlbut's left, which was behind the crest of a hill, with a depression filled with chaparral in its front. The Confederates held the parallel ridge in easy musket-range; and "as heavy fire as I ever saw during the war," says Governor Harris, was kept up on both sides for an hour or more. It was necessary to cross the valley raked by this deadly ambuscade and assail the opposite ridge in order to drive the enemy from his stronghold. When General Johnston came up and saw the situation, he said to his staff: "They are offering stubborn resistance here. I shall have to put the bayonet to them." It was the crisis of the conflict. The Federal key was in his front. If his assault were suc-

cessful, their left would be completely turned, and the victory won. He determined to charge. He sent Governor Harris, of his staff, to lead a Tennessee regiment; and, after a brief conference with Breckenridge, whom he loved and admired, that officer, followed by his staff, appealed to the soldiers. As he encouraged them with his fine voice and manly bearing, General Johnston rode out in front and slowly down the line. His hat was off. His sword rested in its scabbard. In his right hand he held a little tin cup, the memorial of an incident that had occurred earlier in the day. Passing through a captured camp, he had taken this toy, saying, "Let this be my share of the spoils to-day." It was this plaything which, holding it between two fingers, he employed more effectively in his natural and simple gesticulation than most men could have used a sword. His presence was full of inspiration. He sat his thorough-bred bay, "Fire-eater," with easy command. His voice was persuasive, encouraging, and compelling. His words were few; he said: "Men! they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet." When he reached the center of the line, he turned. "I will lead you!" he cried, and moved toward the enemy. The line was already thrilling and trembling with that irresistible ardor which in battle decides the day. With a mighty shout the line moved forward at a charge. A sheet of flame and a mighty roar burst from the Federal stronghold. The Confederate line withered; but there was not an instant's pause. The crest was gained. The enemy were in flight.

General Johnston had passed through the ordeal seemingly unhurt. His horse was shot in four places; his clothes were pierced by missiles; his boot-sole was cut and torn by a minie; but if he himself had received any severe wound, he did not know it. At this moment Governor Harris rode up from the right. After a few words, General Johnston sent him with an order to Colonel Statham, which having delivered, he speedily returned. In the mean time, knots and groups of Federal soldiers kept up a desultory fire as they retreated upon their supports, and their last line, now yielding, delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired. By the chance of war, a minie-ball from one of these did its fatal work. As he sat there, after his wound, Captain Wickham says that Colonel O'Hara, of his staff, rode up, and General Johnston said to him, "We must go to the left, where the firing is heaviest," and then gave him an order, which O'Hara rode off to obey. Governor Harris returned, and, finding him very pale, asked him, "General, are you wounded?" He answered, in a very deliberate and em-

phatic tone: "Yes, and, I fear, seriously." These were his last words. Harris and Wickham led his horse back under cover of the hill, and lifted him from it. They searched at random for the wound, which had cut an artery in his leg, the blood flowing into his boot. When his brother-in-law, Preston, lifted his head, and addressed him with passionate grief, he smiled faintly, but uttered no word. His life rapidly ebbed away, and in a few moments he was dead.

His wound was not necessarily fatal. General Johnston's own knowledge of military surgery was adequate for its control by an extemporized tourniquet, had he been aware or regardless of its nature. Dr. D. W. Yandell, his surgeon, had attended his person during most of the morning; but, finding a large number of wounded men, including many Federals, at one point, General Johnston ordered Yandell to stop there, establish a hospital, and give them his services. He said to Yandell: "These men were our enemies a moment ago; they are prisoners now. Take care of them." Yandell remonstrated against leaving him, but he was peremptory. Had Yandell remained with him, he would have had little difficulty with the wound.

Governor Harris, and others of General Johnston's staff, promptly informed General Beauregard of his death, and General Beauregard assumed command, remaining at Shiloh Church, awaiting the issue of events.

Up to the moment of the death of the commander-in-chief, in spite of the dislocation of the commands, there was the most perfect regularity in the development of the plan of battle. In all the seeming confusion there was the predominance of intelligent design; a master mind, keeping in clear view its purpose, sought the weak point in the defense, and, finding it on the enemy's left, kept turning that flank. With the disadvantage of inferior numbers, General Johnston brought to bear a superior force on each particular point, and, by a series of rapid and powerful blows, broke the Federal army to pieces.

Now was the time for the Confederates to push their advantage, and, closing in on the rear of Prentiss and Wallace, to finish the battle. But, on the contrary, there came a lull in the conflict on the right, lasting more than an hour from half-past two, the time at which General Johnston fell. It is true that the Federals fell back and left the field, and the Confederates went forward deliberately, occupying their positions, and thus helping to envelop the Federal center. But there was no further general direction or concerted movement. The determinate purpose to capture Grant that day was lost sight of. The strong arm was withdrawn, and the bow remained un-

bent. Elsewhere there were bloody desultory combats, but they tended to nothing.

About half-past three the contest, which had throbbled with fitful violence for five hours, was renewed with the utmost fury. While an ineffectual struggle was going on at the center, a number of batteries opened upon Prentiss's right flank, the center of what remained of the Federals. The opening of so heavy a fire, and the simultaneous though unconcerted advance of the whole Confederate line, resulted at first in the confusion of the enemy, and then in the death of W. H. L. Wallace and the surrender of Prentiss.

These generals have received scant justice for their stubborn defense. They agreed to hold their position at all odds, and did so until Wallace received his fatal wound and Prentiss was surrounded and captured with nearly 3000 men. This delay was the salvation of Grant's army.

Breckenridge's command closed in on the Federal left and rear; Polk crushed their right by the violence of his assault, and in person, with Marshall J. Smith's Crescent regiment, received the surrender of many troops. Prentiss gave up his sword to Colonel Russell. Bragg's troops, wrestling at the front, poured in over the Hornets' Nest, and shared in the triumph. Polk ordered his cavalry to charge the fleeing enemy, and Colonel Miller rode down and captured a six-gun battery. His men "watered their horses in the Tennessee River." All now felt that the victory was won. Bragg, Polk, Hardee, Breckenridge, all the corps commanders, were at the front, and in communication. Their generals were around them. The hand that had launched the thunder-bolt of war was cold, but its influence still nerved this host and its commanders. A line of battle was formed, and all was ready for the last fell swoop, to compel an "unconditional surrender" by General Grant.

The only position on the high grounds left to the Federals was held by Colonel Webster, of Grant's staff, who had collected some twenty guns and manned them with volunteers. Soon after four o'clock Chalmers and Jackson, proceeding down the river-bank while Prentiss's surrender was going on, came upon this position. The approaches were bad from that direction; nevertheless, they attacked resolutely, and, though repeatedly repulsed, kept up their assaults till nightfall. At one time they drove some gunners from their guns, and their attack has been generally mistaken by Federal writers for the final assault of the Confederate army—*which was never made*. The Federal generals and writers attribute their salvation to the repulse of Chalmers, and the honor is claimed respectively for Webster's artillery and for Ammen's brigade of Buell's

army, which came up at the last moment. But neither they nor all that was left of the Federal army could have withstood five minutes the united advance of the Confederate line, which was at hand and ready to deal the death-stroke. Their salvation came from a different quarter. General Bragg gives the following account of the close of the battle: "Concurring testimony, especially that of the prisoners on both sides,—our captured being present and witnesses to the demoralization of the enemy, and their eagerness to escape or avoid further slaughter by surrender,—left no doubt but that a persistent, energetic assault would soon have been crowned by a general yielding of his whole force. About one hour of daylight was left to us. The enemy's gun-boats, his last hope, took position opposite us in the river, and commenced a furious cannonade at our supposed position. From the elevation necessary to reach the high bluff on which we were operating, this proved 'all sound and fury signifying nothing,' and did not in the slightest degree mar our prospects or our progress. Not so, however, in our rear, where these heavy shells fell among the reserves and stragglers; and, to the utter dismay of the commanders on the field, the troops were seen to abandon their inspiring work, and to retire sullenly from the contest when danger was almost past, and victory, so dearly purchased, was almost certain." Polk, Hardee, Breckenridge, Withers, Gibson, Gilmer, and all who were there confirm this statement. General Buell says of Grant's army that there were "not more than 5000 men in ranks and available on the battle-field at night-fall. . . . The rest were either killed, wounded, captured, or scattered in inextricable and hopeless confusion for miles along the banks of the river." General Nelson describes them as "cowering under the river-bank, . . . frantic with fright and utterly demoralized."

At this crisis came from General Beauregard an order for the withdrawal of the troops, of which his chief of staff says: "General Beauregard, in the mean time, observing the exhausted, widely scattered condition of his army, directed it to be brought out of battle, collected, and restored to order as far as practicable, and to occupy for the night the captured encampments of the enemy. This, however, had been done in chief part by the officers in immediate command of the troops before the order was generally distributed." For this last allegation, or that the army was exhausted, there is not the slightest warrant.

The concurrent testimony of the generals and soldiers at the front is at one on all essential points. General Beauregard at Shiloh, two miles in the rear, with the *débris* of the

army surging back upon him, the shells bursting around him, sick with his two months' previous malady, pictured in his imagination a wreck at the front, totally different from the actual condition there. Had this officer been with Bragg, and not greatly prostrated and suffering from severe sickness, I firmly believe his order would have been to advance, not to retire. And this in spite of his theory of his plan of battle, which he sums up as follows, and which is so different from General Johnston's: "By a rapid and vigorous attack on General Grant, it was expected he would be beaten back into his transports and the river, or captured in time to enable us to profit by the victory, and remove to the rear all the stores and munitions that would fall into our hands in such an event before the arrival of General Buell's army on the scene. It was never contemplated, however, to retain the position thus gained and abandon *Corinth, the strategic point of the campaign.*" Why, then, did General Beauregard stop short in his career? Sunday evening it was not a question of retaining, but of gaining, Pittsburg Landing. Complete victory was in his grasp, and he threw it away. General Gibson says: "General Johnston's death was a tremendous catastrophe. There are no words adequate to express my own conception of the immensity of the loss to our country. Sometimes the hopes of millions of people depend upon one head and one arm. The West perished with Albert Sidney Johnston, and the Southern country followed."

Monday was General Beauregard's battle, and it was well fought. But in recalling his troops from the heights which commanded the enemy's landing, he gave away a position which during the night was occupied by Buell's 20,000 fresh troops, who thus regained the high grounds that had been won at such a cost. Lew Wallace, too, had come up 6500 strong. Moreover, the orders had been conveyed by Beauregard's staff to brigades and even regiments to withdraw, and the troops wandered back over the field, without coherence, direction, or purpose, and encamped where chance provided for them. All array was lost, and, in the morning, they met the attack of nearly 30,000 fresh and organized troops, with no hope of success except from their native valor and the indomitable purpose roused by the triumph of Sunday. Their fortitude, their courage, and the free offering of their lives were equal to the day before. But it was a retreat, not an assault. They retired slowly and sullenly, shattered, but not overthrown, to Corinth, *the strategic point of General Beauregard's campaign.*

William Preston Johnston.

NOTES OF A CONFEDERATE STAFF-OFFICER AT SHILOH.



AFTER ten o'clock at night, on the 2d of April, 1862, while in my office as adjutant-general of the Confederate army assembled at Corinth, a telegram was brought to me from General Cheatham, commanding an outpost on our left flank at Bethel, on the Mobile and Ohio railway, some twenty odd miles northward of Corinth. General Cheatham had addressed it to General Polk, his corps commander, informing him that a Federal division, under General Lew Wallace, had been manœuvring in his proximity during the day. General Polk had in due course sent the message to General Beauregard, from whom it came to me with his signed indorsement, and addressed to General A. S. Johnston, the substance of the indorsement being: "Now is the time to advance upon Pittsburg Landing." And below were these words, in effect, if not literally: "Colonel Jordan had better carry this in person to General Johnston and explain the military situation.—G. T. B."

At the time Colonel Jacob Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior of the United States, was in my office as my guest. I read the telegram aloud to him and immediately thereafter repaired to General Johnston's quarters, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, where I found him surrounded by his personal staff, in the room which the latter habitually occupied. I handed him the open-dispatch, and he read it and the indorsements without comment; asked me several questions about matters wholly irrelevant to the dispatch or what might naturally grow out of it, and rose, saying that he would cross the street to see General Bragg. I asked if I should accompany him. "Certainly," was his answer. We found that General Bragg had already gone to bed, but he received us in dishabille, General Johnston handing him the dispatch at once, without remark. Bragg, having read it, immediately expressed his agreement with Beauregard's advisement. General Johnston thereupon very clearly stated some strong objections, chiefly to the effect

that as yet our troops were too raw and incompletely equipped for an offensive enterprise, such as an onset upon the Federal army in a position of their own choosing, and also that he did not see from what quarter a proper reserve could be assembled in time.

As General Beauregard had discussed with me repeatedly within a week the details of such an offensive operation in all its features, and the necessity for it before the Federal army was itself ready to take the offensive, I was able to answer satisfactorily the objections raised by General Johnston, including the supposed difficulty about a reserve—for which use I pointed out that the Confederate forces posted under General Breckenridge at several points along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, to the eastward of Corinth, could be quickly concentrated at Burnsville, and be moved thence direct to Monterey, and there effect a junction with our main force. General Johnston at last assented to the undertaking. Whereupon I turned to a table in General Bragg's chamber, and wrote a circular order to the three corps commanders, Major-Generals Polk, Bragg, and Hardee, directing that each should hold his corps under arms by 12 Meridian on the 3d of April, ready to march, with forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes, and sixty rounds for each man to be carried as a reserve; three days' cooked provisions per man in their haversacks, with three more to be transported in wagons. This circular also prescribed the ammunition for the artillery, and the number of wagons each regiment would be provided with; all of which was approved by General Johnston when I read the rough draught of it. Afterward the copies were made by an aid-de-camp on the staff of General Bragg.

These orders were delivered to Generals Polk and Hardee at 1:40 A. M., as shown by their receipts, which I required to be taken. The orders to General Breckenridge were given by telegraph, he having been called by me to the military telegraph office nearest his headquarters to receive them and to answer queries regarding his command.* Thus did it happen that the Confederate army was brought to undertake the offensive against General Grant upon Pittsburg Landing.

* As I find from a paper officially signed by me April 21, 1862, this reserve consisted of 6436 rank and file effectives. ("Official Record War of the Rebellion," Series I., volume X., page 396.)

II.

UPON quitting General Bragg's quarters I proceeded immediately to the tent of Colonel A. R. Chisholm, aid-de-camp to General Beauregard, separated from my office by some thirty or forty yards, roused him from sleep, and asked him to inform the general at daylight that the order to advance at midday had been issued.

Soon after sunrise I was called to the quarters of General Beauregard, whom I found with the notes of the plan of operations and orders of engagement. These, I may add, had just been copied by Colonel Chisholm from the backs of telegrams and envelopes upon which the general had made them during the night while in bed. Taking these notes and the general's sketch-map of the roads leading from all surrounding quarters to Monterey and thence upon Pittsburg Landing, I returned and began to draw up the order, which will be found in the "Records of the War of the Rebellion," Series I., volume X., pages 392-395.*

Called to my breakfast before the order could be framed, I met General Johnston en route for General Beauregard's quarters, where I said I would meet him as quickly as possible, and where I did soon join him. General Beauregard was explaining the details as to the roads by which the several corps would have to move through the somewhat difficult, heavily wooded country, both before and after leaving Monterey; and to make this clear, as I had from General Beauregard the only sketch extant, General Beauregard drew a rough sketch on his camp-table top. Meanwhile, first General Bragg and afterward Generals Polk and Hardee had joined the conference. As I remarked that it would take me some time to formulate the order and issue all the requisite copies, General Beauregard explained orally to the three generals their routes of march for the first day, so that they might not wait for receipt of the written orders, which would be in all proper hands before night. Accordingly, these explanations were carefully made, and the corps commanders went away with distinct instructions to begin the movement at midday, as prescribed in the written orders subsequently issued. Pursuant to the terms of the circular order which I had written and issued from General Bragg's headquarters the night before, the troops were brought under arms before noon, by which time the streets and all approaches to the railway station, as well as the

roads leading from Corinth, were densely packed with troops, wagons, and field-batteries ready for the march. But no movement was made; General Polk's corps in some way blocked the line of march. This having been reported to General Beauregard at a late hour in the afternoon by General Hardee in person, an aid-de-camp was sent to General Polk, when, to the surprise of all, General Polk explained that he had kept his corps at a stand awaiting the written order. Thus it was so late before the movement actually began, that it really cost the Confederate army a whole day and their arrival in the near presence of their adversary twenty-four hours later than was intended, as, by reason of this tardiness, it was not until the late afternoon of the 5th of April that the head of the Confederate column reached a point within less than two miles of the Federal lines instead of on the 4th, in which case the battle would have been fought with General Grant alone, or without the material and moral help derived from the advent of Buell on the field, as on the night of the 6th and the morning of the 7th of April.

III.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD with his staff left Corinth the afternoon of the 4th of April, and reaching Monterey, eleven miles distant, found the Confederate corps massed in that quarter. He was hardly encouraged, however, by the manner in which they had been handled to that stage in the operation. General Johnston and his staff were already at the same point, in occupation of a house at which we dismounted just as some cavalry brought from the front a soldierly young Federal volunteer officer, Major Crockett, of the Seventy-ninth Ohio, who had just been captured a few hours before in a skirmish in close proximity to the Federal lines brought on by a Confederate reconnoitering force pressed most indiscreetly from General Bragg's corps almost upon the Federal front line. As this officer rode beside his captors through the mass of Confederate infantry and batteries, and his eyes rested intelligently on the warlike spectacle, he exclaimed, "This means a battle"; and he involuntarily added, "They don't expect anything of this kind back yonder." He was taken in charge by myself, and, assisted by Major Gilmer, chief engineer on the staff, I interrogated him with the least possible semblance of so doing, with the result of satisfying me, as I reported to Generals Johnston and Beauregard, that we

* As I framed this order, I had before me Napoleon's order for the battle of Waterloo, and, in attention to ante-battle details, took those of such soldiers as Napoleon and Soult for model—a fact which I here mention because the ante-Shiloh order has been hypercriticised.

should have no earth-works to encounter, and an enemy wholly unaware of what was so near at hand.

IV.

It has been more than once represented with pencil as well as with pen, that there was a somewhat dramatic conference of the Confederate generals around the camp-fire the night before the battle of the 6th of April. The simple fact is this: Hardee, whose corps was to be in the advance in the attack, having reached a point known to be somewhat less than two miles from our adversary, was halted and deployed in line of battle across the Pittsburg road to await the arrival and formation in his rear of the rest of the army as prescribed in the battle order. As this was not effected until after three o'clock, it was too late to make the attack that day. As a matter of course in such a contingency, the corps commanders were called to meet Generals Johnston and Beauregard, who, having gone from Monterey together with the general staff and their respective personal staffs, had taken a position, dismounted, on the Pittsburg road, somewhat to the rear of Hardee's corps. The meeting took place about four o'clock. General Polk now reported that his men were almost destitute of provisions, having either already consumed or thrown them away. General Bragg reported that his own men had been more provident, and therefore could spare enough for the emergency. Deeply dissatisfied with the inexplicable manner in which both Bragg's and Polk's corps had been delayed, both before reaching and after leaving Monterey, as well as by the injudicious manner in which a reconnoissance had been made with such aggressiveness and use of artillery as ought to have apprised any sharp-sighted enemy than an offensive army was not far distant, General Beauregard — though it had been upon his urgent instance that the advance had been made — did not hesitate to say that, inasmuch as it was scarcely possible for the enemy to be unaware of our presence and purpose, should we attack next morning we should find the Federals intrenched to the eyes and ready for us; that the whole success of the movement had depended on our ability to assail our enemy unexpectedly and unprepared. Therefore, he advised the return of the Confederate army to Corinth, as it assuredly was not in a condition to attack an army superior in numbers and behind the intrenchments that would be now thrown up in expectation of an onset.

General Johnston listened attentively to what General Beauregard said, and at length

replied in substance that he recognized its weight; nevertheless, as he hoped the enemy was not suspecting our proximity, he felt bound, as he had put the army in motion for a battle, to venture the hazard. Whereupon the officers rapidly dispersed to their respective commands for that venture. As I have seen it intimated, among others by General Bragg, that this conference was a mere casual or "partly accidental meeting of general officers," it may not be amiss to recall that such a conference was the inevitable consequence of the arrival of the Confederate army at the point from which it was to spring upon the enemy, as it were from an ambush. Naturally, moreover, by a conference with their corps commanders, Johnston and Beauregard could best ascertain the condition of all the troops and determine the best course to be pursued. It was after the reports thus made and the mutual blame of each other of two of the corps commanders for the delay, that Beauregard had been confirmed in his apprehension that the campaign had miscarried, and therefore its objective should be given up,— much as Wellington once, in Spain, after taking the field to attack Massena, finding the latter more strongly posted and prepared than he had been misled to believe, had not hesitated to retire without fighting.

V.

THAT night, soon after supper, an aid-de-camp from General Johnston informed me of the general's desire to see me, and guided me to where he was bivouacking in the open air. I was wanted to issue the order for the immediate transfer of Maney's regiment of Tennessee infantry from a brigade in Bragg's corps to a certain brigade in Polk's corps, of which Colonel Maney would have the command as senior officer, which order I wrote, in the absence of any table or other convenience, outstretched upon General Johnston's blankets, which were spread at the foot of a tree. After this was done, and the order dispatched by a special courier so that the transfer might be made in time to place Colonel Maney at the head of the brigade in the coming battle, something led us to talk of the Pacific coast, in which quarter I had served eight years. Having been at Washington during the momentous winter of 1860-61, I spoke of the fact that when Colonel Sumner had been sent *via* the Isthmus of Panama to supersede him (Johnston) in the command of the Department of the Pacific in April, 1861, Sumner's berth in the steamer had been taken under an assumed name, so that the newspapers might not get

and divulge the fact of his departure on that errand in time for intelligence of it to reach the Pacific coast by the overland route, and lead General Johnston to act with a supposed powerful disunion party in California in a revolt against the Federal authority before Sumner's arrival. "Yes," answered the general, with much quiet feeling in his manner, "while distrusting me sufficiently to act thus toward me, my former adjutant-general, Fitz John Porter, was induced to write me of their great confidence in me, and to say that it was their purpose to place me in command of the Federal army, immediately next to General Scott." He had evidently been deeply hurt that his personal character had not shielded him from the suspicion of doing aught while holding a commission that could lead his superiors to suppose it necessary to undertake his supersedure by stealth. (See p. 634.)

vi.

THE next morning, as the Confederate army, deployed in the three lines prescribed in the order of march and battle, moved before sunrise down the gentle wooded slope toward Shiloh Chapel, Generals Johnston and Beauregard, with the general staff as well as aids-de-camp, stood upon a slight eminence, delighted with the evident alacrity, animated faces, and elastic gait with which all moved forward into action. Hardly had the last line passed them before the rattle of musketry announced that Hardee's corps was engaged. General Johnston now informed General Beauregard that he would go to the front with the troops engaged, leaving General Beauregard to take the proper central position from which to direct the movement as the exigencies of the battle might require. Then General Johnston rode off with his personal staff exclusively, except possibly Major Gilmer, the chief engineer. Soon the sound of the battle became general; and as during the battle of Manassas I had been left at headquarters to send reënforcements into action as they came up by rail, I reminded General Beauregard of the fact, and requested to be dispatched to join General Johnston. He assented, and I set off, accompanied by my friend Colonel Jacob Thompson. In a little time I found that the corps commanders were ahead of or separated from a material part of their troops, whom I repeatedly found halted for want of orders. In all such cases, assuming the authority of my position, I gave the orders in the name of General Johnston. At one time I had with me the chiefs-of-staff of Polk, Bragg, and Hardee, Colonel David Urquhart, the chief aid-de-camp of Bragg, and Colonel William

Preston, the chief aid-de-camp of General Johnston, all of whom I employed in assisting to press the Confederate troops toward the heaviest firing, and to keep the batteries advancing. Colonels Preston and Urquhart remained with me the longer time and assisted greatly. Finally, however, Urquhart, learning from some of the troops encountered that he was in proximity to his chief, General Bragg, left me to join him, while I, accompanied by Colonel Preston, rode to the right wing in the direction of sharp battle. Soon we came in near view of a deserted Federal encampment in an open field, with a Federal battery of four or six guns unlimbered and horseless, while in advance of it were to be seen a brigade of Confederate troops at a halt. Urquhart now galloped up and informed me that, having found Bragg, that officer had sent him with the request that I should find some troops, and employ them to turn and capture some batteries just in his front which obstructed his advance. I at once pushed across a deep ravine with Urquhart and Preston to the troops in view, which proved to be Statham's brigade of the reserve under General Breckenridge; but because it belonged to the reserve, I hesitated to take the responsibility to employ it, and said so; however, asking Colonel Preston—the brother-in-law as well as aid-de-camp of General Johnston—the hour, he replied, from his watch, twenty minutes after two o'clock. I then said the battle ought to be won by that time, and "I think the reserve should be used." Colonel Preston expressed his agreement with me, and I rode at once to General Breckenridge, who was not far to the rear of his troops, surrounded by a number of officers. Accosting him, I said, "General, it is General Johnston's order that you advance and turn and take those batteries," pointing in the direction indicated by Urquhart, and where was to be heard the din of their discharges. As the order was given, General Breckenridge, clad in a well-fitting blouse of dark-colored Kentucky jeans, straightened himself in his stirrups. His dark eyes seemed to illuminate his swarthy, regular features, and as he sat in his saddle he seemed to me altogether the most impressive-looking man I ever saw.

I then turned, accompanied both by Urquhart and Preston, with the purpose of going to the camp and battery previously mentioned, and from that point to observe the movement. On reaching the ravine, which we had crossed, Colonel Preston, who possibly had just heard from some of the officers of the command just set in motion of General Johnston's recent presence with them, said to me, "I believe I will make another

attempt to find General Johnston," and rode down the ravine to the leftward, and as it so happened, did find General Johnston, but already unconscious, if not dead. He had received his death-wound with the very troops I had found standing at ordered arms, but who were unaware of it, and therefore were not, as has been written, brought to a stand-still by reason of it, and who were put in effective forward movement by me within twenty minutes after his wounding.

A striking incident of the first day's battle may be here mentioned for its novelty on battle-fields. A completely equipped Federal battery was so suddenly turned and environed by the Confederates, that it was captured with all the guns limbered up *en règle* for movement as upon drill, before its officers could possibly unlimber and use its guns in self-defense. The drivers were in their saddles, the gunners seated side by side in their places upon the ammunition-boxes of the caissons, grinning over the situation, and the officers with their swords drawn mounted on their horses. Not a horse had been disabled.

VII.

At the time of the reception of the order given late in the afternoon of the 6th of April by General Beauregard for his greatly disorganized advanced troops to withdraw from action and reorganize for the next day's operation, I had reached a point very close to the Tennessee River where it was densely wooded. The large ordnance of the gunboats were raking this position with their heavy projectiles, creating more noise, however, than harm to the Confederates, as they tore and crashed in all directions through the heavy forest. Riding slowly backward to the point at which I understood I should find General Beauregard, it was after sunset when I dismounted at the tent of a Federal officer, before which the general was standing with some of his staff and an officer in the uniform of a Federal general, to whom I was introduced. It was General Prentiss. Several hours previously a telegraphic dispatch addressed by Colonel Helm to General Johnston, as well as I now remember, from the direction of Athens, in Tennessee, was brought me from Corinth by a courier, reporting that scouts employed in observing General Buell's movements reported him to be marching not toward a junction with Grant, but in the direction of Decatur, North Alabama. This assuring dispatch I handed to General Beauregard, and then, at his order, I wrote a telegraphic report to the Confederate adjutant-general, Cooper,

at Richmond, announcing the results of the day, including the death of General Johnston.

Meanwhile, it had become so dark that I could barely see to write, and it was quite dark by the time that Generals Hardee and Breckenridge came to see General Beauregard for orders for the next day's operations. General Bragg, who had also come from the front, had taken up his quarters for the night in a tent which General Sherman had previously occupied near the Shiloh Chapel. This chapel was a rude log-hut of one story, only two or three hundred yards distant from the spot at which I had found General Beauregard. Leaving General Prentiss in my charge, General Beauregard soon after dark took up his quarters for the night with General Bragg. The corps commanders had meanwhile been personally directed to assemble their respective commands at the earliest possible moment in the morning to be ready for the final stroke.

Colonel Thompson and myself shared, with General Prentiss sandwiched between us, a rough makeshift of a bed made up of tents and captured blankets. Prentiss and Thompson had been old acquaintances, and the former talked freely of the battle, as also of the war, with a good deal of intelligence and good temper. With a laugh, he said: "You gentlemen have had your way to-day, but it will be very different to-morrow. You'll see! Buell will effect a junction with Grant to-night, and we'll turn the tables on you in the morning."

This was said evidently with sincerity, and was answered in the same spirit of good temper. I showed him the dispatch that had reached me on the field. He insisted, however, that it was a mistake, as we would see. Tired as we were with the day's work, sleep soon overtook and held us all until early dawn, when the firing first of musketry and then of field artillery roused us, and General Prentiss exclaimed: "Ah! Didn't I tell you so! That is Buell, you'll find!" And so it proved.

VIII.

Up to half-past two o'clock on the 7th of April, or second day's conflict, General Beauregard had his headquarters at the Shiloh Chapel or immediately at Sherman's former headquarters. The Confederate troops, now hardly 20,000 men, were all either directly in advance of that position or, on right and left of it, somewhat in advance, hotly engaged, only having receded from the places occupied during the night sufficiently to be better massed and organized for fighting. But our losses were swelling, and the straggling was growing more difficult to restrain. A little

after two o'clock, Governor Harris of Tennessee, who, after the death of General Johnston, had joined the staff of Beauregard in action, taking me aside, asked if I did not regard the day as going against us irremediably, and whether there was not danger in tarrying so long in the field as to be unable to withdraw in good order. I answered that I thought it would soon be our proper course to retreat. Having an opportunity a moment later to speak to General Beauregard in private, I brought the subject before him in almost these words:

"General, do you not think our troops are very much in the condition of a lump of sugar thoroughly soaked with water, but yet preserving its original shape, though ready to dissolve? Would it not be judicious to get away with what we have?"

"I intend to withdraw in a few moments," was his reply.

Calling upon his aids-de-camp present, he dispatched them with orders to the several

corps commanders to begin the rearward movement. He also directed me to collect as many of the broken organizations as I could,—both of infantry and artillery,—post them in the best position I might find, and hold it until the whole army had passed rearward of it. Such a position I quickly found on an elevated ridge in full view of the chapel and the ground to the right and left of it, and also somewhat more elevated, rising abruptly toward the enemy and receding gently toward Corinth. There I collected and posted some two thousand infantry, making them lie down and rest. I also placed in battery some twelve or fifteen guns, so as to sweep the approach from the direction of the enemy. There also I remained until after four o'clock, or until all the Confederate forces had retired, General Breckenridge's troops being the last, and without seeing a single Federal soldier. I then retired, carrying from the field the caissons loaded down with muskets and rifles picked from the field.

Thomas Jordan.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Offer of Union Command to General A. S. Johnston.

[THE following statement was written in response to an inquiry by us as to the details of the offer of high command referred to in the two foregoing papers.—ED.]

The circumstances which gave rise to the expressed desire of the administration in 1861 to retain General Albert Sidney Johnston in the Federal army were as follows:

Early in April, 1861, while on duty in the adjutant-general's office in Washington, I learned that Colonel Sumner had been dispatched *incog.* to California, with secret orders to assume command of the department of the Pacific, and that this unusual course had been prompted by the fear that the forts and arsenals and garrisons on that coast would be placed in the hands of the secessionists by General Johnston, the then commander, who was reported to be arranging to do so.

I had just received a letter from General Johnston expressing his pleasure at the large and handsome parade of State troops in San Francisco, on February 22d, and at the undoubted loyalty to the Union cause of the whole Pacific coast, and also his earnest hope that the patriotic spirit manifested in California existed as strongly in all other States, and would as surely be maintained by them as it would be in the Pacific States in case of attempted secession.

Fearing the effect of the superseding orders upon a high-toned and sensitive officer, one whom I esteemed as a brother, and earnestly desired to be secured to our cause, I induced Major McDowell to show the letter to Secretary Cameron, and to urge every effort to keep General Johnston from leaving the service. His

superior qualifications, his influence among prominent citizens at the South, and especially among his relatives in his native State, Kentucky,—which it was exceedingly desirable to keep in the Union,—were strong inducements to these efforts. My desire was met as cordially and earnestly as it existed, and I was authorized to send, as I did through my friend "Ben Holliday," in New York, for transmission by telegraph to St. Louis, and thence by his "pony express" to San Francisco, the following message: "I take the greatest pleasure in assuring you, for the Secretary of War, that he has the utmost confidence in you, and will give you the most important command and trust on your arrival here. Sidney is appointed to the Military Academy." This message reached General Johnston after the arrival of Colonel Sumner.

In response to the above, and by the same channel of communication, I received this message: "I thank you and my friends for efforts in my behalf. I have resigned and resolved to follow the fortunes of my State." His letter of resignation was soon received, and put an end to all hope, especially as Texas—which had then seceded—was his adopted State.

I felt in 1861, as I now know, that the assertion that General Johnston intended to turn over to the secessionists the defenses of California, or any part of the regular army, was false and absurd. Under no circumstances, even if intended, could such a plan have succeeded, especially with the regular army. But no such breach of trust was intended, nor would any graduate of West Point in the army have committed or permitted it. It had no better foundation than the statement of Senator Conness of California, who three years later urged and secured the assignment of Gen-

eral McDowell to command on the Pacific coast, on the ground that after the war for the Union should have ended there would be in California a more powerful rebellion than that then existing among the Southern States.

Fitz John Porter.

NEW YORK, December 8, 1884.

General Robert Patterson and the Battle of Bull Run.

APPENDED to General Beauregard's paper in the November CENTURY, on "The Battle of Bull Run," is the following foot-note :

"It was Patterson upon whom the Government at Washington depended to neutralize Johnston as an element in McDowell's contest with Beauregard. But, whether from the faultiness of Scott's instructions or of Patterson's understanding of them, or from his failure or inability to execute them,—all of which is matter of controversy,—Patterson neither held Johnston nor reënforced McDowell.—ED."

General Patterson's duty was to assist in carrying out the plans of the general-in-chief when they were made known to him. There is no official record that General Scott gave any order to General Patterson to reënforce General McDowell.

Some nineteen years ago General Patterson, having sought justice in vain through every official channel, published his "Narrative of the Campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah in 1861," in which he thus summarizes his defense :

"(1) That I have already courted an investigation of any charge that could be brought against me; (2) that my whole course was entirely approved by the officers attached to my command, whom I was instructed to consult; (3) that I complied with every order issued to me; (4) that I kept Johnston from joining Beauregard, not only on the day I was directed to do so, but for five days afterward; (5) that I was never informed that the battle had not been fought, at the time indicated, though within reach of a telegraph, but on the contrary, the only dispatch received convinced me that the battle had been fought; (6) that for the delay in fighting it I was in no wise responsible; (7) that the general-in-chief, when I told him I was not strong enough, in my opinion, to attack Johnston, could have ordered me to do so, if he differed

from me, as I told him all the circumstances, and asked, 'Shall I attack?' (8) that I informed him that Johnston had gone to General Beauregard, and he himself, in his comments on my testimony (see page 241, vol. II., 'Conduct of the War'), admits that he knew it before delivering battle on the 21st of July."

After a long and useful life, wherein he never hesitated to obey his country's call, General Patterson has passed away. His son now speaks for him.

Robert E. Patterson.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 10, 1884.

[While we gladly give place to the above communication, it is proper to say that the object of the foot-note was to make clear to the reader the importance of certain events in the campaign of Bull Run, and not to assign responsibility for those events; and it was to guard against such an inference that we expressly stated this responsibility to be matter of controversy.—ED.]

Uniform of the Highlanders at Bull Run.

IN a foot-note to the "Recollections of a Private" in the November CENTURY, it is said that the Seventy-ninth New York wore the Highland dress at the battle of Bull Run. If by that is meant the "kilts," it is an error. It is true that all the officers and many of the men did wear that uniform when we left the city in June, 1861, and on dress-parade occasions in Washington. But when we went into Virginia, it was laid aside, together with the plaid trowsers worn by all the men on ordinary occasions, and we donned the ordinary blue. Captain —— was the only one who insisted on wearing the kilts on the march to Bull Run, claiming that as the Highlanders wore that dress in India, it would be quite as comfortable in Virginia; but while chasing a pig, the day before we reached Centreville, the kilts were the cause of his drawing upon himself the ridicule of the whole regiment. When we started for the battle-field on that Sunday morning he, also, appeared in ordinary blue uniform.

William Todd,

Company B, Seventy-ninth New York (Highlanders).

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Some Practicable Retorms.

THE experience of the recent Presidential campaign illuminates the path of political reform with respect to two or three matters of great importance, concerning which there should be no difference of opinion.

The first is the separation, in a few of the States, of the State and Congressional elections from the Presidential election. Twenty years ago the State elections were held separately in many of the States; but the number of these separate elections has been gradually reduced, until the only Northern States now holding

elections before November are Vermont, Maine, and Ohio. Pennsylvania was once the "Keystone State" of the political arch, but its citizens grew weary of that distinction, and transferred their State contest to November. Indiana was a "pivotal" State four years ago, but the experience of that campaign sufficed for Indiana, and the October election was abolished. In West Virginia the same change was made at the last election. The remaining States may well follow the good example. The fewer these preliminary elections become, the greater will be the injury suffered by the States that retain them. The people of these States

can do themselves and the whole country a great service by simply changing the date of their State elections. These remarks will apply to all the States, North and South, that still maintain the separate contest; but they are especially applicable to Ohio, which, from its central position, its large population, and the evenly matched strength of the two political parties, has now become the battle-ground of the politicians. The Valley of Jezreel in the early ages was no more the arena of the fighting nations than are the broad and fertile fields of the great central State, the scene of the fiercest political struggles of the nation. This is the fact already, and it is destined to be more and more true with every succeeding year. No sooner are the issues between the two parties joined than the eyes of the leaders are concentrated upon Ohio, and the campaign opens with activity and even fierceness.

Indeed, the strife begins before the national conventions assemble; for, in the choice of delegates to these conventions, the action of the "pivotal" State assumes a factitious importance, and is discussed with disproportionate zeal. Practically, therefore, Ohio devotes fully six months of every Presidential year to the excitements of political campaigning. The effect of this protracted diversion of the energies of the people from their regular pursuits is injurious in the extreme. Business is paralyzed; workmen are listless or irregular; the schools are invaded by the frenzy; the churches are hindered in their work. The additional cost of the October election to the people of Ohio must be very large. The merchants and professional men of both parties complain bitterly of the tribute exacted of them for campaign purposes; and one who observes the amount of money expended in every city and town for bands and torches and fireworks and uniforms, and all the various campaign devices, can easily believe that these levies must be severe.

But these are the smallest of the evils entailed upon the October States by the October elections. The needless protraction of the excitement must affect injuriously the health of multitudes. The young men who spend so many weeks in almost nightly parades, exposing themselves to all kinds of weather, depriving themselves of needful rest, and keeping their nerves in constant tension, must suffer serious and, in many cases, permanent physical injury. The bitterness engendered by these fierce and long-continued contests even disturbs the pleasant relations of neighbors, and mars the peace of society. Above all, the occurrence of these early elections affords to the partisans and the corruptionists of both parties their opportunity. All the political rascality of the country stands ready to contribute its services and its resources to carry the principal October State. Arrangements are made for colonizing voters from the neighboring States; money in large amounts is poured into the State for the corruption of the franchise. If Ohio is a "pivotal" State, it will be the opinion of the average political machinist that the pivot must be well lubricated. Thus, upon the October States, and especially upon Ohio, are concentrated the worst political influences of the whole country. And although the injurious effect is chiefly felt in Ohio, the whole country suffers to a considerable extent from the disturbance of business interests and the uncertainty and anxiety occasioned by the early elections.

If the States in which the local elections are separate from the Presidential election would amend their constitutions so that hereafter all the elections should occur in November, a great and valuable reform would be secured. There would still be cold and heated contests, and the ills of which mention has been made would be cured but in part; but it is perfectly evident that a very large part of them would be abated by this simple remedy. We are not aware of any reasons for continuing the present order in the States that could have any force when compared with the obvious reasons which have been suggested for the change. It is gratifying to hear that the people of Ohio are fully awake to the importance of this reform and that a movement to secure it is receiving the support of the best men of both parties. It is to be hoped that Ohio will spare itself and the nation the curse of another October election in the Presidential year.

In most of the large cities, and notably in the city of New York, it would be well to separate the municipal elections from both the State and the national elections, in order to prevent the trading which is so widely practiced in the interest of local candidates. There is no good reason why party lines should not be ignored in municipal contests. It makes not the slightest difference whether the mayor of New York is a Democrat or a Republican, if he is only a man of sound character, clever judgment, and firm will. A complete divorce of municipal affairs from party politics, and the hearty coöperation of all good citizens to secure clean and economical government, are greatly to be desired.

Another perfectly feasible reform is the postponement of the nominating conventions of the political parties. The time now occurring between the nominating conventions and the election is much longer than is necessary for a fair canvass of the questions at issue, and a thorough investigation of the merits of candidates. If the conventions were not held before the first of August, the campaign would be quite long enough for all practical purposes. If the elections occur once in five years, and if the campaign be protracted through four or six months of the year, the time devoted to the contests is certainly excessive. A strain so frequent and so long-continued upon the industrial and moral interests of the nation is intolerable. If we cannot have the Presidential term extended, the next best thing to do is to shorten the campaign. And this can be done if the business men of the country resolutely demand it at the hands of the politicians.

Still another most salutary reform would be the holding of the nominating conventions in halls large enough to contain the delegates and the representatives of the press. The conventions could then be what none of them has been of late, deliberative bodies, and could exercise some judgment in the choice of candidates. The presence in the convention of a mob of heelers and strikers, from all parts of the country, to shout for their favorite candidates and to overpower the assembly by sheer brute force, is a most discreditably spectacle, and it has proved to be a most chievious appendage to our political machinery. The gentlemen of the national committees can put an end to this if they will; and it is to be hoped that a clear expression of public opinion will make plain to them the path of duty.

THE POET HEINE.

THE VENUS OF THE LOUVRE.

Down the long hall she glistens like a star,
The foam-born mother of love, transfixed to stone,
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on;
Time's brutal hand hath maimed, but could not mar.
When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshiped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car,—
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life-adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

E. L.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.*

My acquaintance with Mr. Webster might most be regarded as a family inheritance rather than a personal acquisition. It grew out of connections reaching as far back as the middle of the last century. Both my grandfathers, Japhet Allen and Jeremiah Gilman, were with Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, in the revolutionary war, and Colonel David Gilman, my grandfather's brother, was with him in the old French and Indian wars near Washington and Amherst. My grandmother on my mother's side was a distant relative of the mother of Mr. Webster, and a native of her region; and her brother resided in the town of Boscawen during his life, and for many years was familiarly acquainted with all the Webster family. To enlarge this family association: my grandmother on my father's side was born on part of the Webster estate near Marshfield; and the old cellar of the house of her ancestors was well preserved during Mr. Webster's life: and many of her family are buried in the Pilgrim burying-ground, where the Webster tomb is situated. Both my father

and Mr. Webster were born the same year, and while the latter taught at Fryeburg Mr. Allen presided over a district school in the country near by. They were companions on many a fishing and rambling excursion round Mount Chocorua and the tributaries of the Saco. Tradition has it that they both received instruction in Latin from the same preceptor, Rev. Samuel Hidden, of Tamworth, N. H. Thus I may fairly be said to have imbibed my love and admiration and knowledge of the great statesman with my mother's milk. My first sight of him was in a crowded courtroom of a country village in New Hampshire. It was more than half a century ago; and, though I was hardly ten years of age, I well remember how overawed I was at the introduction. My next acquaintance with his name was when he was engaged in the Salem Murder case as counsel for the Government against Knapp *et al.* But it was not until I came to Boston, a youth of seventeen summers, and was casually presented to him again, that I realized the greatness and felt the influence

* The portrait of Webster, printed as a frontispiece, is from a daguerreotype made by Mr. F. de B. Richards, of Philadelphia. Mr. Richards, now a painter, was formerly a daguerreotypist, and went, under the guidance of Dr. McClellan (father of the general), to get Webster to pose for the likeness. Mr. Richards is confident that this was in 1849, though we can find no record of a public speech made by Webster in Philadelphia in that year. Mr. Richards says that Webster had spoken with his hat on, and they wished to preserve a memento of the speech; but when they found Webster he was pacing the floor in furious anger, frowning like Jupiter Tonans, because some unfeeling creditor had ventured to dun him for a debt. Dr. McClellan whispered to Richards not to touch the picture question. Meantime, Webster's friends were raising money among the Whigs with which to satisfy the debt. At ten minutes before two the doctor and the daguerreotypist returned, to find the lion tame and happy. But there was to be a reception that afternoon, and Webster frowned and growled, "McClellan, if that picture is to be taken, it must be at two o'clock." Dr. McClellan crept up and whispered to Richards to run and have all things ready. Mr. Richards remembers hearing Webster's angry grumbling when he reached the top of the third flight at finding he must mount one more. When he entered the gallery Richards said: "Stand just as you are, Mr. Webster; we wish to take you first with your hat on." "Your first will be your last," roared the statesman. But when the artist announced that the sitting was ended in about four seconds, he said: "What, all done?" "Yes." "Why, in Boston they will set your eyes out!" and he sat for two or three other pictures. The hat shown in the picture, or a similar one, is preserved in the "Historical" rooms in Philadelphia.—ED.

of his overpowering personality as a man. He was then in the zenith of his glory, and, overcome as I was by his majestic greatness, I kept aloof from him for more than a dozen years. When I subsequently met him and made myself known as the son of his friend and his father's friend, his great heart warmed to me, and from that time forward I enjoyed an intimacy with him that ended only with his death. In our frequent interviews the memories of the past would come surging back upon his mind. The old farm, with its rugged pastures, "the crystal hills gray and cloud-topped," the old saw-mill, the deer-paths, the trout-streams, and the range of the bear, the wolf, and the fox, all suggested to his mind visions of boyish associations and frolics that quieted and soothed and refreshed him in his leisure moments. His father, of whom he always spoke so affectionately, was twice married; and he commemorated his second marriage by building a one-story frame house hard by where the old log-cabin stood. Daniel was born in this house, which in after time he used to say was nearer the North star than any other in New England. That house still exists, and has been made part of a newer and more substantial edifice. Near the house is a well, and by the side of this well stands an elm-tree, which the present owner, Judge Nesmith, points to with pride, and says was planted by Webster's father in 1768. For sixty years, at regular visits, Daniel Webster sat beneath its spreading branches in the summer-time, and looked his cattle in the face. This farm, near the subsequent homestead at Franklin, has few fertile spots; the granite rocks, visible in every direction, give an air of barrenness to the scene. I could not help thinking, as I stood upon the spot last fall where he first saw the light of day, with some of his neighbors and kinsmen, that those wild, bleak hills among which he was cradled and the rough pastures in which he grew had left their impress upon his soul. His school-time was much interrupted; and from his own lips I learned that Webster's struggle for an education was continued from his early childhood to his thirtieth year. Every step in advance was contested by obstacles which he met with a lion heart, and with a lion's courage overthrew. His books were few at this time. There were a copy of Watts's hymns, a cheap pamphlet copy of Pope's "Essay on Man," and the Bible, from which he first learned to read, together with an occasional almanac. He used to say that at the age of fourteen he could recite by heart the whole of the "Essay on Man." He entered Dartmouth College in 1797, but was desperately poor. A friend sent him a recipe while at college for greasing his

boots. He wrote back and thanked him very politely. "But," said he, "my boots need other doctoring, for they not only admit water, but even peas and gravel-stones."

Professor Shurtleff, his classmate, says that Webster was remarkable for three things when at Dartmouth: steady habits of life, close application to study, and last, but not least, ability to mind his own business. He left Dartmouth in 1801. Tradition says, with what truth I do not know, that he took no part in the graduating exercises, but he received a diploma. When the exercises were over, he invited some of his classmates to accompany him to the college green, and there, in their presence, he tore up his sheepskin and threw it away, saying, "My industry may make me a great man, but this miserable parchment cannot." Mounting his horse, he rode home.

About this time, or soon after, he came to Boston to seek his fortune and get a chance to study law. Theodore Parker describes him as coming with no letters of introduction, raw, awkward, and shabby in his dress, his rough trousers ceasing a long distance above his feet. He was turned away from several offices before he found a place. But Mr. Gore, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, a man of large reputation, and, I should judge, a man of keen insight and much tenderness of heart, took in the unprotected youth who came, as he said, to work, not to play. He was admitted to the bar in 1805, and settled down to the practice of law at Boscawen. In 1807 Mr. Webster gave up this office to his brother Ezekiel, who had just been admitted to the bar, and moved to Portsmouth, where he lived for nine years wanting one month. In 1808 he married Miss Grace Fletcher. In an old paper, the Portsmouth "Oracle," of June 11, 1808, you can read the account as follows: "Married, in Salisbury, Daniel Webster, Esquire, of this town, to Miss Grace Fletcher." All this is more or less a matter of history; but his first love-letter, now before me and without date, may never yet have been published. Lovers in these days, it appears, were in the habit of sitting up late, or rather early; and his manner of letting his lady know at what time he would leave her is, to say the least, novel. It reads as follows:

"MY COUSIN: I intend to set out for home from your house at three o'clock.—D. W.

"Miss Grace Fletcher, Present."

One day he assisted her in disentangling a skein of silk, and, taking up a piece of tape, he said:

"Grace, cannot you help me to tie a knot that will never untie."

She blushing replied:

"I don't know, Daniel, but am willing to try."

The knot was tied, and, though eighty years have since sped by, it lies before me to-day, time-colored, it is true, but nevertheless still untied. I have a note in my possession dated March, 1805, addressed to Miss Grace Fletcher.

"MISS FLETCHER: Monday morning five o'clock I expect to go out on the stage for Amherst. If it should consist with your convenience to ride to Dunstable on that day, I should be happy to be charged with the duty of attending you. It will probably be in my way to be in Cambridge Sunday eve, and I can furnish you a passage into town.

"D. WEBSTER."

Another note in an envelope marked by Miss Fletcher "Precious Documents" reads as follows:

"DEAR GRACE: I was fortunate enough to be at home Sunday morning at five o'clock, after a solitary ride. . . . Early in the week after next I hope to be with you.

"Yours entirely, D. W."

At this period of his life, at least, Mr. Webster was very methodical, and his receipts and expenditures were kept with great care. A mottled-covered pass-book, begun in August, 1824, before me now, shows his receipts during the rest of that year to have been \$4235, and for the first whole year \$7285; for the next year they were, including his \$1800 from Congress, \$13,238.33; so that, even at this early date, his practice was large and lucrative.

At the age of thirty he was elected to Congress for the first time, and he took his seat in November, 1813. In 1816 he came to Boston, from Portsmouth, to practice law. In 1820 he was a leading spirit in the Massachusetts State Convention for the revision of the Constitution—provoking the jealousy, but distancing the rivalry, of young men Boston born and Cambridge bred. In 1822 Webster was sent to Congress from Boston, and five years later he took his seat in the Senate as a Senator from Massachusetts. His celebrated speech in answer to Colonel Hayne of South Carolina, upon the Constitution, gave him a world-wide reputation as a lawyer and statesman, and forever after he was considered among the highest authorities in the interpretation of that instrument. Subsequently, in 1841, he left the Senate and became Secretary of State in the Harrison administration, and remained under President Tyler. He was returned to the Senate in 1845, and again in 1850, but soon became Secretary of State under President Fillmore, which office he retained until his death. He was eight years a Representative, nineteen years a Senator, and five years Secretary of State, making in all thirty-two years of public

life. Such is the summary of his career before the world.

Prior to the forties, except through the associations before referred to, I knew Mr. Webster only as the great world knew him, and I can add but little to what is already of public record regarding his public life. In the early days of the Long Island Railroad I traveled with him and Mrs. Webster from New York to Boston, which offered me the best opportunity for a prolonged conversation that up to that time I had ever enjoyed. I could, of course, say but little in answer to his views of our national prosperity. He then had the best comprehension of the coming growth and wealth of the Western States that I had ever heard expressed. His son Fletcher and a number of families of New England and New York distinction were early pioneers in the settlement of a township in Illinois, but subsequently moved back to their homes in the East after much suffering in the backwoods. I remember hearing Fletcher describe some of these scenes as early as the Harrison campaign of 1840. But Mr. Webster was not discouraged, and, as in the conversation on the before-mentioned trip across Long Island, he always described vividly the great resources of the West, and its probable influence on the future of New England. He was ever disposed to think that the growing West would be a permanent help to New England.

He had already seen the commerce of his district dwindle away—the wharves and docks from Boston to Portland grass-green from want of use, and the prospect of a like stampede at an early date along the coast to New York. He saw the necessity his native New England was under to sustain her manufactures, and hence he early set to work to lend a helping hand. Three causes he espoused with unflinching fidelity, and stood by them until death. Internal improvements, finance, and protection to American industries—these were the three questions he deemed most intimately associated with national progress. His conversations ever partook of these national considerations.

An incident of this trip illustrated the coolness of Mr. Webster in the midst of danger. All at once, as the cars rushed along at a fearful rate (the conductor feeling desirous to show Mr. Webster the speed that could be kept), there was a terrible concussion, and though the engine was not thrown from the track it soon stopped. It was found that a switch was but partially turned off, and the driving-wheel of the locomotive had carried off one side of the rail near the middle. Great confusion instantly followed the accident, and men as well as women and children were panic-stricken. Mr. Web-

ster coolly arose from his seat and talked to the crowd, which soon became quiet again.

He used to drive in his gig from Boston, and sometimes from Hingham, over the road to Marshfield. On such occasions troops of children would come flocking out and follow after him, so great a fascination did he have for them. And I have seen somewhere how a little child, on entering the room where Webster was seated, and looking up into his great soft eyes, ran instinctively into his arms, as if yearning to get as near as possible to his great tender heart. As an infant he is described as a crying baby who worried his parents considerably. He grew up to boyhood pale, weak, and sickly; as he himself often told me, he was the slimmest in the family. And yet, by doing a boy's work on his father's farm, by indulging a propensity for outdoor sports, by leading a temperate and frugal life, he succeeded in building up a robust constitution. On arriving at manhood he had a physical frame which seemed made to last a hundred years. It was an iron frame, large and stately, with a great mountain of a head upon it. When Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, saw his head in Powers's studio in Rome, he exclaimed: "Ah! a design for Jupiter, I see." He would not believe that it was a living American. Parker describes him as "a man of large mold, a great body, and a great brain. . . . Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massive, huge. Its cubic capacity surpassed all former measurements of mind. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country who knew him not stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized in him a native king." Carlyle called him "a magnificent specimen whom, as a logic fencer or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back at sight against all the world." And Sydney Smith said he was "a living lie, because no man on earth could be as great as he looked."

And so, blessed with a sturdy frame and a form of imposing manhood, he stood alone in his massiveness among twenty-five million people. And the moral and mental character he had built up within him—this was the force that made of him the Colossus of manly strength and character he was: I have said he was truthful. He was more than truthful: he was reverent and religious. He was present one day at a dinner-party at the Astor House given by some of his New York friends, and in order to draw him out one of

the company put to him the following question: "Would you please tell us, Mr. Webster, what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?" Mr. Webster merely raised his head, and, passing his hand slowly over his forehead, said: "Is there any one here who doesn't know me!" "No, sir," was the reply; "we all know you, and are your friends." "Then," said he, looking over the table, "the most important thought that ever occupied my mind was that of my individual responsibility to God," upon which subject he spoke for twenty minutes.

Webster died at Marshfield, October 24, 1852. When it was known that the final summons had arrived, and that his great spirit had taken its flight, thousands crowded into Marshfield to do honor to his remains. I well remember the funeral, October 29, 1852. It was a beautiful day, and his herds of cattle which he loved so much were quietly grazing on the hills behind the house. Mingled among them were strange animals like the elk and antelope. Water-fowl swarmed in the lake near by, and the avenues were thronged with sorrowing people. The iron casket, open at full length, was placed under a linden tree in front of the mansion, and not on the side under the great elm, as has been so often stated. The body lay clothed as in life with his blue coat and accustomed dress. The pupils of his eyes were a little sunk, but his features wore a smile of peaceful content. The scene has often been described, how they tenderly laid him away in his tomb by the sea.

Time flew onward with resistless tread; the war of the great rebellion was over, the Union had been preserved. The remains of his son, Major Edward Webster, had been brought from the battle-grounds of Mexico; those of his only other son, Colonel Fletcher Webster, from the bloody field of Virginia where he was slain. His grandsons, Daniel and Ashburton, and his granddaughter, Carrie, the last of all the children of Fletcher, had been laid beside him in the family tomb at Marshfield. The widowed wife of the latter occupied the desolate homestead when the centennial year of the birth of the great statesman came round. The nation was aroused to celebrate the event. Thirty years had passed since we laid him in the tomb by the sea, where the Atlantic had constantly sung a mournful requiem over the remains of all that was mortal, when, on another October day, twenty thousand sons and daughters of freedom came down to pay willing tribute to the memory of the dead. He "still lived" in the hearts of his countrymen. The President of the United States was there, with his cabinet, and other officers of the national government, both civil and

military. Judges, senators, representatives in Congress, ministers and consuls of other governments; governors and ex-governors of the New England States; literary men, presidents and fellows of college, and ministers of the gospel,—all came to do his memory reverence. The road to the mansion-house for a mile and a half was lined

upon either side by surviving veterans of the Army of the Republic. As the long procession started, escorted by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, cannon resounded from the hill-top, and a solemn funeral dirge was played by the bands. It was a scene such as Massachusetts never before witnessed.

Stephen M. Allen.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES O'CONOR.

THE death of Mr. O'Conor has left a large vacancy in the American bar, larger perhaps than was ever created before by the death of any single individual. For a period of nearly half a century he was the professional feature of almost every important litigation in the great commercial center of the nation. Indeed, he conferred importance upon any case in which he was engaged, and the reports of the judicial decisions of the State of New York will bear to remote generations abundant testimony of his extraordinary industry and professional learning and skill. It may be assumed that his profession will furnish a competent biography of one who lent it so much distinction, and whose example commended itself in so many ways to the admiration and imitation of his professional brethren wherever the administration of the law has attained the dignity of a science.

It was my good fortune in early life to experience a very great and most seasonable kindness at the hands of Mr. O'Conor, a kindness which modesty only forbids my referring to more in detail. His life, however, was so full of such benefactions that the suppression of one of them requires no apology. The incident, to which I only venture to allude, established relations which, if not more intimate, were in some respects different from those which are ripened by ordinary professional intercourse, and countenance me in making a permanent record of such recollections of him as seem to possess some public interest, and of which there may be no other witness.

While at the bar I had known Mr. O'Conor about as intimately as it was possible for a young man at the base of the profession to know one who was nearing its summit. We had been on bar committees together; we had both taken a lively interest in the discussions which preceded and followed the Constitutional Convention of 1846, of which he was a member, and, at one time and another, we had interchanged opinions upon most of the contested questions discussed in that body.

We were not in close sympathy with each other on all nor even on many of these questions, while in politics we were separated by an impassable gulf. Though both of us professed to be Democrats, he belonged to the tribe then known in New York as "Hunkers," and I to that then known as "Barnburners." But we were both in earnest; both fancied that we were disinterested and patriotic; and our debates, though they tended to separate us wider and wider on questions of party policy, proved favorable rather than otherwise to the growth of our friendship. This is all I need to say by way of introduction to some reminiscences which death seems to have made it my privilege, some think my duty, to share with the public.

Early in the summer of 1882 I received from Mr. O'Conor an invitation to visit him at his new island home in Nantucket. In the following summer I was invited again. I was fortunately able to accept both invitations, and on each occasion I spent with him several days. As I was old enough to remember him at the bar long before he had reached the primacy of his profession, his conversation, which never flagged during his waking hours either in volume or in interest, was confined mostly to the incidents of his youth and active professional life.

When I first arrived at "The Cliff," about the 1st of July, 1882, his new house was but just finished. The carpenters had left it only the night before, and we were the first guests to whom he had had an opportunity of extending its hospitality. His territory embraced only about two hundred feet square, situated on one of the bluffs overlooking the sea which separates the island from the Massachusetts shore. The ground around his house, or the sand rather, was not graded, and it seemed doubtful if it ever could be, as the wind would displace one day what the shovel had placed the day preceding. It was strewn with boxes, boards, and lumber-rubbish which had survived their usefulness, and were awaiting the proprietor's convenience to be consigned to

some less conspicuous repository. Whether they were removed or not was the least of all possible concerns to Mr. O'Connor. He had the air and the climate which had tempted him to make his home in this remote and rock-bound region; he had a wide piazza along three sides of his spacious dwelling, on which he could walk in all weathers, at all seasons; and he had his precious library, which he prized above all his earthly treasures. In these he had all that he required for his personal comfort, and neither the disorder nor the sand without gave him a moment's concern.

The motive Mr. O'Connor assigned to me for seeking that out-of-the-way home at his advanced age was, that in 1880 he broke down in the midst of an important piece of professional work, and his physicians, becoming discouraged, finally suggested that he go to Nantucket, that island being the nearest portion of North America to the Gulf Stream, and enjoying the most temperate climate on the coast at all seasons. Following their advice, he took lodgings in the town for the winter of that year. He found he could prosecute his work with unimpaired vigor. The experiment proved so satisfactory that he decided to build a house there, and make himself as comfortable as possible for what time he had to remain on the earth, be it longer or shorter. His nephew, Mr. Sloan, who was ingenious and intelligent, and, "like all Irishmen," said O'Connor, "never hesitates to undertake anything from doubt of his ability to execute it, offered to boss the job," O'Connor himself hardly looking at it or thinking of it until it was finished, the night before we arrived. Referring afterward to the Irishman's way of never admitting his inability to do whatever is asked of him, he said, "I have it myself. I should never hesitate to undertake anything from doubt of my ability to do it. I might have a good deal of trouble about it, but I would manage it some way." One day, when he had been telling me how he came to enter the legal profession, I made a remark which implied that he was specially fitted by nature for the profession which he adopted, and that no other would have proved so congenial to him. He said he did not think it would have made any difference what profession he had adopted; that he would have attained about the same relative success whether he had been bred a blacksmith, a doctor, a theologian, or a lawyer. He was just as fit and as unfit for one thing as for another. With hard work, for which he had sufficient capacity, he could master almost anything, after some fashion.

Mr. O'Connor did not provide for his library in his house, which is a frame building, but

built an edifice some twenty feet from the main building of brick, one story high, about fifty feet long and twenty-five broad, with an arched roof and as nearly incombustible as possible. By arranging his shelves perpendicularly to the walls instead of parallel with them, he secured accommodations for about eighteen thousand volumes. He here spent most of the working hours of every day when not occupied with guests or walking on his spacious piazza, his favorite and practically his only exercise. He could not ride with comfort, and therefore he kept no horses. While not professing to practice law, he was frequently appealed to by his professional brethren for aid in knotty and troublesome cases, which gave him quite as much intellectual occupation as he required. His habits of daily life were regulated by the exigencies of his health. He always retired at nine in the evening; he breakfasted at seven, dined at two, and supped at seven. To this programme he adhered with almost fanatical precision.

To some expressions of curiosity about his early educational privileges which dropped from me one day, he replied that he hardly had any. When a lad he attended a school kept by a sort of relative or namesake in Barclay street for about two months. That was all the schooling he had ever received. His mother, of whom he spoke in terms of great affection, died when he was only eleven years old. After that he had but little parental supervision. His father, who was a decayed gentleman, anything but thrifty, and usually surrounded with a set of old-country ne'er-do-weels, took it into his head one day to put his son with one of these acquaintances whose business was the manufacture of tar, pitch, turpentine, lampblack, etc. Charles was with this man about a year, and became perfectly familiar with all the processes of his manufacture. "I could to-day," he said, "conduct any of them." At the end of the year, during which period he received no pay but his board, he was put up by some of his young comrades to think he had no occasion to work any longer without compensation, for a person to whom he was under no obligation and for whom he had no particular esteem. He therefore gave notice of his intent to leave, and seek some remunerative employment. His master then said to him, "Charles, you had better stay with me, and if you do I will give you the same wages that I give —," naming the only one of the men beside himself who was privileged to live in the family. This was highly satisfactory, and Charles consented to remain. When, however, it transpired that he, a stripling, was getting a man's wages, there was a wild commotion among the other

workmen, who all must receive an immediate increase of pay or quit. The result was that Charles retired, and whatever hopes he may have indulged of becoming an eminent manufacturer of lampblack were abandoned forever.

O'Conor's father then conceived the notion that his son was intended for a lawyer, and, full of this conviction, took him, in his thirteenth year, to another of his ne'er-do-weel acquaintances named Stannard, who professed to practice law, and placed Charles in his office. Stannard had no law-books and almost as little business. Charles got hold of a copy of Blackstone somehow, and read it through two or three times, but did not comprehend it at all. His mind, he said, was then entirely too immature to grasp the principles of legal science. In his fifteenth year he was transferred to the office of a West Indian named Lemoyne, who also professed to practice law a little. He was "a jolly sort of fellow," who would put several bottles of brandy under his waistcoat every day without much inconvenience, and who used to take Charles with him occasionally, as he expressed it, "to see the world." Lemoyne had a partner named Thompson, a son of Judge Thompson, of the United States Circuit Court, and clerk of his court. O'Conor used occasionally to go there to assist in the copying and other work. Thompson was heard to remark that there seemed to be a curious increase in the amount of his fees when O'Conor was in the office. Thus early his character began to shape his fortunes.

When O'Conor had reached his eighteenth year he made another change, this time to the office of Mr. Joseph Fay, the father of Mr. Theodore Fay, at one time minister resident to Switzerland, but at present residing in Prussia. None of these men had any law-books to speak of, the most eminent lawyers in those days having very few. Perhaps this was no misfortune to Charles, for it may have led him to read those he did have access to more thoroughly than he might have done had his pasture been larger.

In the fullness of time O'Conor was admitted to the bar. With that self-reliance which never forsook him, he sallied forth at once with just twenty-five dollars in his pocket, hired a small office, purchased a desk, two or three old chairs, and some stationery, put up "a little tin sign," and then sat him down to wait for clients.

But, more even than clients, he now needed a library. While with Fay he had re-read Blackstone, and "then," said he, "I comprehended it as thoroughly as I do now." He had also devoured every law-book, including

"Digests," upon which he had since then been able to lay his hands. But he did not own a single law-book; he had no money to buy any, and yet he could not get on without some. While struggling with this lion in his path, he remarked one day a notice posted up in the office of Mr. Woodward, then the county clerk, of a library of one hundred and fifty-six volumes for sale somewhere in town, at the moderate price of two dollars a volume. He looked up these books; they were just what he wanted, and he wanted them sadly, but he had no money, and, as he supposed, no credit. One of his comrades who knew of the struggle going on in O'Conor's mind, and who believed already in the young lawyer's star, recommended him to take his note for the price of the books to Mr. Pardow, and ask him to indorse it. Mr. Pardow was a respectable merchant who had been in the habit of dropping into Mr. Fay's office from time to time, and who had, of course, often seen O'Conor there, though they had no particular acquaintance with each other. O'Conor at first ridiculed the idea of any one indorsing his note; but after hearing his friend's arguments and turning the suggestion over in his mind for a day or two,—rendered a little reckless, too, by his necessities,—he determined to take the chances. Mr. Pardow heard his request, but, without making any reply, went his way. O'Conor feared that he had been too bold, that he had, perhaps, taken a liberty, and felt humiliated. At the end of a week or so, however, Mr. Pardow came into his office and told him he would indorse his note for the books, which he did then and there. With the indorsed note in his hands, and with his heart swelling with a gratitude his lips tried in vain to express, O'Conor rushed down to the shop for the books. The owner soon satisfied himself of the responsibility of the indorser, and handed over the long-coveted treasures to O'Conor, who from that day forth never knew what it was to lack books from a want of the means to purchase them.

Mr. O'Conor then went on to tell me what became of the descendants of this Mr. Pardow, over whom and whose interests he always exercised a watchful supervision. He closed his story by saying, "That young lady in the other room whom I now call my adopted daughter is Mr. Pardow's great-granddaughter." As he said this, it first flashed across my mind that he was repaying in this princely way, to the great-granddaughter, the debt of gratitude which in such a seemingly providential way he had contracted to the great-grandfather. The young lady to whom he referred, and who sat at the head of his table, was Miss

Julia Pardow Mullaney, who I trust will not be offended by this use of her name in referring to a transaction which to her is equivalent to a title of nobility.*

The advantage to O'Conor of the timely succor rendered him by Mr. Pardow left upon his character a profound impression, and helped to make it difficult for him to turn his back upon any one, and especially upon any young person, appearing to stand in need of assistance. His life was full of acts of beneficence, inspired, no doubt, by the reflection that his own career might have been disastrously modified had Mr. Pardow in this crisis of his fortunes declined to stand by him. Only the day after my arrival at Nantucket, he repeated to me the substance of a letter he had received the week previous from Virginia. By this letter it appeared that some thirty years previous the writer, who was then living in New York, found things going against him so persistently that he was at his wits' ends, not knowing which way to turn. One day, while in the last stage of despondency, he chanced to be standing in front of Delmonico's, on the corner of Beaver and William streets, when the thought suddenly entered his head to ask a gentleman who was approaching with his head down and apparently absorbed in his own reflections to lend him five dollars. The person accosted, without a question or hesitation, put his hand in one of his pockets, took out the desired sum, and handed it to him. The individual thus befriended asked a man who chanced to be standing near if he knew the name of the gentleman who had just left him. "That was Charles O'Conor, the lawyer," was the reply. The letter reciting these facts contained a check for the amount of the money so strangely bestowed, and a promise that if the writer was ever able, he would send the thirty years' interest which had accumulated on it. O'Conor said he wrote the poor fellow that he had no recollection of the circumstance to which he referred; that he would accept the money sent, for that would seem necessary to make him feel easy, but he must decline the interest, and begged him never to allude to or think of

that, as he could never under any circumstances consent to accept it.

It was O'Conor's rule to give to all who professed to be needy. It must have been a very barefaced impostor whom he sent empty away. Of course he was sometimes imposed upon, but he felt that he was the better for what he gave if the receiver was not. It never worried nor soured him to learn that any of his charity had miscarried.

While a student with Fay and Thompson O'Conor wrote a wretched hand, and he discovered that he could be much more useful to himself and others if he were a more accomplished penman. One day his attention was arrested by an advertisement of some Yankee who undertook to teach writing in six lessons for one dollar. "The writing in six lessons," said he, "was just what I wanted, but where was I to get the dollar? Well, I managed to get it somehow. The man and his system proved to be all he represented them, and since then I have had no trouble with my penmanship."

His first chancery suit yielded him his first considerable professional triumph. It is known to the profession as the case of Bowen *vs.* Idley. Idley, the defendant, was a Hessian. He had married the illegitimate daughter of Bowen, the plaintiff, with whom the mother of Mrs. Idley had once been a domestic,—facts perfectly well known to all the parties to this litigation, but supposed to be not susceptible of proof. As some property was depending upon establishing the illegitimacy of Mrs. Idley, O'Conor applied in behalf of the one whom he supposed to be the legitimate heir for a change of the guardian *ad litem*, who happened to be the venerable Peter A. Jay. This seemed an act of great and inexcusable presumption for a young lawyer just chipping his professional shell; but the court was compelled, very reluctantly, to grant the motion, and William Kent, the son of the chancellor, was named in Mr. Jay's place. This incident established relations between Mr. O'Conor and that noble and accomplished jurist which ripened into a life-long friendship.

* O'Conor's kindness to Miss Mullaney did not terminate with his life. In his will, after some legacies, in the aggregate less than one hundred thousand dollars, by the sixth clause he provided as follows:

"All the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate, real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever, I give, devise, and bequeath as follows: Two-thirds thereof to my sister, Eliza Margaret Sloan, or to her sons in case she should not survive me. From respect for my sister's adoption and in grateful memory of my early friend, George Pardow, I give the other third of the same to Miss Julia Pardow Mullaney, a great-granddaughter of that gentleman."

In a codicil to this will made April 28, 1884, only a few weeks before his death, he adds to his previous benefactions as follows:

"To Julia Mullaney I leave my watch and the picture of an unknown young lady which is hung up in my parlor. All my lands and real estate in Massachusetts I give to said Julia Mullaney, her heirs and assigns forever. And I also give her absolutely my books, papers, documents, goods, and chattels whatever not otherwise disposed of that may be in said Massachusetts at my death."

Thus Miss Mullaney is endowed with Mr. O'Conor's superb residence and its furniture at Nantucket, his valuable library, and a third of the rest of his large and productive estate.

In due time the question of the legitimacy of Mrs. Idley came on for trial before the late Thomas Addis Emmet, to whom the issue had been referred by the chancellor. David A. Jones, "a somewhat pompous but very respectable lawyer," and then a leader at the bar, appeared for the Idley party. O'Connor had in some way managed to find the real mother of Mrs. Idley, a plain, ignorant, and common sort of person, and when the proper time had arrived in the progress of the trial, she was brought in and sworn. It was twilight; the candles which had just been brought in shed a demi-obscure light around the room producing, said O'Connor, a weird effect strangely calculated to increase the impressiveness of the scene which was to follow. Robert Emmet and one other, whose name, if he gave it, I have forgotten, were the only persons present besides the referee, the counsel, and the parties to the record. Mrs. Idley had never seen her mother. When the latter was called to the stand, no one but O'Connor knew who she was nor what she was expected to prove. Nor did the witness herself know why she was called nor suspect the bearing or importance of her testimony. After the usual preliminary questions, O'Connor went on:

Q. Madam, do you know the father of Mrs. Idley?

A. Yes.

Q. Who is it?

A. Mr. Bowen.

Q. Do you know her mother?

A. Yes.

Q. Who was she?

A. I suppose I must answer (she said, a little embarrassed).

Q. Yes, you must answer.

A. (After a short silence and increased embarrassment.) Well, I am her mother.

The effect was startling. A cross-examination was waived, the counsel tied up their papers, and the referee reported, of course, for O'Connor's client.

Mr. O'Connor's professional relations with Edwin Forrest, whose unsuccessful suit for a divorce from his wife, instituted some thirty-five years ago, is one of the American *causes célèbres*, did not begin with the divorce case. On the contrary, he had already been counsel for Forrest in a suit where Forrest was the defendant.* It happened in this wise. Forrest,

in recognition of his obligations to William Leggett, who had done more than any one else to persuade the public of his merits as an actor, built a house at New Rochelle, in Westchester County, for Leggett to live in, at a nominal or very moderate rental. Kissam, a brother-in-law of Leggett, contracted to build the house for \$4000. When finished, Kissam claimed \$6000. Forrest refused to pay the additional sum of \$2000. Kissam sued him. The case was sent to a referee, and Leggett was put upon the stand as a witness. He swore very strongly on Forrest's side. Between the time of his direct and the time fixed for his cross-examination Leggett died. The court below sustained the referee in excluding the testimony of Leggett, because, in consequence of his death, the plaintiff had had no opportunity of cross-examining him. Jesse Oakley, a brother of the late Judge Oakley, and the counsel for Forrest, wished to appeal, but experiencing some difficulty in getting the record before the Court of Appeals, then just organized under the new Constitution of 1846, retained O'Connor to assist him. O'Connor, who often insisted to me that he was a better attorney than jurist, and did not disguise his conviction that in questions of practice or procedure he had no superior in the country, took hold of the case and soon accomplished the desired result. Naturally, he was asked to argue the appeal. He did so and won it, and a new trial was ordered.

While talking of this case, my eyes fell upon a series of books occupying several shelves, all bound uniformly in law calf, and each entitled on its back, "My Own Cases." I asked what that meant. He said those were a collection of the cases of most importance for one reason or another in which he had been employed as counsel. There were more than one hundred of these volumes.† Among them he called my attention to the case of Kissam *vs.* Forrest, at the close of which was a memorandum in O'Connor's handwriting to the effect that on the new trial Forrest was beaten, for the reason, as was rumored, that the jury did not believe Leggett. Up to this time O'Connor had no acquaintance with Forrest.

When he first engaged in the Forrest *vs.* Forrest‡ case, he invited John Van Buren, who had then recently opened an office in

* It is a coincidence quite worth noting here that Cicero had Catiline for his client before he made him immortal by his prosecution of him.

† These volumes, which abound with MS. notes of the greatest interest to the profession, Mr. O'Connor, by his will, has given, with a liberal sum in money, to the New York Law Institute.

‡ Mr. Forrest married Mrs. Forrest in England in January, 1837. Cross suits for divorce were commenced in the Superior Court, before Judge Oakley, in 1850, resulting in a verdict for Mrs. Forrest on all the issues. The succeeding ten or eleven years were consumed by Mr. Forrest in ineffectual attempts, by appeals and interlocutory motions, to avoid paying the alimony awarded to Mrs. Forrest by the court, and to impeach the justice and validity of the verdict.

the city of New York for the practice of his profession, to be associated with him, an invitation which was promptly accepted. O'Connor intended to send for him when the suit was sufficiently far advanced to furnish Van Buren, what he wanted more than anything else, an opportunity of being seen and heard in a case of popular interest. Meanwhile Forrest sent Van Buren a retainer. Van Buren wrote to O'Connor to ask whether there would be any inconvenience or impropriety in his accepting it. O'Connor replied that there would be none whatever; for, as it happened, he had not yet had occasion to put Van Buren in possession of any information by which the adversary could profit. Besides, he really wanted no assistance from Van Buren or any one else; he had felt sure of the case, he said, from the outset.

Van Buren's argument on the appeal from the court below for a new trial in this case, O'Connor said, was as injudicious for his client as it could possibly have been. He attacked the character of Judge Oakley, of the New York Superior Court, before whom the cause had been tried, and before he finished managed to get every judge on the bench of the Court of Appeals so completely against him that, to use O'Connor's energetic language, "they were ready to devour him."

Some time after the divorce was granted, Forrest tried to escape the payment of the alimony decreed to Mrs. Forrest upon the pretext that she was leading a loose and abandoned life. O'Connor then showed me the points he made for the court on this argument, in which he presented the flagitious conduct of Forrest with savage eloquence. It is a remarkable circumstance, perhaps unique in the whole experience of the legal profession, that during this desperate litigation, in which the passions as well as the talents of some half dozen of the most eminent members of the New York bar were enlisted, and which was protracted for a period of twelve years, the unsuccessful defendant was so unfortunate or so wrong that no exception taken by his counsel to any of the proceedings was ever sustained, no motion they made in his behalf was granted, and the only change in any order made against him was an increase, from time to time, by the courts, of the allowance he was directed to make to Mrs. Forrest.

I asked Mr. O'Connor how he accounted for Forrest's infatuation in instituting proceedings for a divorce, knowing, as he did, the vitreous character of the house he occupied himself, and with no definite proof upon which he could rely to establish Mrs. Forrest's guilt. His explanation surprised me. He said

that in 1847 Forrest bought for \$12,000 a site on the east bank of the Hudson River near New York, on which he proceeded to erect a very pretentious castellated structure for a country residence. In January, 1849, this building was mainly but not wholly completed. In fact, he never completed it. A vast sum had been expended on it—more than he could afford. The cost of maintaining such an establishment when completed would have been enormous, and would have condemned him to incessant professional servitude at a time of life—he was then over forty—when his hold upon the public was beginning to wane, while his taste and need for repose were growing upon him. He realized at last that "he had bit off more than he could chew." He wanted an excuse for not occupying his castle and a pretext for selling it. He had no children, and, if rid of Mrs. Forrest, no one would question the propriety of disembarassing himself of this elephant. It so happened that the first dispute between Forrest and his wife in which his purpose to put her away was developed occurred in this same month of January, 1849. The place was sold six years later, and immediately after the affirmance of the judgment of the court below by the General Term. "Forrest was notoriously parsimonious," said O'Connor, "and I have no doubt that the desire to reduce his expenses first put into his head the idea of putting away his wife."

Nothing in the whole course of his professional life probably wounded O'Connor so deeply as the attempt made a few years since to cast reproach upon the motives which impelled him to undertake the defense of Mrs. Forrest. Till then I doubt if any one, however hostile his relations to O'Connor, had ever attributed to him a base motive. There was no man in the profession upon whose sense of justice and magnanimity the bar relied with more entire confidence. The exaggerated importance which he attached to that calumny left upon the minds of some of his brethren the impression that the disease, so nearly fatal, from which he had but recently and partially recovered, had taken serious liberties with his nervous system. He testified his gratitude to General Dix for accepting a place on the committee appointed at his solicitation to investigate the matter, by inviting the general to sit to Mr. Huntington for his portrait, which when finished he presented to the New York Historical Society, and which now ornaments its walls.

His quarrel with John Van Buren (I say quarrel, for no milder term would express the extent of their alienation) did not begin

in the Forrest case, said Mr. O'Connor, but at the famous Union meeting held at Castle Garden when the compromise bills of 1850 were before Congress. At that meeting O'Connor in his speech said among other things that events seemed to portend the ultimate union and coalition of Van Buren and Seward. This was carried by some one to Van Buren, who, with two or three of his familiars, was bidding in an oyster cellar not far away, awaiting news of the meeting. When Van Buren heard what O'Connor had said about him and Seward, he exclaimed with an oath that O'Connor might be correct in what he had predicted, but that he would never forget nor forgive him for saying so. In other words, their quarrel was originally more political than personal or professional.

The fact that O'Connor gratuitously defended the grandson of Chancellor Walworth under indictment for the murder of his father, and made zealous efforts to procure his pardon after he had been some time in prison, lends interest to the following curious anecdote which dropped from him one day in the course of a conversation about the old Court of Chancery and its presiding officers.

Reuben Walworth, in his address to the bar on taking his seat as chancellor, spoke of it as the highest judicial position in the State. Aaron Burr walked home from the court with Walworth after his speech, and ventured to suggest that such a statement coming from him was in questionable taste, and advised him either not to print his speech at all or to omit that passage of it. Burr, in talking of this to O'Connor, said that Walworth never forgave him that advice. He did publish the speech, which may be found in the first volume of "Paige's Reports,"* and Burr's cases were thenceforth all decided against him, as Burr thought, because of his unwelcome suggestion. Apropos of Walworth's intoxication

with his new position as chancellor, O'Connor quoted these lines from Defoe's "True-born Englishman," where they are put into the mouth of a magistrate — Jeffries, probably :

"With clouted iron shoes and sheepskin breeches,
More rags than manners and more dirt than riches,
From driving cows and calves to Laton Market,
While of my greatness there appeared no spark yet,
Behold, I come to let you see the pride
With which exalted beggars always ride."

Speaking of a somewhat conspicuous member of the bar, who professed to be one of his most ardent friends, and who was also a frequent aspirant for political preferment, which he failed to attain, I attempted to explain his disappointment in part by the inordinateness of his ambition, which made him an unreliable ally and friend. O'Connor said that an incident in his experience tended to confirm what I said. During the "Greeley campaign," a highly eulogistic article about himself appeared in one of the New York morning papers. He was ill at the time, but some six months later, when he had sufficiently recovered to go into the city, it occurred to him to make an inquiry about the authorship of the article in question. He accordingly called upon the editor of the paper with a copy of the article in question, and asked who wrote it. The name of the writer was given. To illustrate O'Connor's generosity of character and freedom from religious bigotry, the writer had dwelt upon a conversation alleged to have taken place between O'Connor and some Episcopalian minister from the South or West, who asked help for a college or church, or something of that sort, in distress. The applicant was represented in the article as being especially grateful to O'Connor because, being a Catholic, he was ready to give so liberally to the suffering institutions of a rival denomination. "This," said O'Connor, "was entirely false. There was not a word

*As the Chancellor's address has at least the merit of being short, I venture to give it at length. It should reassure the *laudatores temporis acti* who are wont to bewail the degeneration of our judiciary. The man who could make such a speech of course could not see the wisdom of Burr's advice.

Chancellor Walworth's address to the Chancery Bar of the State of New York, on assuming the duties of his office, April 28, 1828.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR: In assuming the duties of this highly responsible station, which at some future day would have been the highest object of my ambition, permit me to say that the solicitations of my too-partial friends, rather than my own inclination or my own judgment, have induced me to consent to occupy it at this time.

"Brought up a farmer until the age of seventeen, deprived of all the advantages of a classical education, and with a very limited knowledge of Chancery law, I find myself, at the age of thirty-eight, suddenly and unexpectedly placed at the head of the judiciary of the State — a situation which heretofore has been filled by the most able and experienced members of the profession.

"Under such circumstances, and where those able and intelligent judges who for the last five years have done honor to the bench of the Supreme Court all decline the arduous and responsible duties of this station, it would be an excess of vanity in me, or any one in my situation, to suppose he could discharge those duties to the satisfaction even of the most indulgent friends. But the uniform kindness and civility with which I have been treated by every member of the profession, and, in fact, by all classes of citizens, while I occupied a seat on the bench of the Circuit Court, afford the strongest assurance that your best wishes for my success will follow me here. And, in return, I can only assure you that I will spare no exertions in endeavoring to deserve the approbation of an enlightened bar and an intelligent community."

said about my religion or any one else's. The man asked me for money, and I gave him some.—I was then making money very fast,—and there was no reason whatever to suppose from anything that passed between us that I was any more or less a Catholic than he was." O'Connor then said he supposed this story was inserted, that, in fact, the whole article was written by this precious friend, to spread the information that he was a Roman Catholic, and to prejudice him as a candidate for the Presidency, to which office some friends in the West had taken a fancy to nominate him.

He was very much annoyed that people persisted in regarding him as an Irishman, though himself, and, I think he said, his father, and his grandfather were born Americans. "But," I said to him one day, "has not this impression stood you in good stead in a professional and worldly point of view?" "By no means," he replied; "so far from being an advantage, the reputation of being an Irishman and a Catholic has been to me a most serious political, social, and professional disadvantage." He then proceeded to enumerate important cases from which his religion excluded him, of which I remember only two. Bishop Onderdonk, he said, wished him retained to defend him, but the friends of the bishop said it would never do to commit his defense to a Catholic. President Johnson also wished him employed in the impeachment case. That, however, was overruled on political rather than sectarian or ethnical grounds. He insisted, with some emotion, that his supposed nationality and his faith had always obstructed his path. I inferred from what he said that he attributed his comparative want of success in public life more to this cause than to any other.

He thought well of the abolition of the old system of "pleading" and "forms of action." He said they were the devices of a by-gone age to get a simple issue when jurymen, though commonly taken from the better classes, were nearly always illiterate and wholly unable to deal with the complicated issues of a case presented in its unfermented state. To cover the inconveniences resulting from these methods, the Court of Chancery was invented, the real function of which was to provide one jurymen sufficiently intelligent to do the work which twelve ignorant jurymen could not be trusted with. He said that, as far as he knew, he as much as any one was entitled to the credit of originating the reform of our system of procedure in 1847-8, the abolition of forms of action, and the abolition of the Court of Chancery. He said he made the plea for those reforms in the Constitutional Convention of 1846. He would on no

account, he said, claim for himself or have any one claim for him the credit of these, but he was quite willing to be instrumental in defeating the pretensions of any other person to their authorship. This line of remark had been suggested by the news then just received that Governor Cornell had vetoed the Field-Throop Civil Code—an act on the governor's part with which he repeatedly expressed the greatest satisfaction. Recurring to this subject of codification later, he said he doubted whether our civil law could be codified successfully; he inclined to think it could not, and proceeded to place his doubts upon grounds substantially the same as those which have been more recently set forth in Mr. James C. Carter's exhaustive and masterly discussion of that subject. *He concluded by telling the following story, leaving me to make its application:

The late John C. Spencer came to him one day and asked him to join the late Benjamin F. Butler and himself in a commission to codify our civil law. He could think of no third person in the State, Mr. Spencer said to O'Connor, so fit as he for such a task. The conditions which attached to the appointment were:

First. That O'Connor was to give up his practice for at least six years, the time which it was supposed would be required for the proper execution of such a work, and which O'Connor said at that time he could as well do as not.

Second. That they should undertake it in full recognition of the strong probability that, when done, they would conclude that the fruits of their labor would not be worth reporting to the Legislature.

Spencer's influence at that time was such that there was no doubt the commission would be made up when and as he should desire it. At a meeting of the three proposed codifiers the subject was carefully canvassed, and they severally and collectively came to the conclusion that when they had done their best they would not be able conscientiously to recommend the result of their labors to the Legislature for its adoption. The scheme was therefore very deliberately abandoned.

O'Connor considered himself a very expert special pleader; he doubted if he had his superior in the country; he knew almost by heart every line of Chitty's elaborate treatise on "Pleading"; and in speaking of a certain suit in which his aid had been invoked, he said he never knew a case in which the parties had been pleading for an issue a year that he could not find a defect of sufficient gravity to set their proceedings aside. He thought, however, that the time of a young

lawyer could now be better employed than in trying to master the literature and art of special pleading.

He spoke of the case in which Giles, the Know-Nothing candidate for comptroller, attempted to set aside the election of Flagg, the incumbent, in the year 1854. Tilden and Evarts were associated with him as counsel for Flagg, and James T. Brady, Ambrose L. Jordan, Judge Edmonds, and two others whose names were not mentioned, were the counsel for Giles. But, said he, the case was won by Tilden. Giles had proved his case, and proved it completely. When Tilden rose to open for Flagg, he had not a witness to produce that could testify to the merits of the case. Tilden spoke some time before his line of defense began to appear; the audience began to yawn and those specially interested for Flagg to despair. After he had spoken some half hour or more, the clouds began to lift and the sunlight to appear. Within two minutes after the audience had struck his trail they were still as mice, and their attention was riveted upon him until he took his seat. He had been up all night preparing a series of tables from the tally-lists of the poll as proven by Giles, by the aid of which he reconstructed a tally-list which had been lost or stolen, and was thus enabled to demonstrate from internal evidence that the vote of one ward had been corruptly given to Giles. These tables were printed and handed to the judge, jury, and counsel, who were thus enabled to follow, step by step, the march of his inexorable logic. Mr. O'Conor described the speech as "exquisite." "It was perfect; it was as fine an argument as I ever heard." "When Tilden sat down," continued Mr. O'Conor, "the case was won. Evarts and I said a few words, but Flagg was comptroller when Tilden finished, and nothing that any one could have said would have made him more or less so."

After his retreat to Nantucket Mr. O'Conor tried to take very little interest in the current affairs of the world, which he had in a great measure left behind him. To the question when he expected to be again in New York, he replied that he did not know that he should ever go. If anything should occur to require it he would go, but he did not then anticipate any occasion for again leaving the island of Nantucket. He found such occasions, however, for he visited the city repeatedly after this declaration was made. He had received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard College at the commencement just passed. An eminent member of the college direction sent him a special invitation to attend the commencement, and be his guest. O'Conor declined,

and assigned as a reason that he had prescribed for himself the rule to form no public relations of any sort in his new home, and he could not conveniently make an exception of the occasion to which he was invited. He probably was not conscious himself of the delusion under which he was laboring in supposing himself so absolutely dead to the world as he tried to believe and to make others believe him to be. His answer unconsciously betrayed his unwillingness to divide or sacrifice any portion of his birthright as a New Yorker and as the *bâtonnier* of its bar.

One day, while we were sitting together in his library, he asked me if I would like to know the origin of the ring system of New York. Of course I promptly said I would. He proceeded to take down a volume of "My Own Cases," and read to me a very carefully written and pungent commentary upon the case of Clark vs. The City of New York. The facts, as I remember them, were in general that Clark contracted to execute a piece of work on the Croton aqueduct, in the manner to be prescribed by the engineer in charge, for a specified sum. The first plans were modified by the engineer in a way to increase the cost of the work, but, as the city insisted, within the limits prescribed by the contract. When the work was done Clark sent in a bill for several thousand dollars more than the stipulated price. The city refused to pay the excess, and Clark brought a suit to recover it, laying his venue in Albany, which O'Conor described as the "paradise for contractors." John Leveridge, who was counsel for the corporation at that time, strangely omitted to have the venue changed to New York. Before the suit came on for trial, Henry E. Davies succeeded Leveridge as corporation counsel. He retained Mr. O'Conor for the city, and placed the entire charge of this particular case in his hands. The history of its numerous vicissitudes and the final triumph of the contractor is fully set forth in the memorandum to which I was invited to listen. The success of this suit had the same effect upon the predatory horde which always infest the State capital that the wine and oil of Italy had upon the Goths and Vandals when they first wandered across the mountains into the plains of Lombardy. They immediately struck hands with the freebooters of the metropolis and marked its wealth and credit for their own. It is to be hoped that this paper may be given to the public, for it throws new light upon the mazy processes by which justice is baffled and the treasury plundered directly or by the connivance of officers specially selected to administer the one and to guard the other.

O'Connor for many years had a large income from his profession, but he was noted always among his brethren for the moderation of his charges. It was not his habit to ask retaining fees, nor, indeed, any pay on account of his services in a case till the work was done, then receiving all his pay in a lump. He did not pretend that this was the more profitable, nor did he presume to commend his example to others; all he could say for it was, it was somehow more to his taste. The day before he told me this he had forwarded to New York for deposit a check that had just come to hand for the last piece of work he had been engaged in before retiring from the profession some three years before. He had worked in litigated cases sometimes for twenty years before receiving a cent of compensation. He usually fixed his price at the close, and told his clients that while he thought he had named the sum which his services were worth, they might give him what they thought right or felt they could afford. He added that he never had his bill cut down but once, and that was by a very prominent citizen of our metropolis. The bill was one thousand dollars, which, for reasons that he stated to me, seemed to him very moderate, but, as usual, he left it with the client to say what would be satisfactory to him if that was not. The client sent him seven hundred and fifty dollars, with the remark that he thought that was *about the sum he expected*. It was clear from the manner and tone of O'Connor in telling this incident that there was no danger of his outliving the recollection of it.

He was a great admirer of De Witt Clinton, and in early life shared all the prejudices current among the Clintonians, besides those he inherited from his father against Van Buren, whom, however, he told me, he subsequently learned to respect and appreciate. Clinton's Celtic origin had, no doubt, much to do with O'Connor's youthful passion for him. Had Clinton, however, been a contemporary of O'Connor's, I doubt if they could have sat together in a committee two hours without quarreling. Both had a partiality for their own particular ways and opinions which made every other seem unreasonable, and both, like David Copperfield's aunt, "could break, but not bend."

O'Connor's miscellaneous library, though tolerably rich and well selected, bore but a small proportion to his professional books. As if he thought the disproportion required some explanation, he remarked that he had never been much of a reader outside of his profession. He said a lad once wrote to him for advice about a course of reading, at the same time enumerating a long list of books

which he had already read. O'Connor replied to him that he not only had not read, but had not known even by name, one-half of the books his correspondent appeared to have read. He would not, therefore, undertake to advise him what to read, but he could safely advise him to read less and to think more. He thought the cheapness of printing in America had made overmuch reading one of the most pernicious forms of modern dissipation, an opinion with which I fully concurred.

Speaking of the impeachment of the Tweed Ring judges, he said that was all Tilden's work and no one's else. He repeated this several times, very emphatically adding that upon that point he was a competent witness. Tilden, he said, went to the Legislature and forced the impeachment against every imaginable obstacle, open and covert, political and personal.

In illustration of the terror of his own name as an adversary, to which one of us had made some casual allusion, he told the following story:

When he was ill in 1876, a man who had no claim upon him whatever asked of him the loan of \$25,000. He yielded to the man's solicitation without much reflection, taking such security as the man had to offer. Not long after, the borrower called upon him again to say that he had an opportunity of selling out his business at a profit, and for some reasons which appeared to have grown out of the trade proposed to give O'Connor some Indiana railway bonds then paying six per cent. as security in place of the bonds he had previously left with him. To this also O'Connor was too ill to make any objections. The first semi-annual interest was paid, but when the next payment fell due, the company made default. Three or four years elapsed, and the company showing no signs of resuming payment, O'Connor, who by this time had got settled at Nantucket, took up these bonds one day and resolved to ascertain their value. He procured the address of a law firm in Indianapolis, and wrote for such information as they had and could procure about his defaulted bonds. They sent him a very discouraging report. He then directed them to sue the company on their bonds and get judgment. The lawyers wrote him in reply that they thought they could sell the bonds for twenty-five per cent. of their face, if he would take that amount. He declined the offer and again directed them to bring suit upon the bonds. After waiting some time without hearing from them, he wrote again. At length he received from them a letter stating that the mortgage had been foreclosed and the road sold for a comparatively small sum. Mr. O'Connor wrote again,

reproaching them for not advising him of the foreclosure proceedings and directing them in imperative terms to go on and get judgment upon the bonds. They wrote him that they thought the bonds might now be disposed of on somewhat better terms than before, and asked if they should negotiate. He wrote them promptly that he would take nothing less than the entire principal and interest, and as soon as they had entered up judgment against the company they must telegraph him and then he would go out there himself and direct what further should be done. In a few days he received a check for the full amount of principal, interest, and costs. When he concluded this story, he said: "That is one instance in which my reputation as a persistent fighter was of use to me." He presumed the company had in some way learned in the progress of the affair that he was a troublesome adversary in a lawsuit.

A part of the Tuesday and Wednesday prior to Mr. O'Connor's last and fatal illness he spent in professional consultations at the residence of Governor Tilden in Gramercy Park. At these consultations his memory of cases and of the minutest judicial and statutory distinctions, for which he was always so famous, seemed unimpaired, and he threw himself into the questions submitted to him with all the intensity and confidence of his professional prime. This, I presume, was the last embrace he ever received from the profession of which he was so fond. The following day, which was Thursday, he departed for his island home. I have since learned, through a note from Miss Elma Folger—who to the distinction of being descended from the maternal ancestors of the illustrious Dr. Franklin enjoyed the further distinction of holding the confidential relation of private secretary to Mr. O'Connor during the last three or four years of his life, and who accompanied him on his last visit to New York—that it was in consequence of a cold taken early in March, which had impaired Mr. O'Connor's appetite and aggravated certain troubles with which he had been afflicted for fifteen years or more, that he came to New York to consult a physician.

"Several times last winter," says Miss Folger, "Mr. O'Connor spoke of the peaceful year that he had passed in Nantucket, saying that he had never in his life, *i. e.*, since he had commenced the practice of law, been so quiet and undisturbed. He was afraid something awful was going to happen to him before summer; this quiet was too unnatural. He repeated this remark to a visitor in New York. Once he said he was almost spoil-

ing for a fight with some one. We left Nantucket in April at 5:30 A. M., which obliged him to rise at about four o'clock in the morning. We traveled through to New York in one day, arriving there about 7 P. M. Although he had eaten nothing through the day, and was suffering greatly from the trouble which had taken him to New York to consult Dr. Keyes, yet he had an angry war of words with a hack-driver whose carriage he had taken for us, which astonished me very much, and resulted in our leaving the man's carriage and hiring another.

"After we were seated in the second carriage, he said, 'I feel better already; it was worth coming to New York to beat that fellow.' I do not mean to insinuate that Mr. O'Connor was quarrelsome,—far from it,—but the fear that things were going on too well with him seemed to hang over him as something that must be put an end to. On the tiresome journey he was in a lovely, gentle mood, as indeed he always was with me. In the Providence depot, where we waited quite a while, I suggested that we should give some sandwiches we had brought with us to some children also waiting. He was delighted, and insisted that I should buy some oranges to add to the attractions of the repast. We went into the waiting-room, spread out our things on one of the settees, and then invited the little ones to the feast. I cannot tell you his delight at their enjoyment and appetite, and he watched them until all the eatables had vanished, pacing up and down the length of the room meanwhile. . . . While in the city," she added, "he seemed brighter and better, and ate better than I had seen him all winter. But the journey home was full of discomforts, and the weather grew cold and stormy, so that he arrived here much the worse for the exposure. We arrived in Nantucket on Friday. On Monday following he went to the bed from which he never rose again."*

MR. O'CONNOR was in many respects without a peer at the American bar. I once heard Governor Tilden say of him that he thought he had a more precise knowledge of the science of jurisprudence than any other person living of the English-speaking race. His powers of analysis were Aristotelian in their proportions, his resources inexhaustible and surprising. His industry and endurance seemed to defy all the claims and protestations of nature. He was never known or even suspected of appearing in a case in which his preparation was not thorough. As a lawyer, the public estimate of him was always above his own estimate, though not above his merits; and hence it was for a period of fifty years

* Charles O'Connor was born in New York, January 22, 1804, and died May 12, 1884.

that he was employed on one side or the other of pretty much every important case that was litigated in the great commercial capital of the nation.

Mr. O'Connor never understood nor became entirely reconciled to his want of success in public life. Why every one loved to recognize and do homage to his professional and personal supremacy, and so few cared to accept him as their political guide, was a problem which always puzzled him, and contributed not a little, I think, to weaken his faith in popular judgments. The true solution of it probably is that the very qualities which gave him his pre-eminence at the bar in a corresponding degree unfitted him for the representative duties of a statesman. He went so deeply into the philosophy or the *rationale* of every subject that he naturally had little respect for the superficial and often puerile reasons which the mass of mankind would assign even for the best inspired actions. He could never pool his opinions in a committee or in any representative body, and be content as every statesman, in a democracy at least, is required to be, with the resultant decisions of a majority. Thus it happened that in the Convention of 1846, to which he was chosen more especially to secure his aid in remodeling our judiciary, he usually voted alone on committees, and opposed almost alone the Constitution as finally adopted. The logic of his mind was so

inexorable that he could not bow to those subtle forces or instincts which go to make up public opinion, nor recognize the soundness of Talleyrand's famous saying that "There is one person wiser than Anybody, and that is Everybody." He was so thoroughly loyal to the conclusions of his own mind when they had been deliberately formed that it seemed to him pusillanimous to surrender them to mere numbers or because of any possible consequences that might result to himself or others from adhering to them.

A mental nature of such imperious habits and such imperial powers was not calculated to submit to the restraints of the political harness. In public affairs he was the iron pot of the fable; the earthen pots were afraid to go to sea in his company. They knew he would not care how often they jostled against him, but that a single collision might dash them to pieces. Had Mr. O'Connor possessed the ability to subordinate his opinions to the opinion of a party, and to represent its enlightened and deliberate judgment with that cordiality and good faith which are due to the superiority of Everybody's wisdom to Anybody's, he would probably have filled as large and honorable a place in the political as in the professional annals of his country. As it is, his fame must rest upon his achievements as a barrister, and there it is as impregnable as the barrister's fame can ever be.

John Bigelow.

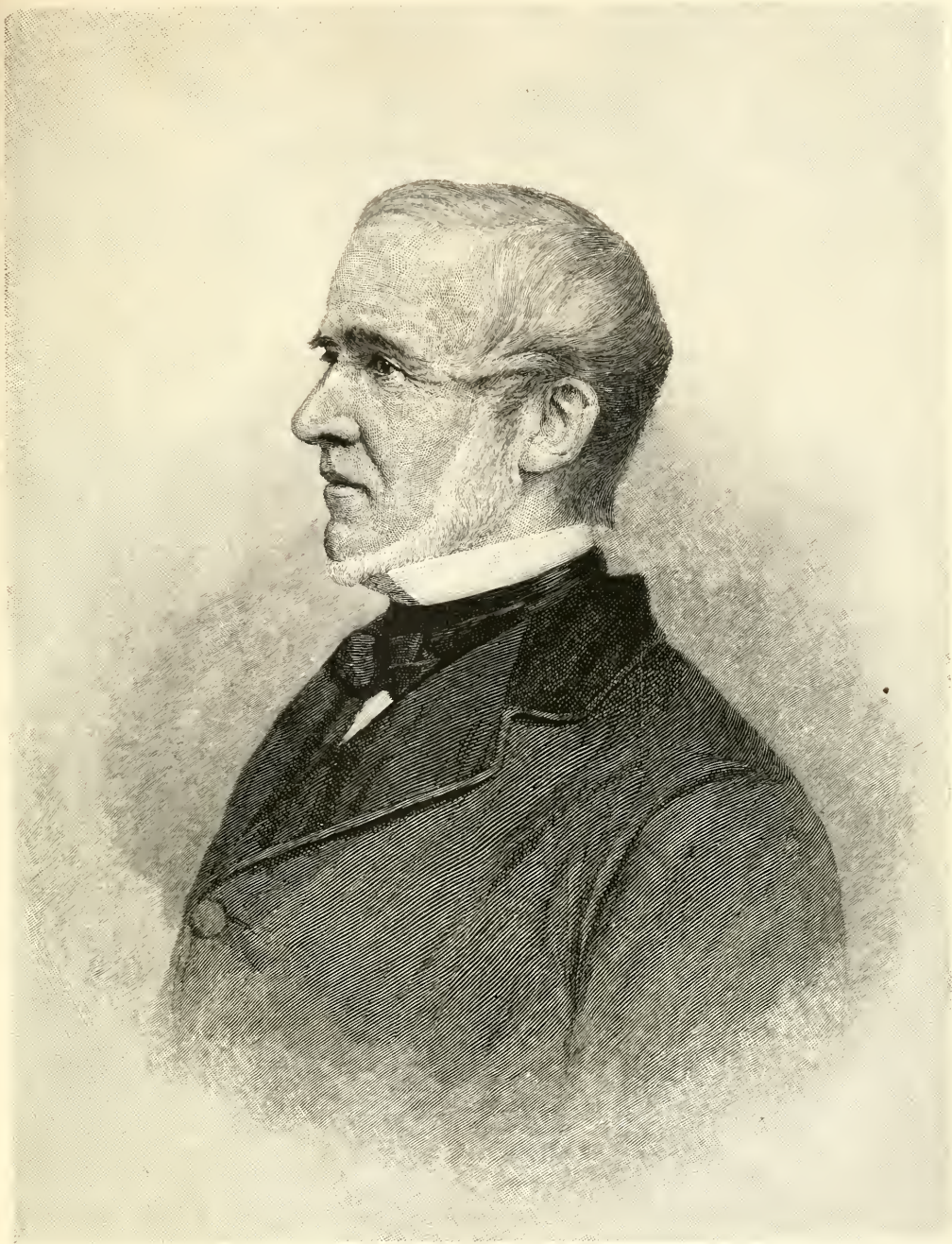


GROWN OLD WITH NATURE.

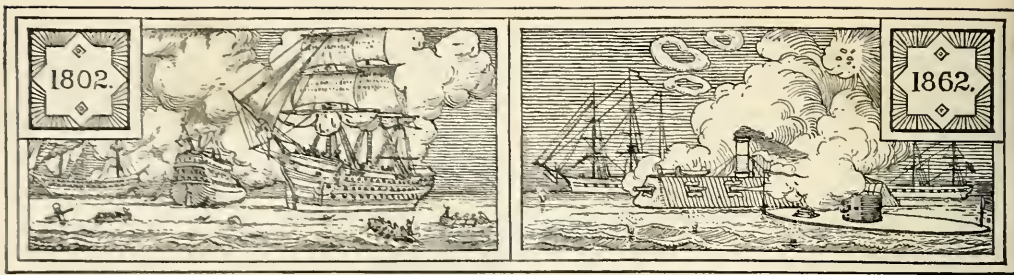
If true there be another, better land,
 A fairer than this humble mother shore,
 Hoping to meet the blessed gone before,
 I fain would go. But may no angel hand
 Lead on so far along the shining sand,
 So wide within the everlasting door,
 'Twill shut away this good, green world. *No more*
Of Earth!—Let me not hear that dread command.

'Then must I mourn, unsoothed by harps of gold,
 For sighing boughs, and birds of simple song,
 For hush of night within the forest fold;
 Yea, must bemoan, amid the joyous throng,
 Mine early loves. The heart that has grown old
 With Nature cannot, happy, leave her long.

John Vance Cheney.



Bl. Honor



THE FIRST FIGHT OF IRON-CLADS.

MARCH 9, 1862.

THE engagement in Hampton Roads on the 8th of March, 1862, between the Confederate iron-clad *Virginia*, or (as she is known at the North) the *Merrimac*, and the United States wooden fleet, and that next day between the *Virginia* and the *Monitor*, was, in its results, in some respects the most momentous naval conflict ever witnessed. No battle was ever more widely discussed or produced a greater sensation. It revolutionized the navies of the world. Line-of-battle ships, those huge, overgrown craft, carrying from eighty to one hundred and twenty guns and from five hundred to twelve hundred men, which, from the destruction of the Spanish Armada to our time, had done most of the fighting, deciding the fate of empires, were at once universally condemned as out of date. Rams and iron-clads were in future to decide all naval warfare.

In this battle old things passed away, and the experience of a thousand years of battle and breeze was forgotten. The naval supremacy of England vanished in the smoke of this fight, it is true, only to reappear some years later more commanding than ever. The effect of the news was best described by the London "Times," which said: "Whereas we had available for immediate purposes one hundred and forty-nine first-class war-ships: we have now two, these two being the *Warrior* and her sister *Ironsides*. There is not now a ship in the English navy apart from these two that it would not be madness to trust to an engagement with that little *Monitor*." The Admiralty at once proceeded to reconstruct the navy, cutting down a number of their largest ships and converting them into turret or broadside iron-clads. The same results were produced in France, which had but one sea-



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "MERRIMAC" BEFORE AND AFTER CONVERSION INTO AN IRON-CLAD.



going iron-clad, *La Gloire*, and this one, like the *Warrior*, was only protected amidships. The Emperor Napoleon promptly appointed a commission to devise plans for rebuilding his navy. And so with all the maritime powers. In this race the United States took the lead, and at the close of the war led all the others in the numbers and efficiency of its iron-clad fleet. It is true that all the great powers had already experimented with vessels partly armored, but very few were convinced of their utility, and none had been tried by the crucial test of battle, if we except a

few floating batteries, thinly clad, used during the Crimean War.

In the spring of 1861 Norfolk and its large naval establishment had been hurriedly abandoned by the Federals, why or wherefore no one could tell. It is within two miles of Fortress Monroe, then held by a large force of regulars. A few companies of these, with a single frigate, could have occupied and commanded the town and navy-yard, and have kept the channel open. However, a year later, it was as quickly evacuated by the Confederates, and almost with as little reason. But of this I will speak later.

The yard was abandoned to a few volunteers, after it was partly destroyed, and a large

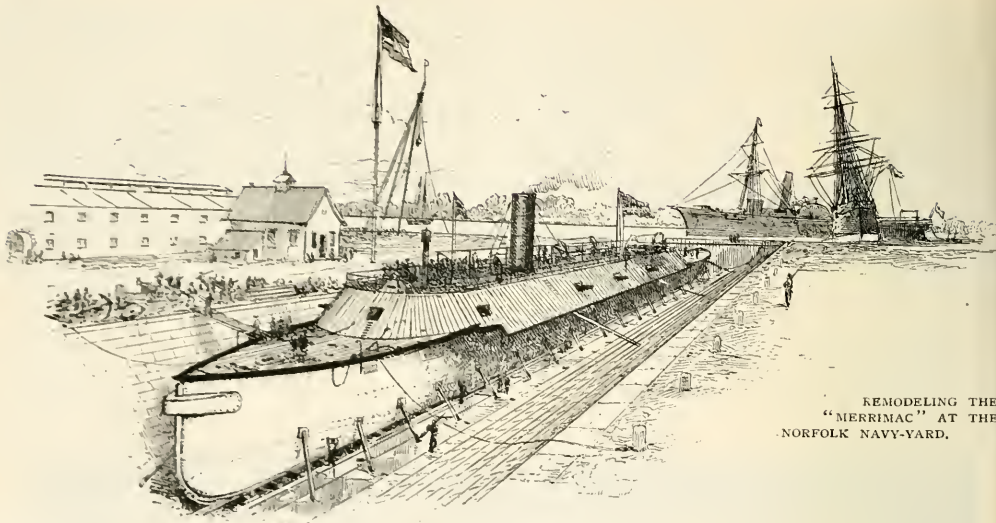
to Secretary Mallory to raise and rebuild this ship as an iron-clad. His plans were approved, and orders were given to carry them out. She was raised and cut down to the old berth-deck. Both ends for seventy feet were covered over, and when the ship was in fighting trim were just awash. On the midship section, one hundred and seventy feet in length, was built at an angle of forty-five degrees a roof of pitch-pine and oak, twenty-four inches thick, extending from the water-line to a height over the gun-deck of seven feet. Both ends of the shield were rounded so that the pivot-guns could be used as bow and stern chasers or quartering. Over the gun-deck was a light grating, making a prom-



BURNING OF THE FRIGATE "MERRIMAC" AND THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

number of ships were burnt. Among the spoils were upward of twelve hundred heavy guns, which were scattered among Confederate fortifications from the Potomac to the Mississippi. Among the ships burnt and sunk was the frigate *Merrimac* of thirty-five hundred tons and forty guns, afterward rechristened the *Virginia*, and so I will call her. During the summer of 1861 Lieutenant George M. Brooke, an accomplished officer of the old navy, who with many others had resigned, proposed

enade about twenty feet wide. The wood backing was covered with iron plates, rolled at the Tredegar works at Richmond, two inches thick and eight wide. The first tier was put on horizontal, the second up and down,—in all four inches, bolted through the wood-work and clinched inside. The prow was of cast-iron, projecting four feet, and badly secured, as events proved. The rudder and propeller were entirely unprotected. The pilot-house was forward of the smoke-stack, and



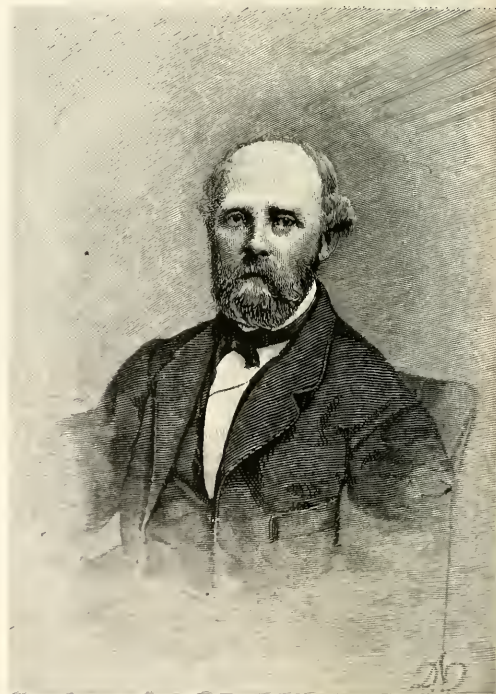
REMODELING THE
"MERRIMAC" AT THE
NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

covered with the same thickness of iron as the sides. Her motive power was the same that had always been in the ship. Both engines and boilers had been condemned on her return from her last cruise, and were radically defective. Of course, the fire and sinking had not improved them. We could not depend upon them six hours at a time. A more ill-contrived or unreliable pair of engines could only have been found in some vessels of the United States navy.

Lieutenant Catesby ap R. Jones was ordered to superintend the armament, and no more thoroughly competent officer could have been selected. To his experience and skill as her ordnance and executive officer was due the character of her battery, which proved so efficient. It consisted of two seven-inch rifles, heavily reinforced around the breech with three-inch steel bands, shrunk on; these were the first heavy guns so made, and were the bow and stern pivots; there were also two six-inch rifles of the same make, and six nine-inch smooth-bore broadside, ten guns in all.

During the summer and fall of 1861 I had been stationed at the batteries on the Potomac at Evansport and Acquia Creek, blockading the river as far as possible. In January, 1862, I was ordered to the *Virginia* as one of the lieutenants, reporting to Commodore French Forrest, who then commanded the navy-yard at Norfolk. Commodore Franklin Buchanan was appointed to the command,—an energetic and high-toned officer, who combined with daring courage great professional ability, standing deservedly at the head of his profession. In 1845 he had been selected by Mr. Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, to locate

and organize the Naval Academy, and he launched that institution upon its successful career. Under him were as capable a set of officers as ever were brought together in one ship. But of man-of-war's men or sailors we had scarcely any. The South was almost without a maritime population. In the old



LIEUTENANT CATESBY AP R. JONES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COURRET HERMANOS, LIMA.)

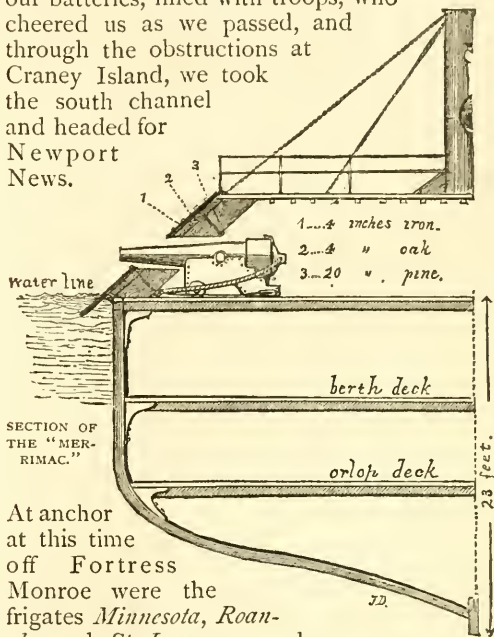
service the majority of officers were from the South, and all the seamen from the North.*

Every one had flocked to the army, and to it we had to look for a crew. Some few seamen were found in Norfolk, who had escaped from the gun-boat flotilla in the waters of North Carolina, on their occupation by Admiral Goldsborough and General Burnside. In hopes of securing some men from the army, I was sent to General Magruder's headquarters at Yorktown, who was known to have under his command two battalions from New Orleans, among whom might be a number of seamen. The general, though pressed for want of men, holding a long line with scarcely a brigade, gave me every facility to secure volunteers. With one of his staff I visited every camp, and the commanding officers were ordered to parade their men, and I explained to them what I wanted. About two hundred volunteered, and of this number I selected eighty who had had some experience as seamen or gunners. Other commands at Richmond and Petersburg were visited, and so our crew of three hundred was made up. They proved themselves to be as gallant and trusty a body of men as any one would wish to command, not only in battle, but in reverse and retreat.

Notwithstanding every exertion to hasten the fitting out of the ship, the work during the winter progressed but slowly, owing to delay in sending the iron sheathing from Richmond. At this time the only establishment in the South capable of rolling iron plates was the Tredegar foundry. Its resources were limited, and the demand for all kinds of war material most pressing. And when we reflect upon the scarcity and inexperience of the workmen, and the great changes necessary in transforming an ordinary iron workshop into an arsenal in which all the necessary machinery and tools had to be improvised, it is astonishing so much was accomplished. The unfinished state of the vessel interfered so with the drills and exercises that we had but little opportunity of getting things into shape. It should be remembered the ship was an experiment in naval architecture, differing in every respect from any then afloat. The officers and crew were strangers to the ship and to each other. Up to the hour of sailing she was crowded with workmen. Not a gun had been fired, hardly a revolution of the engines had been

made, when we cast off from the dock, and started on what many thought was an ordinary trial trip, but which proved to be a trial such as no vessel that ever floated had undergone up to that time. From the start we saw that she was slow, not over five knots; she steered so badly that, with her great length, it took from thirty to forty minutes to turn. She drew twenty-two feet, which confined us to a comparatively narrow channel in the Roads; and, as I have before said, the engines were our weak point. She was as unmanageable as a water-logged vessel.

It was at noon on the 7th of March that we steamed down the Elizabeth River. Passing by our batteries, lined with troops, who cheered us as we passed, and through the obstructions at Craney Island, we took the south channel and headed for Newport News.



At anchor at this time off Fortress Monroe were the frigates *Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and *St. Lawrence*, and several gun-boats. The first two were sister ships of the *Virginia* before the war; the last was a sailing frigate of fifty guns. Off Newport News, seven miles above, which was strongly fortified, and held by a large Federal garrison, were anchored two frigates, the *Congress*, 50 guns, and the *Cumberland*, 30. The day was calm, and the last two ships were swinging lazily by their anchors, to the young flood. Boats were hanging to the lower booms, washed clothes in the rigging. Nothing indicated that we were expected; but when we came within three-quarters of a

* The officers of the *Merrimack* were: *Flag-Officer*, Franklin Buchanan; *Lieutenants*, Catesby ap R. Jones, executive and ordnance officer—Charles C. Simms—R. D. Minor (flag)—Hunter Davidson—John Taylor Wood—J. R. Eggleston—Walter Butt; *Midshipmen*, Foute, Marmaduke, Littlepage, Craig, Long, and Rootes; *Paymaster*, James Semple; *Surgeon*, Dinwiddie Phillips; *Assistant-Surgeon*, Algernon S. Garnett; *Captain of Marines*, Reuben Thom; *Engineers*, H. A. Ramsey, Acting Chief—*Assistants*, Tynan, Campbell, Herring, Jack, and White; *Boatswain*, Hasker; *Gunner*, Oliver; *Carpenter*, Lindsey; *Clerk*, Arthur Sinclair, Jr.; *Volunteer Aide*, Lieutenant Douglas Forrest, C. S. A.—Captain Kevil, commanding detachment of Norfolk United Artillery; *Signal Corps*, Sergeant Tabb.

mile, the boats were dropped astern, booms got alongside, and the *Cumberland* opened with her heavy pivots, followed by the *Congress*, the gun-boats, and the shore batteries.

We reserved our fire until within easy range, when the forward pivot was pointed and fired by Lieutenant Charles Simms, killing and wounding most of the crew of the after pivot-gun of the *Cumberland*. Passing close to the *Congress*, which received our starboard broadside, and returned it with spirit, we steered direct for the *Cumberland*, striking her almost at right angles, under the fore-rigging on the starboard side. The blow was hardly perceptible on board the *Virginia*. Backing clear of her, we went ahead again, heading up the river, helm hard-a-starboard, and turned slowly. As we did so, for the first time I had an opportunity of using the after pivot, of which I had charge. As we swung, the *Congress* came in range, nearly stern on, and we got in three raking shells. She had slipped her anchor, loosed her foretop-sail, run up the jib, and tried to escape, but grounded. Turning, we headed for her and took a position within 200 yards, where every shot told. In the mean time the *Cumberland* continued the fight, though our ram had opened her side wide enough to drive in a horse and cart. Soon she listed to port and filled rapidly. The crew were driven by the advancing water to the spar-deck, and there worked her pivot-guns until she went down with a roar, the colors still flying. No ship was ever fought more gallantly.* The *Congress* continued the

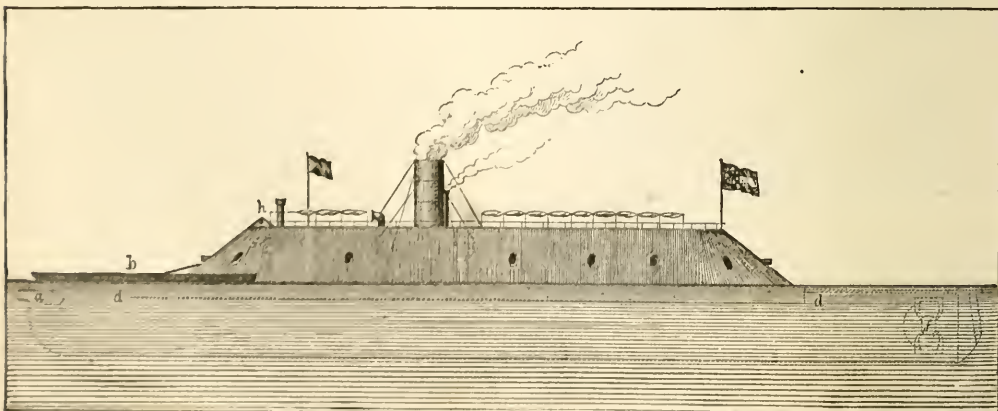
unequal contest for more than an hour after the sinking of the *Cumberland*. Her losses were terrible, and finally she ran up the white flag.

As soon as we had hove in sight, coming down the harbor, the *Roanoke*, *St. Lawrence*, and *Minnesota* had got under way, and started up from Old Point to join their consorts, assisted by tugs. They were under fire from the batteries at Sewall's Point, but the distance was too great to effect much. The first two, however, very prudently ran aground not far above Fortress Monroe, and took but little part in the fight. The *Minnesota*, taking the middle or swash channel, steamed up half-way between Old Point and Newport News, when she grounded, but in a position to be actively engaged.

Previous to this we had been joined by the James River squadron, which had been at anchor a few miles above, and came into action most gallantly, passing the shore batteries at Newport News under a heavy fire, and with some loss. It consisted of the *Yorktown*, ten guns, Captain Tucker; *James-town*, ten; and *Teaser*, two.

As soon as the *Congress* surrendered, Commander Buchanan ordered the gun-boats *Beaufort* and *Raleigh* to steam alongside, take off her crew, and set fire to the ship. Lieutenant Pendergrast, who had succeeded Lieutenant Smith, who had been killed, surrendered to Lieutenant Parker, of the *Beaufort*. Delivering his sword and colors, he was directed by Lieutenant Parker to return

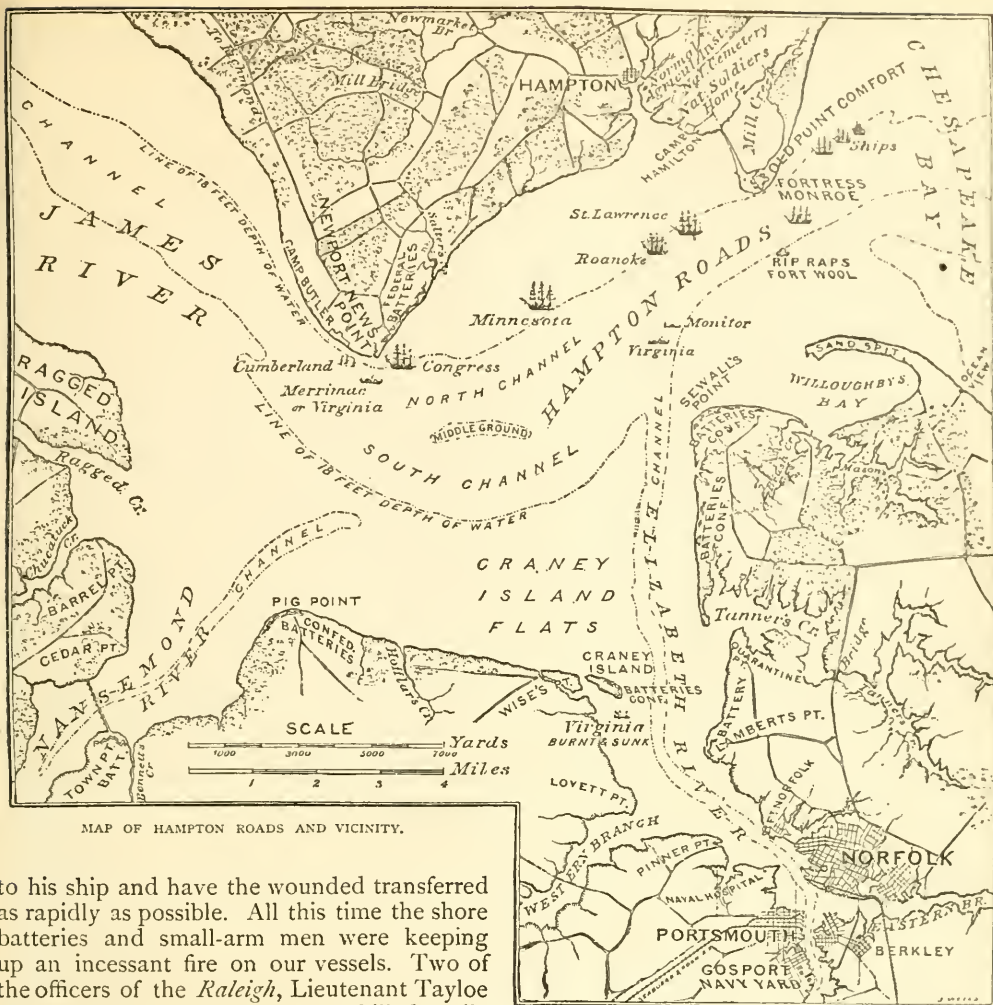
* According to the pilot of the *Cumberland*, A. B. Smith: "Near the middle of the fight, when the berth-deck of the *Cumberland* had sunk below water, one of the crew of the *Merrimac* came out of a port to the outside of her iron-plated roof, and a ball from one of our guns instantly cut him in two. . . . Finally, after about three-fourths of an hour of the most severe fighting, our vessel sank, the Stars and Stripes still waving. That flag was finally submerged, but after the hull grounded on the sands, fifty-four feet below the surface of the water, our pennant was still flying from the topmast above the waves."



a. Row of steel
b. Wooden Bulwarks
c. Pilot House

THE "MERRIMAC," FROM A SKETCH MADE THE DAY BEFORE THE FIGHT.

By H. L. Blackford del. March 7, 1862
d. Iron under water
of Propeller



to his ship and have the wounded transferred as rapidly as possible. All this time the shore batteries and small-arm men were keeping up an incessant fire on our vessels. Two of the officers of the *Raleigh*, Lieutenant Tayloe and Midshipman Hutter, were killed while assisting the Union wounded out of the *Congress*. A number of the enemy's men were killed by the same fire. Finally it became so hot that the gun-boats were obliged to haul off with only thirty prisoners, leaving Lieutenant Pendergrast and most of his crew on board, and they all afterward escaped on shore by swimming or in small boats. While this was going on, the white flag was flying at her mainmast-head. Not being able to take possession of his prize, the commodore ordered hot shot to be used, and in a short time she was in flames fore and aft. While directing this, both himself and his flag-lieutenant, Minor, were severely wounded. The command then devolved upon Lieutenant Catesby Jones.

It was now five o'clock, nearly two hours of daylight, and the *Minnesota* only remained. She was aground and at our mercy. But the

pilots would not attempt the middle channel with the ebb tide and approaching night. So we returned by the south channel to Sewall's Point and anchored, the *Minnesota* escaping, as we thought, only until morning.

Our loss in killed and wounded was twenty-one. The armor was hardly damaged, though at one time our ship was the focus on which were directed at least one hundred heavy guns afloat and ashore. But nothing outside escaped. Two guns were disabled by having their muzzles shot off. The ram was left in the side of the *Cumberland*. One anchor, the smoke-stack, and the steam-pipes were shot away. Railings, stanchions, boat-davits, everything was swept clean. The flag-staff was repeatedly knocked over, and finally a boarding-pike was used. Commodore Buchanan and the other wounded were sent to the Naval Hospital, and

after making preparations for the next day's fight, we slept at our guns, dreaming of other victories in the morning.*

But at daybreak we discovered lying between us and the *Minnesota*, a strange-looking craft, which we knew at once to be Ericsson's *Monitor*, which had long been expected in Hampton Roads, and of which, from different sources, we had a good idea. She could not possibly have made her appearance at a more inopportune time for us, changing our plans, which were to destroy the *Minnesota*, and then the remainder of the fleet below Fortress Monroe. She appeared but a pigmy compared with the lofty frigate which she guarded. But in her size was one great element of her success. I will not attempt a description of the *Monitor*; her build and peculiarities are well known.

After an early breakfast, we got under way and steamed out toward the enemy, opening fire from our bow pivot, and closing, we delivered our starboard broadside at short range, which was returned promptly from her eleven-inch guns. Both vessels then turned and passed again still closer. The *Monitor* was firing every seven or eight minutes, and nearly every shot struck. Our ship was working worse and worse, and after the loss of the smoke-stack, Mr. Ramsay, chief engineer, reported that the draught was so poor that it was with great difficulty he could keep up steam. Once or twice the ship was on the bottom. Drawing twenty-three feet of water, we were confined to a narrow channel, while the *Monitor*, with only twelve feet immersion, could take any position, and always have us in range of her guns. Orders were given to concentrate our fire on the pilot-house, and with good result, as we afterward learned. More than two hours had passed, and we had made no impression on the enemy so far as we could discover, while our wounds were slight. Several times the *Monitor* ceased firing, and we were in hopes she was disabled, but the revolution again of her turret and the heavy blows of her eleven-inch shot on our sides soon undeceived us.

Coming down from the spar-deck and observing a division standing "at ease," Lieutenant Jones observed:

"Why are you not firing, Mr. Eggleston?"

"Why, our powder is very precious," replied the lieutenant; "and after two hours' incessant firing I find that I can do her about as much damage by snapping my thumb at her every two minutes and a half."

Lieutenant Jones now determined to run

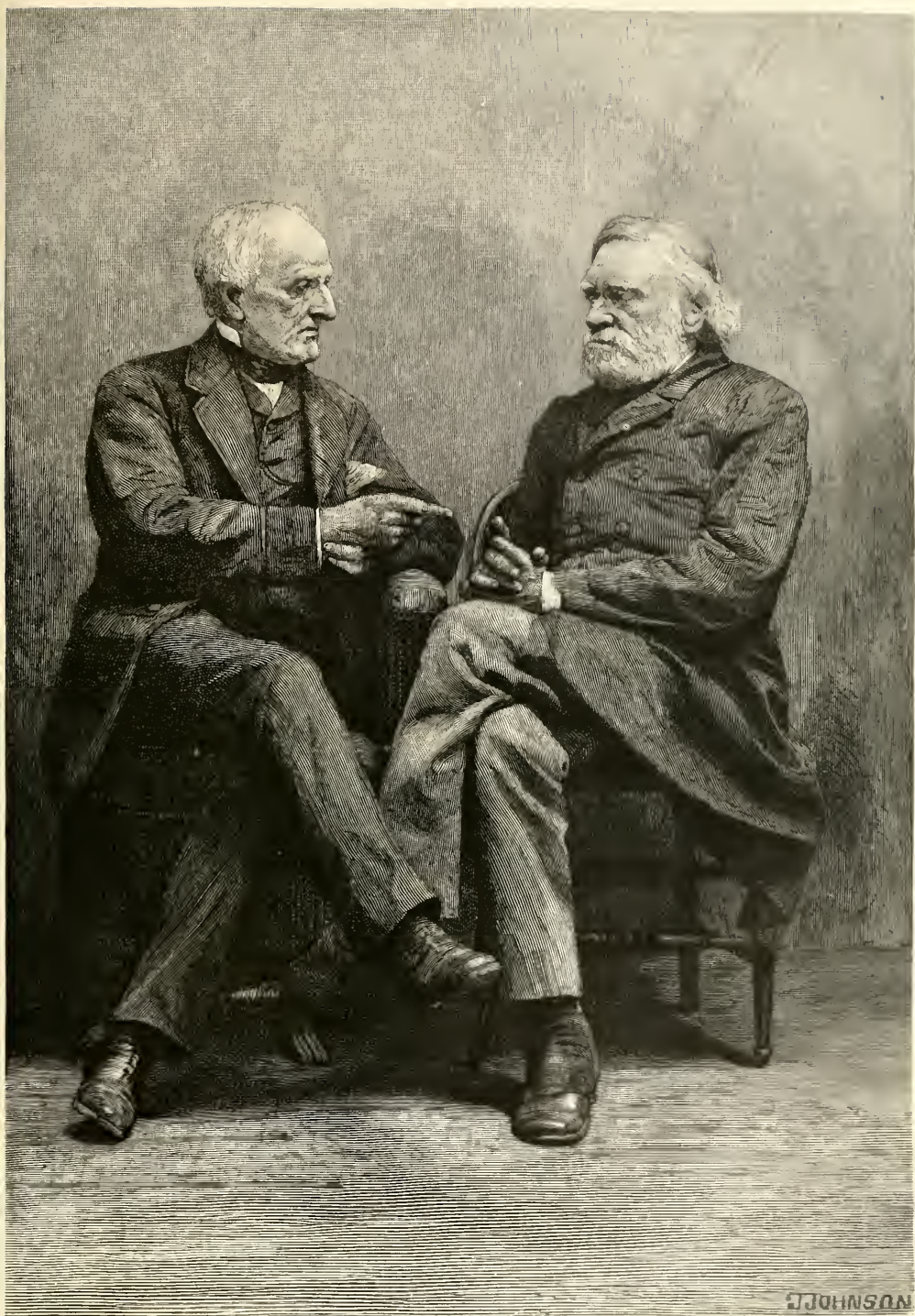
her down or board. For nearly an hour we manœuvred for a position. Now "go ahead"; now "stop"; now "astern"; the ship was as unwieldy as Noah's Ark. At last an opportunity offered. "Go ahead full speed." But before the ship gathered headway, the *Monitor* turned, and our disabled ram only gave a glancing blow, effecting nothing. Again she came up on our quarter, her bow against our side, and at this distance fired twice. Both shots struck about half-way up the shield, abreast of the after pivot, and the impact forced the side bodily in two or three inches. All the crews of the after guns were knocked over by the concussion, and bled from the nose or ears. Another shot at the same place would have penetrated. While alongside, boarders were called away; but she dropped astern before they could get on board. And so, for six or more hours, the struggle was kept up. At length, the *Monitor* withdrew over the middle ground where we could not follow, but always maintaining a position to protect the *Minnesota*. To have run our ship ashore on a falling tide would have been ruin. We awaited her return for an hour; and at two o'clock p. m. steamed to Sewall's Point, and thence to the dock-yard at Norfolk, our crew thoroughly worn out from the two-days' fight. Although there is no doubt that the *Monitor* first retired,—for Captain Van Brunt, commanding the *Minnesota*, so states in his official report,—the battle was a drawn one, so far as the two vessels engaged were concerned. But in its general results the advantage was with the *Monitor*. Our casualties in the second day's fight were only a few wounded.

This action demonstrated for the first time the power and efficiency of the ram as a means of offense. The side of the *Cumberland* was crushed like an egg-shell. The *Congress* and *Minnesota*, even with our disabled bow, would have shared the same fate but that we could not reach them on account of our great draught.

It also showed the power of resistance of two iron-clads, widely differing in construction, model, and armament, under a fire which would have sunk any other vessel then afloat in a short time.

The *Monitor* was well handled, and saved the *Minnesota* and the remainder of the fleet at Fortress Monroe. But her gunnery was poor. Not a single shot struck us at the water-line, where the ship was utterly unprotected, and where one would have been fatal. Or had the fire been concentrated on any one

* In his report to Captain Buchanan, Lieutenant Jones says: "It was not easy to keep a flag flying. The flag-staffs were repeatedly shot away. The colors were hoisted to the smoke-stack and several times cut down from it."—E.D.



COMMANDERS OF THE "MERRIMAC."

COMMODORE FRANKLIN BUCHANAN.

COMMODORE JOSIAH TATNALL.

spot. the shield would have been pierced; or had larger charges been used, the result would have been the same. Most of her shot struck us obliquely, breaking the iron of both courses, but not injuring the wood backing. When struck at right angles, the backing would be broken, but not penetrated. We had no solid projectiles, except a few of large windage, to be used as hot shot, and of course made no impression on the turret. But in all this it should be borne in mind that both vessels were on their trial trips, both were experimental, and both receiving their baptism of fire.

On our arrival at Norfolk, Commodore Buchanan sent for me. I found him at the Naval Hospital, badly wounded and suffering greatly. He dictated a short dispatch to Mr.

Mr. Mallory's office and with him went to President Davis's, where we met Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War, General Cooper, Adjutant-General, and a number of others. I told at length what had occurred on the previous two days, and what changes and repairs were necessary to the *Virginia*. As to the future, I said that in the *Monitor* we had met our equal, and that the result of another engagement would be very doubtful. Mr. Davis made many inquiries as regarded the ship's draught, speed, and capabilities, and urged the completion of the repairs as early a day as possible. The conversation lasted until near midnight. During the evening the flag of the *Congress*, which was a very large one, was brought in, and to our surprise, in unfolding it, we found it in some places saturated



THE "MERRIMAC" RAMMING THE "CUMBERLAND."

Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, stating the return of the ship and the result of the two-days' fight, and directed me to proceed to Richmond with it and the flag of the *Congress*, and make a verbal report of the action, condition of the *Virginia*, etc.

I took the first train for Petersburg and the Capital. The news had preceded me, and at every station I had an ovation, and to listening crowds was forced to repeat the story of the fight. Arriving at Richmond, I drove to

with blood. On this discovery it was quickly rolled up and sent to the Navy Department, where it remained during the war, and was doubtless burned with that building when Richmond was evacuated.

The news of our victory was received everywhere in the South with the most enthusiastic rejoicing. Coming, as it did, after a number of disasters in the South and West, it was particularly grateful. Then again, under the circumstances, so little was expected from the

navy that this success was entirely unlooked for. So, from one extreme to the other, the most extravagant anticipations were formed of what the ship could do. For instance: the blockade could be raised, Washington leveled to the ground, New York laid under contribution, and so on. At the North, equally groundless alarm was felt. As an example of this, Secretary Welles relates what took place at a cabinet meeting called by Mr. Lincoln on the receipt of the news. "The *Merrimac*," said Stanton, 'will change the whole character of the war; she will destroy, *seriatim*, every naval vessel; she will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution. I shall immediately recall Burnside; Port Royal must be abandoned. I will notify the governors and municipal authorities in the North to take instant measures to protect their harbors.' He had no doubt, he said, that the monster was at this moment on her way to Washington; and, looking out of the window which commanded a view of the Potomac for many miles, 'Not unlikely, we shall have a shell or cannon-ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave this room.' Mr. Seward, usually buoyant and self-reliant, overwhelmed with the intelligence, listened in responsive sympathy to Stanton, and was greatly depressed, as, indeed, were all the members."

I returned the next day to Norfolk, and notified Commodore Buchanan of his promotion to be admiral, and that, owing to his wound, he would be retired from the command of the *Virginia*. Lieutenant Jones should have been promoted and should have succeeded him. He had fitted out the ship, armed her, and commanded during the second day's fight. However, the Department thought otherwise, and selected Commodore Josiah Tatnall, apart from Lieutenant Jones, he was the best man. He had distinguished himself in the wars of 1812 and with Mexico. No one stood higher as an accomplished and chivalrous officer. While in command of the United States squadron in the East Indies, he was present as a neutral at the desperate fight at the Peiho Forts, near Peking, between the English fleet and the Chinese, when the first lost nearly one-half of a force of twelve hundred engaged. Seeing his old friend Sir James Hope hard pressed and in need of assistance, having had four vessels sunk under him, he had his barge manned and with his flag-lieutenant, S. D. Trenchard, pulled alongside the flag-ship, through the midst of a tremendous fire, in which his coxswain was killed and several of his boat's crew wounded. He found the gallant admiral desperately wounded, and all his crew killed or disabled but six. Offering his ser-



LIEUTENANT GEORGE U. MORRIS, ACTING COMMANDER OF THE "CUMBERLAND."

In the absence of Captain Radford, the command of the *Cumberland* devolved upon the executive officer, Lieutenant Morris, from whose official report we quote the following: "At thirty minutes past three the water had gained upon us, notwithstanding the pumps were kept actively employed to a degree that, the forward-magazine being drowned, we had to take powder from the after-magazine for the ten-inch gun. At thirty-five minutes past three the water had risen to the main hatchway, and the ship canted to port, and we delivered a parting fire—each man trying to save himself by jumping overboard. Timely notice was given, and all the wounded who could walk were ordered out of the cockpit; but those of the wounded who had been carried into the sick-bay and on the berth-deck were so mangled that it was impossible to save them. . . . I should judge we have lost upward of one hundred men. I can only say, in conclusion, that all did their duty, and we sank with the American flag flying at the peak." When summoned to surrender Morris replied, "Never, I'll sink alongside!"—ED.

vice, surprise was expressed at his action. His reply was, "Blood is thicker than water."

Tatnall took command on the 29th March. In the mean time the *Virginia* was in the dry dock under repairs. The hull four feet below the shield was covered with two-inch iron. A new and heavier ram was strongly secured to the bow. The damage to the armor was repaired, wrought-iron port-shutters were fitted, and the rifle-guns supplied with steel-pointed solid shot. These changes, with one hundred tons more of ballast on her fan-tails, increased her draught to twenty-three feet, improving her resisting powers, but correspondingly decreasing her mobility and her speed to four knots. The repairs were not completed until the 4th of April, owing to our want of resources and difficulty of securing workmen. On the 11th we steamed down the harbor to the Roads with six gun-boats, fully expecting to meet the *Monitor* again and other vessels; for we knew their fleet had been largely reënforced,

among others by the *Vanderbilt*, a powerful side-wheel steamer fitted as a ram. We were primed for a desperate tussle; but to our surprise we had the Roads to ourselves. We exchanged a few shots with the Rip-Raps batteries, but the *Monitor* with the other vessels of the fleet remained below Fortress

tenant Barney in the *Jamestown* to go in and bring them out. This was promptly and successfully accomplished, under a fire from the forts. Two were brigs loaded with supplies for the army. The capture of these vessels, within gun-shot of their fleet, did not affect their movements. As the *Jamestown* towed her



THE "MERRIMAC" DRIVING THE "CONGRESS" FROM HER ANCHORAGE.

Monroe, in Chesapeake Bay, where we could not get at them except by passing between the forts.

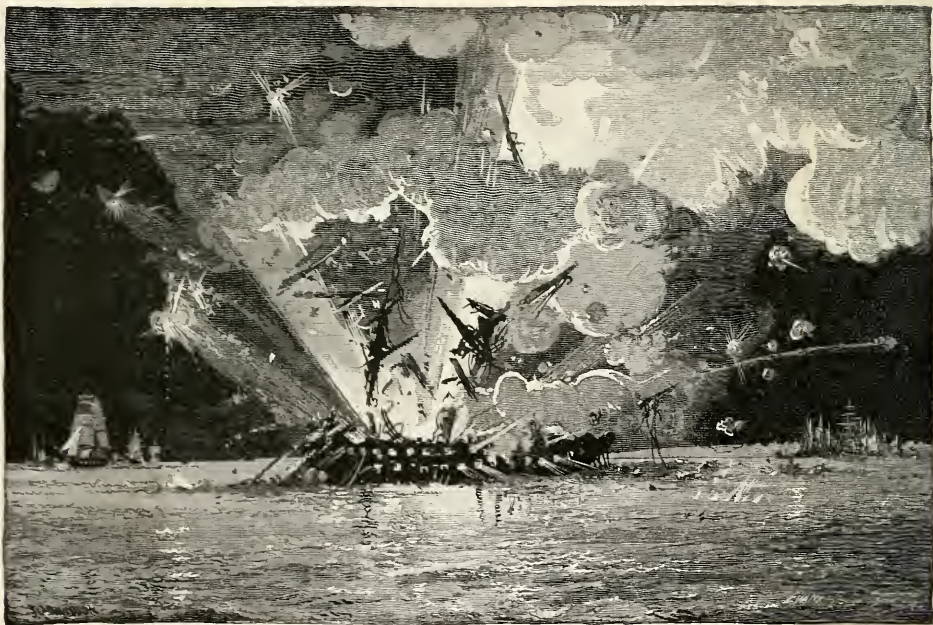
The day before going down, Commodore Tatnall had written to Secretary Mallory, "I see no chance for me but to pass the forts and strike elsewhere, and I shall be gratified by your authority to do so." This freedom of action was never granted, and probably wisely, for the result of an action with the *Monitor* and fleet, even if we ran the gauntlet of the fire of the forts successfully, was more than doubtful, and any disaster would have exposed Norfolk and James River, and probably would have resulted in the loss of Richmond. For equally good reasons the *Monitor* acted on the defensive; for if she had been out of the way, General McClellan's base and fleet of transports in York River would have been endangered. Observing three merchant vessels at anchor close in shore and within the bar at Hampton, the commodore ordered Lieu-

tenants under the stern of the English corvette *Rinaldo*, Captain Hewitt (now an admiral commanding the English fleet in the East Indies and Red Sea), then at anchor in the Roads, she was enthusiastically cheered. We remained below all day and at night returned and anchored off Sewall's Point.

A few days later we went down again to within gun-shot of the Rip-Raps, and exchanged a few rounds with the fort, hoping that the *Monitor* would come out from her lair into open water. Had she done so, a determined effort would have been made to carry her by boarding. Four small gun-boats were ready, each of which had its crew divided into parties for the performance of certain duties after getting on board. Some were to try to wedge the turret, some to cover the pilot-house and all the openings with tarpaulins, others to scale with ladders the turret and smoke-stack, using shells, hand-grenades, etc. Even if but two of the gun-boats suc-



ESCAPE OF THE CREW OF THE "CONGRESS."



THE EXPLOSION ON THE BURNING "CONGRESS."

ceeded in grappling her, we were confident of success. Talking this over since with Captain S. D. Greene, who was the first lieutenant of the *Monitor*, and in command after Captain Worden was wounded in the pilot-house, he said they were prepared for anything of this kind and that it would have failed. Certain it is, if an opportunity had been given, the attempt would have been made.

A break-down of the engines forced us to return to Norfolk. Completing our repairs on May 8th, and while returning to our old anchorage, we heard heavy firing, and, going down the harbor, found the *Monitor*, with the iron-clads *Galena*, *Naugatuck*, and a number of heavy ships, shelling our batteries at Sewall's Point. We stood directly for the *Monitor*, but as we approached they all ceased firing and retreated below the forts. We followed close down to the Rip-Raps, whose shot passed over us, striking a mile or more beyond the ship. We remained for some hours in the Roads, and finally the commodore, in a tone of deepest disgust, gave the order: "Mr. Jones, fire a gun to windward, and take the ship back to her buoy."

During the month of April, 1862, our forces, under General J. E. Johnston, had retired from the Peninsula to the neighborhood of Richmond, to defend the city against McClellan's advance by way of the Peninsula, and from time to time rumors of the possible evacuation of Norfolk reached us. On the

9th of May, while at anchor off Sewall's Point, we noticed at sunrise that our flag was not flying over the batteries. A boat was sent ashore



LIEUTENANT JOSEPH B. SMITH, ACTING-COMMANDER OF THE "CONGRESS." (PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK & BATHFIELDER.)

According to the pilot of the *Cumberland*, Lieutenant Smith was killed by a shot. His death was fixed at 4:20 P. M. by Lieutenant Pendergrast, next in command, who did not hear of it until ten minutes later. When his father, Commodore Joseph Smith, who was on duty at Washington, saw by the first dispatch from Fortress Monroe that the *Congress* had shown the white flag, he said, quietly, "Joe's dead!" After speaking of the death of Lieutenant Smith, Lieutenant Pendergrast says, in his official report: "Seeing that our men were being killed without the prospect of any relief from the *Minnesota*, . . . not being able to get a single gun to bear upon the enemy, and the ship being on fire in several places, upon consultation with Commander William Smith we deemed it proper to haul down our colors." Lieutenant Smith's sword was sent to his father by the enemy under a flag of truce.—ED.

and found them abandoned. Lieutenant Pembroke Jones was then dispatched to Norfolk, some miles distant, to call upon General Huger, who was in command, and learn the condition of affairs. He returned during the afternoon, reporting, to our great surprise, the town deserted by our troops and the navy-yard on fire. This precipitate retreat was entirely unnecessary, for while the *Virginia* remained afloat, Norfolk was safe, or, at all events, not tenable by the enemy, and James River was partly guarded, for we could have retired behind the obstructions in the channel at Craney Island, and, with the batteries at that point, could have held the place, certainly until all the valuable stores and machinery had been removed from the navy-yard. Moreover, had the *Virginia* been afloat at the time of the battles around Richmond, General McClellan would hardly have retreated to James River; for, had he done so, we could at any time have closed it, and rendered any position on it untenable.

However, Norfolk evacuated, our occupation was gone, and the next thing to be decided was what should be done with the ship. Two courses of action were open to us: we might have run the blockade of the forts and done some damage to the shipping there and at the mouth of the York River, provided they did not get out of our way,—for, with our great draught and low rate of speed, the enemy's transports would have gone where we could not follow them; and the *Monitor* and other iron-clads would engage us with every advantage, playing around us as rabbits around a sloth, and the end would have been the certain loss of the vessel. On the other hand, the pilots said repeatedly, if the ship were lightened to eighteen feet, they could take her up James River to Harrison's Landing or City Point, where she could have been put in fighting trim again, and be in a position to assist in the defense of Richmond. The commodore decided upon this course. Calling all hands on deck, he told them what he wished done. Sharp and quick work was necessary; for, to be successful, the ship must be lightened five feet, and we must pass the batteries at Newport News and the fleet below before daylight next morning. The crew gave three cheers, and went to work with a will, throwing overboard the ballast from the fan-tails, as well as that below, all spare stores, water, indeed everything but our powder and shot. By midnight the ship had lightened three feet, when, to our amazement, the pilots said it was useless to do more, that with the westerly wind blowing, the tide would be cut down so that the ship would not go up even to Jamestown Flats; indeed, they would not take the respon-



CAPTAIN VAN BRUNT, COMMANDER OF THE "MINNESOTA."

In his official report, Captain Van Brunt says of the fight, as viewed from the *Minnesota*: "At 6 A. M. the enemy again appeared, . . . and I beat to quarters; but they ran past my ship and were heading for Fortress Monroe, and the retreat was beaten to enable my men to get something to eat. The *Merrimac* ran down near the Rip-Raps and then turned into the channel through which I had come. Again all hands were called to quarters, and opened upon her with my stern-guns, and made signal to the *Monitor* to attack the enemy. She immediately ran down in my wake, right within the range of the *Merrimac*, completely covering my ship, as far as was possible with her diminutive dimensions, and, much to my astonishment, laid herself right alongside of the *Merrimac*, and the contrast was that of a pigmy to a giant. Gun after gun was fired by the *Monitor*, which was returned with whole broadsides from the Rebels, with no more effect, apparently, than so many pebble-stones thrown by a child. . . . The *Merrimac*, finding that she could make nothing of the *Monitor*, turned her attention once more to me. In the morning she had put one eleven-inch shot under my counter, near the water-line, and now, on her second approach, I opened upon her with all my broadside-guns and ten-inch pivot—a broadside which would have blown out of water any timber-built ship in the world. She returned my fire with her rifled bow-gun with a shell which passed through the chief engineer's state-room, through the engineers' mess-room amidships, and burst in the boatswain's room, tearing four rooms all into one, in its passage exploding two charges of powder, which set the ship on fire, but it was promptly extinguished by a party headed by my first lieutenant."

sibility of taking her up the river at all. This extraordinary conduct of the pilots rendered some other plan immediately necessary. Moral: All officers, as far as possible, should learn to do their own piloting.

The ship had been so lifted as to be unfit for action; two feet of her hull below the shield was exposed. She could not be sunk again by letting in water without putting out the furnace fires and flooding the magazines. Never was a commander forced by circumstances over which he had no control into a more painful position than was Commodore Tatnall. But coolly and calmly he decided, and gave orders to destroy the ship; determining if he could not save his vessel, at all events not to sacrifice three hundred brave and faithful men. That he acted wisely, the fight at Drury's Bluff, which was the salvation of Richmond, soon after proved. She was run ashore near Craney Island and the crew landed with their small-arms and two days' provisions.



THE ENCOUNTER AT SHORT RANGE.

Having only two boats, it took three hours to disembark. Lieutenant Catesby Jones and myself were the last to leave. Setting her on fire fore and aft, she was soon in a blaze, and by the light of our burning ship we pulled for the shore, landing at daybreak. We marched 22 miles to Suffolk and took the cars for Richmond.

The news of the destruction of the *Virginia* caused a most profound feeling of disappointment and indignation throughout the South, particularly as so much was expected of the ship after our first success. On Commodore Tatnall the most unsparing and cruel aspersions were cast. He promptly demanded a court of inquiry, and, not satisfied with this, a court-martial, whose unanimous finding after considering the facts and circumstances was: "Being thus situated, the only alternative, in the opinion of the court, was to abandon and burn the ship then and there; which, in the judgment of the court, was deliberately and wisely done by order of the accused. Wherefore, the court do award the said Captain Josiah Tatnall an honorable acquittal."

It only remains now to speak of our last meeting with the *Monitor*. Arriving at Richmond, we heard that the enemy's fleet were ascending James River, and the result was great alarm; for, relying upon the *Virginia*, not a gun had been mounted to protect the city from a water attack. We were hurried to Drury's Bluff, the first high ground below the city, seven miles distant. [See map of the Peninsula on page 774.—Ed.] Here, for two days, exposed to constant rain, in bottomless mud and without shelter, on scant provisions, we worked unceasingly, mounting guns and obstructing the river. In this we were aided by the crews of small vessels which had escaped up the river before Norfolk was abandoned. The *Jamestown* and some small sailing-vessels were sunk in the channel, but owing to the high water occasioned by a freshet the obstructions were only partial. We had only succeeded in getting into position three thirty-twos and two sixty-fours (shell guns) and were without sufficient supply of ammunition, when on the 15th of May the iron-clad *Galena*, followed by the *Monitor* and three others, hove in sight. We opened fire as soon as they came within range, directing most of it on the *Galena*. This vessel was handled very skillfully. Coming up within six hundred yards of the battery, she anchored, and, with a spring from her quarter, presented her broadside; this under a heavy fire, and in a narrow river, with a strong current. The *Monitor* and others anchored just below, answering our fire deliberately; but, owing to the great elevation of the battery, their fire was in a great measure ineffectual, though two guns were dismantled

and several men were killed and wounded. While this was going on, our sharp-shooters were at work on both banks. Lieutenant Catesby Jones, in his report, speaks of this service: "Lieutenant Wood, with a portion of the men, did good service as sharp-shooters. The enemy were excessively annoyed by their fire. His position was well chosen and gallantly maintained in spite of the shell, shrapnel, grape and canister fired at them."



THE LATE COMMANDER SAMUEL DANA GREENE, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "MONITOR," (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH DURING THE WAR BY HALLECK.) [SEE PAGE 763.]

Finding they could make no impression on our works, the *Galena*, after an action of four hours, returned down the river with her consorts. Her loss was about forty killed and wounded.

This was one of the boldest and best-conducted operations of the war, and one of which very little notice has been taken. Had Commodore Rodgers been supported by a few brigades, landed at City Point or above on the south side, Richmond would have been evacuated. The *Virginia's* crew alone barred his way to Richmond; otherwise the obstructions would not have prevented his steaming up to the city, which would have been as much at his mercy as was New Orleans before the fleet of Farragut.

It should be remembered that as spring opened General McClellan was urged by the administration and the press to make a forward movement. Anticipating this, General J. E. Johnston, better to cover Richmond and to shorten his lines, retired to the Rappahannock and later to the James. General McClellan wisely determined to use the navi-

gable waters either of the James or the York River to approach Richmond; and as the James was closed by the *Virginia* in a manner he could not have foreseen, he was forced to use the York as his base of action against Richmond — a circumstance that saved that city from capture for three years.

The engagement at Drury's Bluff, or Fort

Darling, as it is sometimes called, was the last service of the *Virginia's* crew as a body; soon after they were scattered among the different vessels at Southern ports. The *Monitor*, too, disappeared from sight a few months later, foundering off Cape Hatteras while on a voyage to Charleston. So short-lived were the two vessels that revolutionized the navies of the world.

John Taylor Wood.

IN THE "MONITOR" TURRET.*

MARCH 9, 1862.



CAPTAIN JOHN ERICSSON, INVENTOR OF THE "MONITOR." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

THE keel of the most famous vessel of modern times, Captain Ericsson's first iron-clad,† was laid in the shipyard of Thomas F. Rowland, at Greenpoint, Brooklyn, in October, 1861, and on the 30th of January, 1862, the novel craft was launched. On the 25th of February she was commissioned and turned over to the Government, and nine days later left New York for Hampton Roads, where, on the 9th of March, occurred the memorable contest with the *Merrimac*. On her next venture on the open sea she foundered off Cape Hatteras in a gale of wind (December 29). During her career of less than a year, she had no fewer than five different commanders; but it was the fortune of the writer to serve as her only executive officer, standing upon her deck when she was launched, and leaving it but a few minutes before she sank.

So hurried was the preparation of the *Monitor* that the mechanics worked upon her night and day up to the hour of her departure, and little opportunity was offered to drill the crew at the guns, to work the turret, and to become familiar with the other unusual features of the vessel. The crew was, in fact, composed of volunteers. Lieutenant Worden, having been authorized by the Navy Department to select his men from any ship-of-war in New York harbor, addressed the crews of the *North Carolina* and *Sabine*, stating fully

* The general features of the *Monitor* are well known. The vessel was an iron-clad steam battery. The thin lower hull was protected by an overhanging armor. A revolving turret, containing the guns, was situated on deck, in the center of the vessel. The principal dimensions were: Length over all, 172 feet; breadth over all, 41 feet 6 inches; draught of water, 11 feet; inside diameter of turret, 20 feet; height of turret, 9 feet; thickness of turret, 8 inches; thickness of side armor, 5 inches; thickness of deck-plates, 1 inch; thickness of pilot-house, 9 inches. Her deck was one foot above the water-line. She carried two 11-inch smooth-bore guns, firing solid shot weighing 180 pounds. Her speed was between four and five knots. A novel feature was the absence of smoke-stacks in action; they and the pipes over the blowers were taken apart and laid flat on deck, which gave an all-round fire abaft. The draught to the furnaces was maintained by powerful blowers. The tops of the smoke-stacks were six feet above the deck, and the blower-pipes four and a half feet. These openings in the deck were covered by iron gratings. Her people were: Lieutenant J. L. Worden, commanding; Lieutenant S. D. Greene, executive officer; Acting Master, L. N. Stodder; Acting Master, J. N. Webber; Acting Master's Mate, George Frederickson; Acting Assistant Surgeon, D. C. Logue; Acting Assistant Paymaster, W. F. Keeler; Chief Engineer, A. C. Stimers, inspector; First Assistant Engineer, Isaac Newton, in charge of steam machinery; Second Assistant Engineer, A. B. Campbell; Third Assistant Engineer, R. W. Hands; Fourth Assistant Engineer, M. T. Sunstrom; Captain's Clerk, Daniel Toffey; Quartermaster, Peter Williams; Gunner's Mate, Joseph Crown; Boatswain's Mate, John Stocking; and forty-two others — a total of fifty-eight souls. — S. D. G.

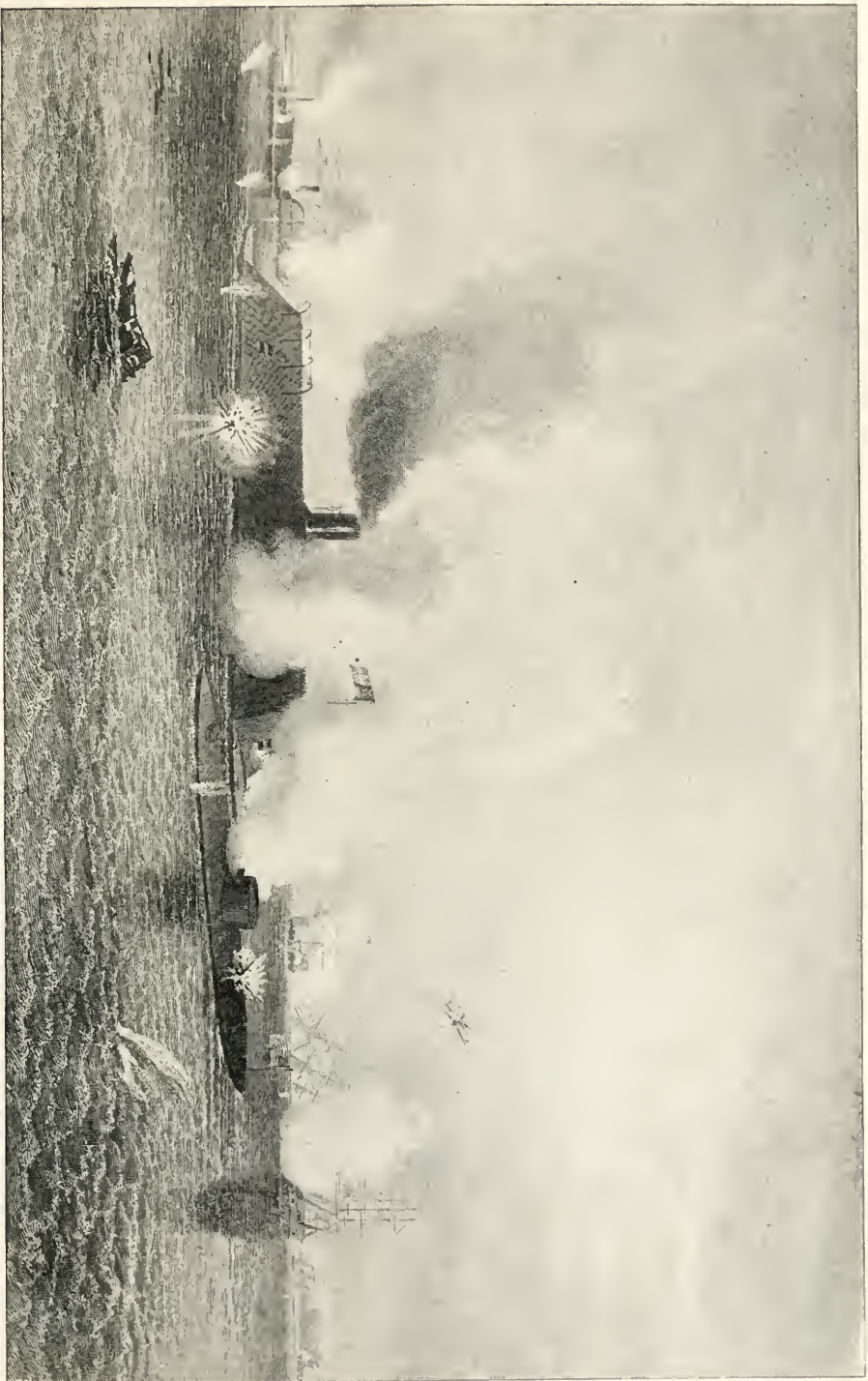
† For details respecting the invention of the *Monitor*, the reader is referred to a biographical paper on Captain Ericsson by Colonel W. C. Church in this magazine for April, 1879. The origin of the name *Monitor* is given in the following letter to Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. [Ed.]:—

SIR:

In accordance with your request, I now submit for your approbation a name for the floating battery at Green Point.

The impregnable and aggressive character of this structure will admonish the leaders of the Southern Rebellion that the batteries on the banks of their rivers will no longer present barriers to the entrance of the Union forces. The iron-clad intruder will thus prove a severe monitor to those leaders.

NEW YORK, January 20th, 1862.

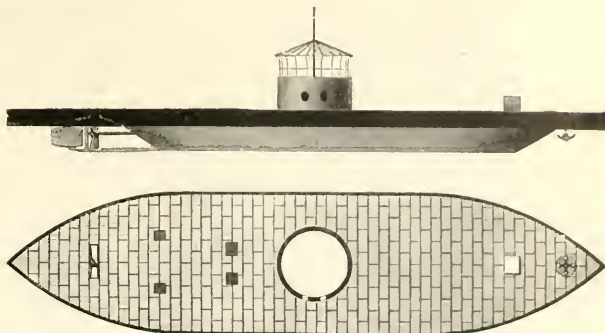


NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR



to them the probable dangers of the passage to Hampton Roads and the certainty of having important service to perform after arriving. The sailors responded enthusiastically, many more volunteering than were required. Of the crew selected, Captain Worden said, in his official report of the engagement, "A better one no naval commander ever had the honor to command."

We left New York in tow of the tug-boat *Seth Low* at 11 A. M. of Thursday, the 6th of March. On the following day a moderate breeze was encountered, and it was at once evident that the *Monitor* was unfit for a sea-going craft. Nothing but the subsidence of the wind prevented her from being shipwrecked before she reached Hampton Roads. The berth-deck hatch leaked in spite of all we could do, and the water came down under the turret like a waterfall. It would strike the pilot-house and go over the turret in beautiful curves, and it came through the narrow eye-holes in the pilot-house with such force as to knock the helmsman completely round from the wheel. The waves also broke over the blower-pipes, and the water came down through them in such quantities that the belts of the blower-

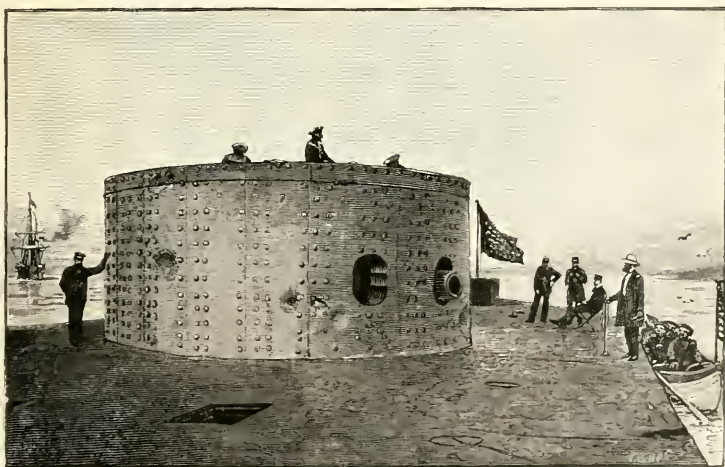


SIDE ELEVATION AND DECK-PLAN OF THE "MONITOR."

Propeller well. Blower-pipes. Smoke-stacks. Turret. Pilot-house. Anchor well.

engines slipped, and the engines consequently stopped for lack of artificial draught, without which, in such a confined place, the fires could not get air for combustion. Newton and Stimers, followed by the engineer's force, gallantly rushed into the engine-room and fire-room to remedy the evil, but they were unable to check the inflowing water, and were nearly suffocated with escaping gas. They were dragged out more dead than alive, and carried to the top of the turret, where the fresh air gradually revived them. The water continued to pour through the hawser-hole, and over and down the smoke-stacks and blower-pipes, in such quantities that there was im-

minent danger that the ship would founder. The steam-pumps could not be operated because the fires had been nearly extinguished, and the engine-room was uninhabitable on account of the suffocating gas with which it was filled. The hand-pumps were then rigged and worked, but they had not enough force to throw the water out through the top of the turret,—the only opening,—and it was useless to bail, as we had to pass the buckets up through the turret, which made it a very long operation. For-



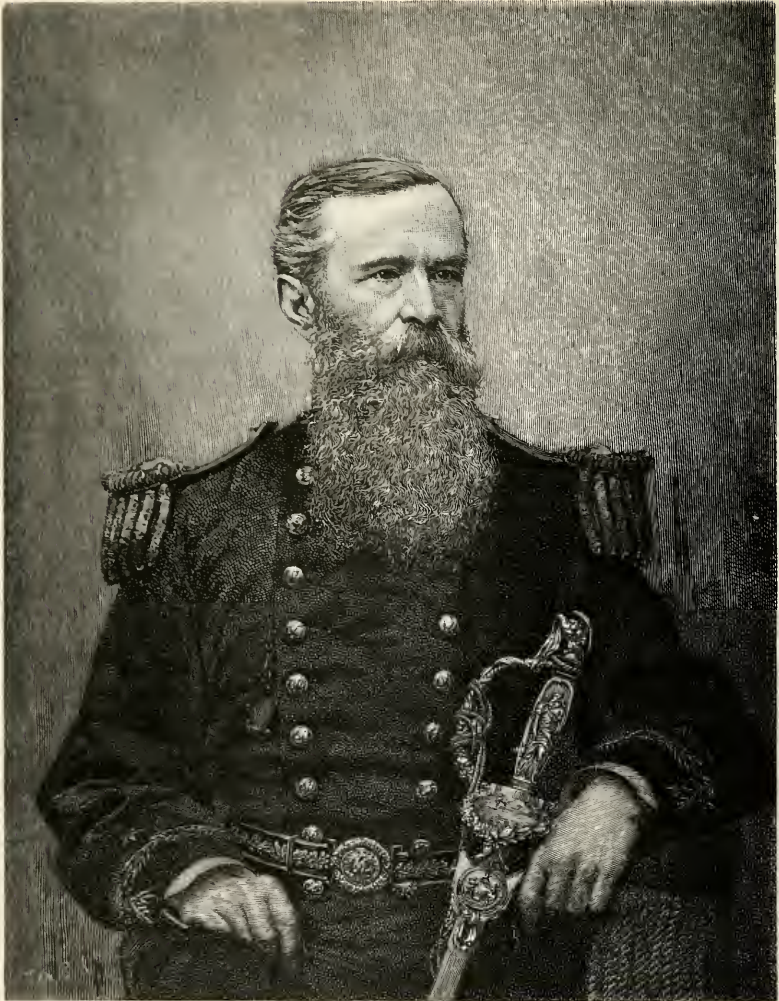
VIEW SHOWING THE EFFECT OF SHOT ON THE "MONITOR" TURRET. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.)

[The ridges shown in the nearer part are significant of the haste with which the vessel was built. An opening of this shape is usually made by cutting three circles one above another and intersecting, and then trimming the edges to an oval. In this instance there was no time for the trimming process. It was originally designed that the armament should be 15-inch guns, but as these were not to be had in time, the 11-inch Dahlgrens were substituted.—Ed.]

But there are other leaders who will also be startled and admonished by the booming of the guns from the impregnable iron turret. "Downing Street" will hardly view with indifference this last "Yankee notion," this monitor. To the Lords of the Admiralty the new craft will be a monitor suggesting doubts as to the propriety of completing those four steel-clad ships at three-and-a-half millions apiece. On these and many similar grounds I propose to name the new battery *Monitor*.

Your obedient servant,

J. ERICSSON.



John A. Worden

REAR-ADMIRAL, U. S. N.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1875.)

[The sword was presented to Admiral Worden by the State of New York soon after the engagement in Hampton Roads.—Ed.]

tunately, towards evening the wind and sea subsided, and, being again in smooth water, the engine was put in operation. But at midnight, in passing over a shoal, rough water was again encountered, and our troubles were renewed, complicated this time with the jamming of the wheel-ropes, so that the safety of the ship depended entirely on the strength of the hawser which connected her with the tug-boat. The hawser, being new, held fast; but during the greater part of the night we were constantly engaged in fighting the leaks, until we reached smooth water again, just before daylight.

It was at the close of this dispiriting trial trip, in which all hands had been exhausted in

their efforts to keep the novel craft afloat, that the *Monitor* passed Cape Henry at 4 P. M. on Saturday, March 8th. At this point was heard the distant booming of heavy guns, which our captain rightly judged to be an engagement with the *Merrimac*, twenty miles away. He at once ordered the vessel stripped of her sea-rig, the turret keyed up, and every preparation made for battle. As we approached Hampton Roads we could see the fine old *Congress* burning brightly, and soon a pilot came on board and told of the arrival of the *Merrimac*, the disaster to the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, and the dismay of the Union forces. The *Monitor* was pushed with all haste, and reached the *Roanoke* (Captain Marston),

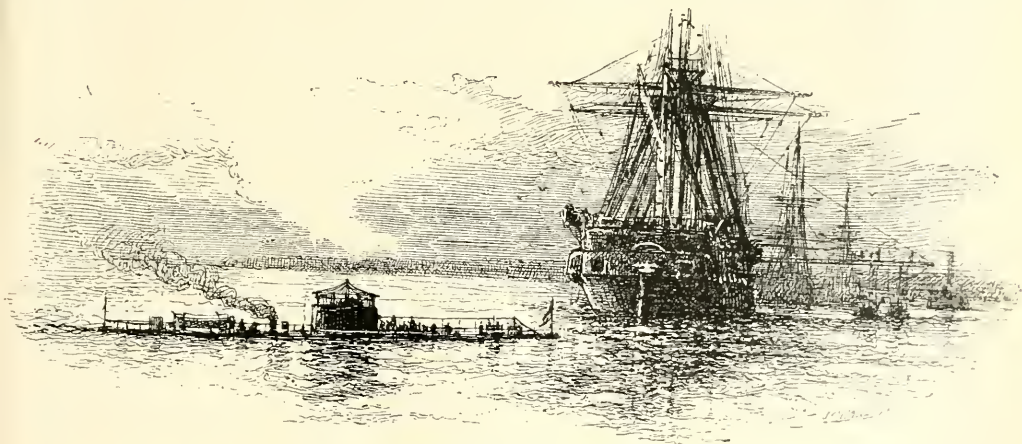
anchored in the Roads, at 9 P. M. Worden immediately reported his arrival to Captain Marston, who suggested that he should go to the assistance of the *Minnesota*, then aground off Newport News. As no pilot was available, Captain Worden accepted the volunteer services of Acting Master Samuel Howard, who earnestly sought the duty. An atmosphere of gloom pervaded the fleet, and the pygmy aspect of the new-comer did not inspire confidence among those who had witnessed the destruction of the day before. Skillfully piloted by Howard, we proceeded on our way, our path illumined by the blaze of the *Congress*. Reaching the *Minnesota*, hard and fast aground, near midnight, we anchored, and Worden reported to Captain Van Brunt. Between 1 and 2 A. M. the *Congress* blew up, not instantaneously, but successively; her powder-tanks seemed to explode, each shower of sparks rivaling the other in its height, until they appeared to reach the zenith—a grand but mournful sight. Near us, too, lay the *Cumberland* at the bottom of the river, with her silent crew of brave men, who died while fighting their guns to the water's edge, and whose colors were still flying at the peak.*

The dreary night dragged slowly on; the officers and crew were up and alert, to be

Van Brunt officially reports, "I made signal to the *Monitor* to attack the enemy," but the signal was not seen by us; other work was in hand, and Worden required no signal.

The pilot-house of the *Monitor* was situated well forward, near the bow; it was a wrought-iron structure, built of logs of iron nine inches thick, bolted through the corners, and covered with an iron plate two inches thick, which was not fastened down, but was kept in place merely by its weight. The sight-holes or slits were made by inserting quarter-inch plates at the corners between the upper set of logs and the next below. The structure projected four feet above the deck, and was barely large enough inside to hold three men standing. It presented a flat surface on all sides and on top. The steering-wheel was secured to one of the logs on the front side. The position and shape of this structure should be carefully borne in mind.

Worden took his station in the pilot-house, and by his side were Howard, the pilot, and Peter Williams, quartermaster, who steered the vessel throughout the engagement. My place was in the turret, to work and fight the guns; with me were Stodder and Stimers and sixteen brawny men, eight to each gun. John Stocking, boatswain's mate, and Thomas Lochrane, seaman, were gun-captains. New-

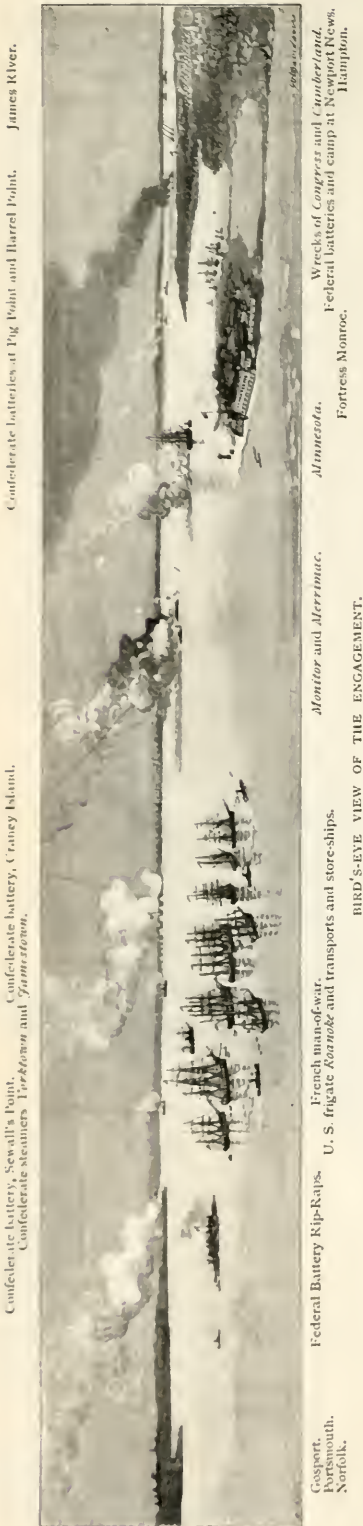


ARRIVAL OF THE "MONITOR" AT HAMPTON ROADS.

ready for any emergency. At daylight on Sunday the *Merrimac* and her consorts were discovered at anchor near Sewall's Point. At about half-past seven o'clock the enemy's vessels got under way and steered in the direction of the *Minnesota*. At the same time the *Monitor* got under way, and her officers and crew took their stations for battle. Captain

ton and his assistants were in the engine and fire rooms, to manipulate the boilers and engines, and most admirably did they perform this important service from the beginning to the close of the action. Webber had charge of the powder division on the berth-deck, and Joseph Crown, gunner's mate, rendered valuable service in connection with this duty.

* The fortune of civil war was illustrated in the case of the *Merrimac*. Commodore Buchanan's brother was an officer of the *Congress*, and each knew of the other's presence. The first and fourth lieutenants had each a brother in the United States Army. The father of the fifth lieutenant was also in the United States Army. The father of one of the midshipmen was in the United States Navy. Lieutenant Butt, of the *Merrimac*, had been the room-mate of Lieutenant Greene of the *Monitor* at the Naval Academy in Annapolis.—ED.



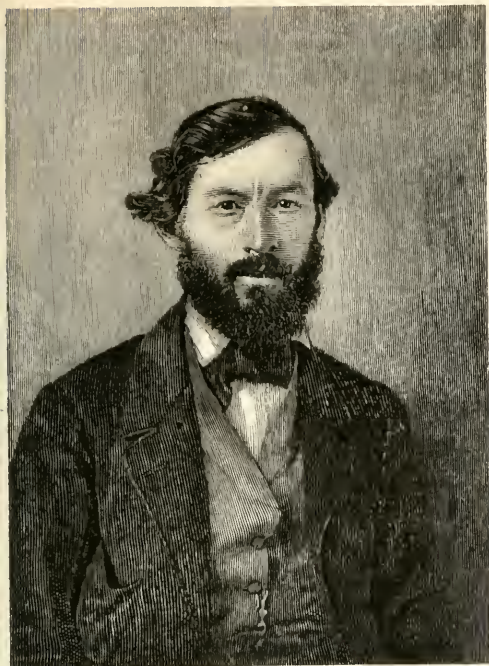
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

The physical condition of the officers and men of the two ships at this time was in striking contrast. The *Merrimac* had passed the night quietly near Sewall's Point, her people enjoying rest and sleep, elated by thoughts of the victory they had achieved that day, and cheered by the prospects of another easy victory on the morrow. The *Monitor* had barely escaped shipwreck twice within the last thirty-six hours, and since Friday morning, forty-eight hours before, few if any of those on board had closed their eyes in sleep or had anything to eat but hard bread, as cooking was impossible; she was surrounded by wrecks and disaster, and her efficiency in action had yet to be proved.

Worden lost no time in bringing it to test. Getting his ship under way, he steered direct for the enemy's vessels, in order to meet and engage them as far as possible from the *Minnesota*. As he approached, the wooden vessels quickly turned and left. Our captain, to the "astonishment" of Captain Van Brunt (as he states in his official report), made straight for the *Merrimac*, which had already commenced firing; and when he came within short range, he changed his course so as to come alongside of her, stopped the engine, and gave the order, "Commence firing!" I triced up the port, ran out the gun, and, taking deliberate aim, pulled the lockstring. The *Merrimac* was quick to reply, returning a rattling broadside (for she had ten guns to our two), and the battle fairly began. The turret and other parts of the ship were heavily struck, but the shots did not penetrate; the tower was intact, and it continued to revolve. A look of confidence passed over the men's faces, and we believed the *Merrimac* would not repeat the work she had accomplished the day before.

The fight continued with the exchange of broadsides as fast as the guns could be served and at very short range, the distance between the vessels frequently being not more than a few yards. Worden skillfully manœuvred his quick-turning vessel, trying to find some vulnerable point in his adversary. Once he made a dash at her stern, hoping to disable her screw, which he thinks he missed by not more than two feet. Our shots ripped the iron of the *Merrimac*, while the reverberation of her shots against the tower caused anything but a pleasant sensation. While Stodder, who was stationed at the machine which controlled the revolving motion of the turret, was incautiously leaning against the side of the tower, a large shot struck in the vicinity and disabled him. He left the turret and went below, and Stimers, who had assisted him, continued to do the work.

The drawbacks to the position of the pilot-house were soon realized. We could not fire ahead nor within several points of the bow, since the blast from our own guns would have injured the people in the pilot-house, only a few yards off. Keeler and Toffey passed the captain's orders and messages to me, and my inquiries and answers to him, the speaking-tube from the pilot-house to the turret having been broken early in the action. They performed their work with zeal and alacrity, but, both being landsmen, our technical communications sometimes miscarried. The situation was novel: a vessel of war was engaged in desperate combat with a powerful foe; the captain, commanding and guiding all, was inclosed in



JOHN TAYLOR WOOD, LIEUTENANT ON THE "MERRIMAC," AND AFTERWARD COMMANDER OF THE PRIVATEER "TALLAHASSEE." (FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.)

one place, and the executive officer, working and fighting the guns, was shut up in another, and communication between them was difficult and uncertain. It was this experience which caused Isaac Newton, immediately after the engagement, to suggest the clever plan of putting the pilot-house on top of the turret, and making it cylindrical instead of square; and his suggestions were subsequently adopted in this type of vessel.

As the engagement continued, the working of the turret was not altogether satisfactory. It was difficult to start it revolving, or, when once started, to stop it, on account of the imperfections of the novel machinery, which was now undergoing its first trial. Stimers was an active, muscular man, and did his utmost to control the motion of the turret; but, in spite of his efforts, it was difficult if not impossible to secure accurate firing. The conditions were very different from those of an ordinary broad-side gun, under which we had been trained on wooden ships. My only view of the world outside of the tower was over the muzzles of the guns, which cleared the ports by a few inches only. When the guns were

run in, the port-holes were covered by heavy iron pendulums, pierced with small holes to allow the iron rammer and sponge handles to protrude while they were in use. To hoist these pendulums required the entire gun's crew and vastly increased the work inside the turret.

The effect upon one shut up in a revolving drum is perplexing, and it is not a simple matter to keep the bearings. White marks had been placed upon the stationary deck immediately below the turret to indicate the direction of the starboard and port sides, and the bow and stern; but these marks were obliterated early in the action. I would continually ask the captain, "How does the *Merrimac* bear?" He replied, "On the starboard-beam," or "On the port-quarter," as the case might be. Then the difficulty was to determine the direction of the starboard-beam, or port-quarter, or any other bearing. It finally resulted, that when a gun was ready for firing, the turret would be started on its revolving journey in search of the target, and when found it was taken "on the fly," because the turret could not be accurately controlled. Once the *Merrimac* tried to ram us; but Worden avoided the direct impact by the skillful use of the helm, and she struck a glancing blow, which did no damage. At the instant of collision I planted a solid one-hundred-and-eighty-pound shot fair and square upon the forward part of her casemate. Had the gun been loaded with thirty pounds of powder, which was the charge subsequently used with similar guns, it is probable that this shot would have penetrated her armor; but the charge being limited to fifteen pounds, in accordance with peremptory orders to that effect from the Navy Department, the shot rebounded without doing any more damage than possibly to start some of the beams of her armor-backing.

It is stated by Colonel Wood, of the *Merrimac*, that when that vessel rammed the *Cumbarland* her iron ram, or beak, was broken off and left in that vessel. In a letter to me, about two years since, he described this ram as "of



SINKING OF THE "MONITOR," DECEMBER 29, 1862.



PART OF THE CREW OF THE "MONITOR."* (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FIGHT.)

cast-iron, wedge-shaped, about fifteen hundred pounds in weight, two feet under water, and projecting two and a half feet from the stem." A ram of this description, had it been intact, would have struck the *Monitor* at that part of the upper hull where the armor and backing were thickest. It is very doubtful if, under any headway that the *Merrimac* could have acquired at such short range, this ram could have done any injury to this part of the vessel. That it could by no possibility have reached the thin lower hull is evident from a glance at the

drawing of the *Monitor*, the overhang or upper hull being constructed for the express purpose of protecting the vital part of the vessel.

The battle continued at close quarters without apparent damage to either side. After a time, the supply of shot in the turret being exhausted, Worden hauled off for about fifteen minutes to replenish. The serving of the cartridges, weighing but fifteen pounds, was a matter of no difficulty; but the hoisting of the heavy shot was a slow and tedious operation, it being necessary that the turret should re-

* The pride of Worden in his crew was warmly reciprocated by his men, and found expression in the following letter, written to him while he was lying in Washington disabled by his wound. We take it from Professor Soley's volume, "The Blockade and the Cruisers" (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). [ED.]:—

To Our Dear and Honored Captain.
To Captain Worden.

HAMPTON ROADS, April 24th, 1862.
U. S. MONITOR.

DEAR SIR: These few lines is from your own crew of the *Monitor*, with their kindest Love to you their Honored Captain, hoping to God that they will have the pleasure of welcoming you back to us again soon, for we are all ready able and willing to meet Death or anything else, only give us back our Captain again. Dear Captain, we have got your Pilot-house fixed and all ready for you when you get well again; and we all incereely hope that soon we will have the pleasure of welcoming you back to it. . . . We are waiting very patiently to engage our Antagonist if we could only get a chance to do so. The last time she came out we all thought we would have the Pleasure of sinking her. But we all got disappointed, for we did not fire one shot, and the Norfolk papers says we are cowards in the *Monitor*—and all we want is a chance to show them where it lies with you for our Captain We can teach them who is cowards. But there is a great deal that we would like to write to you but we think you will soon be with us again yourself. But we all join in with our kindest love to you, hoping that God will restore you to us again and hoping that your sufferings is at an end now, and we are all so glad to hear that your eyesight will be spaired to you again. We would wish to write more to you if we have your kind Permission to do so but at present we all conclude by tendering to you our kindest Love and affection, to our Dear and Honored Captain.

We remain untill Death your Affectionate Crew

THE MONITOR BOYS.

main stationary, in order that the two scuttles, one in the deck and the other in the floor of the turret, should be in line. Worden took advantage of the lull, and passed through the port-hole upon the deck outside to get a better view of the situation. He soon renewed the attack, and the contest continued as before.

Two important points were constantly kept in mind: first, to prevent the enemy's projectiles from entering the turret through the port-holes,—for the explosion of a shell inside, by disabling the men at the guns, would have ended the fight, there being no relief gun's crews on board; second, not to fire into our own pilot-house. A careless or impatient hand, during the confusion arising from the whirligig motion of the tower, might let slip one of our big shot against the pilot-house. For this and other reasons I fired every gun while I remained in the turret.

Soon after noon a shell from the enemy's gun, the muzzle not ten yards distant, struck the forward side of the pilot-house directly in the sight-hole, or slit, and exploded, cracking the second iron log and partly lifting the top, leaving an opening. Worden was standing immediately behind this spot, and received in his face the force of the blow, which partly stunned him, and, filling his eyes with powder, utterly blinded him. The injury was known only to those in the pilot-house and its immediate vicinity. The flood of light rushing through the top of the pilot-house, now partly open, caused Worden, blind as he was, to believe that the pilot-house was seriously injured, if not destroyed; he therefore gave orders to put the helm to starboard and "sheer off." Thus the *Monitor* retired temporarily from the action, in order to ascertain the extent of the injuries she had received. At the same time Worden sent for me, and leaving Stimers the only officer in the turret, I went forward at once, and found him standing at the foot of the ladder leading to the pilot-house.

He was a ghastly sight, with his eyes closed



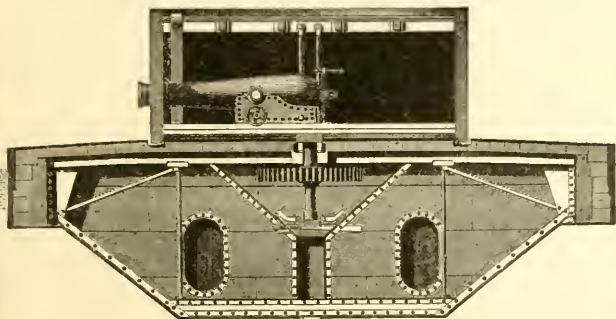
FIRST ASSISTANT-ENGINEER ISAAC NEWTON. (FROM A MEDALLION PORTRAIT BY LAUNT THOMPSON.)

[At the time of Mr. Newton's death (September 25, 1884) he had been for several years Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct. The plans which have been adopted for the new aqueduct were his, both in the general features and the details.—ED.]

and the blood apparently rushing from every pore in the upper part of his face. He told me that he was seriously wounded, and directed me to take command. I assisted in leading him to a sofa in his cabin, where he was tenderly cared for by Doctor Logue, and then I assumed command. Blind and suffering as he was, Worden's fortitude never forsook him; he frequently asked from his bed of pain of the progress of affairs, and when told that the *Minnesota* was saved, he said, "Then I can die happy."

When I reached my station in the pilot-house, I found that the iron log was fractured and the top partly open; but the steering-gear was still intact, and the pilot-house was not totally destroyed, as had been feared. In the confusion of the moment resulting from so serious an injury to the commanding officer, the *Monitor* had been moving without direction. Exactly how much time elapsed from the moment that Worden was wounded until I had reached the pilot-house and completed the examination of the injury at that point, and determined what course to pursue

in the damaged condition of the vessel, it is impossible to state; but it could hardly have exceeded twenty minutes at the utmost. During this time the *Merrimac*, which was leaking badly, had started in the direction of the Elizabeth River; and, on taking my station in the pilot-house and turning the vessel's head in the direction of the *Merrimac*, I saw that she was already in retreat. A few shots were fired at the retiring vessel,



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE "MONITOR" THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE TURRET.
VOL. XXIX.—77.

and she continued on to Norfolk. I returned with the *Monitor* to the side of the *Minnesota*, where preparations were being made to abandon the ship, which was still aground. Shortly afterward Worden was transferred to a tug, and that night he was carried to Washington.

The fight was over. We of the *Monitor* thought, and still think, that we had gained a great victory. This the Confederates have denied. But it has never been denied that the object of the *Merrimac* on the 9th of March was to complete the destruction of the Union fleet in Hampton Roads, and that in this she was completely foiled and driven off by the *Monitor*; nor has it been denied that at the close of the engagement the *Merrimac* retreated to Norfolk, leaving the *Monitor* in possession of the field.*

In this engagement Captain Worden displayed the highest qualities as an officer and man. He was in his prime (forty-four years old), and carried with him the ripe experience of twenty-eight years in the naval service. He joined the ship a sick man, having but recently left a prison in the South. He was nominated for the command by the late Admiral Joseph Smith, and the result proved the wisdom of the choice. Having accepted his orders against the protests of his physicians and the entreaties of his family, nothing would deter him from the enterprise. He arrived on the battle-ground amidst the disaster and gloom, almost despair, of the Union people, who had little faith that he could beat back the powerful *Merrimac*, after her experience with the *Cumberland* and *Congress*. Without encouragement, single-handed, and without specific orders from any source, he rose above the atmosphere of doubt and depression which surrounded him, and with unflinching nerve and undaunted courage he hurled his little untried vessel against his huge, well-proved antagonist, and won the battle. He was victor in the first iron-clad battle of the world's history.

The subsequent career of the *Monitor* needs but a few words.

On the day after the fight I received the following letter from Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy:

"U. S. STEAMER *Roanoke*, OLD POINT,
"March 10, 1862.

"MY DEAR MR. GREENE:

"Under the extraordinary circumstances of the contest of yesterday, and the responsibilities devolv-

ing upon me, and your extreme youth,† I have suggested to Captain Marston to send on board the *Monitor*, as temporary commanding, Lieutenant Selfridge, until the arrival of Commodore Goldsborough, which will be in a few days. I appreciate your position, and you must appreciate mine, and serve with the same zeal and fidelity.

"With the kindest wishes for you all, most truly,
"G. V. FOX."

For the next two months we lay at Hampton Roads. Twice the *Merrimac* came out of the Elizabeth River, but did not attack. We, on our side, had received positive orders not to attack in the comparatively shoal waters above Hampton Roads, where the Union fleet could not manœuvre. The *Merrimac* protected the James River, and the *Monitor* protected the Chesapeake. Neither side had an iron-clad in reserve, and neither wished to bring on an engagement which might disable its only armored naval defense in those waters.

With the evacuation of Norfolk and the destruction of the *Merrimac*, the *Monitor* moved up the James River with the squadron under the command of Commander John Rodgers, in connection with McClellan's advance upon Richmond by the Peninsula. We were engaged for four hours at Fort Darling, but were unable to silence the guns or destroy the earthworks.

Probably no ship was ever devised which was so uncomfortable for her crew, and certainly no sailor ever led a more disagreeable life than we did on the James River, suffocated with heat and bad air if we remained below, and a target for sharpshooters if we came on deck.

With the withdrawal of McClellan's army, we returned to Hampton Roads, and in the autumn were ordered to Washington, where the vessel was repaired. We returned to Hampton Roads in November, and sailed thence (December 29) in tow of the steamer *Rhode Island*, bound for Beaufort, N. C. Between 11 P. M. and midnight on the following night the *Monitor* went down in a gale, a few miles south of Cape Hatteras. Four officers and twelve men were drowned, forty-nine people being saved by the boats of the steamer. It was impossible to keep the vessel free of water, and we presumed that the upper and lower hulls thumped themselves apart.

No ship in the world's history has a more imperishable place in naval annals than the *Monitor*. Not only by her providential arrival

* "My men and myself were perfectly black with smoke and powder. All my underclothes were perfectly black, and my person was in the same condition. . . . I had been up so long, and been under such a state of excitement, that my nervous system was completely run down. . . . My nerves and muscles twitched as though electric shocks were continually passing through them. . . . I lay down and tried to sleep—I might as well have tried to fly." From a private letter of Lieutenant Greene, written just after the fight.—ED.

† I was twenty-two years of age, and previous to joining the *Monitor* had seen less than three years of active service, with the rank of midshipman.—S. D. G.

at the right moment did she secure the safety of Hampton Roads and all that depended on it, but the ideas which she embodied revolutionized the system of naval warfare which had existed from the earliest recorded history. The name of the *Monitor* became generic, representing a new type; and, crude and defective as was her construction in some of its details,* she yet contained the idea of the turret, which is to-day the central idea of the most powerful armored vessels.

S. D. Greene,†

Commander U. S. Navy.

* In regard to this criticism of the *Monitor*, Captain Ericsson has sent to the Editor the following statement:

"Evidently the author refers to sea-going qualities, forgetful of the fact that the *Monitor* was constructed to perform the functions of a river-battery, impregnable to Confederate ordnance of the heaviest caliber. With reference to its properties as a fighting machine, the maritime world deemed it not only a complete success, but a remarkable specimen of naval engineering. The Emperor of Russia accordingly sent the accomplished Admiral Lessoffsky to study its construction and watch the building of the new fleet of Passaic class of monitors—which, in all essential features, resembled the original. The Russian admiral, after having been present during a trial trip from New York to Fortress Monroe, of the monitor *Montauk* (subsequently hit by Confederate shot 214 times) reported so favorably to his government that the Emperor ordered twelve vessels to be built to Captain Ericsson's plans, precisely like the American monitors. This fleet paid a visit to Stockholm immediately after completion, causing a profound sensation among the Swedes."

† On account of the recent death of the writer of this paper, which occurred December 11, 1884, soon after its preparation, the proofs did not receive the benefit of his revision. The article appears substantially in the form in which it was written, without changes other than verbal ones and a slight rearrangement of paragraphs.

Commander S. Dana Greene was the son of General George S. Greene, who was graduated at West Point in 1823, and served with distinction throughout the Civil War, being severely wounded in the face at the battle of Wauhatchie, near Chattanooga, Tenn., in October, 1863. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Rhode Island in 1855, and was graduated in 1859. He served as midshipman on the *Hartford* in the China Squadron from 1859 to 1862; as lieutenant on the *Monitor* in 1862; on the *Florida* in 1863, blockading on the coast of North Carolina; on the *Iroquois*, under Commander (now Rear-Admiral) C. R. P. Rodgers, in 1864-65, making a cruise around the world in search of the *Alabama*, but without finding her, that honor having fallen to the *Kearsarge*; as lieutenant-commander on the *Ossipee*, *Saranac*, and *Pensacola*, in the Pacific Squadron, in 1868 to 1871; as commander of the *Juniata* and *Monongahela* in the Atlantic Squadron, in 1875 to 1878, and of the *Despatch* in 1883-84; with intervals of shore duty in various positions at the Naval Academy—1865-68, 1872-74, 1878-83. He died at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, December 11, 1884, aged 44.

Of the services of Mr. Greene in connection with the *Monitor*, Captain Worden made the following official record in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy: "I was ordered to her (the *Monitor*) on the 13th of January, 1862, when she was still on stocks. Prior to that date Lieutenant S. D. Greene had interested himself in her and thoroughly examined her construction and design and informed himself as to her qualities, and, notwithstanding the many gloomy predictions of naval officers and officers of the mercantile marine as to the great probability of her sinking at sea, volunteering to go in her, and, at my request, was ordered. From the date of his orders he applied himself unremittingly and intelligently to the study of her peculiar qualities and to her fitting and equipment. . . . Lieutenant Greene, after taking his place in the pilot-house and finding the injuries there less serious than I had supposed, had turned the vessel's head again in the direction of the enemy to continue the engagement; but before he could get at close quarters with her she retired. He therefore very properly returned to the *Minnesota* and lay by her until she floated. . . . Lieutenant Greene, the executive officer, had charge in the turret, and handled the guns with great courage, coolness, and skill; and throughout the engagement, as in the equipment of the vessel and on her passage to Hampton Roads, he exhibited an earnest devotion to duty unsurpassed in my experience."—ED.



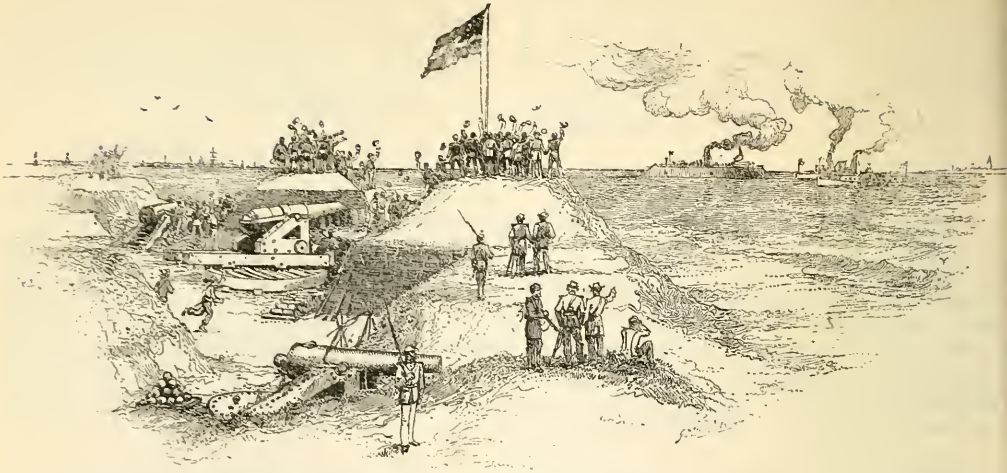
THE "MONITOR" IN BATTLE TRIM.

WATCHING THE "MERRIMAC."

IN March, 1862, I was in command of a Confederate brigade and of a district on the south side of the James River, embracing all the river forts and batteries down to the mouth of Nansemond River. My pickets were posted all along the shore opposite Newport News. From my headquarters at Smithfield I was in

constant and rapid communication through relays of couriers and signal stations with my department commander, Major-General Huger, stationed at Norfolk.

About 1 p. m. on the 8th of March, a courier dashed up to my headquarters with this brief dispatch: "The *Virginia* is coming up



THE "MERRIMAC" PASSING THE CONFEDERATE BATTERY ON CRANEY ISLAND, ON HER WAY TO ATTACK THE FEDERAL FLEET.

the river." Mounting at once, it took me but a very short time to gallop twelve miles down to Ragged Island. Newport News, exactly opposite, was an important Federal position completely commanding the entrance of the James. Powerful land batteries had been constructed, and a blockading squadron consisting of the United States frigates the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* (both sailing-vessels) had been stationed there for many months.

I had hardly dismounted at the water's edge, when I descried the *Merrimac* approaching. The *Congress* was moored about a hundred yards below the land batteries, and the *Cumberland* a little above them. As soon as the *Merrimac* came within range, the batteries and war-vessels opened fire. She passed on up, exchanging broadsides with the *Congress*, and making straight for the *Cumberland*, at which she made a dash, firing her bow-guns as she struck the doomed vessel with her prow. I could hardly believe my senses when I saw the masts of the *Cumberland* begin to sway wildly. After one or two lurches, her hull disappeared beneath the water, her guns firing to the last moment. Most of her brave crew went down with their ship, but not with their colors, for the Union flag still floated defiantly from the masts, which projected obliquely for about half their length above the water after the vessel had settled unevenly upon the river bottom. This first act of the drama was over in about thirty minutes, but it seemed to me only a moment.

The commander of the *Congress* recognized at once the impossibility of resisting the assault of the ram which had just sunk the *Cumberland*. With commendable promptness and presence of mind, he slipped his cables,

and ran her aground upon the shallows, where the *Merrimac*, at that time drawing twenty-three feet of water, was unable to approach her, and could attack her with artillery alone. But, although the *Congress* had more guns than the *Merrimac*, and was also supported by the land batteries, it was an unequal conflict, for the projectiles hurled at the *Merrimac* glanced harmlessly from her iron-covered roof, while her rifled guns raked the *Congress* from end to end with terrific effect.

A curious incident must be noted here. Great numbers of people from the neighborhood of Ragged Island, as well as soldiers from the nearest posts, had rushed to the shore to behold the spectacle. The cannonade was visibly raging with redoubled intensity; but, to our amazement not a sound was heard by us from the commencement of the battle. A strong March wind was blowing direct from us toward Newport News. We could see every flash of the guns and the clouds of white smoke arising after each discharge, but not a single report was audible. The effect was unspeakably strange. It seemed a picture of a battle rather than the reality. This flashing and moving but silent panorama continued to fascinate our gaze until near sunset, when the wind suddenly falling, the roar of the cannonade burst upon us in thundering majesty.

The *Merrimac*, taking no notice of the land batteries, concentrated her fire upon the ill-fated *Congress*. The latter replied gallantly until her commander, Joseph B. Smith, was killed and her decks were reeking with slaughter. Then her colors were hauled down and white flags appeared at the gaff and mainmast. Meanwhile, the James River gun-boat flotilla had joined the *Merrimac* after

the sinking of the *Cumberland*. The *Beaufort* ran alongside, carrying her commander, Lieutenant Parker, who received the flag of the *Congress* and the swords of Commander William Smith and Lieutenant Pendergrast. These two officers were taken on board of the *Beaufort*, but at their own request were allowed to return to the *Congress* to aid in the transfer of their wounded to the *Beaufort*. But the land batteries kept up such a terrible fire from heavy guns and small arms, that the boats were driven back with loss, Lieutenant Minor, of the *Merrimac*, among others, being wounded in one of the boats of that vessel. Through my field-glass I could see the crew of the *Congress* making their escape to the shore over the bow. Unable to secure her prize, the *Merrimac* set her on fire with hot shot, and turned to face new adversaries just appearing upon the scene of conflict.

As soon as it was known at Fortress Monroe that the *Merrimac* had come out, the frigates *Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and *St. Lawrence* were ordered to the assistance of the blockading squadron. The first was one of the most powerful of her class, mounting forty guns. The *Roanoke* was also a large steam-frigate, and the *St. Lawrence* was a sailing-vessel. The *Minnesota*, assisted by two tugs, was the first to reach the scene, but the *Cumberland* and *Congress* were already past helping. As soon as she came within range, a rapid cannonade commenced between her and the *Merrimac*, aided by the *Patrick Henry* and the *Jamestown*, side-wheel river steamers transformed into gun-boats. The *Minnesota*, drawing nearly as much water as the *Merrimac*, grounded upon a shoal in the North Channel. This at once put an end to any further attacks by ramming; but the lofty frigate, towering above the water, now offered an easy target to the rifled guns of the *Merrimac* and the lighter artillery of the gun-boats. The *Merrimac* narrowly escaped getting aground herself, and had to keep at a considerable distance, but she and the gun-boats could choose their position, and they raked their motionless antagonist from stem to stern, inflicting great damage and slaughter. She replied, undaunted, with her formidable battery, and the gun-boats were soon driven back; a shot exploded the *Patrick Henry's* boiler, causing much loss of life, and disabling that vessel for a considerable time.

In the mean time the *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence* were approaching, aided by steam-tugs. As they passed Sewall's Point, its batteries opened fire upon them, and they replied with broadsides. Just at that moment the scene was one of unsurpassed magnificence. The bright afternoon sun shone upon the

glancing waters. The fortifications of Newport News were seen swarming with soldiers, now idle spectators of a conflict far beyond the range of their batteries, and the flames were just bursting from the abandoned *Congress*. The stranded *Minnesota* seemed a huge monster at bay, surrounded by the *Merrimac* and the gun-boats. The entire horizon was lighted up by the continual flashes of the artillery of these combatants, the broadsides of the *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence* and the Sewall's Point batteries; clouds of white smoke rose in spiral columns to the skies, illumined by the evening sunlight, while land and water seemed to tremble under the thunders of the incessant cannonade.

The *Minnesota* was now in a desperate situation. It is true that, being aground, she could not sink, but looking through the glass, I could see a hole in her side, made by the *Merrimac's* rifle shells. She had lost many men, and had once been set on fire. Her destruction or surrender seemed inevitable, since all efforts to get her afloat had failed. But just then the *Merrimac* turned away from her toward the *Roanoke* and the *St. Lawrence*. These vessels had suffered but little from the distant fire of the Sewall's Point batteries, but both had run aground, and had not been floated off again without great difficulty, for it was very hazardous for vessels of deep draught to manœuvre over these comparatively shallow waters. When the *Merrimac* approached, they delivered broadsides, and were then towed back with promptness. The *Merrimac* pursued them but a short distance (for by this time darkness was falling upon the scene of action, the tide was ebbing, and there was great risk of running aground), and then steamed toward Norfolk with the *Beaufort*, leaving her wounded at the Marine Hospital. Among these was her brave commander, Admiral Franklin Buchanan, who had handled her that day with unsurpassed skill and courage. The command now devolved upon Lieutenant Catesby Jones, who the next day proved himself a most able and gallant successor.

And now followed one of the grandest episodes of this splendid yet somber drama. Night had come, mild and calm, refulgent with all the beauty of Southern skies in early spring. The moon in her second quarter was just rising over the rippling waters, but her silvery light was soon paled by the conflagration of the *Congress*, whose lurid glare was reflected in the river. The burning frigate four miles away seemed much nearer. As the flames crept up the rigging, every mast, spar, and rope, glittered against the dark sky in dazzling lines of fire. The hull, aground upon the shoal, was plainly visible, and upon its

black surface each port-hole seemed the mouth of a fiery furnace. For hours the flames raged, with hardly a perceptible change in the wondrous picture. At irregular intervals, loaded guns and shells, exploding as the fire reached them, sent forth their deep reverberations, reëchoed over and over from every headland of the bay. The masts and rigging were still standing, apparently almost intact, when, about two o'clock in the morning, a monstrous sheaf of flame rose from the vessel to an immense height. The sky was rent in twain by the tremendous flash. Blazing fragments seemed to fill the air, and after a long interval, a deep, deafening report announced the explosion of the ship's powder-magazine. When the blinding glare had subsided, I supposed every vestige of the vessel would have disappeared; but apparently all the force of the explosion had been upward. The rigging had vanished entirely, but the hull seemed hardly shattered; the only apparent change in it was that in two places two or three of the port-holes had been blown into one great gap. It continued to burn until the brightness of its blaze was effaced by the morning sun.

During the night I had sent an order to bring down from Smithfield to Ragged Island the twelve-oared barge that I used when inspecting the river batteries, and at the first dawn of day I embarked with some of my staff, and rowed in the direction of the *Minnesota*, confident of witnessing her destruction or surrender; and, in fact, nothing could have saved her but the timely arrival of the anxiously expected *Monitor*.

The sun was just rising when the *Merrimac*, having anchored for the night at Sewall's Point, headed toward the *Minnesota*. But a most important incident had taken place during the night. The *Monitor* had reached Old Point about ten o'clock; her commander had been informed of the events of the day, and ordered to proceed at once to the relief of the *Minnesota*. His comparatively small vessel, scarcely distinguishable at night from an ordinary tug-boat, made her way unperceived while all attention was concentrated upon the conflagration of the *Congress*, and she anchored alongside of the *Minnesota* about two o'clock in the morning.

As soon as the *Merrimac* approached her old adversary, the *Monitor* darted out from behind the *Minnesota*, whose immense bulk had effectually concealed her from view. No words can express the surprise with which we beheld this strange craft, whose appearance was tersely and graphically described by the exclamation of one of my oarsmen, "A tin can on a shingle!" Yet this insignificant

looking object was at that moment the most powerful war-ship in the world. The first shots of the *Merrimac* were directed at the *Minnesota*, which was again set on fire, while one of the tugs alongside of her was blown up, creating great havoc and consternation but the *Monitor*, having the advantage of light draught, placed herself between the *Merrimac* and her intended victim, and from that moment the conflict became a heroic single combat between the two iron-clads. For an instant they seemed to pause, as if to survey each other. Then advancing cautiously, the two vessels opened fire as soon as they came within range, and a fierce artillery duel raged between them without perceptible effect, although the entire fight was within close range, from half a mile at the farthest down to a few yards. For four hours, from eight to twelve (which seemed three times as long), the cannonading continued with hardly a moment's intermission. I was now within three-quarters of a mile of them, and more than once stray shots came near enough to dash the spray over my barge, but the grandeur of the spectacle was so fascinating that they passed by unheeded. Like gladiators in the arena, the antagonists would repeatedly rush at each other, retreat, double, and close in again. During these evolutions, in which the *Monitor* had the advantage of light draught, the *Merrimac* ran aground. After much delay and difficulty she was floated off. Finding that her shot made no impression whatever upon the *Monitor*, the *Merrimac*, seizing a favorable chance, succeeded in striking her foe with her stem. Soon afterward they ceased firing and separated as if by common consent. The *Monitor* steamed away toward Old Point. Captain Van Brunt, commander of the *Minnesota* states in his official report that when he saw the *Monitor* disappear, he lost all hope of saving his ship. But, fortunately for him, the *Merrimac* steamed slowly toward Norfolk, evidently disabled in her motive power. The *Monitor*, accompanied by several tugs, returned late in the afternoon, and they succeeded in floating off the *Minnesota* and conveying her to Old Point.

During the battle the *Merrimac* had lost two killed and nineteen wounded. Her starboard anchor, all her boats, her smoke-stack, and the muzzles of two of her guns were shot away; but the important fact was established that the guns then in use had proved unable to inflict any injury upon the *Monitor*, and that even the improvised armor of the *Merrimac* had suffered no very important damage from the superior guns of the *Monitor*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—III.*

UP THE PENINSULA WITH MCCLELLAN.

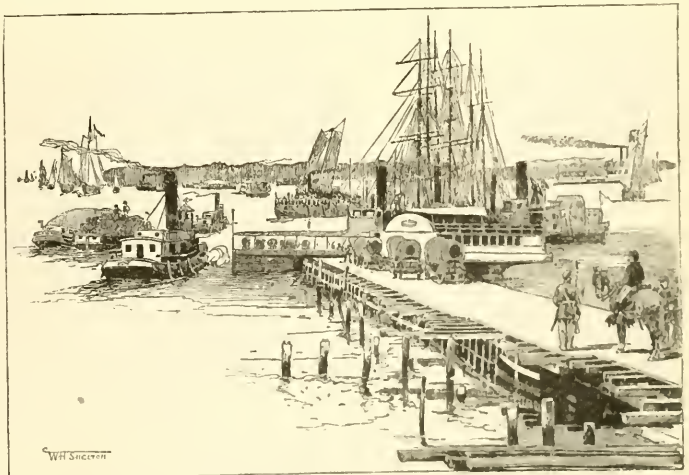


AN ORDERLY AT HEADQUARTERS.

THE manner in which orders are transmitted to the individual groups of an army might be compared to the motion that a boy gives to a row of bricks which he has set up on end within striking distance of each other. He pushes the first brick, and the impetus thus given is conveyed down the line in rapid succession, until each brick has responded to the movement. If the machine is well adjusted in all its parts, and the master mechanic, known as the commanding general, understands his business, he is able to run it so perfectly as to control the movements of brigades, divisions, and corps. In the early spring of 1862, when the Army of the Potomac was getting ready to move from Washington, the constant drill and discipline, the brightening of arms and polishing of buttons, and the exasperating fussiness on the part of company and regimental officers during inspections, conveyed to us a hint, as one of our comrades expressed it, that "some one higher in command was punching them to punch us." There was unusual activity upon the Potomac in front of our camp. Numerous steam

tugs were pulling huge sailing vessels here and there, and large transports, loaded with soldiers, horses, bales of hay, and munitions for an army, swept majestically down the broad river. Every description of water conveyance, from a canal-boat to a huge three-decked steamboat, seemed to have been pressed into the service of the army.

The troops south of the city broke camp, and came marching, in well-disciplined regiments, through the town. I remember that the Seventh Massachusetts seemed to be finely disciplined, as it halted on the river-banks before our camp. I imagined the men looked serious over leaving their comfortable winter-quarters at Brightwood for the uncertainties of the coming campaign. At last, when drills and inspections had made us almost frantic with neatness and cleanliness, we got marching orders. I shall not forget that last inspection. Our adjutant was a short old fellow, who had seen much service in the regular army. He gave his orders in an explosive manner, and previous to giving them his under lip would work in curious muscular contractions, so that the long imperial which decorated it would be worked up, under and over his nose, like the rammer of a musket in the act of loading. At that last inspection, previous to the opening campaign, he gave the order with a long roll to the r's: "Preparrrre to open rrrranks." The ranks were open, and he was twisting his mouth and elevating his imperial for another



TRANSPORTS ON THE POTOMAC.

order, when an unlucky citizen, who was not conversant with military rules, passed between the ranks. The adjutant, pale with anger, hastily followed the citizen, who was very tall. The distance from the toe of our adjutant's boot to the citizen's flank was too great for the adjutant, who yet kept up a vigorous kicking into air, until at last, with a prodigious outlay of muscular force, his foot reached the enemy, but with such recoil as to land him on his back in the mud.

We formed in two ranks and marched on board a little steamer lying at the wharf near our quarters. "Anything for a change," said Wad Rider, really delighted to move. All heavy baggage was left behind. I had clung to the contents of my knapsack with dogged tenacity; but, notwithstanding my most earnest protest, I was required to disgorge about one-half of them, including a pair of heavy boots and my choice brick from the Harper's Ferry engine-house. To my mind I was now entirely destitute of comforts.

The general opinion among us was that at last we were on our way to make an end of the Confederacy. We gathered in little knots on the deck, here and there a party playing "penny ante"; others slept or dozed, but the majority smoked and discussed the probabilities of our destination, about which we really knew as little as the babes in the wood. That we were sailing down the Potomac was apparent.

The next day we arrived at Old Point Comfort, and looked with open-eyed wonder at Fortress Monroe, huge and frowning. Negroes were plentier than blackberries, and went about their work with an air of importance born of their new-found freedom. These were the "contrabands" for whom General Butler had recently invented that sobriquet. We pitched our tents amid the charred and blackened ruins of what had been the beautiful and aristocratic village of Hampton. The first thing I noticed about the ruins, unaccustomed as I was to Southern architecture, was the absence of cellars. The only building left standing of all the village was the massive old Episcopal church. Here Washington had worshiped, and its broad aisles had echoed to the footsteps of armed men during the Revolution. In the church-yard the tombs had been broken open. Many tombstones were broken and overthrown, and at the corner of the church a big hole showed that some one with a greater desire for possessing curiosities than reverence for ancient landmarks had been digging for the corner-stone and its buried mementos.

Along the shore which looks towards Fortress Monroe were landed artillery, baggage-wagons, pontoon trains and boats, and the level land back of this was crowded with

the tents of the soldiers. Here and there were groups frying hard-tack and bacon. Near a hand was the irrepressible army mule, hitched to and eating out of pontoon boats; those who had eaten their ration of grain and hay were trying their teeth, with promise of success, in eating the boats. An army mule was hungrier than a soldier, and would eat anything, especially a pontoon boat or rubber blanket. The scene was a busy one. The red cap, white leggings, and baggy trousers of the Zouaves mingled with the blue uniforms and dark trimmings of the regular infantrymen, the short jackets and yellow trimmings of the cavalry, the red stripes of the artillery, and the dark blue with orange trimmings of the engineers; together with the ragged, many-colored costumes of the black laborers and teamsters, all busy at something.

During our short stay here I made several excursions, extending two or three miles from the place, partly out of curiosity, and partly from the constant impression on a soldier's mind that his merits deserve something better to eat than the commissary furnishes. It seemed to me in all my army experience that nature delighted in creating wants and withholding supplies, and that rations were wanting in an inverse proportion to my capacity to consume them.

One morning we broke camp and went marching up the Peninsula. The roads were very poor and muddy with recent rains, and were crowded with the indescribable material of the vast army which was slowly creeping through the mud over the flat, wooded country. It was a bright day in April — a perfect Virginia day; the grass was green beneath our feet, the buds of the trees were just unrolling into leaves under the warming sun of spring, and in the woods the birds were singing. The march was at first orderly, but under the unaccustomed burden of heavy equipments and knapsacks, and the warmth of the weather, the men straggled along the roads, mingling with the baggage-wagons, ambulances, and pontoon trains, in seeming confusion.

During our second day's march it rained, and the muddy roads, cut up and kneaded, as it were, by the teams preceding us, left them in a state of semi-liquid filth hardly possible to describe or imagine. When we arrived at Big Bethel the rain was coming down in sheets. A dozen houses of very ordinary character, scattered over an area of a third of a mile, constituted what was called the village. Just outside and west of the town was an insignificant building from which the town takes its name. It did not seem large enough or of sufficient consequence to give name to a village as small as Big Bethel.



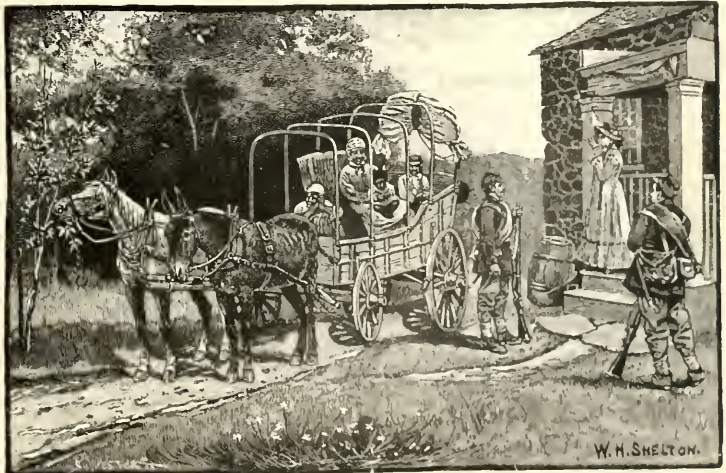
MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP. (AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY ROUSE.)

Before our arrival it had evidently been occupied as officers' barracks for the enemy, and looked very little like a church.

I visited one of the dwelling-houses just outside the fortifications (if the insignificant rifle-pits could be called such) for the purpose of obtaining something more palatable than hard-tack, salt beef, or pork, which, with coffee, were the marching rations. The woman of the house was communicative, and expressed her surprise at the great number of Yanks who had "come down to invade our soil." She said she had a son in the Confederate army, or, as she expressed it, "in our army," and then tearfully said she should tremble for her boy every time she heard of a battle. I expressed the opinion that we should go into Richmond without much fighting. "No!" said she, with the emphasis of conviction, "you uns will drink hot blood before you uns get thar!" I inquired if she knew anything about the skirmish which took place at Big Bethel. She replied by saying, "Why, Major Winthrop died right in yer!" pointing to a small sleeping-room which opened from the main room in which we were. She

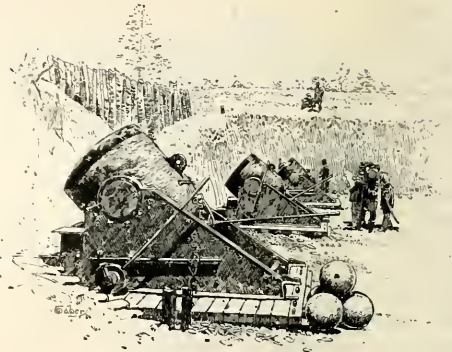
added, "When you uns were fighting, Major Winthrop was way ahead and was shot; he was a brave man, but we have brave men too." I asked her if she knew who shot him, and she replied that a colored boy belonging to one of the officers shot him. During the engagement, the colored boy, standing by his master, saw Winthrop in advance, and said, "See that officer! Can I take your rifle and shoot him?" The master assented, and the boy shot Major Winthrop. He was then brought to this house. One or two days after the fight, she said, the boy was "playing over yon, in that yer yard,"—pointing to the yard of a neighboring house,—with his mate, when the rifle they were playing with was accidentally discharged, and the colored boy who shot Winthrop was killed. "How old was the boy?" I asked. "About forty," she replied. At the right of the road was an open, marshy piece of land, and it was over this Major Winthrop was leading his men when shot. The woody intervals just beyond the marshy land was occupied by the enemy's works, which consisted of five rifle-pits, each a few rods in length, and one of them commanding the marshy opening mentioned. [NOTE.—The above is but one of several different accounts as to the manner of Winthrop's death. All the facts that can be vouched for by his family are given in the "Life," by his sister, Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson (N. Y.: Henry Holt & Co.)—ED.]

While wandering about, I came to the house of a Mrs. T——, whose husband was said to be a captain in the Confederate service and a "fire-eating" secessionist. Here some of our men were put on guard for a short time, until relieved by guards from other parts of the army as they came up, whereupon we went on.



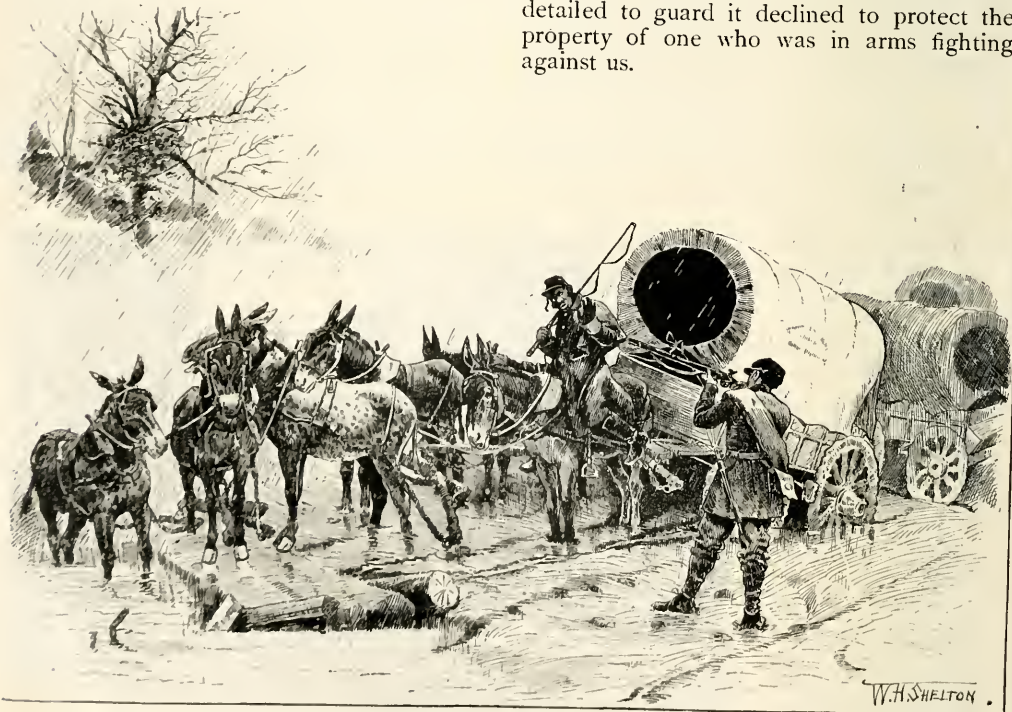
MRS. T——'S EXODUS.

A large, good-looking woman, about forty years old, who, I learned, was Mrs. T——, was crying profusely, and I could not induce her to tell me what about. One of the soldiers said her grief was caused by the fact that some of our men had helped themselves to the contents of cupboard and cellar. She was superintending the loading of an old farm-wagon, into which she was putting a large family of colored people, with numerous bundles. The only white person on the load as it started away was the mistress, who sat amid her dark chattels in desolation and tears. Returning to the house after this exodus, I found letters, papers, and odds and ends of various kinds littering the floor, whether overturned in the haste of the mistress or by the visiting soldiers I could only guess. As I passed into what had evidently been the best room, or parlor, I found a fellow-soldier intently poring over the illustrations of a large book, which proved to be an elegantly bound and illustrated family Bible. Upon my approach he began tearing out the illustrations, but I arrested his hand and rebuked him. He resented my interference, saying, "Some one is going for these things before the army gets through here if I don't." It was impossible to keep out the vandal "Yanks"; they flowed through



FEDERAL MORTAR BATTERY BEFORE YORKTOWN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the house, a constant stream, from cellar to garret, until there was no more any need of a guard, as there was no longer anything to guard. I felt so hopeless of protecting the family Bible, that at last it occurred to me that the only way to save it was to carry it off myself. I gave it to one of our colored teamsters to carry into camp for me. After our arrival at Yorktown I hunted him up, but he informed me that he had "drapped it." No other building at Big Bethel was so devastated, and I did not see another building so treated on our whole route. The men detailed to guard it declined to protect the property of one who was in arms fighting against us.



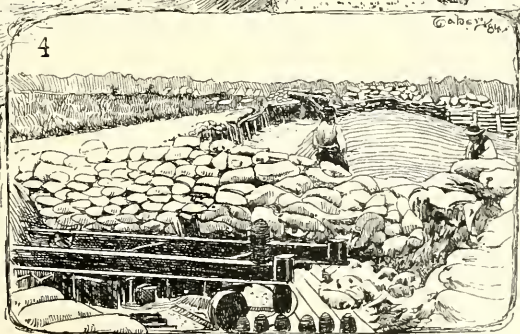
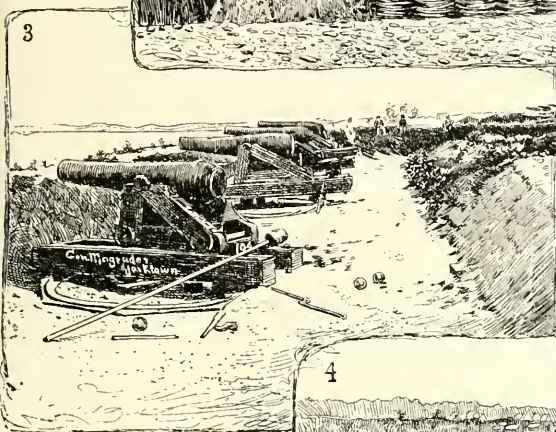
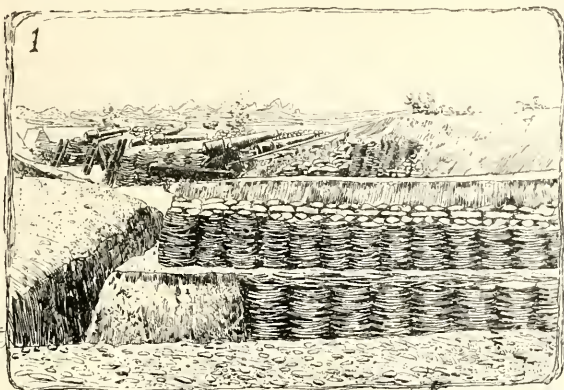
W.H. SHELTON.

"GET THOSE MULES OUT OF THE MUD!"

After leaving Big Bethel we began to feel the weight of our knapsacks. Castaway overcoats, blankets, parade-coats, and shoes were scattered along the route in reckless profusion, being dropped by the overloaded soldiers, as if after plowing the roads with heavy teams they were sowing them

home over comfortable breakfast-tables, without impediments of any kind to circumscribe their fancied operations; it is so much easier to manœuvre and fight large armies around the corner grocery, where the destinies of the human race have been so often discussed and settled, than to fight, march, and manœuvre in mud and rain, in the face of a brave and vigilant enemy.

To each baggage-wagon were attached four or six

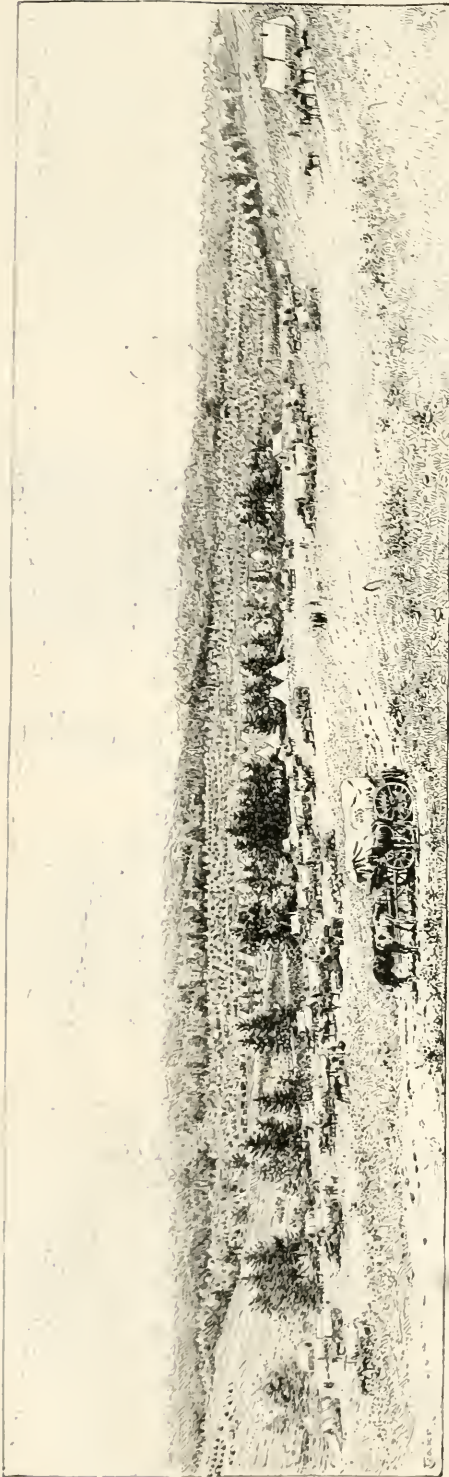


1.—FEDERAL WATER-BATTERY IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN.
3.—CONFEDERATE WATER-BATTERY, CALLED BATTERY MAGRUDER, YORKTOWN.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

2.—EXPLODED GUN, CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS AT YORKTOWN.
4.—AN ANGLE OF THE CONFEDERATE FORTIFICATIONS AT YORKTOWN.

for a harvest. I lightened my knapsack without much regret, for I could not see the sense of carrying a blanket or overcoat when I could pick one up almost anywhere along the march. Very likely the same philosophy actuated those who preceded me or came after. The colored people along our route occupied themselves in picking up this scattered property. They had on their faces a distrustful look, as if uncertain of the tenure of their harvest. The march up the Peninsula seemed very slow, yet it was impossible to increase our speed, owing to the bad condition of the roads. I learned in time that marching on paper and the actual march made two very different impressions. I can easily understand and excuse our fireside heroes, who fought their or our battles at

mules, driven usually by a colored man, with only one rein, or line, and that line attached to the bit of the near leading mule, while the driver rode in a saddle upon the near wheel mule. Each train was accompanied by a guard, and while the guard urged the drivers the drivers urged the mules. The drivers were usually expert and understood well the wayward, sportive natures of the creatures over whose destinies they presided. On our way to Yorktown our pontoon and baggage trains were sometimes blocked for miles, and the heaviest trains were often unloaded by the guard to facilitate their removal from the mud. Those wagons which were loaded with whisky were most lovingly guarded, and when unloaded the barrels were often



CAMP OF THE FEDERAL ARMY NEAR WHITE HOUSE ON THE PAMUNKEY RIVER — MCCLELLAN'S BASE OF OPERATIONS AGAINST RICHMOND. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

lightened before they were returned to the wagons. It did seem at times as if there were needless delays with the trains, partly due, no doubt, to fear of danger ahead. While I was guarding our pontoon trains after leaving Big Bethel, the teams stopped all along the line. Hurrying to the front, I found one of the leading teams badly mired, but not enough to justify the stopping of the whole train. The lazy colored driver was comfortably asleep in the saddle. "Get that team out of the mud!" I yelled, bringing him to his senses. He flourished his long whip, shouted his mule lingo at the team, and the mules pulled frantically, but not together. "Can't you make your mules pull together?" I inquired. "Dem mules pull right smart!" said the driver. Cocking and capping my unloaded musket, I brought it to the shoulder, and again commanded the driver, "Get that team out of the mud!" The negro rolled his eyes wildly and woke up all over. He first patted his saddle mule, spoke to each one, and then, flourishing his long whip with a crack like a pistol, shouted, "Go 'long dar! what I feed yo' fo'!" and the mule team left the slough in a very expeditious manner. Thereafter I had an unending argument, which, if but seldom used, was all the more potent. The teamsters of our army would have been much more efficient if they had been organized and uniformed as soldiers. Our light artillery was seldom seen stuck in the mud.

When procuring luxuries of eggs or milk we paid the people at first in silver, and they gave us local scrip in change; but we found on attempting to pay it out again that they were rather reluctant to receive it, even at that early stage in Confederate finance, and much preferred Yankee silver or notes.

On the afternoon of April 5, 1862, the advance of our column was brought to a standstill, with the right in front of Yorktown and the left by the enemy's works at Lee's mills. We pitched our camp on Wormly Creek, near the Moore house on the York River, in sight of the enemy's water battery and their defensive works at Gloucester Point. One of the impediments to an immediate attack on Yorktown was the difficulty of using light artillery in the muddy fields in our front, and at that time the topography of the country ahead was but little understood, and had to be learned by reconnaissance in force. We had settled down to the siege of Yorktown; began bridging the streams between us and the enemy, constructing and improving the roads for the rapid transit of supplies, and for the advance. The first parallel was opened about a mile from the enemy's fortifications, extending along the entire front of their works, which reached from the York River on the



FEDERAL CAMP AT CUMBERLAND LANDING, ON THE PAMUNKEY RIVER, FIVE MILES (BY LAND) BELOW WHITE HOUSE.

left to Warwick Creek on the right, along a line about four miles in length. Fourteen batteries and three redoubts were planted, heavily armed with ordnance.

We were near Battery No. 1, not far from the York River. On it were mounted several two-hundred-pound guns, which commanded the enemy's water batteries. One day I was in a redoubt on the left, and saw General McClellan with the Prince de Joinville, examining the enemy's works through their field-glasses. They very soon drew the fire of the observant enemy, who opened with one of their heavy guns on the group, sending the first shot howling and hissing over and very close to their heads; another, quickly following it, struck in the parapet of the redoubt. The French prince, seemingly quite startled, jumped and glanced nervously around, while McClellan quietly knocked the ashes from his cigar. When I afterwards heard McClellan accused of cowardice, I knew the accusation was false.

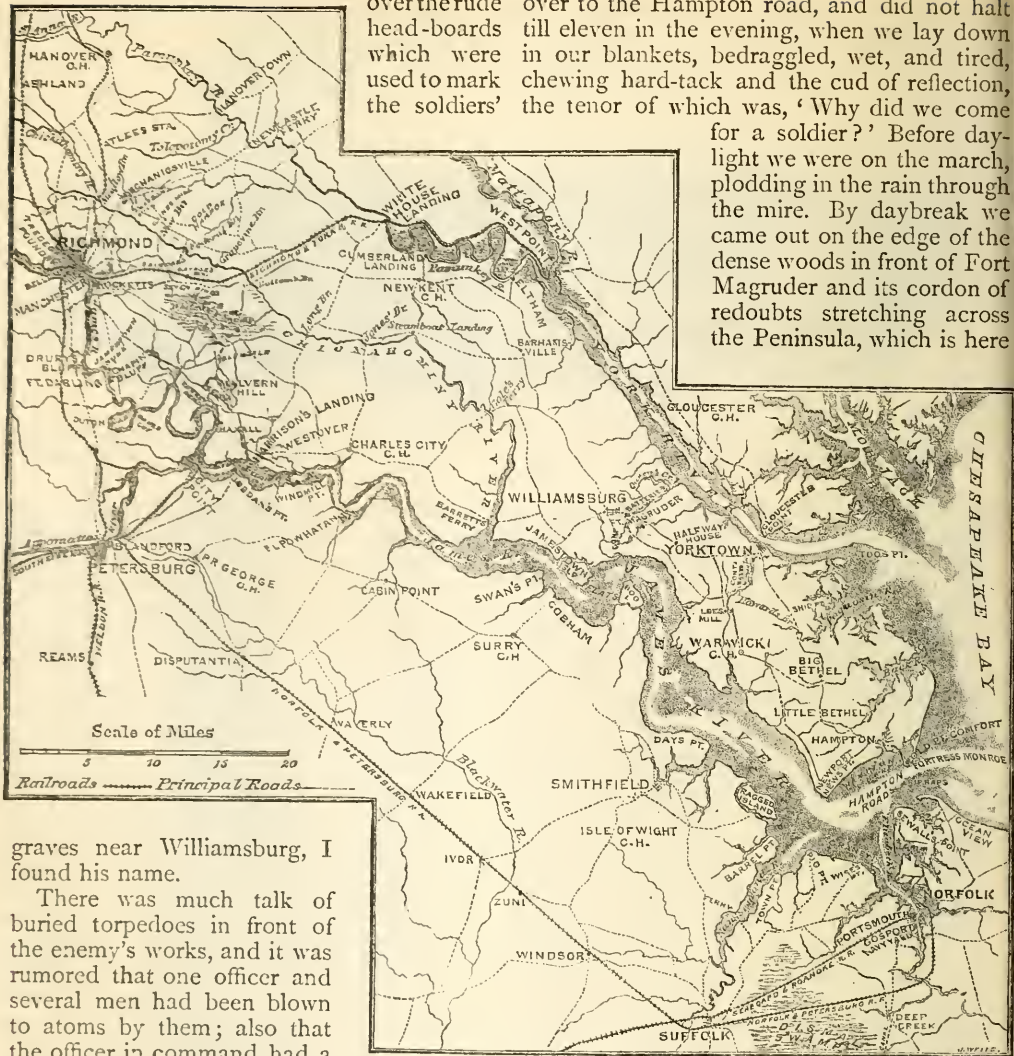
Several of our war-vessels made their appearance in the York River, and occasionally threw a shot at the enemy's works; but most of them were kept busy at Hampton Roads, watching for the iron-clad *Merrimac*, which was still afloat. The firing from the enemy's lines was of little consequence, not amounting to over ten or twelve shots each day, a number of these being directed at the huge balloon which went up daily on a tour of inspection, from near General Fitz John Porter's headquarters. One day the balloon broke from its mooring of ropes and sailed majestically over the enemy's works; but fortunately for its occupants, it soon met a counter-current of air which returned it safe to our lines. The month of April was a dreary one, much of the time rainy and uncomfortable. It was a

common expectation among us that we were about to end the rebellion. One of my comrades wrote home to his father that we should probably finish up the war in season for him to be at home to teach the village school the following winter; in fact, I believe he partly engaged to teach it. Another wrote to his mother: "We have got them hemmed in on every side, and the only reason they don't run is because they can't." We had at last corduroyed every road and bridged every creek; our guns and mortars were in position; Battery No. 1 had actually opened on the enemy's works, Saturday, May 4, 1862, and it was expected that our whole line would open on them in the morning. About two o'clock of Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, while on guard duty, I observed a bright illumination, as if a fire had broken out within the enemy's lines. Several guns were fired from their works during the early morning hours, but soon after daylight of May 5th it was reported that they had abandoned their works in our front, and we very quickly found the report to be true. As soon as I was relieved from guard duty, I went over on "French leave" to view our enemy's fortifications. They were prodigiously strong. A few tumble-down tents and houses and seventy pieces of heavy ordnance had been abandoned as the price of the enemy's safe retreat.

Upon returning to camp I found rations being issued and preparations for pursuit being made, and that very afternoon we struck our tents and took up our lines of march, with our faces turned hopefully towards Richmond. A sergeant belonging to a neighboring regiment, whose acquaintance I had formed before Yorktown, jocosely remarked, as he passed me on the march, "I shall meet you on the road to glory!" Later, in looking

over the rude head-boards which were used to mark the soldiers'

over to the Hampton road, and did not halt till eleven in the evening, when we lay down in our blankets, bedraggled, wet, and tired, chewing hard-tack and the cud of reflection, the tenor of which was, 'Why did we come for a soldier?' Before daylight we were on the march, plodding in the rain through the mire. By daybreak we came out on the edge of the dense woods in front of Fort Magruder and its cordon of redoubts stretching across the Peninsula, which is here



OUTLINE MAP OF THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN, BASED ON THE U. S. MILITARY MAP OF SOUTH-EASTERN VIRGINIA.

graves near Williamsburg, I found his name.

There was much talk of buried torpedoes in front of the enemy's works, and it was rumored that one officer and several men had been blown to atoms by them; also that the officer in command had a force of Confederate prisoners at work removing them. We saw a number of sticks stuck in the ground both inside and outside the earthworks, with white rags attached, which were said to indicate the location of the buried torpedoes already discovered.

Williamsburg is twelve miles from Yorktown, but the women and children, of whom we were continually inquiring the distance, gave us very indefinite but characteristic replies. A comrade in Hooker's division gave me an account of his experiences about as follows: "Marching over the muddy road late in the afternoon, we found our farther advance prevented by a force which had preceded us, and we halted in the mud by the roadside just as it began to rain. About five o'clock we resumed our march by crossing

narrowed by the head-waters of two streams which empty into the York on the one hand and the James River on the other. Here we had an opportunity of viewing the situation while waiting for orders to attack. The main fort, called Magruder, was a strong earthwork with a bastioned front and a wide ditch. In front of this muddy-looking heap of dirt was a level plain, sprinkled plentifully with smaller earthworks; while between us and the level plain the dense forest, for a distance of a quarter of a mile, had been felled, thus forming a labyrinth of tangled abatis difficult to penetrate. A mile away lay the village of Williamsburg.

"We were soon sent out as skirmishers, with orders to advance as near the enemy's rifle-

pits as possible. They immediately opened fire upon us with heavy guns from the fort, while from their rifle-pits came a hum of bullets and crackle of musketry. Their heavy shot came crushing among the tangled abatis of fallen timber, and plowed up the dirt in our front, rebounding and tearing through the branches of the woods in our rear. The constant hissing of the bullets, with their sharp *ping* or *bizz* whispering around and sometimes into us, gave me a sickening feeling and a cold perspiration. I felt weak around my knees—a sort of faintness and lack of strength in the joints of my legs, as if they would sink from under me. These symptoms did not decrease when several of my comrades were hit. The little rifle-pits in our front fairly blazed with musketry, and the continuous *snap, snap, crack, crack* was murderous. Seeing I was not killed at once, in spite of all the noise, my knees recovered from their unpleasant limpness, and my mind gradually regained its balance and composure. I never afterwards felt these disturbing influences to the same degree.

“We slowly retired from stump to stump and from log to log, finally regaining the edge of the wood, and took our position near Webber’s and Brumhall’s batteries, which had just got into position on the right of the road, not over seven hundred yards from the hostile fort. While getting into position, several of the battery men were killed, as they immediately drew the artillery fire of the enemy, which opened with a noise and violence that astonished me. Our two batteries were admirably handled, throwing a number of shot and shell into the enemy’s works, speedily silencing them, and by nine o’clock the field in our front, including the rifle-pits, was completely ‘cleaned out’ of artillery and infantry. Shortly afterwards we advanced along the edge of the wood to the left of Fort Magruder, and about eleven o’clock we saw emerging from the little ravine to the left of the fort a swarm of Confederates, who opened on us with a terrible and deadly fire. Then they charged upon us with their peculiar yell. We took all the advantage possible of the stumps and trees as we were pushed back, until we reached the edge of the wood again, where we halted and fired upon the enemy from behind all the cover the situation afforded. We were none of us too proud, not even those who had the dignity of shoulder-straps to support, to dodge behind a tree or stump. I called out to a comrade, ‘Why don’t you get behind a tree?’ ‘Confound it,’ said he, ‘there ain’t enough for the officers.’ I don’t mean to accuse officers of cowardice, but we had suddenly found out that they

showed the same general inclination not to get shot as privates did, and were anxious to avail themselves of the privilege of their rank by getting in our rear. I have always thought that pride was a good substitute for courage, if well backed by a conscientious sense of duty; and most of our men, officers as well as privates, were too proud to show the fear which I have no doubt they felt in common with myself. Occasionally a soldier would show symptoms which pride could not over-



A TEMPTING BREASTWORK.

come. One of our men, Spinney, ran into the woods and was not seen until after the engagement. Some time afterwards, when he had proved a good soldier, I asked him why he ran, and he replied that every bullet which went by his head said ‘Spinney,’ and he thought they were calling for him. In all the pictures of battles I had seen before I ever saw a battle, the officers were at the front on prancing steeds, or with uplifted swords were leading their followers to the charge. Of course, I was surprised to find that in a real battle the officer gets in the rear of his men, as is his right and duty,—that is, if his ideas of duty do not carry him so far to the rear as to make his sword useless.

“The ‘Rebs’ forced us back by their charge, and our central lines were almost broken. The forces withdrawn from our right had taken the infantry support from our batteries, one of which, consisting of four guns, was captured. We were tired, wet, and exhausted when supports came up, and we were allowed to fall back from under the enemy’s fire, but still in easy reach of the battle. I asked one of my comrades how he felt, and his reply was characteristic of the prevailing sentiment: ‘I should feel like a hero if I wasn’t so blank wet.’ The bullets had cut queer antics among our men. A private who had a canteen of whisky when he went into the engagement, on endeavor-

oring to take a drink found the canteen quite empty, as a bullet had tapped it for him. Another had a part of his thumb-nail taken off. Another had a bullet pass into the toe of his boot, down between two toes, and out along the sole of his foot, without much injury. Another had a scalp wound from a bullet, which took off a strip of hair about three inches in length from the top of his head. Two of my regiment were killed outright and fourteen badly wounded, besides quite a number slightly injured. Thus I have chronicled my first day's fight, and I don't believe any of my regiment were ambitious to 'chase the enemy any farther' just at present. Refreshed with hot coffee and hard-tack, we rested from the fight, well satisfied that we had done our duty. When morning dawned, with it came the intelligence that the enemy had abandoned their works in our front, and were again in full retreat, leaving their wounded in our hands."

After the engagement I went over the field in front of the enemy's fort. Advancing through the tangled mass of logs and stumps, I saw one of our men aiming over the branch of a fallen tree, which lay among the tangled abatis. I called to him, but he did not turn or move. Advancing nearer, I put my hand on his shoulder, looked in his face, and started back. He was dead!—shot through the brain; and so suddenly had the end come that his rigid hand grasped his musket, and he still preserved the attitude of watchfulness—literally occupying his post after death. At another place we came upon one of our men who had evidently died from wounds. Near one of his hands was a Testament, and on his breast lay an ambrotype picture of a group of children and another of a young woman. We searched in vain for his name. It was neither in his book nor upon his clothing; and, unknown, this private hero was buried on what was doubtless his first battle-field. The pictures were afterwards put on exhibition for identification.

The sixth of May was a beautiful morning, with birds singing among the thickets in which lay the dead. The next morning we marched through quaint, old-fashioned Williamsburg. The most substantial buildings of the town were those of William and Mary College, which were of brick. In most of the houses there were no signs of life; blinds and shutters were closed, but a white hand was occasionally seen through the blinds, showing that a woman was gazing stealthily at us. Occasionally a family of black people stood in the doorway, the women and children greeting us with senseless giggles, and in one instance waving their red handkerchiefs. I asked one

of the black women where the white people were, and she replied, "Dey's done gone and run away." We kindled fires from that almost inexhaustible source of supply, the Virginia fences, cooked our coffee, sang our songs, and smoked our pipes, thoughtless of the morrow. And we quarreled with nothing, except the pigs that wandered at will in field and wood, and which we occasionally converted into pork.

On our tramp to White House Landing, on the Pamunkey River, we began to realize some of the more substantial discomforts of a march; the dust, rising in clouds, filled our nostrils and throats, and thoroughly impregnated our clothing, hair, and skin, producing intolerable choking and smothering sensations; our usual thirst was intensified, and made us ready to break ranks at sight of a brook, and swarm like bees around every well on the route. No one can imagine the intolerable thirst of a dusty march who has not had a live experience of it; canteens often replenished were speedily emptied, and, unless water was readily attainable, there was great suffering. During the frequent showers, which came down with the liberality common to the climate, it was not unusual to see men drinking from a puddle in the road; and at one place where water was scarce I saw men crowding round a mud-puddle drinking heartily, while in one edge of it lay a dead mule. There was little to choose between the mud and the dust, and we usually had one or the other in profusion.

Near New Kent Court-House, a little settlement of two or three houses, we came upon several Confederate sick. One of them was full of fighting talk. I asked him what he was fighting for. He said he didn't know, except it be "not to get licked!" "I reckon you uns have got a powerful spite against we uns, and that's what you uns all come down to fight we uns for, and invade our soil!" I could not argue with a prisoner, and a sick man at that, on equal terms; so I replenished his canteen, and induced one of my comrades to give him some of his rations. From the number of interviews held at different times with our Confederate prisoners, I gathered the general impression that their private soldiers knew but very little about the causes of the war, but were fighting "not to get licked," which is so strong a feeling in human nature that I may say it will account for much hard fighting on both sides. In one of the little cabins surrounding the principal residence were a mulatto woman and her children. She was quite comely, and, with her children, was pretty well dressed. She was a bitter Yankee-hater, and, we inferred, the domestic manager

of the household. She declared that "the colored people didn' want to be niggers for the Yanks!"

Our corps arrived at White House Landing, May 22, 1862, and here we found a large portion of our army, which was encamped on the wide, level plain between the wood-skirted road and the Pamunkey River, occupying tents of all descriptions. Another camp was located at Cumberland Landing, a few miles below White House. The first night of our arrival was a stormy and tempestuous one, and it was evident that an attack from the enemy was expected, as we received orders to lay upon our arms. The

Pamunkey is navigable to this point, having sufficient depth, but is very narrow,—in fact, so narrow that some of the larger steamers could not turn, for their stem and stern would reach either bank, except at selected places. The broad plain was crowded with tents, baggage-wagons, pontoon trains, and artillery,—all the accompaniments of a vast army. Here some of the regiments who came out from home in a Zouave uniform changed their bright clothes for the regular army blue, and, as marching orders came with the sunrise, moved off the field, leaving windrows of old clothes on the plain.

Warren Lee Goss.



MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General R. S. Ewell at Bull Run.

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GENERALS FITZHUGH LEE, EWELL, AND BEAUREGARD.

IN General Beauregard's article on Bull Run, on page 101 of the November CENTURY, is this severe criticism of one of his subordinates:

"The commander of the front line on my right, who failed to move because he received no immediate order, was instructed in the plan of attack, and should have gone forward the moment General Jones, upon whose right he was to form, exhibited his own order, which mentioned one as having been already sent to that commander. I exonerated him after the battle, as he was technically not in the wrong; but one could not help recalling Desaix, who even moved in a direction opposite to his technical orders when facts plainly showed him the service he ought to perform, whence the glorious result of Marengo, or help believing that if Jackson had been there, the movement would not have balked."

The officer referred to is the late Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell, and the censure is based on the following statement on page 95:

"Meanwhile, in rear of Mitchell's Ford, I had been waiting with General Johnston for the sound of conflict to open in the quarter of Centreville upon the Federal left flank and rear (making allowance, however for the delays possible to commands unused to battle), when I was chagrined to hear from General D. R. Jones that, while he had been long ready for the movement upon Centreville, General Ewell had

not come up to form on his right, though he had sent him between seven and eight o'clock a copy of his own order, which recited that Ewell had been already ordered to begin the movement. I dispatched an immediate order to Ewell to advance; but within a quarter of an hour, just as I received a dispatch from him informing me that he had received no order to advance in the morning, the firing on the left began to increase so intensely as to indicate a severe attack, whereupon General Johnston said that he would go personally to that quarter."

These two short extracts contain at least three errors, so serious that they should not be allowed to pass uncorrected among the materials from which history will one day be constructed:

1. That Ewell failed to do what a good soldier of the type of Desaix or Stonewall Jackson would have done—namely, to move forward immediately on hearing from D. R. Jones.
2. That Beauregard was made aware of this supposed backwardness of Ewell by a message from D. R. Jones.
3. That on receiving this message he at once ordered Ewell to advance.

The subjoined correspondence, now first in print, took place four days after the battle. It shows that Ewell did exactly what Beauregard says he ought to have done—namely, move forward promptly; that his own staff-officer, sent to report this forward movement, carried also to headquarters the first intelligence of the failure of orders to reach him; that no

such message was received from D. R. Jones as is here ascribed to him; and that the order sent back by Beauregard to Ewell was not one to advance, but to retire from an advance already begun.

These mistakes, I am sure, are unintentional; but it is not easy to understand them, as General Beauregard has twice given a tolerably accurate though meager account of the matter — once in his official report, and once in his biography published by Colonel Roman in 1884. Neither of these accounts can be reconciled with that in *THE CENTURY*.

Upon reading General Beauregard's article, I wrote to General Fitzhugh Lee, who was Ewell's assistant adjutant-general at Manassas, asking his recollection of what took place. I have liberty to make the following extracts from his reply. After stating what troops composed the brigade, he goes on:

"These troops were all in position at daylight on the 21st July, ready for *any* duty, and held the extreme right of General Beauregard's line of battle along Bull Run, at Union Mills. As hour after hour passed, General Ewell grew impatient at not receiving any orders (beyond those to be ready to advance, which came at sunrise), and sent me between nine and ten A. M. to see General D. R. Jones, who commanded the brigade next on his left at McLean's ford, to ascertain if that officer had any news or had received any orders from army headquarters. I found General Jones making preparations to cross Bull Run, and was told by him that, in the order he had received to do so, it was stated that General Ewell had been sent similar instructions.

"Upon my report of these facts, General Ewell at once issued the orders for his command to cross the run and move out on the road to Centreville."

General Lee then describes the recall across Bull Run and the second advance of the brigade to make a demonstration toward Centreville, and adds that the skirmishers of Rodes's Fifth Alabama Regiment, which was in advance, had actually become engaged, when we were again recalled and ordered to "move by the most direct route at once and as rapidly as possible, for the Lewis house" — the field of battle on the left. Ewell moved rapidly, sending General Lee and another officer ahead to report and secure orders. On his arrival near the field they brought instructions to halt, when he immediately rode forward with them to General Beauregard, "and General Ewell begged General Beauregard to be allowed to go in pursuit of the enemy, but his request was refused." General Lee adds: "That this splendid brigade shared only the labor, and not the glory, of that memorable July day was not the fault of its commander; and when General Beauregard says that he cannot help believing that if Jackson had been on his right flank at Manassas the 'movement would not have balked,' he does great injustice to the memory of a noble old hero and as gallant a soldier as the war produced."

As to the real causes of the miscarriage of General Beauregard's plan of attack there need be little doubt. They are plainly stated by his immediate superior in command, General Joseph E. Johnston, in his official report, as being the "early movements of the enemy on that morning and the non-arrival of the expected troops" from Harper's Ferry. He adds: "General Beauregard afterward proposed a modification of the

abandoned plan, to attack with our right, while the left stood on the defensive. This, too, became impracticable, and a battle ensued, different in place and circumstances from any previous plan on our side."

There are some puzzling circumstances connected with the supposed miscarriage of the order for our advance. The delay in sending it is unexplained. General Beauregard says it was sent "at about eight A. M.," but D. R. Jones had received his corresponding order at ten minutes past seven, and firing had begun at half-past five.

The messenger was strangely chosen. It was the most important order of the day, for the movements of the army were to hinge on those of our brigade. There was no scarcity of competent staff-officers; yet it was intrusted to "a guide," presumably an enlisted man, perhaps even a citizen, whose very name was unknown.

His instructions were peculiar. Time was all-important. He was ordered not to go direct to Ewell, but first to make a *détour* to Holmes, who lay in reserve nearly two miles in our rear.

His disappearance is mysterious. He was never heard of after receiving the order; yet his route lay wholly within our lines, over well-beaten roads and far out of reach of the enemy.

Lastly, General Beauregard, in his official report, gives as his reason for countermarching the movement begun by Ewell at ten o'clock, that in his judgment it would require quite three hours for the troops to get into position for attack. Had the messenger dispatched at eight been prompt, Ewell might have had his orders by nine. But at nine we find Beauregard in rear of Mitchell's Ford, waiting for an attack which, by his own figures, he should not have expected before twelve.

It is not for me to reconcile these contradictions.

Campbell Brown,

Formerly Aide-de-camp and Assistant Adjutant-General on General Ewell's staff.

SPRING HILL, TENN., December 29, 1884.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

UNION MILLS, July 25, 1861.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

SIR: In a conversation with Major James, Louisiana Sixth Regiment, he has left the impression on my mind that you think some of your orders on the 21st were either not carried out or not received by me.

My first order on that day was to hold myself in readiness to attack — this at sunrise. About ten, General Jones sent a copy of an order received by him in which it was stated that I had been ordered to cross and attack, and on receipt of this I moved on until receiving the following:

On account of the difficulties of the ground in our front, it is thought advisable to fall back to our former position.
(Addressed) General Ewell. 10 & 1-2 A. M.
(Signed) G. T. B.

If any other order was sent to me, I should like to have a copy of it, as well as the name of the courier who brought it.

Every movement I made was at once reported to you at the time, and this across Bull Run, as well as the advance in the afternoon, I thought were explained in my report sent in to-day.

If an order were sent earlier than the copy through General Jones, the courier should be held responsible,

as neither General Holmes nor myself received it. I send the original of the order to fall back in the morning. The second advance in the afternoon and recall to Stone Bridge were in consequence of verbal orders.

My chief object in writing to you is to ask you to leave nothing doubtful in your report, both as regards my crossing in the morning and recall — and not to let it be inferred by any possibility that I blundered on that day. I moved forward as soon as notified by General Jones that I was ordered and he had been.

If there was an order sent me to advance before the one I received through General Jones, it is more than likely it would have been given to the same express.

Respectfully,

R. S. EWELL, B. G.

MANASSAS, VA., July 26, 1861.

GENERAL: Your letter of the 25th inst. is received. I do not attach the slightest blame to you for the failure of the movement on Centreville, but to the guide who did not deliver the order to move forward, sent at about eight A. M. to General Holmes and then to you — corresponding in every respect to the one sent to Generals Jones, Bonham, and Longstreet — only their movements were subordinate to yours. Unfortunately no copy, in the hurry of the moment, was kept of said orders; and so many guides, about a dozen or more, were sent off in different directions, that it is next to impossible to find out who was the bearer of the orders referred to. Our guides and couriers were the worst set I ever employed, whether from ignorance or over-anxiety to do well and quickly I cannot say; but many regiments lost their way repeatedly on their way toward the field of battle, and of course I can attach no more blame to their commanding officers than I could to you for not executing an order which I am convinced you did not get.

I am fully aware that you did all that could have been expected of you or your command. I merely expressed my regret that my original plan could not be carried into effect, as it would have been a most complete victory with only half the trouble and fighting.

The true cause of countermanding your forward movement after you had crossed was that it was *then* too late, as the enemy was about to annihilate our left flank, and had to be met and checked *there*, for otherwise he would have taken us in flank and rear and all would have been lost.

Yours truly,

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

General R. S. EWELL, Union Mills, Va.

P. S. Please read the above to Major James.

N. B. The order sent you at about eight A. M., to commence the movement on Centreville, was addressed to General Holmes and yourself, as he was to support you, but being nearer Camp Pickens, the headquarters, than Union Mills, where you were, it was to be communicated to him first, and then to you; but he has informed me that it never reached him. With regard to the order sent you in the afternoon to recross the Bull Run (to march toward the Stone Bridge), it was sent you by General J. E. Johnston, as I am informed by him, for the purpose of supporting our left, if necessary.

G. T. B.

Do not publish until we know what the enemy is going to do — or reports are out — which I think will make it all right.

B.

Names of Western Gun-boats.

MR. A. H. MARKLAND, who had charge of the mail service of the Union armies, and whom General Grant has credited with the origination of that service, but who disclaims the honor in favor of General Grant himself, writes us that General Wallace is in error in speaking of the steamboat which was the headquarters of General Grant during the advance upon Fort Donelson as the *Tigriss*. It was not till the Vicksburg campaign that this boat was so used, the *New Uncle Sam* being the vessel referred to at Donelson. By order of General Grant, Mr. Markland took the latter boat from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, with letters for the army. As the Union soldiers marched into the fort on one side, messengers started to meet them from the other with letters from home.

Mr. Markland also challenges Admiral Walke's correctness in calling the boat commanded by the latter at Belmont the *Taylor*. He says: "The boat was never known as the *Taylor* while she was in the service. Some of the officers wrote of her as the *Taylor*, which was probably a slip of the pen. I was personally acquainted with the officers who commanded her after Captain Walke, and without exception they called her the *Tyler* when speaking of her. Every official report of Captain Walke while in command of her speaks of her as the *Tyler*. The official reports of Admiral Porter speak of her as the *Tyler*. In all the correspondence of General Grant, as well as in his official reports, when he refers to her, he refers to the *Tyler*."

To this Admiral Walke makes rejoinder by referring to the reports of the Secretary of the Navy of 1862, where, he says, "It will be found Flag-Officers Foote and Davis and all the commanders of the boat called her the *Taylor* (so named in honor of the memory of General Zachary Taylor) instead of *A. O. Tyler*, the name she had when she was purchased by our Government; and in all my correspondence she retained the name of President Taylor (a national name for a national vessel) while I had command of her and until about a year after, when her name was changed again to *Tyler*. (See Report of Sec'y of Navy, July 11, 1863.)"

EDITOR.

Erratum.

MAJOR D. W. REED, late of the Twelfth Iowa, on behalf of several members of that regiment, calls attention to a clerical error in General Wallace's article on the capture of Fort Donelson, by which the Fourteenth Iowa is credited to both Cook's and Lauman's brigades of General C. F. Smith's division. In the first instance it should be the Twelfth, which was engaged in General Smith's assault. General Wallace probably took the organization of the brigades from the official table of casualties, where the same error occurs.

ED.

NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THE CAPTURE.

IN the spring of 1862 we boys of Race, Orange, Magazine, Camp, Constance, Annunciation, Prytania, and other streets had no game. Nothing was "in"; none of the old playground sports that commonly fill the school-boy's calendar. We were even tired of drilling. Not one of us between seven and seventeen but could beat the drum, knew every bugle-call, and could go through the manual of arms and the facings like a drill-sergeant. We were *blasé* old soldiers — military critics.

Who could tell us anything? I recall but one trivial admission of ignorance on the part of any lad. On a certain day of grand review, when the city's entire defensive force was marching through Canal street, there came along among the endless variety of good and bad uniforms a stately body of tall, stalwart Germans, clad from head to foot in velveteen of a peculiarly vociferous fragrance, and a boy, spelling out their name upon their banner, said:

"H-u-s-s-a-r-s; what's them?"

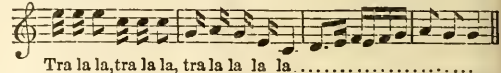
"Aw, you fool!" cried a dozen urchins at once, "them's the Hoosiers; don't you smell 'em?"

But that was earlier. The day of grand reviews was past. Hussars, Zouaves, and numberless other bodies of outlandish name had gone to the front in Tennessee and Virginia. Our cultivated eyes were satisfied now with one uniform that we saw daily. Every afternoon found us around in Coliseum Place, standing or lying on the grass watching the dress parade of the "Confederate Guards." Most of us had fathers or uncles in the long, spotless, gray, white-gloved ranks that stretched in such faultless alignment down the hard, harsh turf of our old ball-ground.

This was the flower of the home guard. The merchants, bankers, underwriters, judges, real-estate owners, and capitalists of the Anglo-American part of the city were "all present or accounted for" in that long line. Gray heads, hoar heads, high heads, bald heads. Hands flashed to breast and waist with a martinet's precision at the command of "Present arms," — hands that had ruled by the pen — the pen and the dollar — since long before any of us young spectators was born, and had done no harder muscular work than carve roasts and turkeys these twenty, thirty, forty years. Here and there among them were individuals who, unaided, had clothed and

armed companies, squadrons, battalions, and sent them to the Cumberland and the Potomac. A good three-fourths of them had sons on distant battle-fields, some living, some dead.

We boys saw nothing pathetic in this array of old men. To us there was only rich enjoyment in the scene. If there was anything solemn about it, why did the band play polkas? Why was the strain every day the same gay



Away down to the far end of the line and back again, the short, stout German drum-major — holding his gaudy office in this case by virtue of his girth, not height (as he had himself explained) — flourished his big stick majestically, bursting with rage at us for casually reiterating at short intervals in his hearing that "he kot it mit his size."

In those beautiful spring afternoons there was scarcely a man to be found, anywhere, out of uniform. Down on the steamboat landing, our famous Levee, a superb body of Creoles drilled and paraded in dark-blue uniform. The orders were given in French; the manual was French; the movements were quick, short, nery. Their "about march" was four sharp stamps of their neatly shod feet — *un, deux, trois, quatre* — that brought them face about and sent them back, tramp, tramp, tramp, over the smooth white pavement of powdered oyster-shells. Ah! the nakedness of that once crowded and roaring mart.

And there was a "Foreign Legion." Of course, the city had always been full of foreigners; but now it was a subject of amazement, not unmixed with satire, to see how many whom every one had supposed to be Americans or "citizens of Louisiana" bloomed out as British, or French, or Spanish subjects. But even so, the tremendous pressure of popular sentiment crowded them into the ranks and forced them to make every show of readiness to "hurl back the foe," as we used to call it. And they really served for much. Merely as a gendarmerie they relieved just as many Confederate soldiers of police duty in a city under martial law, and enabled them to man forts and breastworks at short notice, whenever that call should come.

That call, the gray heads knew, was coming. They confessed the conviction softly to

one another in the counting-rooms and idle store-fronts when they thought no one was listening. I used to hear them—standing with my back turned, pretending to be looking at something down street, but with both ears turned backward and stretched wide. They said under their breath that there was not a single measure of defense that was not behindhand. And they spoke truly. In family councils a new domestic art began to be studied and discussed—the art of hiding valuables.

There had come a great silence upon trade. Long ago the custom warehouses had first begun to show a growing roominess, then emptiness, and then had remained shut, and the iron bolts and cross-bars of their doors were gray with cobwebs. One of them, where I had earned my first wages as a self-supporting lad, had been turned into a sword-bayonet factory, and I had been turned out. For some time later the Levee had kept busy; but its stir and noise had gradually declined, faltered, turned into the commerce of war and the clatter of calkers and ship-carpenters, and faded out. Both receipts and orders from the interior country had shrunk and shrunk, and the brave, steady fellows, who at entry and shipping and cash and account desks could no longer keep up a show of occupation, had laid down the pen, taken up the sword and musket, and followed after the earlier and more eager volunteers. There had been one new, tremendous sport for moneyed men for a while, with spoils to make it interesting. The seagoing tow-boats of New Orleans were long, slender side-wheelers, all naked power and speed, without either freight or passenger room, each with a single, tall, slim chimney and hurrying walking-beam, their low, taper hulls trailing behind scarcely above the water, and perpetually drenched with the yeast of the wheels. Some merchants of the more audacious sort, restless under the strange new quiet of Tchoupitoulas street, had got letters of mark and reprisal, and let slip these sharp-nosed deerhounds upon the tardy, unsuspecting ships that came sailing up to the Passes unaware of any declaration of war. But that game too was up. The blockade had closed in like a prison gate; the lighter tow-boats, draped with tarpaulins, were huddled together under Slaughterhouse Point, with their cold boilers and motionless machinery yielding to rust; the more powerful ones had been moored at the long wharf vacated by Morgan's Texas steamships; there had been a great hammering, and making of chips, and clatter of railroad iron, turning these tow-boats into iron-clad cotton gun-boats, and these had crawled away, some up and some down the river, to be seen

in that harbor no more. At length only the foundries, the dry-docks across the river, and the ship-yard in suburb Jefferson, where the great ram *Mississippi* was being too slowly built, were active, and the queen of Southern commerce, the city that had once believed it was to be the greatest in the world, was absolutely out of employment.

There was, true, some movement of the sugar and rice crops into the hands of merchants who had advanced the money to grow them; and the cotton-presses and cotton-yards were full of cotton, but there it all stuck; and when one counts in a feeble exchange of city for country supplies, there was nothing more. Except—yes—that the merchants had turned upon each other, and were now engaged in a mere passing back and forth among themselves in speculation the daily diminishing supply of goods and food. Some were too noble to take part in this, and dealt only with consumers. I remember one odd little old man, an extensive wholesale grocer, who used to get tipsy all by himself every day, and go home so, but who would not speculate on the food of a distressed city. He had not got down to that.

Gold and silver had long ago disappeared. Federate money was the currency; and not merely was the price of food and raiment rising, the value of the money was going down. The State, too, had a paper issue, and the city had another. Yet with all these there was first a famine of small change, and then a deluge of "shinplasters." Pah! What a mess it was! The boss butchers and the keepers of drinking-houses actually took the lead in issuing "money." The current joke was that you could pass the label of an olive-oil bottle, because it was greasy, smelt bad, and bore an autograph—Plagniol Frères, if I remember rightly. I did my first work as a cashier in those days, and I can remember the smell of my cash drawer yet. Instead of five-cent pieces we had car-tickets. How the grimy little things used to stick together! They would pass and pass until they were so soft and illegible with grocers' and butchers' handling that you could tell only by some faint show of their original color what company had issued them. Rogues did a lively business in "split tickets," literally splitting them and making one ticket serve for two.

Decay had come in. In that warm, moist climate it is always hungry, and, wherever it is allowed to feed, eats with a greed that is strange to see. With the wharves, always expensive and difficult to maintain, it made havoc. The occasional idle, weather-stained

ship moored beside them, and resting on the water almost as light and void as an empty peascod, could hardly find a place to fasten to. The streets fell into sad neglect, but the litter of commerce was not in them, and some of their round-stone pavements after a shower would have the melancholy cleanness of weather-bleached bones. How quiet and lonely the harbor grew! The big dry-docks against the farther shore were all empty. Now and then a tug fussed about, with the yellow river all to itself; and one or two steamboats came and went each day, but they moved drowsily, and, across on the other side of the river, a whole fleet of their dingy white sisters lay tied up to the bank, *sine die*. My favorite of all the sea-steamers, the little *Habana*, that had been wont to arrive twice a month from Cuba, disgorge her Spanish-American cargo, and bustle away again, and that I had watched the shipwrights, at their very elbows, raze and fit with three big, raking masts in place of her two small ones, had long ago slipped down the river and through the blockaders, and was now no longer the *Habana*, but the far-famed and dreaded *Sumter*.

The movements of military and naval defense lent some stir. The old revenue-cutter *Washington*, a graceful craft, all wings, no steam, came and went from the foot of Canal. She was lying there the morning Farragut's topmasts hove in sight across the low land at English Turn. Near by, on her starboard side, lay a gun-boat, moored near the spot where the "lower coast" packet landed daily; to which spot the crowd used to rush sometimes to see the commanding officer, Major-General Mansfield Lovell, ride aboard, bound down the river to the forts. Lovell was a lithe, brown-haired man of forty-odd, a very attractive figure, giving the eye, at first glance, a promise of much activity. He was a showy horseman, visibly fond of his horse. He rode with so long a stirrup-leather that he simply stood astride the saddle, as straight as a spear; and the idlers of the landing loved to see him keep the saddle and pass from the wharf to the steamboat's deck on her long, narrow stage-plank without dismounting.

Such petty breaks in the dreariness got to be scarce and precious toward the last. Not that the town seemed so desolate then as it does now, as one tells of it; but the times were grim. Opposite the rear of the store where I was now employed—for it fronted in Common street and stretched through to Canal—the huge, unfinished custom-house reared its lofty granite walls, and I used to go to its top now and then to cast my eye over the broad city and harbor below. When

I did so, I looked down upon a town that had never been really glad again after the awful day of Shiloh. She had sent so many gallant fellows to help Beauregard, and some of them so young,—her last gleanings,—that when, on the day of their departure, they marched with solid column and firm-set, unsmiling mouths down the long gray lane made by the open ranks of those old Confederate guards, and their escort broke into cheers and tears and waved their gray shakoes on the tops of their bayonets and seized the dear lads' hands as they passed in mute self-devotion and steady tread, while the trumpets sang "Listen to the Mocking-bird," that was the last time; the town never cheered with elation afterward; and when the people next uncovered it was in silence, to let the body of Albert Sidney Johnston, their great chevalier, pass slowly up St. Charles street behind the muffled drums, while on their quivering hearts was written with a knife the death-roll of that lost battle. One of those who had brought that precious body—a former school-mate of mine—walked beside the bier, with the stains of camp and battle on him from head to foot. The war was coming very near.

Many of the town's old forms and habits of peace held fast. The city, I have said, was under martial law; yet the city management still went through its old routines. The volunteer fire department was as voluntary and as redundantly riotous as ever. The police courts, too, were as cheerful as of old. The public schools had merely substituted "Dixie," the "Marseillaise," and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," and were running straight along. There was one thing besides, of which many of us knew nothing at the time,—a system of espionage, secret, diligent, and fierce, that marked down every man suspected of sympathy with the enemy in a book whose name was too vile to find place on any page. This was not the military secret service,—that is to be expected wherever there is war,—nor any authorized police, but the scheme of some of the worst of the villains who had ruled New Orleans with the rod of terror for many years—the "Thugs."

But the public mind was at a transparent heat. Everybody wanted to know of everybody else, "Why don't you go to the front?" Even the gentle maidens demanded tartly, one of another, why each other's brothers or lovers had not gone long ago. Whereas, in truth, the laggards were few indeed. The very children were fierce. For now even we, the uninformed, the lads and women, knew the enemy was closing down upon us. Of course we confronted the fact very valorously,



CAPTAIN THEODORUS BAILEY AND LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. PERKINS ON THEIR WAY TO DEMAND THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

we boys and mothers and sisters — and the newspapers. Had we not inspected the fortifications ourselves? Was not every man in town ready to rush into them at the twelve taps of the fire-alarm bells? Were we not ready to man them if the men gave out? Nothing afloat could pass the forts. Nothing that walked could get through our swamps. The *Mississippi* — and, in fact, she was a majestically terrible structure, only let us *complete* her — would sweep the river clean!

But there was little laughter. Food was dear; the destitute poor were multiplying terribly; the market men and women, mainly

Germans, Gascon-French, and Sicilians, had lately refused to take the shimplaster currency, and the city authority had forced them to accept it. There was little to laugh at. The *Mississippi* was gnawing its levees and threatening to plunge in upon us. The city was believed to be full of spies.

I shall not try to describe the day the alarm-bells told us the city was in danger and called every man to his mustering-point. The children poured out from the school gates and ran crying to their homes, meeting their sobbing mothers at their thresholds. The men fell into ranks. I was left entirely alone in

charge of the store where I was employed. Late in the afternoon, receiving orders to close it, I did so, and went home. But I did not stay. I went to the river-side. There until far into the night I saw hundreds of drays carrying cotton out of the presses and yards to the wharves, where it was fired. The glare of those sinuous miles of flame set men and women weeping and wailing thirty miles away on the farther shore of Lake Pontchartrain. But the next day was the day of terrors. During the night fear, wrath, and sense of betrayal had run through the people as the fire had run through the cotton. You have seen, perhaps, a family fleeing with lamentations and wringing of hands out of a burning house; multiply it by thousands upon thousands: that was New Orleans, though the houses were not burning. The firemen were out; but they cast fire on the waters, putting the torch to the empty ships and cutting them loose to float down the river.

Whoever could go was going. The great mass, that had no place to go or means to go with, was beside itself. "Betrayed! betrayed!" it cried, and ran in throngs from street to street, seeking some vent, some victim for its wrath. I saw a crowd catch a poor fellow at the corner of Magazine and Common streets, whose crime was that he looked like a stranger and might be a spy. He was the palest living man I ever saw. They swung him to a neighboring lamp-post, but the Foreign Legion was patrolling the town in strong squads, and one of its lieutenants, all green and gold, leaped with drawn sword, cut the rope, and saved the man. This was one occurrence; there were many like it. I stood in the rear door of our store, Canal street, soon after reopening it. The junior of the firm was within. I called him to look toward the river. The masts of the cutter *Washington* were slowly tipping, declining, sinking — down she went. The gun-boat moored next her began to smoke all over and then to blaze. My employers lifted up their heels and left the city — left their goods and their affairs in the hands of one mere lad — no stranger would have thought I had reached fourteen — and one big German porter. I closed the doors, sent the porter to his place in the Foreign Legion, and ran to the levee to see the sights.

What a gathering! The riff-raff of the wharves, the town, the gutters. Such women — such wrecks of women! And all the juvenile rag-tag. The lower steamboat landing, well covered with sugar, rice, and molasses, was being riddled. The men smashed; the women scooped up the smashings. The river was overflowing the top of the levee. A rain-storm began to threaten. "Are the Yankee ships in sight?" I asked of an idler. He

pointed out the tops of their naked masts as they showed up across the huge bend of the river. They were engaging the batteries at Camp Chalmette — the old field of Jackson's renown. Presently that was over. Ah, me! I see them now as they come slowly round Slaughterhouse Point into full view, silent, so grim, and terrible; black with men, heavy with deadly portent; the long-banished Stars and Stripes flying against the frowning sky. Oh, for the *Mississippi!* the *Mississippi!* Just then here she came down upon them. But how? Drifting helplessly, a mass of flames.

The crowds on the levee howled and screamed with rage. The swarming decks answered never a word; but one old tar on the *Hartford*, standing with lanyard in hand beside a great pivot-gun, so plain to view that you could see him smile, silently patted its big black breech and blandly grinned.

And now the rain came down in sheets. About one or two o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember), I being again in the store with but one door ajar, came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet down Common street. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!" I locked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, bawling with the rest, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" About every third man there had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States Navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw done.

Later events, except one, I leave to other pens. An officer from the fleet stood on the City Hall roof about to lower the flag of Louisiana. In the street beneath gleamed the bayonets of a body of marines. A howitzer pointed up and another down the street. All around swarmed the mob. Just then Mayor Monroe — lest the officer above should be fired upon and the howitzers open upon the crowd — came out alone and stood just before one of the howitzers, tall, slender, with folded arms, eying the gunner. Down sank the flag. Captain Bell, tall and stiff, marched off with the flag rolled under his arm and the howitzers clanking behind. Then cheer after cheer rang out for Monroe. And now, I daresay, every one is well pleased that, after all, New Orleans never lowered her colors with her own hands.

George W. Cable.

THE OPENING OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.*

APRIL, 1862.



THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT HAUL DOWN THE UNION FLAG AT THE PENSACOLA NAVY-YARD. (FROM A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM WAUD.)

THE most important event of the War of the Rebellion, with the exception of the fall of Richmond, was the capture of New Orleans and the forts Jackson and St. Philip, guarding the approach to that city. To appreciate the nature of this victory, it is necessary to have been an actor in it, and to be able to comprehend not only the immediate results to

the Union cause, but the whole bearing of the fall of New Orleans on the Civil War, which at that time had attained its most formidable proportions.

Previous to fitting out the expedition against New Orleans, there were eleven Southern States in open rebellion against the Government of the United States, or, as it was termed by the Southern people, in a state of secession. Their harbors were all more or less closed against our ships-of-war, either by the heavy forts built originally by the General Government for their protection, or by torpedoes and sunken vessels. Through four of these seceding States ran the great river Mississippi, and both of its banks, from Memphis to its mouth, were lined with powerful batteries. On the west side of the river were three important States, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, with their great tributaries to the Mississippi, — the White, the Arkansas, and the Red, — which were in a great measure secure from the attacks of the Union forces. These States could not only raise half a million soldiers, but could furnish the Confederacy with provisions of all kinds, and cotton enough to supply the Rebel Government with the sinews of war. New Orleans was the largest Southern city, and contained all the resources of modern warfare, having great workshops where machinery of the most powerful kind could be built, and having artisans capable of building ships in wood or iron, casting heavy guns, or making small arms. The people of

the city were in no way behind the most zealous secessionists in energy of purpose and in hostility to the Government of the United States.

The Mississippi is thus seen to have been the backbone of the Rebellion, which it should have been the first duty of the Federal Government to break. At the very outset of the war it should have been attacked at both ends at the same time, before the Confederates had time to fortify its banks or to turn the guns in the Government forts against the Union forces. A dozen improvised gun-boats would have held the entire length of the river if they had been sent there in time. The efficient fleet with which Dupont, in November, 1861, attacked and captured the works at Port Royal could at that time have steamed up to New Orleans and captured the city without difficulty. Any three vessels could have passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip a month after the commencement of the war, and could have gone on to Cairo, if necessary, without any trouble. But the Federal Government neglected to approach the mouth of the Mississippi until a year after hostilities had commenced, except to blockade. The Confederates made good use of this interval, putting forth all their resources and fortifying not only the approaches to New Orleans, but both banks of the river as far north as Memphis.

WHILE in command of the *Porohan*, engaged in the blockade of the South-west Pass of the Mississippi, — a period of seventy-six days, — I took pains to obtain all possible information concerning the defenses of the river. I learned from the fishermen who supplied the city with oysters and fish that very little progress had been made in strengthening the forts, and that no vessel of any importance was being built except the ram *Manassas*, which had not much strength and but a single gun. The only Confederate vessel then in commission was a small river-boat, the *Eg*, mounting one four-pounder rifled gun. Had I been able to cross the bar with my ship, I would have felt justified in going up to the city and calling on the authorities to surrender. I could easily have passed the forts under cover of the night without the aid of a pilot, as I had been up and

* For a description of the "Operations of the Western Flotilla" (including the opening of the Mississippi from Cairo to Memphis), see the paper by Rear-Admiral Walke in *THE CENTURY* for January, 1885.

down the river some thirty times in a large mail steamer. But the *Powhatan* drew three feet too much water, and there was no use thinking about such an adventure.

This was the position of affairs on May 31, 1861, only forty-five days after Fort Sumter had been fired on.

On the 9th of November, 1861, I arrived at New York with the *Powhatan* and was ordered to report to the Navy Department at Washington, which I did on the 12th. In those days it was not an easy matter for an officer, except one of high rank, to obtain access to the Secretary of the Navy, and I had been waiting nearly all the morning at the door of his office when Senators Grimes and Hale came along and entered into conversation with me concerning my service on the Gulf coast. During this interview I told the senators of a plan I had formed for the capture of New Orleans, and when I had explained to them how easily it could be accomplished, they expressed surprise that no action had been taken in the matter, and took me in with them at once to see Secretary Welles. I then gave the Secretary, in as few words as possible, my opinion on the importance of capturing New Orleans, and my plan for doing so. Mr. Welles listened to me attentively, and when I had finished what I had to say he remarked that the matter should be laid before the President at once; and we all went forthwith to the Executive Mansion, where we were received by Mr. Lincoln.

My plan, which I then stated, was as follows: To fit out a fleet of vessels-of-war with which to attack the city, fast steamers drawing not more than eighteen feet of water and carrying about two hundred and fifty heavy guns; also a flotilla of mortar-vessels, to be used in case it should be necessary to bombard Forts Jackson and St. Philip before the fleet should attempt to pass them. I also proposed that a body of troops should be sent along in transports to take possession of the city after it had been surrendered to the navy. When I had outlined the proposed movement the President remarked:

"This should have been done sooner. The Mississippi is the backbone of the Rebellion; it is the key to the whole situation. While the Confederates hold it they can obtain supplies of all kinds, and it is a barrier against our forces. Come, let us go and see General McClellan."

At that time General McClellan commanded the Army of the Potomac, and was in the zenith of his power. He held the confidence of the President and the country, and was engaged in organizing a large army with which to guarantee the safety of the

Federal seat of government, and to march upon Richmond.

Our party was now joined by Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, and we proceeded to McClellan's headquarters, where we found that officer diligently engaged in the duties of his responsible position. He came to meet the President with that cheery manner which always distinguished him, and, seeing me, shook me warmly by the hand. We had known each other for some years, and I always had the highest opinion of his military abilities.

"Oh," said the President, "you two know each other! Then half the work is done."

He then explained to the general the object of his calling at that time, saying:

"This is a most important expedition. What troops can you spare to accompany it and take possession of New Orleans after the navy has effected its capture? It is not only necessary to have troops enough to hold New Orleans, but we must be able to proceed at once towards Vicksburg, which is the key to all that country watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries. If the Confederates once fortify the neighboring hills, they will be able to hold that point for an indefinite time, and it will require a large force to dislodge them."

In all his remarks the President showed a remarkable familiarity with the state of affairs. Before leaving us, he said:

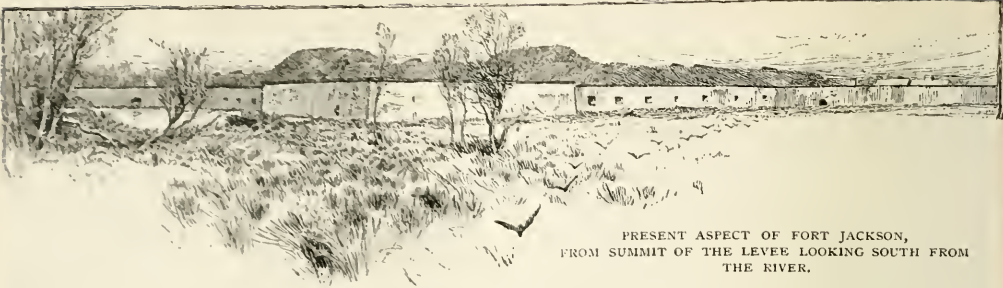
"We will leave this matter in the hands of you two gentlemen. Make your plans, and let me have your report as soon as possible."

General McClellan and myself were then left to talk the matter over and draw up the plan of operations. With a man of McClellan's energy, it did not take long to come to a conclusion; and, although he had some difficulty in finding a sufficient number of troops without interfering with other important projects, he settled the matter in two days, and reported that his men would be ready to embark on the 15th of January, 1862.

The plan of the campaign submitted to the President was as follows: A naval expedition was to be fitted out, composed of vessels mounting not fewer than two hundred guns, with a powerful mortar-flotilla, and with steam transports to keep the fleet supplied. The army was to furnish twenty thousand troops, not only for the purpose of occupying New Orleans after its capture, but to fortify and hold the heights about Vicksburg. The navy and army were to push on up the river as soon as New Orleans was occupied by our troops, and call upon the authorities of Vicksburg to surrender. Orders were to be issued to Flag-officer Davis, who commanded the iron-clad fleet on the Upper



D. G. Farragut



PRESENT ASPECT OF FORT JACKSON, FROM SUMMIT OF THE LEVEE LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE RIVER.

Mississippi, to join the fleet above Vicksburg with his vessels and mortar-boats.

The above plans were all approved by the President, and the Navy Department immediately set to work to prepare the naval part of the expedition, while General McClellan prepared the military part. The officer selected to command the troops was General B. F. Butler, a man supposed to be of high administrative ability, and at that time one of the most zealous of the Union commanders.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. G. V. Fox, selected the vessels for this expedition, and to me was assigned the duty of

purchasing and fitting out a mortar flotilla, to be composed of twenty large schooners, each mounting one heavy thirteen-inch mortar and at least two long thirty-two-pounders. It was not until December, 1861, that the Navy Department got seriously to work at fitting out the expedition. Some of the mortar-vessels had to be purchased, the twenty mortars, with their thirty thousand bombshells, had to be cast at Pittsburgh and transported to New York and Philadelphia, and the mortar-carriages made in New York. It was also necessary to recall ships from stations on the coast and fit them out; also to select officers from the few



MAPS OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

him. Captain Porter then, in order to show his gratitude to the Farraguts for their kindness to his father, offered to adopt their son Glasgow. This offer was gladly accepted, and from that time young Farragut became a member of Captain Porter's family, and was recognized as his adoptive son. The boy was

placed, Farragut maintained his reputation as a fine officer, and genial, cheery companion. He was esteemed by all who knew him, and no one in the navy had more personal friends or fewer enemies. At the time of his appointment to the command of the New Orleans expedition, he was over sixty years of



MORTAR-SCHOONERS ENGAGED AGAINST FORT JACKSON.*

(Distance of leading schooner from the fort, 2850 yards. Duration of fire, six days. Total number of shells fired, 16,800.)

placed at school when he was eight years old, and on the 17th of December, 1810, he was appointed an acting midshipman in the navy. He accompanied Captain Porter in the cruise of the *Essex* around Cape Horn, and was with him at the memorable capture of that frigate, on which occasion he showed the spirit of a brave boy. He remained with his adopted father some years, and served under him in the "mosquito fleet" of the West India squadron. In whatever position he was

age; but he was as active as a man of fifty, with an unimpaired constitution, and a mind as bright as ever.

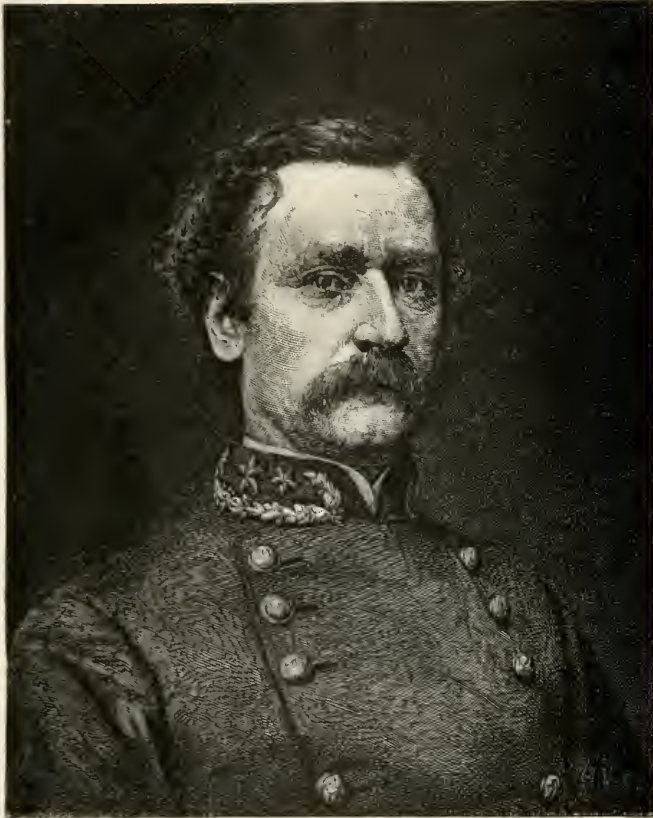
On his return to the North with his family, he had been assigned to duty by the Department as president of a board for the examination of officers, and he accepted it as an acknowledgment on the part of the Government that he was a loyal man. The Department hesitated for some time, however, when his name was proposed as commander of the im-

* The drawings of vessels in action printed with this article, except the general view, are from sketches by Admiral Porter, and all have received his criticism and final approval.—ED.

appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you. If the Mississippi expedition from Cairo shall not have descended the river, you will take advantage of the panic to push a strong

Orleans, which were expected to sweep the whole Southern coast clear of Union vessels. An iron-clad ram, the *Arkansas*, was building at Yazoo City, and several other iron-clad vessels were under construction at different points on the tributaries.

This energy and forethought displayed by



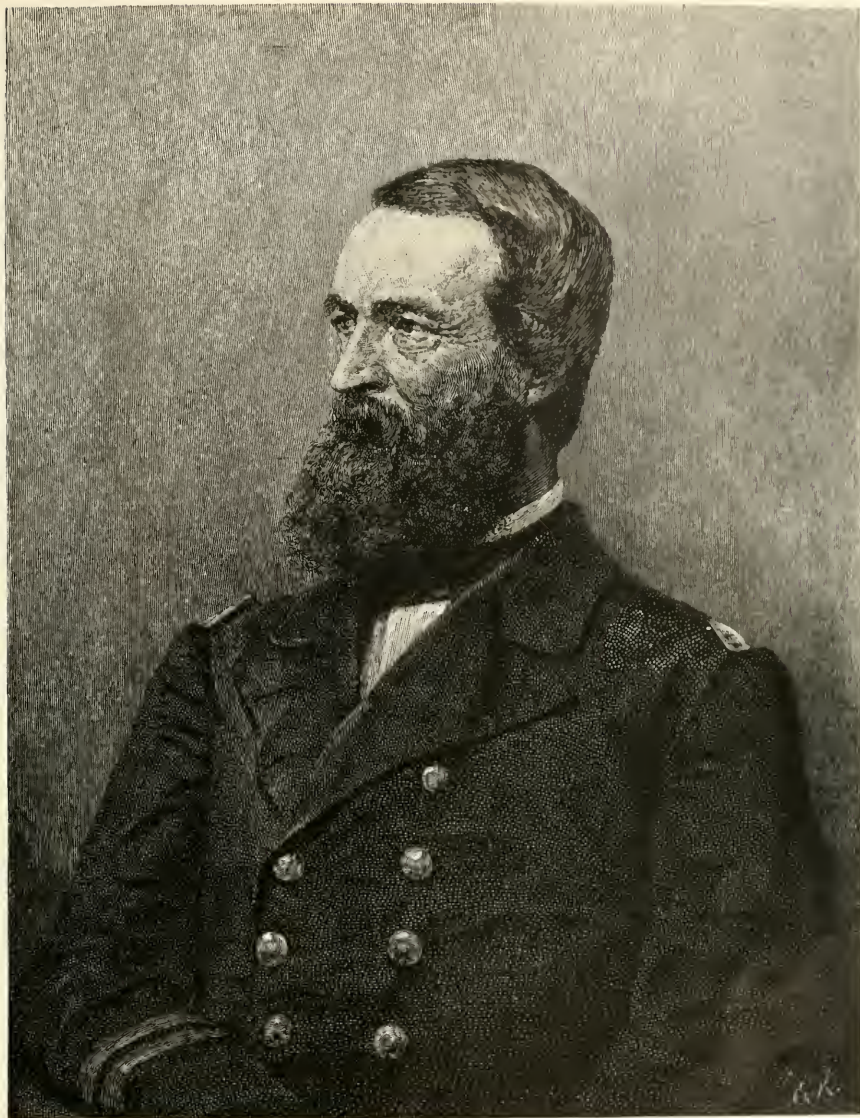
MAJOR-GENERAL MANSFIELD LOVELL, COMMANDER OF CONFEDERATE DEPARTMENT NO. 1, WITH HEADQUARTERS AT NEW ORLEANS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

force up the river to take all their defenses in the rear."

As soon as possible Farragut proceeded to his station and took command of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron. In the mean time the Confederates had not been idle. They had early been made acquainted with the destination of the expedition, and had put forth all their energies in strengthening Forts Jackson and St. Philip, obstructing the river, and preparing a naval force with which to meet the invaders. The ram *Manassas* was finished and placed in commission, and the iron-clad *Louisiana*, mounting sixteen heavy guns and heavily armored, was hurried toward completion. Besides these vessels there were two other powerful iron-clads building at New

the South will seem marvelous when compared with what was done by the North during the same period of time; for among all the ships that were sent to Farragut there was not one whose sides could resist a twelve-pound shot. Considering the great resources of the Northern States, this supineness of the Government seems inexcusable. Up to the time of the sailing of the expedition, only one small iron-clad, the *Monitor*, had been commenced; and it was only after her encounter with the *Merzamac* that it was seen how useful vessels of this class would be for the attack on New Orleans, particularly in contending with the forts on the banks of the Mississippi.

Flag-officer Farragut did not arrive at Ship Island with the *Hartford* until the 20th of

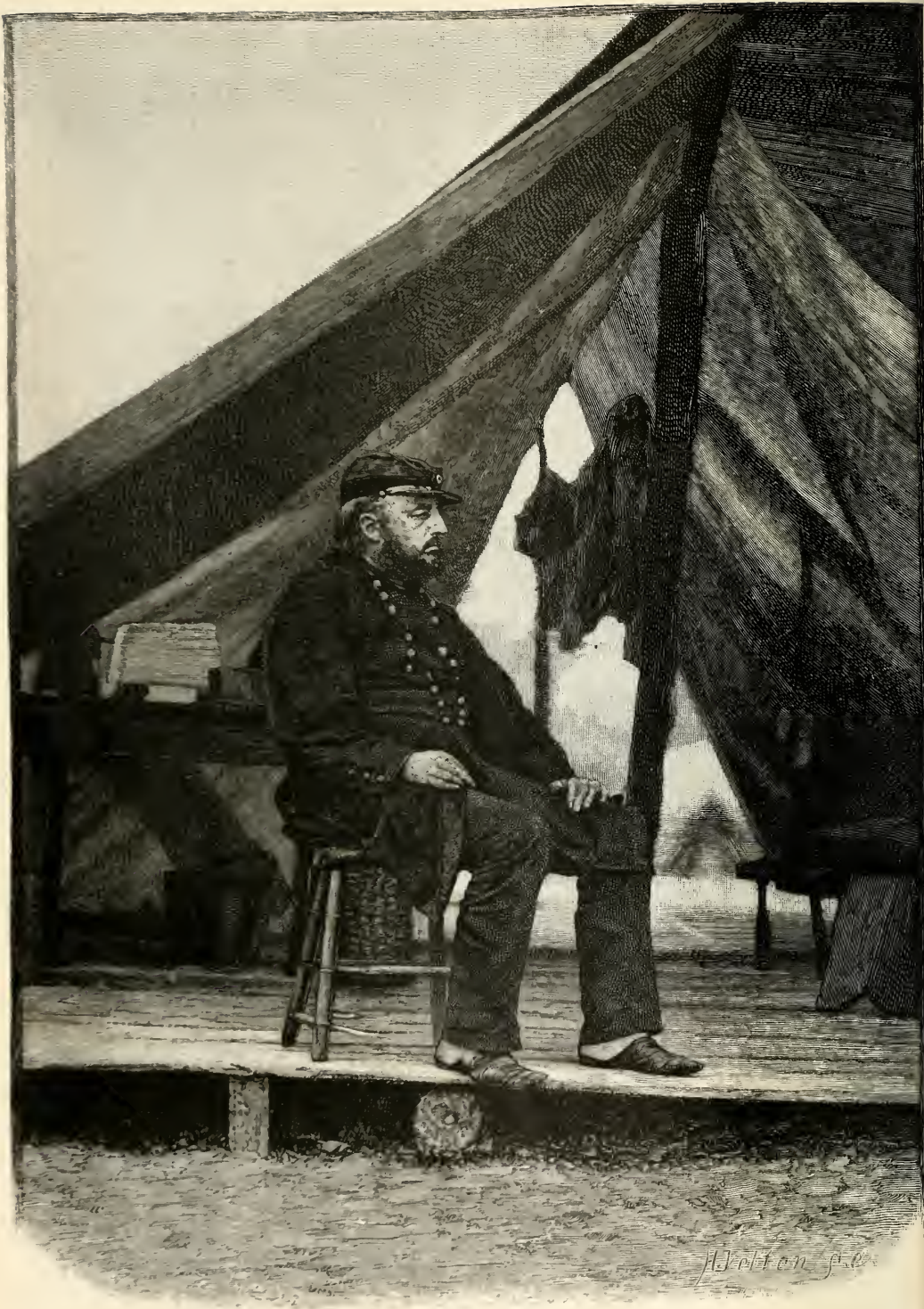


COMMANDER DAVID D. PORTER (NOW ADMIRAL U. S. N.),—IN COMMAND OF THE MORTAR-FLEET AT FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP.

February, 1862, he having been detained for some time at Key West, where he commenced arranging his squadron for the difficult task that lay before him.

The vessels which had been assigned to his command soon began to arrive, and by the middle of March the following ships and gun-boats had reported: *Hartford*, 25 guns, Commander Richard Wainwright; *Brooklyn*, 24 guns, Captain T. T. Craven; *Richmond*, 26 guns, Commander James Alden; *Mississippi*, 12 guns, Commander Melancton Smith; *Pensacola*, 24 guns, Captain H. W. Morris; *Coyu-*

ga, 6 guns, Lieutenant-com'g N. B. Harrison; *Oncida*, 9 guns, Commander S. P. Lee; *Varuna*, 10 guns, Commander Charles S. Boggs; *Katahdin*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g George H. Preble; *Kimco*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g George M. Ransom; *Wissahickon*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g A. N. Smith; *Winona*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g E. T. Nichols; *Itasca*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g C. H. B. Caldwell; *Pinola*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g Pierce Crosby; *Kennebec*, 4 guns, Lieutenant-com'g John H. Russell; *Troquois*, 9 guns, Commander John De Camp; *Sciota*, 4 guns,



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, IN COMMAND OF THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE NEW ORLEANS EXPEDITION.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN VIRGINIA IN 1864)

Lieutenant-com'g Edward Donaldson. Total guns, 177. Also the following steamers belonging to the mortar flotilla: *Harriet Lane*, *Owasco*, *Clifton*, *Westfield*, *Miami*, *Jackson*; besides the mortar-schooners, the names of which will be given farther on. The frigate *Colorado*, mounting fifty guns, had arrived, but Admiral Farragut and Captain Bailey both came to the conclusion that she could not be lightened sufficiently to cross the bar.

On the 18th of March all the mortar-schooners crossed the bar at Pass à l'Outre, towed by the steamers *Harriet Lane*, *Owasco*, *Westfield*, and *Clifton*. They were ordered by Farragut to proceed to South-west Pass.

As yet the only vessels that had crossed the bar were the *Hartford* and *Brooklyn*. The Navy Department had made a mistake in sending vessels of too great draught of water, such as the *Colorado*, *Pensacola*, and *Mississippi*. The two latter vessels succeeded in crossing with great difficulty, but the whole fleet was delayed at least twelve days.

The first act of Farragut was to send Captain Henry H. Bell, his chief-of-staff, up the river with the steamers *Kennebec* and *Wissahickon*, to ascertain, if possible, what preparations had been made by the enemy to prevent the passage of the forts. This officer reported that "the obstructions seemed formidable. Eight hulks were moored in line across the river, with heavy chains extending from one to the other. Rafts of logs were also used, and the passage between the forts was thus entirely closed."

The Confederates had lost no time in strengthening their defenses. They had been working night and day ever since the expedition was planned by the Federal Government. Forts Jackson and St. Philip were two strong defenses on each side of the river, the former on the west bank and the latter on the east. As they are to hold an important place in the following narration of events, it will be well to give a description of them.

Fort Jackson was built in the shape of a star, of stone and mortar, with heavy bomb-proofs. (See page 929.) It set back about one hundred yards from the levee, with its casemates just rising above it. I am told that the masonry had settled somewhat since it was first built, but it was still in a good state of preservation. Its armament consisted of forty-three heavy guns in barbette, and twenty in casemates; also two pieces of light artillery and three mortars; also seven guns in water battery—in all, seventy-five guns, distributed as follows: On main parapet, thirty-three thirty-two-pounders, two ten-inch columbiads, one six-inch rifle; in second bastion, one nine-inch mortar, two ten-inch columbiads; in third bastion, one columbiad, two eight-inch

mortars; in north-west casemate, eight thirty-two-pounders; in north-east casemate, six thirty-two-pounders; in bastion casemates, ten short guns, two brass field-pieces. Extending from the fort down the river was a water battery, containing two large rifled guns, one ten-inch and one nine-inch columbiad, and three thirty-two-pounders on the outer curtain. This was a very formidable part of the defenses, its heavy guns having a commanding range down the river. The main works had been strengthened by covering its bomb-proofs and vulnerable parts with bags of sand piled five or six feet deep, making it proof against the projectiles of ordinary guns carried by ships-of-war in those days. The fort was also well supplied with provisions and munitions of war, which were stowed away in a heavily built citadel of masonry situated in the center of the works. Altogether, it was in very good condition to withstand either attack or siege. Fort Jackson was under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Higgins, formerly an officer of the United States Navy, and a very gallant and intelligent man.

Fort St. Philip was situated on the other side of the river, about half a mile above Fort Jackson, and, in my opinion, was the more formidable of the two works. It covered a large extent of ground, and although it was open, without casemates, its walls were strongly built of brick and stone, covered with sod. The guns were all mounted in barbette, and could be brought to bear on any vessel going up or down the river. There were in all 53 pieces of ordnance, as follows: Forty-three guns (mostly thirty-two-pounders), one thirteen-inch mortar, four ten-inch sea-coast mortars, one ten-inch siege mortar, one eight-inch siege mortar, three pieces of light artillery. One heavy rifled gun bore on the position of the mortar-fleet, and caused us considerable disturbance until the second or third day after the bombardment commenced, when it burst.

Each of the forts held a garrison of about seven hundred men, some of whom were from the Northern States, besides many foreigners (Germans or Irish). The Northern men had applied for duty in the forts to avoid suspicion, and in the hope that they would not be called upon to fight against the Federal Government. In this hope they had been encouraged by their officers, all of whom, including the colonel in command, were of the opinion that no naval officer would have the hardihood to attack such strong positions.

All of the land defenses were under Brigadier-General Johnson K. Duncan, who

showed himself to be an able and gallant commander.

The best passage up the river was near the west bank close under the guns of Fort Jackson, where the current was not very rapid and few eddies existed. Across this channel the Confederates had placed a raft of logs, extending from the shore to the commencement of a line of hulks which reached to the other side of the river. These hulks were anchored and connected to each other by chains. The raft was so arranged that it could be hauled out of the way of passing vessels, and closed when danger threatened. Although this plan of blocking the river was better than the first one tried by the Confederates, viz., to float a heavy chain across on rafts, it was not very formidable or ingenious.

In addition to the defenses at the forts, the Confederates worked with great diligence to improvise a fleet of men-of-war, using for this purpose a number of heavy tugs, that had been employed in towing vessels up and down the river, and some merchant steamers. These, with the ram *Manassas* and the iron-clad *Louisiana*, made in all twelve vessels. The whole naval force was nominally under the control of Commander John K. Mitchell, C. S. N.

In order that we may come to a full understanding of the composition of this fleet, it will be necessary to give a detailed account of each vessel, stating the authority which directed her movements. The following vessels belonged to the regular navy, and were, from the first, under the exclusive control of Commander Mitchell:

The iron-clad *Louisiana*, mounting sixteen heavy guns, with a crew of two hundred men. She was a powerful vessel, almost impervious to shot, and was fitted with a shot-proof gallery from which her sharpshooters could fire at an enemy with great effect. Her machinery was not completed, however, and during the passage of the Union fleet she was secured to the river-bank and could only use one broadside and four of her stern guns. At this time she was under the immediate command of Lieutenant Charles F. McIntosh, formerly of the United States Navy. (See page 938.) Also the *McRae*, Lieutenant Thomas B. Huger, a sea-going steamer mounting six thirty-two-pounders and one nine-inch shell gun; steamer *Jackson*, Lieutenant F. B. Renshaw, mounting two thirty-two-pounders; iron-clad ram *Manassas*, Lieutenant A. F. Warley, mounting one thirty-two-pounder (in the bow); and two launches, mounting each one howitzer. Also the following converted sea-steamers into Louisiana State gun-boats, with pine and cot-

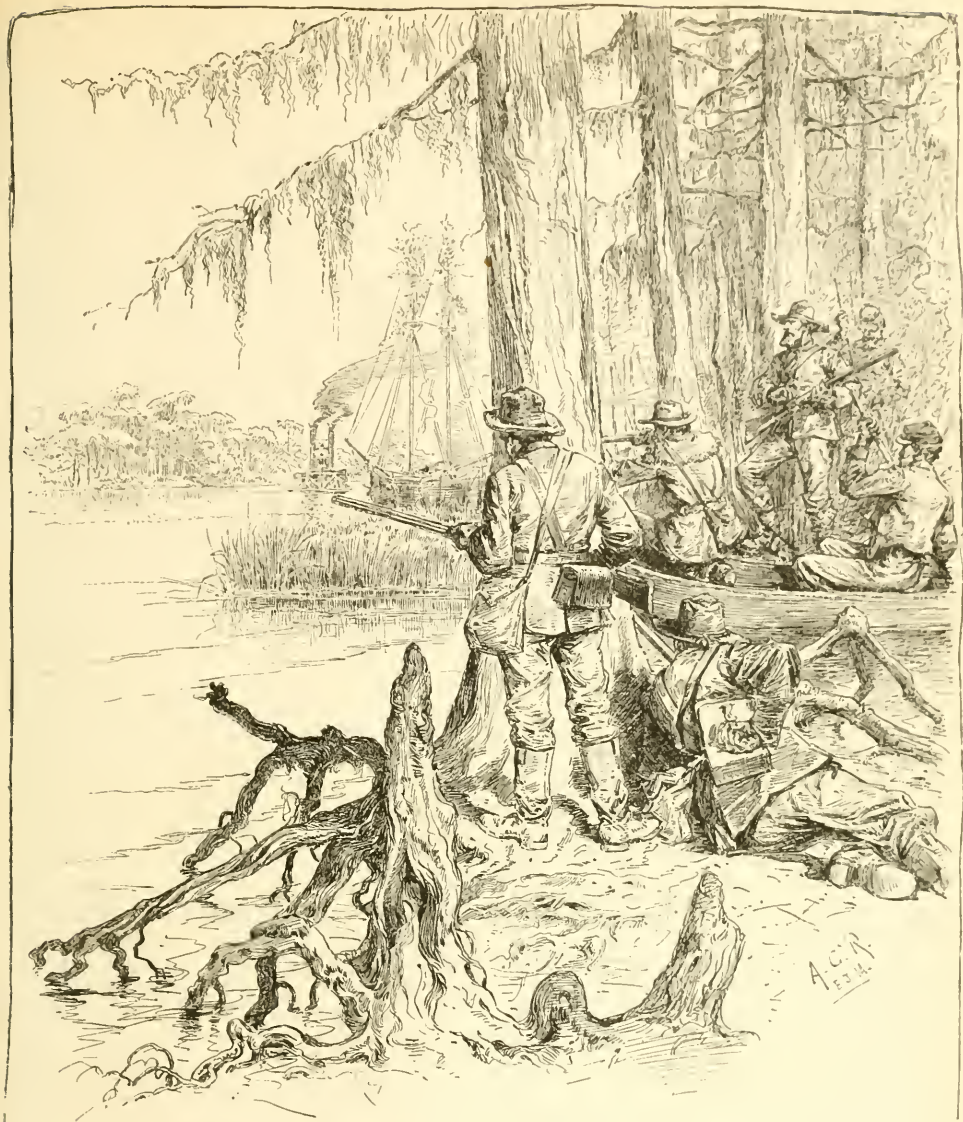
ton barricades to protect the machinery and boilers: The *Governor Moore*, Commander Beverly Kennon, two thirty-two-pounder rifled guns, and the *General Quitman*, Captain Grant, two thirty-two-pounders. "All the above steamers, being converted vessels," says Commander Mitchell, "were too slightly built for war purposes." The following unarmed steamers belonged to his command, viz.: The *Phoenix*, *W. Burton*, and *Landis*. The following named steamers, chartered by the army, were placed under his orders, viz.: The *Mosher*, *Belle Algerine*, *Star*, and *Music* (small tugs).

The River Defense gun-boats, under the command of a merchant captain named Stephenson, were also ordered to report to Commander Mitchell; but they proved of little assistance to him owing to the insubordination of their commander. This fleet consisted of the following converted tow-boats, viz.: The *Warrior*, *Stonewall Jackson*, *Resolute*, *Defiance*, *General Lovell*, *R. J. Breckinridge*. "All of the above vessels," says Commander Mitchell, "mounted from one to two pivot thirty-two-pounders each, some of them rifled. Their boilers and machinery were all more or less protected by thick, double pine barricades, filled in with compressed cotton." They were also prepared for ramming by flat bar-iron casings around their bows.

The Confederate fleet mounted, all told, thirty-nine guns, all but two of them being thirty-two-pounders, and one-fourth of them rifled.

It is thus seen that our wooden vessels, which passed the forts carrying 177 guns, had arrayed against them 128 guns in strongly built works, and 39 guns on board of partly armored vessels.

In addition to the above-mentioned defenses, Commodore Mitchell had at his command a number of fire-rafts (long flat-boats filled with pine-knots, etc.), which were expected to do good service, either by throwing the Union fleet into confusion or by furnishing light to the gunners in the forts. On comparing the Confederate defenses with the attacking force of the Union fleet, it will be seen that the odds were strongly in favor of the former. It is generally conceded by military men that one gun in a fort is about equal to five on board of a wooden ship, especially when, as in this case, the forces afloat are obliged to contend against a three-and-a-half-knot current in a channel obstructed by chains and fire-rafts. Our enemies were well aware of their strength, and although they hardly expected us to make so hazardous an attack, they waited impatiently for Farragut to "come on," resting in the assurance that he would



CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTERS AND SWAMP HUNTERS ATTACKING MORTAR-BOATS.

meet with a disastrous defeat. They did not neglect, however, to add daily to the strength of their works during the time that our ships were delayed in crossing the bar and ascending the river.

Having now described the state of the Confederate defenses, we will continue our narrative of the doings of the Union fleet.

Farragut experienced great difficulty in getting the larger vessels over the bar. The *Hartford* and *Brooklyn* were the only two that could pass without lightening. The *Richmond* stuck fast in the mud every time she attempted to cross. The *Mississippi* drew two

feet too much water, and the *Pensacola*, after trying several times to get over, ran on a wreck a hundred yards away from the channel. There she lay, with her propeller half out of water, thumping on the wreck as she was driven in by the wind and sea. Pilots had been procured at Pilot Town, near by; but they were either treacherous or nervous, and all their attempts to get the heavy ships over the bar were failures. Farragut felt extremely uncomfortable at the prospect before him, but I convinced him that I could get the vessels over if he would place them under my control, and he consented to do

so. I first tried with the *Richmond* (Captain Alden), and, although she had grounded seven times when in charge of a pilot, I succeeded at the first attempt, crossed the bar, and anchored off Pilot Town. The next trial was with the frigate *Mississippi*. The vessel was lightened as much as possible by taking out her spars, sails, guns, provisions, and coal. All the steamers of the mortar-fleet were then sent to her assistance, and after eight days' hard work they succeeded in pulling her through. To get the *Pensacola* over looked even more difficult. I asked Captain Bailey to lend me the *Colorado* for a short time, and with this vessel I went as close as possible to the *Pensacola*, ran out a stream-cable to her stern, and, by backing hard on the *Colorado*, soon released her from her disagreeable position. The next day at twelve o'clock I passed her over the bar and anchored her off Pilot Town. All the available vessels were now safely over, and Farragut was at liberty to proceed up the river as soon as he pleased.

The U. S. Coast Survey steamer *Sachem*, commanded by a very competent officer, Mr. F. H. Gerdes, had been added to the expedition for the purpose of sounding the bar and river channel, and also to establish points and distances which should serve as guides to the commander of the mortar flotilla. Mr. Gerdes and his assistants selected the positions of the bomb-vessels, furnished all the commanders of vessels with reliable charts, triangulated the river for eight miles below the forts, and planted small poles with white flags on the banks opposite the positions of the different vessels, each flag marked with the name of a vessel and the distance from the mouth of its mortar to the center of the fort. The boats of the surveyors were frequently attacked by sharpshooters, who fired from concealed positions among the bushes of the river bank. During the bombardment the Coast Survey officers were employed day and night in watching that the vessels did not move an inch from their places, and the good effect of all this care was shown in the final result of the mortar practice.

Having finished the preliminary work, on the 16th of April Farragut moved up with his fleet to within three miles of the forts, and informed me that I could commence the bombardment as soon as I was ready. The ships all anchored as they came up, but not in very good order, which led to some complications.

The place which I had selected for the first and third divisions of the mortar-vessels was under the lee of a thick wood on the right bank of the river, which presented in the direction of the fort an almost impenetrable mass. The forts could be plainly seen from the mastheads of the mortar-schooners, which had

been so covered with brush that the Confederate gunners could not distinguish them from the trees.

The leading vessel of the first division, under Lieutenant-commanding Watson Smith, was placed at a point distant 2850 yards from Fort Jackson and 3680 yards from Fort St. Philip. This division was composed of the following seven vessels: *Norfolk Packet*, Lieutenant Smith; *O. H. Lee*, Acting Master Godfrey; *Para*, Acting Master Furber; *C. P. Williams*, Acting Master Langthorne; *Aretta*, Acting Master Smith; *Bacon*, Acting Master Rogers; *Sophonra*, Acting Master Bartholomew.

The third division, commanded by Lieutenant Breese, came next in order, as follows: *John Griffiths*, Acting Master Henry Brown; *Sarah Bruen*, Acting Master Christian; *Racer*, Acting Master Phinney; *Sea Foam*, Acting Master Williams; *Henry James*, Acting Master Pennington; *Dan Smith*, Acting Master George Brown.

The following six vessels, composing the second division, under Lieutenant Queen, I placed on the east side of the river, the head of the line being 3680 yards from Fort Jackson: *T. A. Ward*, Lieutenant Queen; *M. J. Carlton*, Acting Master Jack; *Matthew Vassar*, Acting Master Savage; *George Mangham*, Acting Master Collins; *Orvetta*, Acting Master Blanchard; *Sydney C. Jones*, Acting Master Graham.

The curious nomenclature of this flotilla is accounted for by the fact that the schooners retained the names which they bore when purchased by the Government.

The vessels now being in position, the signal was given to open fire; and on the morning of the 18th of April the bombardment fairly commenced, each mortar-vessel having orders to fire once in ten minutes.

The moment that the mortars belched forth their shells, both Jackson and St. Philip replied with great fury; but it was some time before they could obtain our range, as we were well concealed behind our natural rampart. Their fire was rapid, and, finding that it was becoming rather hot, I sent Lieutenant-commanding Guest up to the head of the line to open fire on the forts with his eleven-inch pivot. This position he maintained for one hour and fifty minutes, and only abandoned it to fill up with ammunition. In the mean time the mortars on the left bank (Queen's division) were doing splendid work, though suffering considerably from the enemy's fire.

I went on board the vessels of this division to see how they were getting on, and found them so cut up that I considered it necessary to remove them, with Farragut's permission, to



177 DAVISSON

Wrecks of Confederate River Fleet.
 Fort St. Philip and Confederate Iron-clad *Zouave*.
 Mortar Fleet (in the distance).
 Mortar Steamers (attacking Water Battery, Fort Jackson).
 Farragut's Division of the Fleet, led by the *Hartford*.
 Richmond.
 Manassas (Confederate).
 Confederate Rams and (sinking) Vessels. Rear Vessel of Bailey's Division.
 THE SECOND DIVISION IN ACTION, APRIL 24, 1862.



COMMANDER JOHN K. MITCHELL, C. S. N., IN COMMAND OF THE NAVAL FORCES AGAINST FARRAGUT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

the opposite shore, under cover of the trees, near the other vessels, which had suffered but little. They held their position, however, until sundown, when the enemy ceased firing.

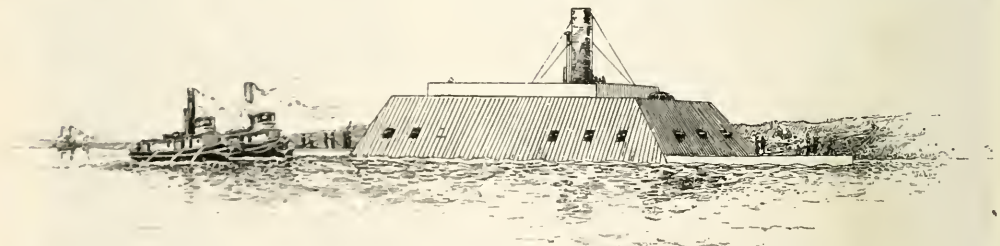
At five o'clock in the evening Fort Jackson was seen to be on fire, and, as the flames spread rapidly, the Confederates soon left their guns. There were many conjectures among the officers of the fleet as to what was burning. Some thought that it was a fire-raft, and I was inclined to that opinion myself until I had pulled up the river in a boat and, by the aid of a night-glass, convinced myself

that the fort itself was in flames. This fact I at once reported to Farragut.

At nightfall the crews of the mortar-vessels were completely exhausted; but when it became known that every shell was falling inside of the fort, they redoubled their exertions and increased the rapidity of their fire to a shell every five minutes, or in all two hundred and forty shells an hour. During the night, in order to allow the men to rest, we slackened our fire, and only sent a shell once every half hour. Thus ended the first day's bombardment, which was more effective than that of any other day during the siege. Had the fleet been ready to move, it could have passed up at this time with little or no difficulty.

Next morning the bombardment was renewed and continued night and day until the end, with a result that is thus described in an unpublished letter from Colonel Edward Higgins, dated April 4, 1872, which I received in answer to my inquiry on the subject:

"Your mortar-vessels were placed in position on the afternoon of the 17th of April, 1862, and opened fire at once upon Fort Jackson, where my headquarters were established. The practice was excellent from the commencement of the fire to the end, and continued without intermission until the morning of the 24th of April, when the fleet passed at about four o'clock. Nearly every shell of the many thousand fired at the fort lodged inside of the works. On the first night of the attack the citadel and all buildings in rear of the fort were fired by bursting shell, and also the sand-bag walls that had been thrown around the magazine doors. The fire, as you are aware, raged with great fury, and no effort of ours could subdue it. At this time, and nearly all this night, Fort Jackson was helpless; its magazines were inaccessible, and we could have offered no resistance to a passing fleet. The next morning a terrible scene of destruction pre-



THE CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD "LOUISIANA" ON THE WAY TO FORT ST. PHILIP.

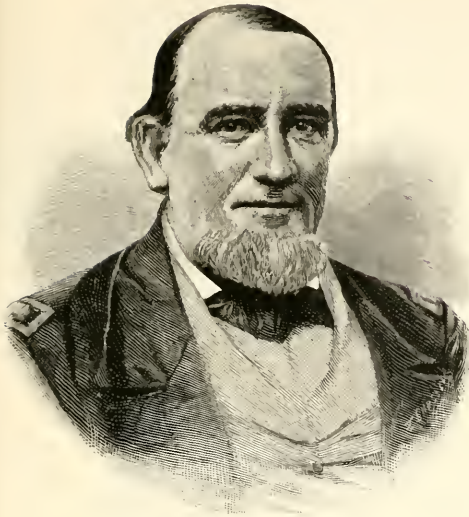
Mr. Wm. C. Whittle, who was third lieutenant on the *Louisiana* during the contest against Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi, has sent to the Editor the following statement concerning her armament:—

"The hull of the *Louisiana* was almost entirely submerged. Upon this were built her heavy upper works, intended to contain her battery, machinery, etc. This extended to within about twenty-five feet of her stem and stern, leaving a little deck forward and aft, nearly even with the water, and surrounded by a slight bulwark. The structure on the hull had its ends and sides inclined inward and upward from the hull, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and covered with T railroad iron, the lower layer being firmly bolted to the wood-work, and the upper layer driven into it from the end so as to form a nearly solid plate and a somewhat smooth surface. This plating resisted the projectiles of Farragut's fleet (none of which perforated our side), although one of his largest ships lay across and touching our stem, and in that position fired her heavy guns. Above this structure was an open deck which was surrounded by a sheet-iron bulwark about four feet high, which was intended as a protection against sharpshooters and small arms, but was entirely inefficient, as the death of our gallant commander, McIntosh, and those who fell around him, goes to prove.

"The plan for propelling the *Louisiana* was novel and abortive. She had two propellers aft, which we never had an opportunity of testing. The novel conception, which proved entirely inefficient, was that right in the center section of the vessel there was a large well in which worked the two wheels, one immediately forward of the other. I suppose they were so placed to be protected from the enemy's fire.

"The machinery of these two wheels was in order when my father, Commodore W. C. Whittle, the naval commanding officer at New Orleans, against his better judgment, was compelled to send the vessel down to the forts. The vessel left New Orleans on the 20th of April, I think. The work on the propellers was incomplete, the machinists and mechanics being still on board, and most of the guns were not mounted. The center wheels were started, but were entirely inefficient, and, as we were drifting helplessly down the stream, tow-boats had to be called to take us down to the point about half a mile above Fort St. Philip, on the left side of the river, where we tied up to the bank with our bow down-stream. Thus, as Farragut's fleet came up and passed, we could only use our low-guns and the starboard broadside.

"Moreover, the port-holes for our guns were entirely faulty, not allowing room to train the guns either laterally or in elevation. I had practical experience of this fact, for I had immediate charge of the bow division when a vessel of Admiral Farragut's fleet got across our stem, and I could only fire through and through her at point blank instead of depressing my guns and sinking her."



CHARLES F. MCINTOSH, COMMANDER OF THE "LOUISIANA."
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BENDANN BROS.)



LIEUTENANT JOHN WILKINSON OF THE "LOUISIANA,"
AFTERWARD IN COMMAND OF THE "R. E. LEE."
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY S. W. GAULT.)

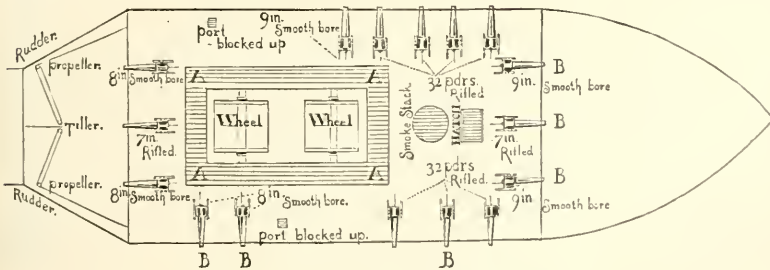
sented itself. The wood-work of the citadel being all destroyed, and the crumbling walls being knocked about by the bursting shells, made matters still worse for the garrison. The work of destruction from now until the morning of the 24th, when the fleet passed, was incessant.

"I was obliged to confine the men most rigidly to the casemates, or we should have lost the best part of the garrison. A shell, striking the parapet over one of the magazines, the wall of which was seven feet thick, penetrated five feet and failed to burst. If that shell had exploded, your work would have ended. Another burst near the magazine door, opening the earth and burying the sentinel and another man five feet in the same grave. The parapets and interior of the fort were completely honeycombed, and the large number of sand-bags with which we were supplied alone saved us from being blown to pieces a hundred times, our magazine doors being much exposed.

"On the morning of the 24th, when the fleet passed, the terrible precision with which your formidable vessels hailed down their tons of bursting shell upon the devoted fort made it impossible for us to obtain either rapidity or accuracy of fire, and thus rendered the passage comparatively easy. There was no very considerable damage done to our batteries, but few of the guns being dismounted by your fire; everything else in and around the fort was destroyed."

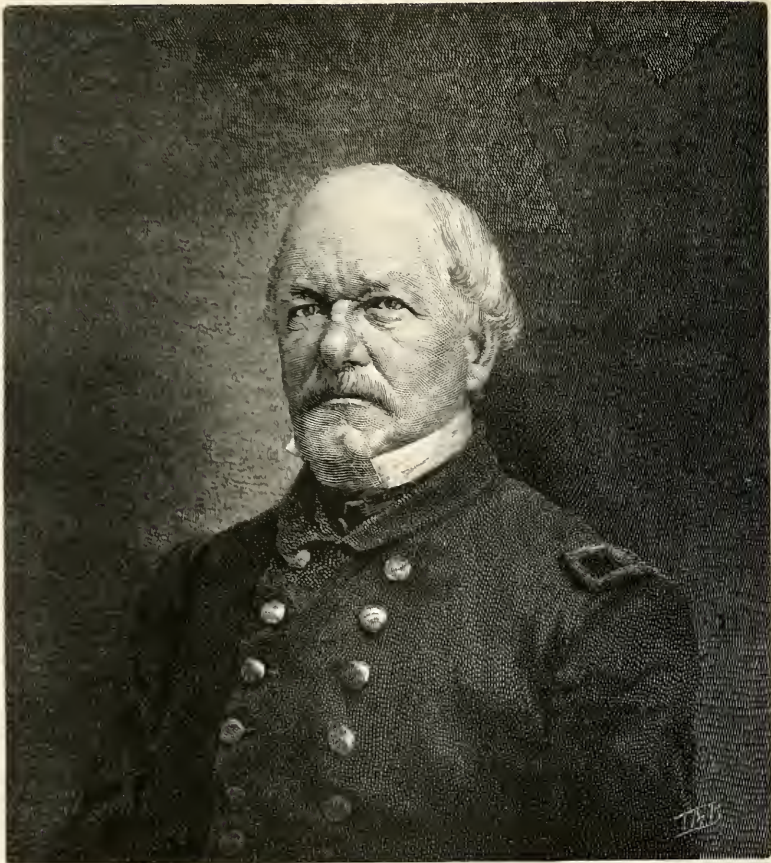
I was not ignorant of the state of affairs in the fort; for, on the third day of the bombardment, a deserter presented himself and gave me such an account of the havoc created by our shells that I had great doubts of the truth of his statements. He represented that hundreds of shells had fallen into the fort, breaking in the bomb-proofs, setting fire to the citadel, and flooding the interior by cutting the levees. He also stated that the soldiers were in a desperate and demoralized condition. This was all very encouraging to us, and so stimulated the crews of the mortar-boats that they worked with unflagging zeal and energy. I took the deserter to Farragut, who, although impressed by his statement, was not quite prepared to take advantage of the opportunity; for at this time the line of hulks across the river was considered an insurmountable obstruction, and it was determined to examine and, if possible, remove it before the advance of the fleet.

On the night of the 20th an expedition was fitted out for the purpose of breaking the chain which was supposed to extend from one shore to the other. Two steamers, the *Pinola*, Lieutenant Crosby, and *Itasca*, Lieutenant Caldwell, were detailed for



PLAN OF THE "LOUISIANA." (AFTER SKETCH MADE BY COMMANDER J. K. MITCHELL ABOUT THE TIME OF THE ENGAGEMENT.)

A. Bulkhead around wheels. B. Guns used in action.



CAPTAIN (AFTERWARD REAR-ADMIRAL) THEODORUS BAILEY, IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE FLEET.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

this purpose and placed under the direction of Captain Bell, chief-of-staff. Although the attempt was made under cover of darkness, the sharp eyes of the Confederate gunners soon discovered their enemies, and the whole fire of Fort Jackson was concentrated upon them. I had been informed of the intended movement by Farragut, so was ready to redouble the fire of the mortars at the proper time with good effect. In Farragut's words: "Commander Porter, however, kept up such a tremendous fire on them from the mortars that the enemy's shot did the gun-boats no injury, and the cable was separated and their connection broken sufficiently to pass through on the left bank of the river."

The work of the mortar-fleet was now nearly over. We had kept up a heavy fire night and day for nearly five days—about 2800 shells every twenty-four hours; in all about 16,800 shells. The men were nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest. The ammuni-

tion was giving out, one of the schooners was sunk, and although the rest had received little actual damage from the enemy's shot, they were badly shaken up by the concussion of the mortars.

On the 23d instant I represented the state of affairs to the flag-officer, and he concluded to move on past the works, which I felt sure he could do with but little loss to his squadron. He recognized the importance of making an immediate attack, and called a council of the commanders of vessels, which resulted in a determination to pass the forts that night. The movement was postponed, however, until the next morning, for the reason that the carpenters of one of the larger ships were at work down the river, and the commander did not wish to proceed without them. The iron-clad *Louisiana* had now made her appearance, and her commander was being strongly urged by General Duncan to drop down below the forts (see the map on page 927) and open fire



CAPTAIN BAILEY, IN THE "CAYUGA," BREAKING THROUGH THE CONFEDERATE FLEET.

upon the fleet with his heavy rifle-guns. On the 22d General Duncan wrote to Commander Mitchell from Fort Jackson :

"It is of vital importance that the present fire of the enemy should be withdrawn from us, which you alone can do. This can be done in the manner suggested this morning under the cover of our guns, while your work on the boat can be carried on in safety and security. Our position is a critical one, dependent entirely on the powers of endurance of our casemates, many of which have been completely shattered, and are crumbling away by repeated shocks; and, therefore, I respectfully but earnestly again urge my suggestion of this morning on your notice. Our magazines are also in danger."

Fortunately for us, Commander Mitchell was not equal to the occasion, and the *Louisiana* remained tied up to the bank, where she could not obstruct the river or throw the Union fleet into confusion while passing the forts.

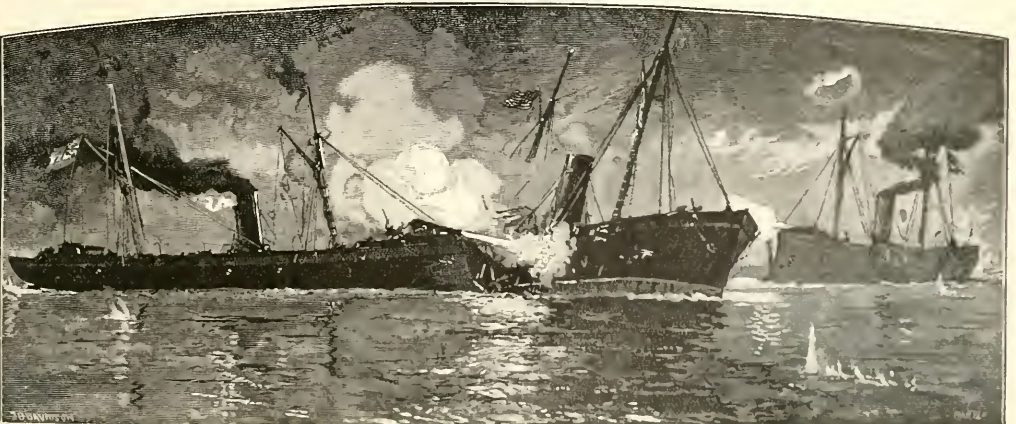
While Farragut was making his preparations, the enemy left no means untried to drive the mortar-boats from their position. A couple of heavy rifled guns in Fort St. Philip

kept up a continual fire on the head of the mortar column, and the Confederates used their mortars at intervals, but only succeeded in sinking one mortar-schooner and damaging a few others. A body of riflemen was once sent out against us from the forts, but it was met by a heavy fire and soon repulsed.

Two o'clock on the morning of the 24th instant was fixed upon as the time for the fleet to start, and Flag-Officer Farragut had previously given the necessary orders to the commanders of vessels, instructing them to prepare their ships for action by sending down their light spars, painting their hulls mud-color, etc.; also to hang their chain-cables over the sides abreast the engines, as a protection against the enemy's shot. He issued the following

GENERAL ORDER.
UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP *Hartford*,
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 20, 1862.

The flag-officer, having heard all the opinions expressed by the different commanders, is of the opin-



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE U. S. GUN-BOAT "VARUNA" AND THE CONFEDERATE RAMS "GOVERNOR MOORE" AND "STONEWALL JACKSON."



Ram.

Iroquois.

McRae.

FIGHT BETWEEN UNION CORVETTE "IROQUOIS" AND CONFEDERATE VESSELS.

[Commander De Camp, of the *Iroquois*, in his official report says: "At 4 A. M. we were hotly engaged with the forts, and shortly after a ram and the Rebel gun-boat *McRae* came upon our quarter and astern of us, and poured into the *Iroquois* a most destructive fire of grape-shot and langrage, part of which was copper slugs; a great many of them were found on our decks after the action. We succeeded in getting one 11-inch shell into the *McRae* and one stand of canister, which drove her from us."—E.D.]

ion that whatever is to be done will have to be done quickly, or we shall be again reduced to a blockading squadron, without the means of carrying on the bombardment, as we have nearly expended all the shells and fuses, and material for making cartridges. He has always entertained the same opinions which are expressed by Commander Porter; that is, there are three modes of attack, and the question is, which is the one to be adopted? His own opinion is that a combination of two should be made, viz.: the forts should be run, and when a force is once above the forts, to protect the troops, they should be landed at quarantine from the gulf side by bringing them through the bayou, and then our forces should move up the river, mutually aiding each other as it can be done to advantage.

When, in the opinion of the flag-officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to

weigh and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for close action, No. 8, and abide the result, conquer or to be conquered, drop anchor or keep under way, as in his opinion is best.

Unless the signal above mentioned is made, it will be understood that the first order of sailing will be formed after leaving Fort St. Philip, and we will proceed up the river in accordance with the original opinion expressed. The programme of the order of sailing accompanies this general order, and the commanders will hold themselves in readiness for the service as indicated.*

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag-Officer West Gulf Blockading Squadron.

* The order of battle for the fleet was inclosed with this, but as it was not adopted and contained errors afterward officially corrected by Farragut, it is here omitted.—ED.



COMMANDER (NOW REAR-ADMIRAL) CHARLES S. BOGGS, OF THE "VARUNA." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Farragut's first plan was to lead the fleet with his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, to be closely followed by the *Brooklyn*, *Richmond*, *Pensacola*, and *Mississippi*, thinking it well to have his heavy vessels in the van, where they could immediately crush any naval force that might appear against them. This plan was a better one than that afterwards adopted; but he was induced to change the order of his column by the senior commanders of the fleet, who represented to him that it was unwise for the commander-in-chief to take the brunt of the battle. They finally obtained his reluctant consent to an arrangement by which Captain Bailey was to lead in the gun-boat *Cayuga*, commanded by Lieutenant N. B. Harrison,—a good selection, as it afterwards proved, for these officers were gallant and competent men, well qualified for the position. Captain Bailey had volunteered for the service, and left nothing undone to overcome Farragut's reluctance to give up what was then considered the post of danger, though it turned out to be less hazardous than the places in the rear.

The mortar-flotilla steamers under my command were directed to move up before the fleet weighed anchor, and to be ready to engage the water batteries of Fort Jackson as the fleet passed. These batteries mounted some of the heaviest guns in the Confederate defenses, and were depended upon to do efficient work.

The commanders of vessels were informed of the change of plan and instructed to follow in line in the following

ORDER OF ATTACK.

First Division,
CAPT. BAILEY.

- † *Cayuga*.
- † *Pensacola*.
- † *Mississippi*.
- † *Oneida*.
- † *Varuna*.
- † *Katahdin*.
- † *Kineo*.
- † *Wissahickon*.

Center Division,
FLAG-OFFICER FARRAGUT.

- † *Hartford*.
- † *Brooklyn*.
- † *Richmond*.

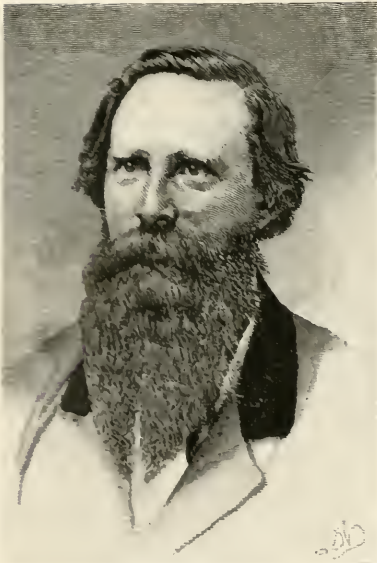
Third Division,
CAPT. H. H. BELL.

- † *Sciota*.
- † *Iroquois*.
- † *Kennebec*.
- † *Pinola*.
- † *Itasca*.
- † *Winona*.

At two o'clock on the morning of April 24th all of the Union vessels began to heave up their anchors. It was a still, clear night, and the click of the capstans, with the grating of the chain-cables as they passed through the hawse-holes, made a great noise, which we feared would serve as a warning to our enemies. This conjecture proved to be correct, for the Confederates were on the alert in both forts and steamers, and were prepared, as far as circumstances would admit, to meet the invaders. One fact only was in our favor, and that was the division of their forces under three different heads, which prevented



SECTION OF FORT ST. PHILIP DURING THE ENGAGEMENT. (THE FORT IS DRAWN FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)



LIEUTENANT THOMAS B. HUGER, C. S. N., IN COMMAND OF THE "MCRAE." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JACOBS.)

unanimity of action. In every other respect the odds were against us.

Before Farragut ascended the river, the

French admiral and Captain Preedy, of the English frigate *Mersey*, had both been up as far as the forts and had communicated with the military commanders. On their return, they gave discouraging accounts of the defenses, and pronounced it impossible for our fleet to pass them. This, of course, did not tend to cheer our sailors. There were some in the fleet who were doubtful of success, and there was not that confidence on our side that should have existed on such an occasion; but when it was seen that the river obstructions and rafts had been washed away by the currents, and that there appeared to be an open way up the river, every one became more hopeful.

The entire fleet did not get fully under way until half-past two A. M. The current was strong, and although the ships proceeded as rapidly as their steam-power would permit, our leading vessel, the *Cayuga*, did not get under fire until a quarter of three o'clock, when both Jackson and St. Philip opened on her at the same moment. Five steamers of the mortar flotilla took their position below the water battery of Fort Jackson, at a distance of less than two hundred yards, and, pouring in grape, canister, and shrapnel, kept down the



FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" ATTACKED BY A FIRE-RAFT, PUSHED BY THE CONFEDERATE TUG-BOAT "MOSHER."

Commander Allert Kautz, who was at this time lieutenant on the *Hartford*, in a letter to the Editor thus describes this memorable scene: "No sooner had Farragut given the order 'Hard-a-port,' than the current gave the ship a broad sheer, and her bows went hard up on a mud bank. As the fire-raft came against the port side of the ship, it became enveloped in flames. We were so near to the shore that we could reach the tops of the bushes, and such a short distance above Fort St. Philip that we could distinctly hear the gunners in the casemates give their orders; and as they saw Farragut's flag at the mizzen, by the bright light, they fired with frightful rapidity. Fortunately they did not make sufficient allowance for our close proximity, and the iron hail passed over our bulwarks, doing but little damage. On the deck of the ship it was bright as noonday, but out over the majestic river, where the smoke of many guns was intensified by that of the pine knots of the fire-rafts, it was dark as the blackest midnight. For a moment it looked as though the flag-ship was indeed doomed, but the firemen were called away, and with the energy of despair rushed aft to the quarter-deck. The flames, like so many forked tongues of hissing serpents, were piercing the air in a frightful manner, that struck terror to all hearts. As I crossed from the starboard to the port side of the deck, I passed close to Farragut, who, as he looked forward and took in the situation, clasped his hands high in air, and exclaimed, 'My God, is it to end in this way?' Fortunately it was not to end as it at that instant seemed, for just then Master's Mate Allen, with the hose in his hand, jumped into the mizzen rigging, and the sheet of flame succumbed to a sheet of water. It was but the dry point on the ship's side that made the threatening flame, and it went down before the fierce attack of the firemen as rapidly as it had sprung up. As the flames died away the engines were backed 'hard,' and, as if providentially, the ram *Manassas* struck the ship a blow under the counter, which shoved her stern in against the bank, causing her bow to slip off. The ship was again free; and a loud, spontaneous cheer rent the air, as the crew rushed to their guns with renewed energy."

fire of that battery. The mortars opened at the same moment with great fury, and the action commenced in earnest.

Captain Bailey, in the *Cayuga*, followed by the other vessels of his division in compact order, passed the line of obstructions without

effect and passed safely above. He was here met by the enemy's gun-boats, and, although he was beset by several large steamers at the same time, he succeeded in driving them off. The *Oncida* and *Varuna* came to the support of their leader, and by the rapid fire



U. S. S. "BROOKLYN" ATTACKED BY CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS."

[The *Manassas* was described by her commander, Lieutenant Warley, as "a tug-boat that had been converted into a ram, covered with half-inch iron, and had a thirty-two-pounder carronade; her crew consisted of thirty-five persons, officers and men. She was perforated in the fight by shot and shell as if she had been made of paper."

Admiral Melancton Smith thus describes his encounter with the ram (see page 946):

"Having discovered the *Manassas* stealing up along the St. Philip side of the river behind me, I signaled Farragut for permission to attack, which was given. The *Mississippi* turned in mid-stream and tried to run down the ram, barely missing her, but driving her ashore, when her crew escaped, fired at by the *Kineo*, which had not yet anchored. The ram's engines were found to be still in motion, but the approach of a burning wreck compelled me to abandon the idea of attaching a hawser. Her machinery was destroyed by my boats, and after receiving a broadside or two from the *Mississippi*, she floated down the river in flames and blew up."—ED.]

difficulty. He had no sooner attained this point, however, than he was obliged to face the guns of Fort St. Philip, which did him some damage before he was able to fire a shot in return. He kept steadily on, however, and, as soon as his guns could be brought to bear, poured in grape and canister with good ef-

fect of their heavy guns soon dispersed the enemy's flotilla. This was more congenial work for our men and officers than that through which they had just passed, and it was soon evident that the coolness and discipline of our navy gave it a great advantage over the fleet of the enemy. Bailey dashed on up the river,



COMMANDER (NOW REAR-ADMIRAL) MELANCTON SMITH, U. S. N.,
OF THE "MISSISSIPPI." (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

followed by his division, firing into everything they met; and soon after the head of the flag-officer's division had passed the forts, most of the river craft were disabled, and the battle was virtually won. This was evident even to Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins, who, when he saw our large ships pass by, exclaimed, "Better go to cover, boys; our cake is all dough!"

In the mean time the *Varuna* (Commander

Boggs), being a swift vessel, passed ahead of the other ships in the division, and pushed on up the river after the fleeing enemy, until he found himself right in the midst of them. The Confederates, supposing in the dark that the *Varuna* was one of their own vessels, did not attack her until Commander Boggs made himself known by delivering his fire right and left. One shot exploded the boiler of a large steamer crowded with troops, and she drifted ashore; three other vessels were driven ashore in flames. At daylight the *Varuna* was attacked by the *Governor Moore*, a powerful steamer, fitted as a ram, and commanded by Lieutenant Beverly Kennon, late of the U. S. Navy. This vessel raked the *Varuna* with her bow-gun along the port gangway, killing five or six men; and while the Union vessel was gallantly returning this fire, her side was pierced below the water-line by the iron prow of the ram *Stonewall Jackson*. The Confederate backed off and struck again in the same place; the *Varuna* at the same moment punished her severely with grape and canister from her eight-inch guns, and finally drove her out of action in a disabled condition and in flames. But the career of the *Varuna* was ended; she began to fill rapidly, and her gallant commander was obliged to run her into shoal water, where she soon went to the bottom. Captain Lee, of the *Oneida*, seeing that his companion needed assistance, went to his relief, and rescued the officers and men of the *Varuna*. The two Confederate rams were set on fire by their crews and abandoned. Great gallantry was displayed on both sides during the conflict of these smaller steamers, which really bore the brunt of the battle, and the Union



U. S. STEAMER "MISSISSIPPI" ATTEMPTING TO RUN DOWN CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS."

commanders showed great skill in managing their vessels.

Bailey's division may be said to have swept everything before it. The *Pensacola*, with her heavy batteries, drove the men from the guns at Fort St. Philip, and made it easier for the ships astern to get by. Fort St. Philip had not been at all damaged by the mortars, as it was virtually beyond their reach, and it was from the guns of that work that our ships received the greatest injury.

As most of the vessels of Bailey's division swept past the turn above the forts, Farragut came upon the scene with the *Hartford* and *Brooklyn*. The other ship of Farragut's division, the *Richmond*, Commander James Alden, got out of the line and passed up on the west side of the river, near where I was engaged with the mortar-steamers in silencing the water batteries of Fort Jackson. At this moment the Confederates in Fort Jackson had nearly all been driven from their guns by bombs from the mortar-boats and the grape and canister from the steamers. I hailed Alden, and told him to pass close to the fort and in the eddy, and he would receive little damage. He followed this advice, and passed by very comfortably.

By this time the river had been illuminated by two fire-rafts, and everything could be seen as by the light of day. I could see every ship and gun-boat as she passed up as plainly as possible, and noted all their positions.

It would be a difficult undertaking at any time to keep a long line of vessels in compact order when ascending a crooked channel against a three-and-a-half-knot current, and our commanders found it to be especially so under the present trying circumstances. One of them, the *Iroquois*, Commander De Camp, as gallant an officer as ever lived, got out of line and passed up ahead of her consorts; but De Camp made good use of his opportunity by engaging and driving off a ram and the gun-boat *McRae*, which attacked him as soon as he had passed Fort Jackson. The *McRae* was disabled and her commander (Huger) mortally wounded. The *Iroquois* was much cut up by Fort St. Philip and the gun-boats, but did not receive a single shot from Fort Jackson, although passing within fifty yards of it.

While the events above mentioned were taking place, Farragut had engaged Fort St. Philip at close quarters with his heavy ships, and driven the men away from their guns. He was passing on up the river, when his flag-ship was threatened by a new and formidable adversary. A fire-raft in full blaze was seen coming down the river, guided towards the *Hartford* by a tug-boat, the *Mosher*. It

seemed impossible to avoid this danger, and as the helm was put to port in the attempt to do so, the flag-ship ran upon a shoal. While in this position the fire-raft was pushed against her, and in a minute she was enveloped in flames half-way up to her tops, and was in a condition of great peril. The fire department was at once called away, and while the *Hartford's* batteries kept up the fight with Fort St. Philip, the flames were extinguished and the vessel backed off the shoal into deep water,—a result due to the coolness of her commander and the good discipline of the officers and men. While the *Hartford* was in this perilous position, and her entire destruction threatened, Farragut showed all the qualities of a great commander. He walked up and down the poop as coolly as though on dress-parade, while Commander Wainwright directed the firemen in putting out the flames. At times the fire would rush through the ports and almost drive the men from the guns.

"Don't flinch from that fire, boys," sang out Farragut; "there's a hotter fire than that for those who don't do their duty! Give that rascally little tug a shot, and don't let her go off with a whole coat!" But she did get off, after all.

While passing the forts the *Hartford* was struck thirty-two times in hull and rigging, and had three men killed and ten wounded.

The *Brooklyn*, Captain Thomas T. Craven, followed as close after the flag-ship as the blinding smoke from guns and fire-rafts would admit, and the garrison of the fort was again driven to cover by the fire of her heavy battery. She passed on with severe punishment, and was immediately attacked by the most powerful vessel in the Confederate fleet, excepting the *Louisiana*—the ram *Manassas*, commanded by Lieutenant Warley, a gallant young officer, of the old service. The first blow that the *Manassas* struck the *Brooklyn* did but little apparent injury, and the ram backed off and struck her again in the same place; but the chain armor on the *Brooklyn's* side received the blow, and her adversary slid off in the dark to seek other prey. (It must be remembered that these scenes were being enacted on a dark night, and in an atmosphere filled with dense smoke, through which our commanders had to grope their way, guided only by the flashes of the guns in the forts and the fitful light of burning vessels and rafts.) The *Brooklyn* was next attacked by a large steamer, which received her broadside at the distance of twenty yards, and drifted out of action in flames. Notwithstanding the heavy fire which the *Brooklyn* had gone through, she was only struck seventeen times

in the hull. She lost nine men killed and twenty-six wounded.

When our large ships had passed the forts, the affair was virtually over. Had they all been near the head of the column, the enemy would have been crushed at once, and the flag-ship would have passed up almost unhurt. As it was, the *Hartford* was more exposed and imperiled than any of her consorts, and that at a time when, if anything had happened to the commander-in-chief, the fleet would have been thrown into confusion.

The forts had been so thoroughly silenced by the ships' guns and mortars that when Captain Bell came along in the little *Sciota*, at the head of the third division, he passed by nearly unharmed. All the other vessels succeeded in getting by, except the *Itasca*, Lieutenant Caldwell; the *Winona*, Lieutenant Nichols; and the *Kennebec*, Lieutenant Russell. The first two vessels, having kept in line, were caught at daylight below the forts without support, and, as the current was swift and they were slow steamers, they became mere targets for the Confederates, who now turned all that was left of their fighting power upon them. Seeing their helpless condition, I signaled them to retire, which they did after being seriously cut up. The *Itasca* had a shot through her boiler, and was so completely riddled that her commander was obliged to run her ashore just below the mortar-fleet in order to prevent her sinking. She had received fourteen shot and shell through her hull, but her list of killed and wounded was small. Had not the people in the forts been completely demoralized, they would have sunk these two vessels in ten minutes.

While these events were taking place, the mortar-steamers had driven the men from the water batteries and had kept up a steady fire on the walls of Fort Jackson. Although at first sight my position in front of these batteries, which mounted seven of the heaviest guns in the Confederate works (one ten-inch and one nine-inch columbiad, two six-inch rifles, and three thirty-two-pounders), seemed a very perilous one, it was not at all so. I ran the steamers close alongside of the levee just below the water batteries, and thus protected their hulls below the firing-decks. I got in my first broadside just as the middle of Bailey's column was opened upon by Fort Jackson. The enemy responded quickly, but our fire was so rapid and accurate that in ten minutes the water battery was deserted. I had twenty-five eight-inch and thirty-two-pounders on one side and two eleven-inch pivot-guns. During the remainder of the action I devoted most of my attention to the battlements of the ... n fort, firing an occa-

sional shot at the water battery. The *Harriet Lane* had two men killed, but the only damage done to the vessels was to their masts and rigging, their hulls having been well protected by the levees.

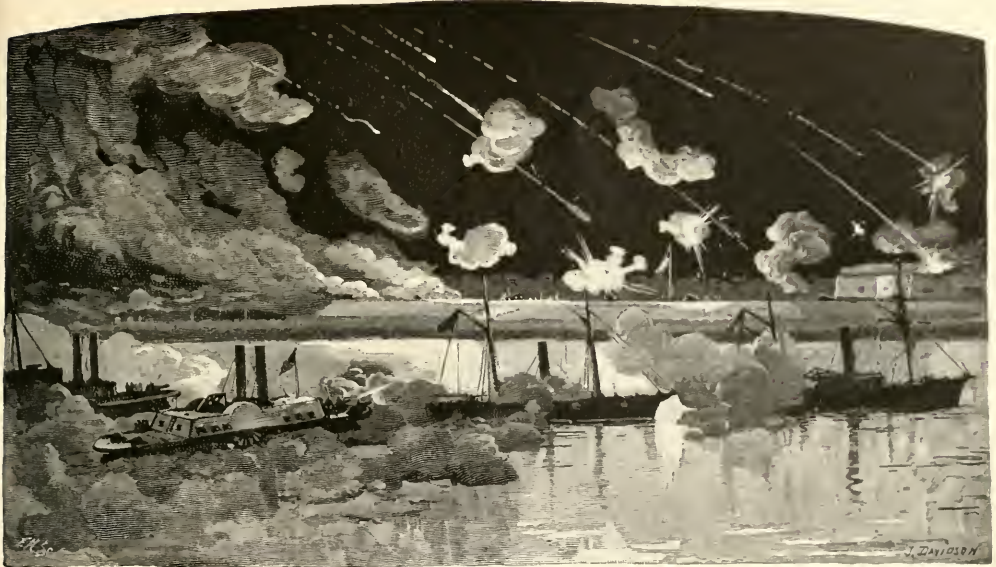
While engaged on this duty I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the movements of Farragut's fleet, and, by the aid of powerful night-glasses, I could almost distinguish persons on the vessels. The whole scene looked like a beautiful panorama. From almost perfect silence—the steamers moving slowly through the water like phantom ships—one incessant roar of heavy cannon commenced, the Confederate forts and gun-boats opening together on the head of our line as it came within range. The Union vessels returned the fire as they came up, and soon the hundred and seventy guns of our fleet joined in the thunder, which seemed to shake the very earth. A lurid glare was thrown over the scene by the burning rafts, and, as the bombshells crossed each other and exploded in the air, it seemed as if a battle were taking place in the heavens as well as on the earth. It all ended as suddenly as it had commenced. In one hour and ten minutes after the vessels of the fleet had weighed anchor, the affair was virtually over, and Farragut was pushing on towards New Orleans, where he was soon to crush the last hope of Rebellion in that quarter by opening the way for the advance of the Union army.

From what I had seen of the conflict I did not greatly fear for the safety of our ships. Now and then a wreck came floating by, all charred and disabled, but I noted with my night-glass that these were side-wheel vessels, and none of ours.

I must refer here to a gallant affair which took place between the *Mississippi* and the ram *Manassas*. The latter vessel proved the most troublesome of the Confederate fleet. She had rammed the *Brooklyn*, the *Hartford*, and the *Mississippi* at different times during the action.

At early daylight, as the vessels approached the quarantine above the forts, the *Manassas* was seen coming up the river as rapidly as her steam would allow.

As she approached the fleet, Flag-Officer Farragut directed Commander Smith in the *Mississippi* to turn and run her down. The order was instantly obeyed by the *Mississippi* turning and going at the ram at full speed; but when it was expected to see the *Manassas* annihilated, the vessels being within fifty yards of each other, the ram put her helm hard-a-port, dodged the *Mississippi*, and ran ashore, where her crew deserted her. Commander Smith set fire to her, and then so



Clifton and Westfield (altered New York City ferry-boats). *Owasco*. *Harriet Lane*.

MORTAR-STEAMERS ATTACKING THE WATER BATTERY OF FORT JACKSON.

riddled her with shot that she was dislodged from the bank and drifted below the forts, where she blew up and sank.

Previous to this a kind of guerrilla warfare had been carried on, and ten of the enemy's river boats had been run ashore or otherwise destroyed, while the *Varuna* lay sunk at the bank with two of her adversaries wrecked beside her, a monument to the gallantry of Commander Boggs.

When the fleet had passed the forts, and there was no longer any necessity for me to hold my position, I dropped down the river with the steamers to where the mortar-boats were anchored, and gave the signal to cease firing. I knew that our squadron had failed to destroy all of the enemy's fleet. The iron-clad *Louisiana* lay at the bank apparently uninjured, the *McRae* was at anchor close to Fort Jackson, and three other vessels whose character I could not make out were moving back and forth from one shore to the other. This looked serious, for such a force, if properly handled, was superior to mine; and I had to provide immediately against contingencies. There were now seven efficient gun-boats under my command, and I at once prepared them to meet the enemy. My plan was to get as many of my vessels as possible alongside of the *Louisiana*, each one to make fast to her, let go two anchors, and then "fight it out on that line."

Meantime Farragut was speeding on his way up the river with all his fleet except the

Mississippi and one or two small gun-boats, which were left to guard the lazaretto. On his way up the flag-officer encountered more Confederate batteries at Chalmette, the place made famous by the battle of January 8th, 1815.

The Chalmette batteries on both sides of the river mounted twenty heavy guns, and were all ready to meet our fleet, which was advancing towards them in two lines as rapidly as the swift current would permit. Farragut made short work of them, however, and our fleet, meeting with no further resistance, passed on and anchored before New Orleans. The *Queen City of the South* lay at the conqueror's feet, unable to do anything in the way of defense, as the Confederate General Lovell had retreated, leaving the city in the hands of the civil authorities.

At noon of the 25th instant I sent Lieutenant-com'g Guest with a flag of truce to Fort Jackson, to call on the commanding officer to surrender the two forts and what was left of the Confederate navy into the possession of the United States, telling him that it was useless to have any more bloodshed, as Farragut had passed up the river with very little damage to his fleet, and was now probably in possession of New Orleans. I also took advantage of the occasion to compliment the enemy on his gallant resistance, and further to inform him that, if his answer was unfavorable, I would renew the bombardment. General Duncan sent me a very civil

reply, but declined to surrender until he should hear from New Orleans; whereupon I immediately opened a very rapid fire on Fort Jackson with all the mortars, and with such good effect that a mutiny soon broke out among the Confederate gunners, many of whom, refusing to stay in the fort and be slaughtered uselessly, left their posts and went up the bank out of range of our shell. Those who remained declined to fight any longer. They had borne without flinching a terrible bombardment, and their officers had exposed themselves throughout the trying ordeal with great courage; but it was now the opinion of all that the fort should be surrendered without further loss of life. The mortars kept up their fire until late in the evening, when their bombshells were all expended. On the 26th instant I ordered the schooners to get under way, proceed to Pilot Town, and fill up with ammunition. Six of them were ordered to cross the bar and proceed to the rear of Fort Jackson, and be ready to open fire when signaled.

In the mean time we kept a lookout on the *Louisiana* and the Confederate gun-boats. On the 27th instant five mortar-vessels appeared in the rear of Fort Jackson, and the U. S. steamer *Miami* commenced landing troops close to Fort St. Philip. The garrison of Jackson was still mutinous, refusing to do duty, and General Duncan at midnight of the 28th sent an officer on board the *Harriet Lane* to inform me of his readiness to capitulate. On the following day I proceeded with nine gun-boats up to Fort Jackson, under a flag of truce, and upon arrival sent a boat for the commanding officer of the river defenses, and such others as he might think proper to bring with him.

I received these officers at the gangway, and treated them as brave men who had defended their trusts with a courage worthy of all praise; and though I knew that they felt mortified at having to surrender to what they must have known was in some respects an inferior force, their bearing was that of men who had gained a victory, instead of undergoing defeat.

I knew nothing of the mutiny in the forts, or the inconvenience to which the people there were subjected; I was in total ignorance of what was happening up the river, whether Farragut had sustained much damage in passing the forts, or whether he had been able to get by the formidable batteries at English Turn. In any case I knew that it was important to obtain possession of the forts as quickly as possible, and had prepared terms of capitulation, which were accepted by General Duncan and Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins.

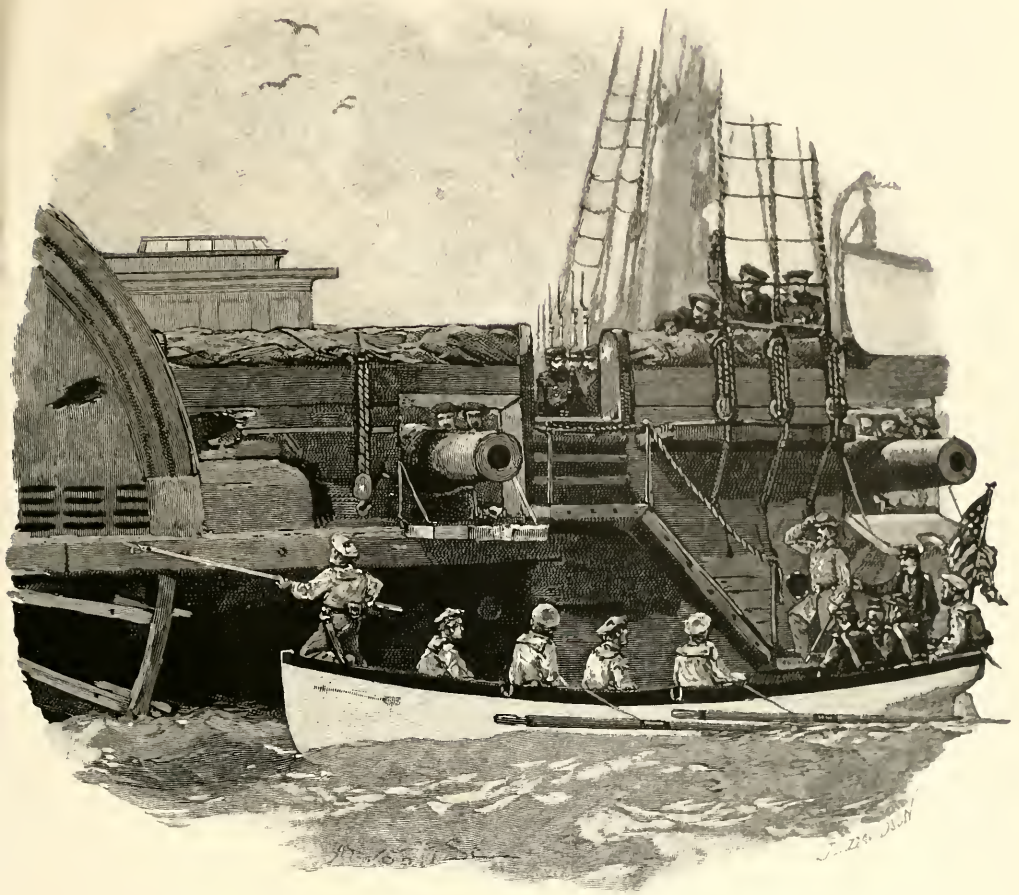
As we were about to sign the terms, I was quite surprised to find that it was not expected that the vessels of war were to be included in the terms agreed to by the Confederate officers. General Duncan told me that he had no authority whatever over the naval vessels, and that, in fact, Commander Mitchell, of the regular naval forces, had set the military authorities at defiance. So I waived the point, being determined in my own mind what I would do when the forts were in our possession.

We were all sitting at the table on board the *Harriet Lane*, with the terms of capitulation before us; I had signed it, as had also Commander Renshaw, of the *Westfield*; and Lieutenant-commanding Wainwright, of the *Harriet Lane*, was about to follow our example, when he was suddenly called on deck by one of his officers. He returned immediately, and informed me that the iron-clad *Louisiana* was in flames and drifting down the river towards the mortar flotilla (steamers), through which there was not room for her to pass, as our vessels were anchored within thirty yards of each other.

"This is sharp practice," I said to the Confederate officers, "but if *you* can stand the explosion when it comes, we can. We will go on and finish the capitulation." At the same time I gave Lieutenant Wainwright orders to hail the vessel next to him and pass the word to each of the others to veer to the end of their chains and be ready, by using steam, to sheer out of the way of the *Louisiana* if necessary, but not to leave their anchorage. Then I handed the pen to General Duncan and Colonel Higgins, who coolly signed their names in as bold a hand as if they were not momentarily in danger of being blown up. Then we all sat quietly awaiting the result. In a few moments an explosion took place that fairly shook us all out of our seats and threw the *Harriet Lane* over on her side, but we finished with the terms of capitulation. The *Louisiana* had blown up just before reaching the flotilla. The Confederate officers severely condemned this performance, and assured us that they did not feel responsible for anything that the navy did, as it was entirely under Commander Mitchell's control.

When I went on deck the *Louisiana* was nowhere to be seen, and not even a ripple showed where she had gone down. Thus we lost a powerful vessel, which would have been of much use to us in our future operations.

General Duncan and his companions now left the *Harriet Lane* and went on shore. In less than ten minutes afterwards the Confederate flags were hauled down, and both forts delivered over to the officers appointed to



COMMANDER PORTER RECEIVING CONFEDERATE OFFICERS ON THE "HARRIET LANE."

take possession of them. Our victory was not yet complete, however, for the enemy's flag still floated on the river, and my next duty lay in this direction. When Commander Mitchell set fire to the *Louisiana*, he transferred his officers and men to a river steamer and ran over to the opposite shore, a mile above the forts. His movements had been reported to me, and as soon as General Duncan had left the ship I gave orders for the *Harriet Lane* to weigh anchor and beat to quarters. We steered directly for the vessel carrying Mitchell's flag, and the order was given to fire at the flag-pole; but the smoke was not out of the gun before the Confederate flag was hauled down. Lieutenant Wainwright was sent on board the enemy to take possession, and was met by Commander Mitchell, who demanded the same terms as the officers of the forts had received. Wainwright informed him that no terms would be granted him or his officers, that he

and they would be held as close prisoners to answer for violating the sanctity of a flag of truce, and that they would all be sent to the North. Mitchell at once wrote me a letter relieving all the officers (except three or four) from the odium of having set fire to the *Louisiana*, and thus endangering the Union vessels while under a flag of truce.

I sent all the prisoners up to Flag-Officer Farragut, to be disposed of as he thought best, and that was the end of the affair. The forts were ours, the city was ours, and the river was open and free all the way up to New Orleans.

After the battle the officers of the Confederate army complained greatly of Commander Mitchell's behavior, saying, first, that he had failed to cooperate heartily with the land forces; secondly, that he had not made good use of the *Louisiana* (as far as I can learn she was not ready for action when the fleet passed up, and I am of the opinion that had she been properly managed, she might have

thrown our fleet into confusion); thirdly, that he had failed to ignite and send down all the fire-rafts that were under his charge, at the proper time to meet our fleet as it came up the river. He had quite a number of these tied up to the bank, and it can well be imagined what the effect of millions of burning pine-knots on thirty or forty rafts would have been, when it is remembered how seriously the *Hartford* was endangered by one of those which were actually sent.*

After all the defenses were in our power, I sent a steamer down to the bar and brought up one of General Butler's ships, on board of which was General Phelps with one or two regiments of infantry, who took possession of the forts.

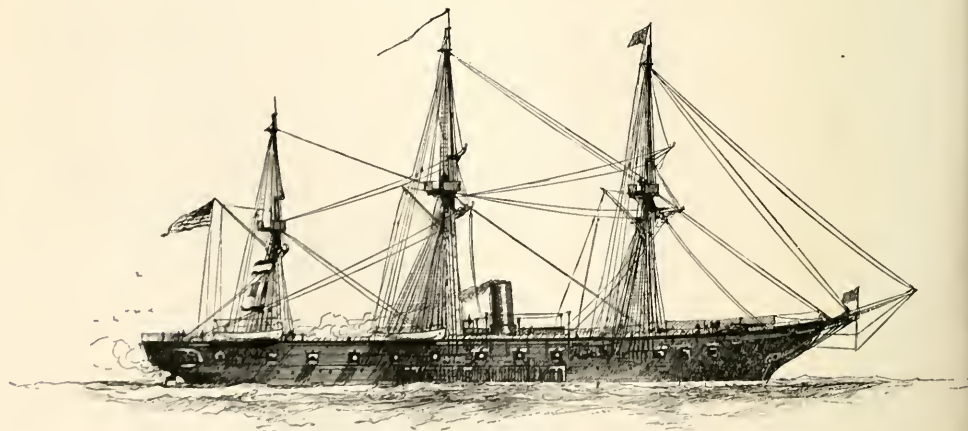
Farragut's vessels were only struck twenty-three times in their hulls by shots from Fort Jackson, while they received their great damage from Fort St. Philip, as appears from the official reports. This shows how difficult it was for the Confederate gunners in the former work

to fight while enduring the terrible pounding of the mortars. There can be no doubt that its fire prevented a greater loss of life in the Federal fleet and materially assisted toward the final result. Our total loss in the fleet was—killed, 35; wounded, 128. The ships which suffered most were the *Pensacola*, 37; *Brooklyn*, 35; and *Iroquois*, 28.

When the sun rose on the Federal fleet the morning after the fight, it shone on smiling faces, even among those who were suffering from their wounds. Farragut received the congratulations of his officers with the same imperturbability that he had exhibited all through the eventful battle; and while he showed great feeling for those of his men who had been killed or wounded, he did not waste time in vain regrets, but made the signal, "Push on to New Orleans." The fact that he had won imperishable fame did not seem to occur to him, so intent were his thoughts on following up his great victory to the end.

David D. Porter.

* It is but just to say that Commander Mitchell and the other Confederate naval officers denied that they had any intention of endangering the Union vessels, or that they were guilty of any "sharp practice" in destroying the *Louisiana*. They were put in close confinement at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor; but on making the above representations to the Secretary of the Navy they were treated as ordinary prisoners of war. A Confederate naval court of inquiry afterward investigated and approved the conduct of Commander Mitchell. The following extract from the letter from Lieutenant Whittle quoted on page 938, bears on the point in question: "On the morning of the 24th, when Farragut's fleet passed, the work on the propeller was still incomplete, and so our vessel was only an immovable floating battery. When, on the morning of April 25th, the work was finished, and we were about to test the efficiency of the motive power, we were notified by General Duncan, commanding Forts Jackson and St. Philip, that he had accepted the terms of capitulation offered by Commander Porter and before rejected. As the *Louisiana* was not included in the surrender, and Commander Porter's fleet was coming up under a flag of truce, in answer to a flag of truce from the forts, a council of war decided to destroy the *Louisiana*, and I was dispatched by Commander Mitchell to notify Commander Porter that although we had done what we could to drown the magazine and the charges in the guns, our hawsers might burn, and the *Louisiana* drift down among his vessels. While on my way to deliver this message the *Louisiana* blew up. I continued, however, and delivered the message in person to Commander D. D. Porter on board his flag-ship, the *Harriet Lane*."—ED.



THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



THE PARTING OF ILMAR AND HAADIN.

Put out thy torch, O watcher by the dead,
Unto the darkness give its own;
Silence and darkness — they alone
May minister about this breathless bed;
Put out thy mocking torch, good watcher gray,
Thine old head cover; come away.

And so I leave thee, Ilmar! That queen brow
Where diamond light were pale as mist,
I yield it up to Death, un-kissed.
He took thee from me; thou'rt his only, now:
No, no — I cannot lay on that still hand
Mine own, and thou not understand.

Mine was no little wingèd fantasy —
Gnat-passion of a summer day,
I loved not in the common way;
Therefore must I accept this misery,
Must hug it close, feed me upon its pain,
No more than thou to smile again.

The spider can restore each riven thread,
The bee refill its empty comb;
Alas! the heart's imperial home,
Once plundered, goes for aye untenanted.
Henceforth I wander, homeless, helpless, lone,
Only my bitterness mine own.

The haggard night, with wet, disheveled hair,
On her black path at large, shall be
My mate; the gesturing specter-tree
Shall reach his arms to me through glitt'ring air;
Friends will I make where, with despairing roar,
The baffled sea assaults the shore.

Wan as the bleachen kerchief smoothed around
Thy whiter neck, the realm of Death
Shall be my realm; and my stopt breath
Shall be unheard as thine down in the ground.—
Mine own are deaf as that sweet sleeper's ears;
Watcher, why speak when neither hears? —

Thou art so meek! Ah, why am I not so
Because thou art? — It cannot be:
My tameless blood increasingly
Does heat me fierce as tiger crouchèd low,
Hard-spotted pard, that, glancing back the glare
Of sun-fire, dapples all the air.

Had I, O wind, your liberty, the sea
Should lift so wildly he must spray
The shining azure Death's own gray,
Put out the splutt'ring stars, to say for me
How black is all this world!— No, no;
I must be calm. Lo, she is so!

Quench thy poor torch, good watcher. Death sleeps sound:
A candle cannot cheat her night.
Do men strengthen with smiles the noon-sun's light?
And shall we weep but to make wet the ground?
Old man, the gaping grave— didst ever note
The swallowed coffin choke his throat?

I tell thee she is Death's— Death's only, now:
Let us be gone. Haadin's tear
Would be a rain-drop on that bier,
His breath but wind against that brow.
Put out thy torch— ay, thou hast done it. All
Is dark— how dark!— Ilmar!— I— fall!

John Vance Cheney.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.



RUINS OF THE HENRY HOUSE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH PROBABLY TAKEN IN MARCH, 1862.

The tree on the right was nearly cut in two, by shot and bullets. In the distance, to the right of the tree, is the Lewis house.

ON the last day but one of the march of General Joseph E. Johnston's army to join General Beauregard, an order reached me at Rectortown, through Brigadier-General Barnard E. Bee, to collect the four field-

batteries of Johnston's army into one column, and, as senior artillery captain, to march them by country roads that were unobstructed by infantry or trains as rapidly as possible to Manassas Junction, and to report my arrival at any hour, day or night, to General Bee, who was going forward by rail with his brigade. Having assembled the batteries in the night, I began the march at day-dawn of Saturday, July 20, the day before the battle. About eight in the morning we were passing through a village in Fauquier County—Salem, I think it was. The whole population turned out to greet us. Men, women, and children brought baskets, trays, and plates loaded with their own family breakfasts, snatched from the tables, coffee-pots and all, to treat the soldiers. With the improvidence of raw campaigners, we had already, the night before, finished our three days' cooked rations, and were hungry. I ordered a halt for thirty minutes to enjoy the feast. The Staunton Artillery* (my own battery) was at the

*The Staunton Artillery numbered 140 officers and men. Six of them were college graduates, and several of them had left college to enter the army. The majority were either young men of leisure or mercantile clerks. About forty were young mechanics, whose mechanical skill was of much service. I had provided them with red flannel shirts at Harper's Ferry, because our uniforms were too fine for camp life and for service in the field.—J. D. I.

head of the column, and being largely composed of young men of high social standing, was especially honored by the ladies of the village, conspicuous among whom were the young daughters of Colonel John A. Washington, late of Mount Vernon. I noticed that some of the young fellows of the battery, lingering around the baskets borne by these young ladies, who bade them die or conquer in the fight, seemed very miserable during the remainder of the march that day. No doubt many of them, during the battle, felt that it were better to die on the field than retreat and live to meet those enthusiastic girls again. I make special note of that breakfast because it was the last food any of us tasted till the first Bull Run had been fought and won, thirty-six hours later.

It was one o'clock that night when the head of my little column reached General Bee's headquarters, about one mile north-east of Manassas Junction, on the Centreville road, at a point where the latter was intersected by a road running northward, parallel to the Sudley road and crossing Bull Run near Stone Bridge. General Bee was established in a log-cabin, back to which he was brought when he was mortally wounded, and to which I shall again allude. General Bee ordered us to unharness the horses and bivouac in the fence corners, adding, "You will need all the rest you can get, for a great battle will begin in the morning."

A little after daybreak we were aroused by the sharp, ringing report of a great Parrott gun across Bull Run, two miles away, and the whizzing of a thirty-pounder elongated shell over the tree-tops, four or five hundred yards to our left. Instantly every man was on his feet, and in five minutes the horses were harnessed and hitched to the guns and caissons. General Bee beckoned to me to come up to the porch, where he was standing in his shirt sleeves, having also been aroused by the shot. He rapidly informed me of the disposition of our troops of Johnston's army so far as they had arrived at Manassas. His own brigade had been brought forward by rail the evening before. Above all, he was dissatisfied at the prospect of not participating prominently in the battle, saying he had been ordered to the Stone Bridge, three or four miles away on our extreme left, to cover the left flank of the army from any movement that might be made against it. And as he had been directed to take a battery with him, he had selected mine, and wished me to move at once. He gave me a guide, and said he would follow immediately with his infantry. When I told him we had been twenty-four hours without food

for men and horses, he said he would order supplies to follow, remarking, "You will have plenty of time to cook and eat, to the music of a battle in which we will probably take little or no part."

Away we went, retracing our steps to the Junction, and by a westerly detour striking into the Sudley road, at a point half-way between the Junction and the scene of the battle. After an hour or so we were ascending the hill to the Lewis house, or "Portici," where Brigadier-General St. George Cocke, of Virginia, was camped with a small brigade. Here a courier at full speed met us with news that the whole Federal army seemed to be marching north-westerly on the other side of Bull Run. Halting my men, I rode to the top of the hill, and had a full view of a long column of glittering bayonets moving up on the north side of the creek. Glancing down the valley, I saw Bee's brigade advancing, and galloped to meet him and report what I had seen. He divined the plans of McDowell, and, asking me to accompany him, rode rapidly past the Lewis house, across the hollow beyond it, and up the next hill through the pines, emerging on the summit immediately east of the Henry house, where the beautiful open landscape in front burst upon his vision.

He exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Here is the battle-field, and we are in for it! Bring up your guns, as quickly as possible, and I'll look round for a good position."

In less than twenty minutes I and my battery had passed the Lewis house, when I discovered Bee coming out of the pines. He stopped, and, placing his cap on his sword-point, waved it almost frantically as a signal to hurry forward. We went at a gallop, and were guided to a depression in the ground about one hundred yards to the north-east of the Henry house, where we unlimbered. With his keen military eye, General Bee had chosen the best possible position for a battery on all that battle-field. We were almost under cover by reason of a slight swell in the ground immediately in our front, and not fifty feet away. Our shot passed not six inches above the surface of the ground on this "swell," and the recoil ran the guns back to still lower ground, where only the heads of my men were visible to the enemy when loading.

We were none too soon in position; for, by the time we had unlimbered, Captain Ricketts, appearing on the crest of the opposite hill, came beautifully and gallantly into battery at a gallop, a short distance from the Matthews house on our side of the Sudley road, and about fifteen hundred yards to our front. I wanted to open on him whilst he was unlimbering, but General Bee objected till we

had received a fire, and had thus ascertained the character and caliber of the enemy's guns. Mine, six in number, were all smooth-bore six-pounders, brass.

The first round or two from the enemy went high over us. Seeing this, General Bee directed us to fire low and ricochet our shot and shrapnel on the hard, smooth, open field that sloped towards the Warrenton turnpike in the valley between us. The effect was very destructive to the enemy.

The rapid massing of troops in our front soon led to very heavy fighting. My little battery was under a pitiless fire for a long time. Two guns from an Alexandria battery — Latham's, I think — took part in the conflict on the north side of Young's Branch to our right and across the turnpike, so long as Bee, Bartow, Evans, and Wheat were on that side, we firing over their heads; and about eleven o'clock two brass twelve-pounder Napoleons from the New Orleans Washington Artillery unlimbered on our right, but only remained for a few rounds, and then retired.

We were hardly more than fairly engaged with Ricketts when Griffin's splendid battery appeared in our front, and took position full five hundred yards nearer to us, in a field on the left of the Sudley road, counting from our position on the right of that road. Ricketts had six Parrott guns, and Griffin had as many more, and, I think, two twelve-pounder howitzers besides. These last hurt us more than all the rifles of both batteries, since the shot and shell of the rifles, striking the ground at any angle over fifteen or twenty degrees, almost without exception bored their way in several feet and did no harm. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of shells from these fine rifles exploded in front of and around my battery that day, but so deep in the ground that the fragments never came out. After the action the ground looked as though a drove of hogs had been rooting there for potatoes. I venture the opinion here, after a good deal of observation during four years, that in open ground at 1000 yards a six-pounder battery of smooth guns, or at 1500 to 1800 yards, a similar battery of twelve-pounder Napoleons, well handled, will in one hour whip double their number of the best rifles ever put in the field. A smooth-bore gun never buries its projectiles in the ground, as the rifle does invariably when fired against sloping ground. Of course, this advantage of the smooth-bore gun is limited to its shorter range, and to an open field fight, unprotected by defensive works.

For at least a half hour after our forces were driven across Young's Branch no Confederate soldier was visible from our position

near the Henry house. The Staunton Artillery, so far as we could see, was "alone in its glory." General Bee's order had been, "Stay here till you are ordered away." To my surprise, no orders had come, though, as I afterward learned, orders to withdraw had been sent three-quarters of an hour before through Major Howard, of Bee's staff. Howard fell, desperately wounded, on the way, and could not deliver the message.

Infantry was now massing near the Stone house on the turnpike, not 500 yards away, to charge and capture us. On making this discovery and learning from the sergeants of pieces that our ammunition was almost entirely exhausted, there remained but one way to save our guns, and that was to run them off the field. More than half of our horses had been killed, one or two, only, being left in several of my six-horse teams. The living animals were quickly divided amongst the guns and caissons, and we limbered up and fled. Then it was that the Henry house was riddled, and the old lady, Mrs. Henry, was mortally wounded; for our line of retreat was so chosen that for two or three hundred yards the house would conceal us from Griffin's battery, and, in a measure, shelter us from the dreaded fire of the infantry when they should reach the crest we had just abandoned. Several of Griffin's shot passed through the house, scattering shingles, boards, and splinters all around us. A rifle-shot from Ricketts broke the axle of one of our guns and dropped the gun in the field, but we saved the limber. The charging infantry gained the crest in front of the Henry house in time to give us one volley, but with no serious damage.

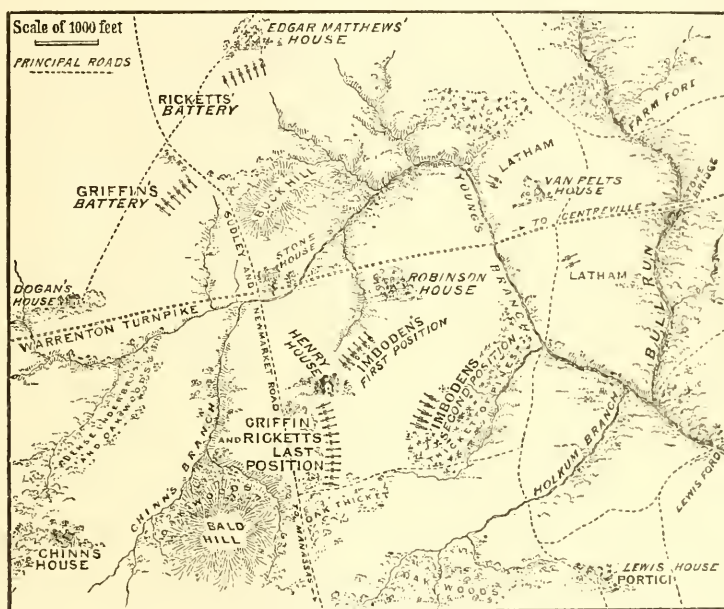
We crossed the summit at the edge of the pines, midway behind the Henry and Robinson houses, and there met "Stonewall" Jackson at the head of his brigade, marching by the flank at a double-quick. Johnston and Beauregard had arrived upon the field and were hurrying troops into position, but we had not yet seen them.

When I met Jackson I felt very angry at what I then regarded as bad treatment from General Bee, in leaving us so long exposed to capture, and I expressed myself with some profanity, which I could see was displeasing to Jackson. He remarked, "I'll support your battery. Unlimber right here." We did so, when a perfect lull in the conflict ensued for twenty or thirty minutes — at least in that part of the field.

It was at this time that McDowell committed, as I think, the fatal blunder of the day, by ordering both Ricketts' and Griffin's batteries to cease firing and move across the turnpike to the top of the Henry Hill,

taking position on the west side of the house. The short time required to effect the change enabled Beauregard to arrange his new line of battle on the highest crest of the hill, south-east of the Henry and Robinson houses, in the edge of the pines. If one of the Federal batteries had been left north of Young's Branch, it could have so swept the hill-top where we re-formed, that it would have greatly delayed, if it had not wholly prevented, us from occupying the position. And if we had been forced back to the next hill, on which stands the Lewis house, Sherman, who had crossed Bull Run not far above the Stone Bridge, would have had a fair swing at our right flank, to say nothing of the effect of artillery playing upon us from beyond Bull Run.

guns on a heavy column of the enemy, who were advancing towards us, in the direction of the Chinn house, but were still twelve to fifteen hundred yards away. Whilst we were thus engaged, General Jackson rode up and said that three or four batteries were approaching rapidly; and we might soon retire. I again asked permission to fire the three rounds of shrapnel left to us. He said: "Go ahead." I picked up a charge (the fuse was cut and ready) and rammed it home myself, remarking to Harman, "Tom, put in the primer and pull her off." I forgot to step back far enough from the muzzle, and, as I wanted to see the shell strike, I squatted to be under the smoke, and gave the word "Fire." Heavens! what a report! I thought the gun had burst,



PLAN OF THE BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

Imboden's second position in the edge of the pines, is on the line of the Confederate front as formed by General Jackson. Finally the Confederate line reached from behind the Robinson house to the left along the edge of the pines, and (as reinforcements came up) made a concave arc to a point behind the Chinn house.

General Imboden counted twenty-six Confederate guns in the semi-circle east of the Sudley road, when Griffin and Ricketts had taken position near the Henry house. About 2 P. M. Bee and Bartow were shot in the charge upon these Union batteries and their supports.—ED.

When my retiring battery met Jackson, and he assumed command of us, I reported that I had left only three rounds of ammunition, for a single gun. I wanted to send the caissons to the rear for a supply. He said, "No, not now—wait till other guns get here, and then you can withdraw your battery, as it has been so torn to pieces, and let your men rest."

For a time thereafter everything was quiet in our front; my men were lying round, nearly dead for water and food, and black with powder, smoke, and dust. Lieutenant Harman and I had been amusing ourselves training one of the

and in a moment of consciousness felt as if my head was blown off. But it was only the pent-up gas, escaping sideways as the shot cleared the muzzle, that struck my side and head, and threw me full twenty feet away. I recovered in time to see the shell explode in the enemy's ranks at a spot where, the next day, we found five or six bodies badly mangled. The blood gushed out of my left ear, and from that day to this it has been totally deaf. The men fired the other two rounds, and limbered up and moved away, just as the Rockbridge artillery, under Lieutenant

Brockenbrough, came into position, and, a moment later, the Leesburg artillery, under Lieutenant Henry Heaton. Pendleton, captain of the first, and Rogers, of the second, were not with their batteries when they unlimbered, nor at any time afterwards, as long as I was with them, during the action. But Heaton and Brockenbrough were more than equal to the occasion. Heaton particularly, who had been under my command with his battery at the Point of Rocks, below Harper's Ferry, the previous May, was a brave and skillful young officer. Several other batteries soon came into line, so that by the time Griffin and Ricketts were in position near the Henry house, we had, as I now remember, twenty-six fresh guns ready for them.

The fighting was renewed, and was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm towards the person he was addressing. He threw up his hand as he told me to go. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw the blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, "General, you are wounded." He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast pocket, and began to bind it up, "Only a scratch — a mere scratch," and galloped away along his line.

To save my horse, I had hitched him to a persimmon tree in a little gully some fifty yards or more in the rear. I had become a little careful of the faithful beast on account of two narrow escapes. Whilst readjusting the teams at our first position, I had ridden to my left, nearly in front of the Henry house. Several of Griffin's guns appeared to be trained on me. A rifle shell burrowed under the horse, and, exploding in the ground, covered him with dirt, but did no damage. A fragment of another shell from overhead cut my canteen open, and wasted a pint of very good brandy, that would have been a boon a little later on. His other escape was during our flight after we got behind the Henry house. An unexploded rifle shell grazed his neck, taking off a little of the mane about a foot from his head, bringing him to his knees by the concussion.

To reach my horse after Jackson had given me permission to rejoin my battery, I had to pass the infantry of Hampton's Legion, who were lying down in supporting distance of

our artillery, then all in full play. (Colonel Wade Hampton's "Legion" at that time, as I remember, consisted of a regiment of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and a four-gun battery of horse artillery.) Whilst untying my horse, a shell exploded in the midst of Hampton's infantry, killing several and stampeding fifteen or twenty nearest the spot. I tried to rally them; but one huge fellow, musket in hand with bayonet fixed, had started on a run. I threw myself in his front with drawn sword, and threatened to cut him down, whereupon he made a lunge at me. I threw up my left arm to ward off the blow, but the bayonet-point ran under the wrist-band of my red flannel shirt, and raked the skin of my arm from wrist to shoulder. The blow knocked me sprawling on the ground, and the fellow got away. I tore off the dangling shirt-sleeve, and was barearmed as to my left, the remainder of the fight.

I overtook my battery on the hill near the Lewis house (used as a hospital), in a field in front of which I saw General Johnston and staff grouped on their horses, and under fire from numerous shells that reached that hill. I rode up to General Johnston, reported our ammunition all gone, and requested to know where I could find the ordnance wagons and get a fresh supply. Observing the sorry plight of the battery and the condition of the surviving men and horses, he directed me to remove them farther to the rear to a place of perfect safety for men and horses, and return myself to the field, where I might be of some service. I took the battery back perhaps a mile, where we found a little stream of water, so welcome to men and horses. Being greatly exhausted, I rested for perhaps an hour, and returned to the front with Sergeant Thomas Shumate, a favorite in the battery, and always eager for action.

When we regained the crest of the Henry plateau, the enemy had been swept from it, and the retreat had begun all along the line. We gazed upon the scene for a time, and, hearing firing between the Lewis house and the Stone Bridge, we rode back to see what it meant. Captain Lindsay Walker had arrived from Fredericksburg with his six-Parrott-gun battery, and from a high hill was shelling the fugitives beyond Bull Run as they were fleeing in wild disorder to the shelter of the nearest woods. General J. E. B. Stuart, at the head of a body of yelling cavalry with drawn sabers, was sweeping round the base of the hill we were on, to cross the Run and fall upon the mob hurrying toward Centreville.

When Stuart disappeared in the distance, Sergeant Shumate and I rode slowly back

toward where I had left my battery. Nearing the Lewis house, we saw General Johnston and his staff coming toward us slowly, preceded a little by a solitary horseman some paces in advance, who was lifting his hat to every one he met. From the likeness I had seen of President Jefferson Davis, I instantly recognized him and told Shumate who it was. With the impulsiveness of his nature, Shumate dashed up to the President, seized his hand, and huzzahed at the top of his voice. I could see that Mr. Davis was greatly amused, and I was convulsed with laughter. When they came within twenty steps of me, where I had halted to let the group pass, Shumate exclaimed, to the great amusement of all who heard him: "Mr. President, there's my captain, and I want to introduce *you* to *him*."

The President eyed me for a moment, as if he thought I was an odd-looking captain. I had on a battered slouch hat, a red flannel shirt with only one sleeve, corduroy trousers, and heavy cavalry boots. I was begrimed with burnt powder, dust, and blood from my ear and arm, and must have been about as hard-looking a specimen of a captain as was ever seen. Nevertheless, the President grasped my hand with a cordial salutation, and after a few words passed on.

We found our battery refreshing themselves on fat bacon and bread. After a hasty meal, I threw myself on a bag of oats, and slept till broad daylight next morning, notwithstanding a drenching rain, which beat upon me during the night.

In fact, I was aroused in the morning by a messenger from ex-Governor Alston, of South Carolina, summoning me to the side of my gallant commander, Brigadier-General Bee, who had been mortally wounded near the Henry house, where Bartow was instantly killed almost at the same moment. When I reached General Bee, who had been carried back to the cabin where I had joined him the night before, he was unconscious, and died in a few minutes whilst I was holding his hand. Some one during the night had told him that I had reflected on him for so long leaving our battery exposed to capture; and, at his request, messengers had been for hours hunting me in the darkness, to bring me to him, that I might learn from his own lips that he had sent Major Howard to order me to withdraw, when he was driven back across Young's Branch and the turnpike. I was grieved deeply not to have seen him sooner. Possibly the failure of his order to reach me was providential. For full three-quarters of an hour we kept up a fire that delayed the enemy's movement across Young's Branch. But for that, they might

have gained the Henry plateau, before Jackson and Hampton came up, and before Bee and Bartow had rallied their disorganized troops. Minutes count as hours under such circumstances, and trifles often turn the scale in great battles.

General Jackson's wound, received under the circumstances I have described, became very serious when inflammation set in. On hearing, three days after the fight, that he was suffering with it, I rode to his quarters, in a little farm-house near Centreville. Although it was barely sunrise, he was out under the trees, bathing the hand with spring water. It was much swollen and very painful, but he bore himself stoically. His wife and baby had arrived the night before. His little daughter Julia was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her, to her great delight, while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees. Of course, the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked, in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, "General, how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?" He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered, in a low tone of great earnestness: "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about *that*, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me." He added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: "Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all would be equally brave."

I felt that this last remark was intended as a rebuke for my profanity, when I had complained to him on the field of the apparent abandonment of my battery to capture, and I apologized. He heard me, and simply said, "Nothing can justify profanity."

I never knew him to let profanity pass without a rebuke but once. The incident was reported to me by the chief actor in it, Major John A. Harman, who was Jackson's chief quartermaster, and a man of extraordinary qualifications. It happened at Edwards Ferry, on the Potomac, when our army was crossing into Maryland in the Antietam campaign. Major-General D. H. Hill's division was crossing, when Jackson rode up, and found the ford completely blocked with Hill's wagon-train. He spoke sharply to Hill (who was his brother-in-law, they having married sisters) for allowing such confusion. General Hill replied that *he* was not a quartermaster, or something that implied it was no part of his business to get tangled wagons out of the river. Jackson instantly put Hill in

arrest, and, turning to Major Harman, ordered him to clear the ford. Harman dashed in among the wagoners, kicking mules, and apparently inextricable mass of wagons, and, in the voice of a stentor, poured out a volume of oaths that would have excited the admiration of the most scientific mule-driver. The effect was electrical. The drivers were frightened and swore as best they could, but far below the Major's standard. The mules caught the inspiration from a chorus of familiar words, and all at once made a break for the Maryland shore, and in five minutes the ford was cleared. Jackson witnessed and heard it all. Harman rode back to join him, expecting a lecture, and, touching his hat, said: "The ford is clear, General! There's only one language that will make mules understand on a hot day that they must get out of the water." The General, smiling, said: "Thank you, Major," and dashed into the water at the head of his staff.

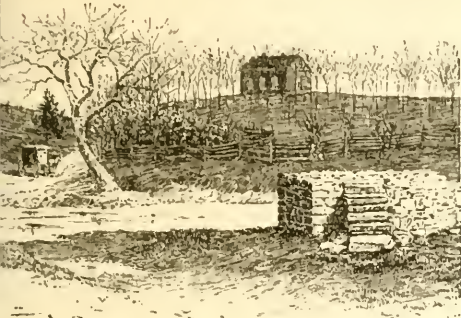
My aim in these few pages being only to describe some incidents of the battle which came under my own observation, I have not attempted to sketch the progress of the fight, nor to discuss the controversies growing out of it. The duties of the command were appropriately divided between General Johnston, the ranking officer, and General Beauregard, who was in the thickest of the fight, and displayed a heroism which inspired all around him. The battle was mainly fought by Johnston's troops from the Shenandoah. A large majority of the killed and wounded were his men and officers. Beauregard's troops were strung out for several miles down the valley of Bull Run, and did not get up to our aid till near the end of the day. General Beauregard himself came upon the field long before any of his troops arrived, except those he had posted under Evans to guard the Stone Bridge, and which, with Bee's troops, bore the brunt of the first attack.

The uninformed, North and South, have wondered why Johnston and Beauregard did not follow on to Washington. General Johnston, in his "Narrative," has clearly and conclusively answered that question. It was simply impossible. We had neither the food nor transportation at Manassas necessary to a forward movement. This subject was the cause of sharp irritation between our commanding generals at Manassas and Mr. Davis and his Secretary of War, Mr. Benjamin. There was a disposition in the quartermaster's and commissary departments at Richmond to deny the extent of the destitution of our army immediately after the battle. To

ascertain the exact facts of the case, General Johnston organized a board of officers to investigate and report the condition of the transportation and commissariat of the army at Manassas on the 21st of July, and the daily condition for two weeks thereafter. That Board was composed of Lieutenant Colonel Robert B. Lee (a cousin of General R. E. Lee), representing the commissary department, Major (afterwards Major-General) W. L. Cabell, representing the quartermaster department, and myself from the line. My associates on this Board were old United States army officers of acknowledged ability and large experience. We organized early in August, and made an exhaustive investigation and detailed report. I have a distinct recollection that we found that there was not at Manassas one full day's rations on the morning of the battle (July 21) for the combined armies of Johnston and Beauregard, and that on no single day for the succeeding two weeks was there as much as a three days' supply there. We found that there were not wagons and teams enough at any time to have transported three days' supplies for the troops put in motion away from the railroad. We found that for weeks preceding the 21st of July General Beauregard had been urging and almost importunate in his demands on the quartermaster and commissary generals at Richmond for adequate supplies. We found that Colonel Northrop, the commissary-general, had not only failed to send forward adequate supplies for such an emergency as occurred when General Johnston brought his army from the valley, but that he had interfered with and interdicted the efforts of officers of the department, who were with General Beauregard, to collect supplies from the rich and abundant region lying between the host armies. After reporting the facts, we unanimously concurred in the opinion that they proved the impossibility of a successful and rapid pursuit of the defeated enemy to Washington. This report, elaborately written and signed, was forwarded to Richmond, and in a few days was returned by Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, with an indorsement to the effect that the Board had transcended its powers by expressing an opinion as to what the facts did or did not prove, and sharply ordering us to strike out all that part of the report, and send only the facts ascertained by us. We met and complied with this order, though indignant at the reprimand, and returned our amended report. That was the last I ever heard of it. It never saw daylight. Who suppressed it I do not know.

MANASSAS TO SEVEN PINES.

A REPLY TO JEFFERSON DAVIS,—INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE BATTLES OF BULL RUN AND SEVEN PINES.



SUDLEY SPRINGS FORD, LOOKING SOUTH.

On the right, ruins of Sudley mineral springs. On the hill, Sudley Church—a hospital in the two battles of Bull Run. The wagon is on the left, on the road to the Manassas road. It is a mile from the ford to where Ricketts planted his battery.—ED.

WHEN the State of Virginia seceded, being a citizen of that State, I resigned my office in the United States Army. And as I had seen a good deal of military service, in the Seminole and Mexican wars and in the West, the President of the Confederacy offered me a commission in the highest grade in his army. I accepted the offer because the invasion of the South was inevitable. But I soon incurred Mr. Davis's displeasure by protesting against an illegal act of his by which I was greatly wronged. Still he retained me in important positions, although his official letters were harsh. In 1864, however, he degraded me to the utmost of his power by summarily removing me from a high command. Believing that he was prompted to this act by animosity, and not by dispassionate opinion, I undertook to prove this animosity by many tracts from his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy" (D. Appleton & Co.: 1881), and my comments thereon.

A QUESTION OF RANK.

MR. DAVIS recites (Vol. I., p. 307) the law securing to officers who might leave the United States Army to enter that of the Confederacy the same relative rank in the latter which they had in the former, provided their designations had been offered in the six months next following the 14th of March, and then adds:

"The provisions hereof are in the view entertained, that the army was of the States, not of the Government, and was to secure to officers adhering to the

Confederate States the same relative rank which they had before those States had withdrawn from the Union. . . .

"How well the Government observed both the letter and spirit of the law will be seen by reference to its action in the matter of appointments."

Those of the five generals were the most prominent, of course. All had resigned within the time prescribed. Their relative rank in the United States Army just before secession was: 1st, J. E. Johnston, Brigadier-General; 2d, S. Cooper, Colonel; 3d, A. S. Johnston, Colonel; 4th, R. E. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel; and 5th, G. T. Beauregard, Major. All of them but the 3d had previous appointments, when, on the 31st of August, the Government announced new ones: S. Cooper's being dated May 16, A. S. Johnston's May 28, R. E. Lee's June 14, J. E. Johnston's July 1, and G. T. Beauregard's July 21. So the law was violated, 1st, by disregarding existing commissions; 2d, by giving different instead of the same dates to commissions; and 3d, by not recognizing previous rank in the United States Army. The only effect of this triple violation of law was to reduce J. E. Johnston from the first to the fourth place, which, of course, must have been its object.

"It is a noteworthy fact [he continues] that the three highest officers in rank . . . were all so indifferent to any question of personal interest that they had received their appointment before they were aware it was to be conferred."

This implies that the conduct described was unusual. On the contrary, it was that of the body of officers who left the United States Army to enter that of the Confederacy. It is strange that the author should disparage so many honorable men. He states (page 309) that General Lee, when ordered from Richmond to the South for the first time, asked what rank he held in the army: "So wholly had his heart and his mind been consecrated to the public service that he had not remembered if he ever knew of his advancement."

As each grade has its duties, an officer cannot know his duty if ignorant of his rank. Therefore General Lee always knew his rank, for he never failed in his duty. Besides, his official correspondence at the time referred to shows that he knew that he was major-general of the Virginia forces until May 25, 1861, and a Confederate general after that date.

THE MOVEMENT FROM THE SHENANDOAH
TO MANASSAS.

DESCRIBING the events which immediately preceded the battle of Manassas, Mr. Davis says (page 340) :

"The forces there assembled [in Virginia] were divided into three armies, at positions the most important and threatened. One, under General J. E. Johnston, at Harper's Ferry, covering the valley of the Shenandoah. . . .

"Harper's Ferry was an important position both for military and political considerations. . . . The demonstrations of General Patterson, commanding the Federal army in that region, caused General Johnston earnestly to insist on being allowed to retire to a position nearer to Winchester."

Harper's Ferry is twenty-two miles east of the route into the Shenandoah Valley, and could be held only by an army strong enough to drive an enemy from the heights north and east of it. So it is anything but an important position. These objections were expressed to the Government two days after my arrival, and I suggested the being permitted to move the troops as might be necessary. All this before General Patterson had advanced from Chambersburg.

The assertion in the first sentence of General Cooper's letter (page 341)—"You had been heretofore instructed to exercise your discretion as to retiring from your position at Harper's Ferry"—is incorrect. No such instructions had been given. The last instructions on the subject received by me are in General Lee's letter of June 7. ("War Records," Vol. II. page 910.)

On page 341 Mr. Davis says: "The temporary occupation [of Harper's Ferry] was especially needful for the removal of the valuable machinery and material in the armory located there." The removal of the machinery was not an object referred to in General Cooper's letter. But the presence of our army anywhere in the Valley within a day's march of the position, would have protected that removal.

That letter (page 341) was received two days after the army left Harper's Ferry to meet General McClellan's troops, believed by intelligent people of Winchester to be approaching from the west.

On page 345 he says it was a difficult problem to know which army, whether Beauregard's at Manassas or Johnston's in the Valley, should be reinforced by the other, because these generals were "each asking reinforcements from the other." All that was written by me on the subject is in the letter (page 345) dated July 9: "I have not asked for reinforcements because I supposed that the War Department, informed of the state of

affairs everywhere, could best judge where the troops at its disposal are most required. . . . If it is proposed to strengthen us against the attack I suggest as soon to be made, it seems to me that General Beauregard might with great expedition furnish five or six thousand men for a few days."

Mr. Davis says, after quoting from this letter:

"As soon as I became satisfied that Manassas was the objective point of the enemy's movement, I wrote to General Johnston urging him to make preparations for a junction with General Beauregard."

There is abundant evidence that the Southern President never thought of transferring the troops in the "Valley" to Manassas until the proper time to do it came—that is, when McDowell was known to be advancing. This fact is shown by the anxiety he expressed to increase the number of those troops.* And General Lee, writing to Mr. Davis in November, 1861 ("War Records," Vol. II., p. 515), says in regard to General Beauregard's suggestion that he be reinforced from my army:

"You decided that the movements of the enemy in and about Alexandria were not sufficiently demonstrative to warrant the withdrawing of any of the troops from the Shenandoah Valley. A few days afterwards, however,—I think three or four,—the reports from General Beauregard showed so clearly the enemy's purpose, that you ordered General Johnston, with his effective force, to march at once to the support of General Beauregard."

This letter is in reply to one from Mr. Davis, to the effect that statements had been widely published to show that General Beauregard's forces had been held inactive by his (Mr. Davis's) rejection of plans for vigorous offensive operations proposed to him by the general, and desiring to know of General Lee what those plans were, and why they were rejected.

"On the 17th of July, 1861," says Mr. Davis (page 346), "the following telegram was sent by the adjutant-general" to General J. E. Johnston, Winchester, Va.:

"General Beauregard is attacked. To strike the enemy a decisive blow, a junction of all your effective force will be needed. If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick and baggage to Culpeper Court House, either by railroad or by Warrenton. In all the arrangements exercise your discretion. [Signed] S. COOPER, Adjutant and Inspector General."

Mr. Davis asserts that I claim that discretion was given me by the words "all the arrangements." I claimed it from what he terms the only positive part of the order, viz., "If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick to Culpeper Court House."

"The sending the sick to Culpeper Court House [Mr. Davis adds] might have been after or before the effective force had moved to the execution of the main and only positive part of the order."

* See "War Records," Vol. II., letters on pages 924, 935, 940, 973, 976, 977.

"Make the movement" would have been a positive order, but "if practicable" deprived it of that character, and gave the officer receiving it a certain discretion. But, as the movement desired was made promptly, it was surely idle to discuss, twenty years after, whether the officer could lawfully have done what he *did not do*. At the time the decision of such a question might have been necessary; but, as Mr. Davis will give no more orders to generals, and as the officer concerned will execute no more, such a discussion is idle now. The use of the wagons required in the march of the army would have been necessary to remove the sick to the railroad station at Strasburg, eighteen miles distant; so this removal could *not* have been made *after* the march. There being seventeen hundred sick, this part of their transportation would have required more time than the transfer of the troops to Manassas, which was the important thing. The sick were, therefore, properly and quickly provided for in Winchester. I was the only judge of the "practicable"; and "if practicable" refers to the whole sentence—as much to sending the sick to Culpeper as to "make the movement." Still he says (page 347):

"His [my] letters of the 12th and 13th expressed his doubts about his power to retire from before the superior force of General Patterson. Therefore, the word 'practicable' was in that connection the equivalent of 'possible.'"

It is immaterial whether "if practicable" or "if possible" was written. I was the only judge of the possibility or practicability; and, if General Patterson had not changed his position after the telegram was received, I might have thought it necessary to attack him, to "make the movement practicable." But as to my power to retire. On the 15th General Patterson's forces were half a day's march from us, and on the 12th more than a day's march; and, as Stuart's cavalry did not permit the enemy to observe us, retreat would have been easy, and I could not possibly have written to the contrary.*

As to Mr. Davis's telegram (page 348), and the anxiety in Mr. Davis's mind lest there should be some unfortunate misunderstanding between General Beauregard and me,—my inquiry was intended and calculated to establish beyond dispute our relative positions. As a Confederate brigadier-general I had been junior to General Beauregard, but was cre-

ated general by act of Congress. But, as this had not been published to the army, it was not certain that it was known at Manassas. If it was not, the President's telegram gave the information, and prevented what he seems to have apprehended.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.†

ON page 349 to the end of the chapter, the President describes his visit to the field of battle near Manassas. "As we advanced," he says, "the storm of battle was rolling westward." But, in fact, the fighting ceased before he left Manassas. He then mentions meeting me on a hill which commanded a general view of the field, and proceeding farther west, where he saw a Federal "column," which a Confederate squadron charged and put to flight. But the captain in command of this squadron says in his report that the column seen was a party of our troops. Mr. Davis also dilates on the suffering of our troops for want of supplies and camp equipment, and on his efforts to have them provided for. After the battle ended, officers were duly directed by me to have food brought to the ground where the troops were to pass the night.

I was not in the conference described by Mr. Davis (pages 353, 354, 355). Having left the field after ten o'clock, and ridden in the dark slowly, it was about half-past eleven when I found the President and General Beauregard together, in the latter's quarters at Manassas. We three conversed an hour or more without referring to pursuit or an advance upon Washington. The "conference" described by him must have occurred before my arrival, and Mr. Davis may very well have forgotten that I was not present then.

But, when the President wrote, he had forgotten the subject of the conference he described; for the result, as he states it, was an order, not for pursuit by the army, but for the detail of two parties to collect wounded men and abandoned property near the field of battle. This order (pages 355, 356) is "to the same effect," Mr. Davis says, as the one he wrote, and which he terms a direction to pursue the Federal army at early dawn.

It is asserted (page 354) that I left the command over both Confederate armies in General Beauregard's hands during the engagement. Such conduct would have been as base as flight from the field in the heat of

* Mr. Davis has a few words of praise for General Johnston, which, in this connection, will be of interest to the reader: "It gives me pleasure to state that, from all the accounts received at the time, the plans of General Johnston for masking his withdrawal to form a junction with General Beauregard were conducted with marked skill" (page 347).—ED.

† For views of the field and pictorial incidents of the battle of Bull Run, see General Beauregard's paper in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1884.

battle, and would have brought upon me the contempt of every honorable soldier. It is disproved by the fact that General Beauregard was willing to serve under me there, and again in North Carolina, near the close of the war; and associated with me. As this accusation is published by the Southern President, and indorsed by General Beauregard, it requires my contradiction.

Instead of leaving the command in General Beauregard's hands, I assumed it over both armies immediately after my arrival on the 20th, showing General Beauregard as my warrant the President's telegram defining my position. The usual order* assuming command was written and sent to General Beauregard's office for distribution. He was then told that as General Patterson would no doubt hasten to join General McDowell as soon as he discovered my movement, we must attack the Federal army next morning. General Beauregard then pointed out on a map of the neighborhood the roads leading to the enemy's camp at Centreville from the different parts of our line south of the stream, and the positions of the brigades near each road; and a simple order of march, by which our troops would unite near the Federal position, was sketched. Having had neither sleep nor recumbent rest since the morning of the 17th, I begged General Beauregard to put this order of march on paper, and have the necessary copies made and sent to me for inspection in a grove, near, where I expected to be resting; this in time for distribution before night. This distribution was to be by him, the immediate commander of most of the troops. Seeing that eight brigades were on the right of the line to Centreville, and but one to the left of it at a distance of four miles, I desired General Beauregard to have Bee's and Jackson's brigades placed in this interval near the detached brigade.

The papers were brought to me a little before sunrise next morning. They differed greatly from the order sketched the day before; but as they would put the troops in motion if distributed, it would be easy then to direct the course of each division. By the order sketched the day before, all our forces would have been concentrated near Centreville, to attack the Federal army. By that prepared by General Beauregard but four brigades were directed "to the attack of Centreville," of which one and a half had not yet arrived from the Valley, while six brigades were to move forward to the Union Mills and Centreville road, there to hold themselves in readi-

ness to support the attack on Centreville, or to move, two to Sangster's cross-roads, two to Fairfax Station, and two to Fairfax Court House. The two and a half brigades on the ground, even supported by the half brigade of the reserve also on the ground, in all probability would have been defeated by the whole Federal army before the three bodies of two brigades each could have come to their aid, over distances of from three to five miles. Then, if the enemy had providentially been defeated by one-sixth or one-eighth of their number, Sangster's cross-roads and Fairfax Station were out of their line of retreat.

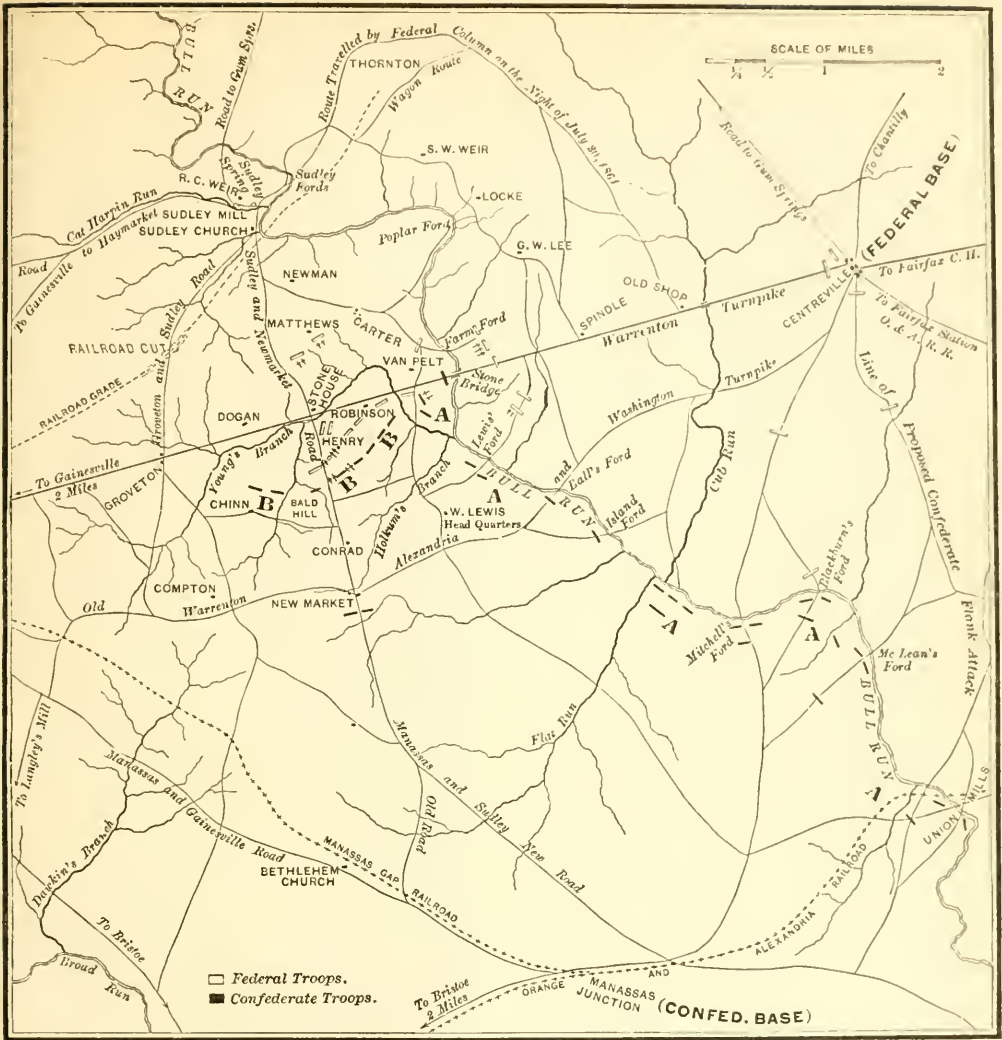
Soon after sunrise on the 21st, it was reported that a large body of Federal troops was approaching on the Warrenton Turnpike. This offensive movement of the enemy would have *frustrated our plan of the day before*, if the orders for it had been delivered to the troops. It appears from the reports of the commanders of the six brigades on the right that but one of them, General Longstreet, received it. Learning that Bee's and Jackson's brigades were still on the right, I again desired General Beauregard to transfer them to the left, which he did, giving the same orders to Hampton's Legion, just arrived. These, with Coker's brigade then near the turnpike, would necessarily receive the threatened attack.

General Beauregard then suggested that all our troops on the right should move rapidly to the left and assail the attacking Federal troops in flank. This suggestion was accepted; and together we joined those troops. Three of the four brigades of the first line, at Mitchell's, Blackburn's, and McLean's fords, reported strong bodies of United States troops on the wooded heights before them. This *frustrated the second plan*. Two Federal batteries—one in front of Bonham's brigade at Mitchell's ford, the other before Longstreet's at Blackburn's ford—were annoying us, although their firing was slow.

About 8 o'clock, after receiving such information as scouts could give, I left General Beauregard near Longstreet's position, and placed myself on Lookout Hill, in rear of Mitchell's ford, to await the development of the enemy's designs. About 9 o'clock the signal officer, Captain Alexander, reported that a column of Federal troops could be seen crossing the valley of Bull Run, two miles beyond our left.

General McDowell had been instructed by the general-in-chief to pass the Confederate right and seize the railroad in our rear. But, learning that the district to be passed

* General J. A. Early, in his narrative of these events, says: "During the 20th, General Johnston arrived at Manassas Junction by the railroad, and that day we received the order from him assuming command of the combined armies of General Beauregard and himself."—J. E. J.



GENERAL MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MANASSAS.

(For full-page topographical map of the field, see THE CENTURY for November, 1884.)

through was rugged and covered with woods, and therefore unfavorable to a large army, he determined, after devoting three days to reconnoissance, to operate on the open and favorable ground to his right, and turn our left. He had another object in this second plan, and an important one — that this course would place his between the two Confederate armies, and prevent their junction; and if it had been made a day or two sooner, this manoeuvre would have accomplished that object.

General McDowell marched from Centreville by the Warrenton turnpike with three divisions, sending a fourth division to deceive us by demonstrations in front of our main

body. Leaving the turnpike a half mile from the Stone Bridge, he made a long detour to Sudley ford, where he crossed Bull Run and turned towards Manassas. Colonel Evans, who commanded fourteen companies near the Stone Bridge, discovered this manoeuvre, and moved with his little force along the base of the hill north of the turnpike, to place it before the enemy near the Sudley and Manassas road. Here he was assailed by greatly superior numbers, which he resisted obstinately.

General Beauregard had joined me on Lookout Hill, and we could distinctly hear the sounds and see the smoke of the fight. But they indicated no hostile force that Evans's troops and those of Bee, Hampton and Jackson,

which we could see hurrying towards the conflict in that order, were not adequate to resist.

On reaching the broad, level top of the hill south of the turnpike, Bee, appreciating the strength of the position, formed his troops (half of his own and half of Bartow's brigade) on that ground. But seeing Evans struggling against great odds, he crossed the valley and formed on the right and a little in advance of him. Here the five or six regiments, with six field-pieces, held their ground for an hour against 10,000 or 12,000 United States troops, when, finding they were overlapped on each flank by the continually arriving enemy, General Bee fell back to the position from which he had moved to rescue Evans—crossing the valley, closely pressed by the Federal army.

Hampton with his legion reached the valley as the retrograde movement began. Forming it promptly, he joined in the action, and contributed greatly to the orderly character of the retreat by his courage and admirable soldiery, seconded by the excellent conduct of the gentlemen composing his legion. Imboden and his battery did excellent service on this trying occasion. Bee met Jackson at the head of his brigade, on the position he had first taken, and he began to re-form and Jackson to deploy at the same time.

In the mean time I had been waiting with General Beauregard on Lookout Hill for evidence of General McDowell's design. The violence of the firing on the left indicated a battle, but the large bodies of troops reported by chosen scouts to be facing our right kept me in doubt. But near eleven o'clock reports that those troops were felling trees showed that they were standing on the defensive; and new clouds of dust on the left proved that a large body of Federal troops was arriving on the field. It thus appeared that the enemy's great effort was to be against our left. I expressed this to General Beauregard, and the necessity of reënforcing the brigades engaged, and desired him to send immediate orders to Early and Holmes, of the second line, to hasten to the conflict with their brigades. General Bonham, who was near me, was desired to send up two regiments and a battery. I then set off at a rapid gallop to the scene of action. General Beauregard joined me without a word. Passing on the way Colonel Pendleton with two batteries, I directed him to follow with them as fast as possible.

It now seemed that a battle was to be fought entirely different in place and circumstance from the two plans previously adopted, and abandoned as impracticable. Instead of taking the initiative and operating in front of our line, we were compelled to fight on the defensive more than a mile in rear of that line,

and at right angles to it, on a field selected by General Bee,—with no other plans than those suggested by the changing events of battle.

While we were riding forward General Beauregard suggested to me to assign him to the immediate command of the troops engaged, so that my supervision of the whole field might not be interrupted, to which I assented. So he commanded those troops under me; as elsewhere, lieutenant-generals commanded corps, and major-generals divisions, under me.

When we were near the ground where Bee was re-forming and Jackson deploying his brigade, I saw a regiment in line with ordered arms and facing to the front, but two or three hundred yards in rear of its proper place. On inquiry I learned that it had lost all its field-officers; so, riding on its left flank, I easily marched it to its place. It was the Fourth Alabama, an excellent regiment; and I mention this because the circumstance has been greatly exaggerated.

After the troops were in good battle order I turned to the supervision of the whole field. The enemy's great numerical superiority was discouraging. Yet, from strong faith in Beauregard's capacity and courage, and the high soldierly qualities of Bee and Jackson, I hoped that the fight would be maintained until I could bring adequate reënforcements to their aid. For this Holmes and Early were urged to hasten their march, and Ewell was ordered to follow them with his brigade with all speed. Broken troops were reorganized and led back into the fight with the help of my own and part of General Beauregard's staff. Coker's brigade was held in rear of the right to observe a large body of Federal troops in a position from which Bee's right flank could have been struck in a few minutes.

After these additions had been made to our troops then engaged, we had nine regiments of infantry, five batteries, and three hundred cavalry of the Army of the Shenandoah, and about two regiments and a half of infantry, six companies of cavalry, and six field-pieces of the Army of the Potomac, holding at bay three divisions of the United States army. The Southern soldiers had, however, two great advantages in the contest: greater skill in the use of fire-arms, and the standing on the defensive, by which they escaped such disorder as advancing under fire produced in the ranks of their adversaries, undisciplined like themselves.

A report received about two o'clock from General Beauregard's office that another United States army was approaching from the north-west, and but a few miles from us, caused me to send orders to Bonham, Longstreet, and Jones to hold their brigades south of Bull Run, and ready to move.

When Bonham's two regiments appeared soon after, Cocke's brigade was ordered into action on our right. Fisher's North Carolina regiment coming up, Bonham's two regiments were directed against the Federal right, and Fisher's was afterwards sent in the same direction; for the enemy's strongest efforts seemed to be directed against our left, as if to separate us from Manassas Junction.

About half-past three o'clock, General E. K. Smith arrived with three regiments of Elzey's brigade, coming from Manassas Junction. He was instructed, through a staff officer sent forward to meet him, to form on the left of our line, his left thrown forward, and attack the enemy in flank. At his request I joined him, directed his course, and gave him these instructions. Before the formation was completed, he fell severely wounded, and while falling from his horse directed Colonel Elzey to take command. That officer appreciated the manœuvre and executed it gallantly and well. General Beauregard promptly seized the opportunity it afforded, and threw forward the whole line. The enemy was driven from the long-contested hill, and the tide of battle at length turned. But the first Federal line driven into the valley was there rallied on a second, the two united presenting a formidable aspect. In the mean time, however, Colonel Early had come upon the field with his brigade. He was instructed by me to make a detour to the left and assail the Federal right in flank. He reached the ground in time, accompanied by Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery, and made his attack with a skill and courage which routed the Federal right in a moment. General Beauregard, charging in front, made the rout complete. The Federal right fled in confusion toward the Sudley ford, and the center and left marched off rapidly by the turnpike.

Stuart pursued the fugitives on the Sudley road, and Colonel Radford, with two squadrons I had held in reserve near me during the day, was directed to cross Bull Run at Ball's ford, and strike the column on the turnpike in flank. The number of prisoners taken by these parties of cavalry greatly exceeded their own numbers. But they were too weak to make a serious impression on an army, although a defeated one.

At twenty minutes before five, when the retreat of the enemy toward Centreville began, I sent orders to Brigadier-General Bonham by Lieutenant-Colonel Lay, of his staff, who happened to be with me, to march with his own and Longstreet's brigade (which were nearest Bull Run and the Stone Bridge), by the quickest route, to the turnpike, and form them across it to intercept the retreat of the Federal troops.

But he found so little appearance of rout in those troops as to make the execution of his instructions seem impracticable; so the two brigades returned to their camps. When the retreat began, the body of United States troops that had passed the day on the Centreville side of Bull Run made a demonstration on the rear of our right; which was repelled by Holmes's brigade just arrived.

Soon after the firing ceased, General Ewell reported to me, saying that his brigade was about midway from its camp near Union Mills. He had ridden forward to see the part of the field on which he might be required to serve, to prepare himself to act intelligently.

The victory was as complete as one gained in an open country by infantry and artillery can be. Our cavalry pursued as far as they could effectively; but when they encountered the main column, after dispersing or capturing little parties and stragglers, they could make no impression.

General McDowell marched from the Potomac with 35,000 men in five divisions, three of which (three-fifths) were engaged (about 21,000).

On our side the Army of the Shenandoah had on the field 8000 men; that of the Potomac, as reported, 9477 men; total, 17,477.

	<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Wound- ed.</i>	<i>Miss- ing.</i>
The Army of the Shenandoah lost	282	1582	1
“ “ “ Potomac “	105	519	12

General Beauregard's first plan of attack was delivered to me by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Chisolm, when I was thirty-four miles from Manassas. It was, that I should leave the railroad at Piedmont Station, thirty-six miles from the enemy at Centreville, and attack him in rear, and when our artillery announced that we had begun the fight, General Beauregard would move up from Bull Run and assail the enemy on that side. I rejected the plan, because such a one would enable an officer of ordinary sense and vigor to defeat our two armies one after the other. For McDowell, by his numerical superiority, could have disposed of my forces in less than two hours, that is to say, before Beauregard could have come up, when he also could have been defeated and the campaign ended.

An opinion seems to prevail with some persons who have written about the battle, that important plans of General Beauregard were executed by him. It is a mistake; the first intention, announced to General Beauregard by me when we met, was to attack the enemy at Centreville as early as possible on the twenty-first. This was anticipated by McDowell's early advance. The second, to attack the Federals in flank near the turnpike with

our main force, suggested by General Beauregard, was prevented by the enemy's occupation of the high ground in front of our right.

As fought, the battle was made by me; Bee's and Jackson's brigades were transferred to the left by me. I decided that the battle was to be there, and directed the measures necessary to maintain it; a most important one being the assignment of General Beauregard to the immediate command of this left which he held. In like manner the senior officer on the right would have commanded there, if the Federal left had attacked.

These facts in relation to the battle are my defense against the accusation indorsed by General Beauregard and published by Mr. Davis.

In an account of the battle published in the November number of *THE CENTURY*, General Beauregard mentions offensive operations he "had designed and ordered against his [adversary's] left flank and rear at Centreville," and censures my friend General R. S. Ewell for their failure. At the time referred to, three of the four Federal divisions were near Bull Run, above the turnpike, and the fourth facing our right, so that troops of ours, going to Centreville then, if not prevented by the Federal division facing them, would have found no enemy. And General Ewell was not, as he reports, "instructed in the plan of attack"; for he says in his official report: ". . . I first received orders to hold myself in readiness to advance at a moment's notice. I next received a copy of an order sent to me by General Jones, in which it was stated that I had been ordered to his support." Three other contradictory orders, he says, followed. As to the comparison with Desaix at Marengo, made by General Beauregard, the circumstances had no resemblance. Desaix was separated from the French army, heard the sounds of battle, knew that he was wanted there, and went there. General Ewell knew that a battle was raging; but knew, too, that all the unengaged brigades were between him and it, and his commander was near enough to give him orders. But he had no reason to suppose that his commander desired him to move to Centreville, where there was then no enemy. There could have been no greater mistake on General Ewell's part than making the movement to Centreville.

A brief passage in my official report of this battle displeased President Davis. In referring to his telegraphic order I gave its meaning very briefly, but accurately — "directing me, if practicable, to go to General Beauregard's assistance, after sending my sick to Culpeper Court House." Mr. Davis objected to the word *after*. Being informed of this by a friend, I cheerfully consented to his expunging the word, be-

cause that would not affect the meaning of the sentence. But the word is still in his harsh indorsement. He also had this passage stricken out: "The delay of sending the sick, nearly 1700 in number, to Culpeper, would have made it impossible to arrive at Manassas in time. They were therefore provided for in Winchester;" and substituted this: "Oursick, nearly 1700 in number, were provided for in Winchester." Being ordered to send the sick to Culpeper as well as to move to Manassas, it was necessary to account for disobedience, which my words did, and which his substitute for them did not.

Mr. Davis (page 359) expresses indignation that, as he says, "Among the articles abandoned by the enemy on the field of Manassas, were handcuffs, the fit appendage of a policeman, not of a soldier." I saw none, nor did I see any one who had seen them.

Mr. Davis states (page 359) that "On the night of the 22d, I held a second conference with Generals Johnston and Beauregard." I was in no conference like that of which account is given on page 360. And one that he had with me on that day proved conclusively that he had no thought of sending our army against Washington; for in it he offered me the command in West Virginia, promising to increase the forces there adequately from those around us.

He says (page 361):

"What discoveries would have been made, and what results would have ensued from the establishment of our guns upon the south bank of the river to open fire upon the capital, are speculative opinions upon which it would be useless to enter."

Mr. Davis seems to have forgotten what was as well known then as now — that our army was more disorganized by victory than that of the United States by defeat; that there were strong fortifications, well manned, to cover the approaches to Washington and prevent the establishment of our guns on the south bank of the river. He knew, too, that we had no means of cannonading the capital, nor a disposition to make barbarous war. He says (page 362):

"When the smoke of battle had lifted from the field . . . some . . . censoriously asked why the fruits of the victory had not been gathered by the capture of Washington City. . . . Then some indiscreet friends of the generals commanding in the battle . . . induced the allegation that the President had prevented the generals from making an immediate and vigorous pursuit of the routed enemy."

Mr. Davis has no ground for this assertion; the generals were attacked first and most severely. It was not until the press had exhausted itself upon them, that some of them turned upon him. On November 3 he wrote to me that reports were circulated to the effect

that he "prevented General Beauregard from pursuing the enemy after the battle of Manassas, and had subsequently restrained him from advancing upon Washington City. . . . I call upon you to say whether I obstructed the pursuit of the enemy after the victory at Manassas, or have ever objected to an advance, or other active operation, which it was feasible for the army to undertake."

I replied on the 10th, answering the first question in the negative, and added an explanation which put the responsibility on myself. I replied to the second question, that it had never been feasible for the army to advance farther toward Washington than it had done, and referred to a conference at Fairfax Court House (Oct. 1, 1861) in reference to leading the army into Maryland, in which he informed the three senior officers that he had not the means of giving the army the strength they considered necessary for offensive operations.

Mr. Davis was displeased by my second reply, because in his mind there was but one question in his letter. I maintain that there are two, namely: (1) Did he obstruct the pursuit of the enemy after the victory at Manassas? (2) Had he ever objected to an advance, of other active operation, which it was feasible for the army to undertake?

The second matter is utterly unconnected with the battle of Manassas, and as the question of advance or other active operation had been discussed nowhere by him, to my knowledge, but at the conference at Fairfax Court House, I supposed that he referred to it. He was dissatisfied with my silence in regard to the conferences he avers took place on July 21 and 22, the first knowledge of which I have derived from his book.

Near the foot of page 365 Mr. Davis represents me as reflecting upon him, in expressing in my report the belief that General Cooper's telegram of July 17 did not convey a positive order. As what he says, immediately following, has been reviewed before, it may be passed over now.

This passage appears on page 369: "The words 'if practicable' had reference to letters of General Johnston of the 12th and 15th of July. . . ." They had reference to "make the movement, sending the sick and baggage to Culpeper," and to those words only. I alone was to judge of the practicable.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CENTREVILLE TO THE PENINSULA.

MR. DAVIS refers (pages 444-5) to the instructions for the reorganization of the army given by him to the three general officers

he met in conference at Fairfax Court House on October 1, 1861. But the correspondence urging the carrying out of the orders was carried on with Generals Beauregard and G. W. Smith (my subordinates) in that same October. He neither conversed nor corresponded with me on the subject then, the letter to me being dated May 10, 1862. The original order was dated October 22, 1861, to be executed "as soon as, in the judgment of the commanding general, it can be safely done under present exigencies." As the enemy was then nearer to our center than that center to either flank of our army, and another advance upon us by the Federal army was not improbable on any day, it seemed to me unsafe to make the reorganization then. From May 10 to 26, when the President renewed the subject, we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, when reorganization would have been infinitely dangerous, as was duly represented by me. But, alluding to this conference at Fairfax Court House, he says (page 449): "When, at that time and place, I met General Johnston for conference, he called in the two generals next in rank to himself, Beauregard and G. W. Smith." These officers were with Mr. Davis in the quarters of General Beauregard, whose guest he was, when I was summoned to him. I had not power to bring any officer into the conference. If such authority had belonged to my office, the personal relations lately established between us by the President would not have permitted me to use it.

He says (page 448): "I will now proceed to notice the allegation that I was responsible for the inaction of the army in the latter part of 1861 and early part of 1862."

I think Mr. Davis is here fighting a shadow. I have never seen or heard of the "allegation" referred to; I believe that that conference attracted no public attention and brought criticism upon no one. I have seen no notice of it in print, except the merely historical one in a publication made by me in 1874,* without criticism or comment. Mr. Davis expresses surprise at the weakness of the army. He has forgotten that in Richmond he was well informed of the strength of the army by periodical reports, which showed him the prevalence of epidemics which, in August and part of September, kept almost thirty per cent. of our number sick. He must have forgotten, too, his anxiety on this subject, which induced him to send a very able physician, Dr. Cartwright, to find some remedy or preventive.

He asserts also that "the generals" had made previous suggestions of a "purpose to advance into Maryland." There had been no

* See "Johnston's Narrative," pages 78, 79.

such purpose. On the contrary, in my letter to the Secretary of War, suggesting the conference, I wrote: "Thus far the numbers and condition of this army have at no time justified our assuming the offensive. . . . The difficulty of obtaining the means of establishing a battery near Evansport . . . has given me the impression that you cannot at present put this army in condition to assume the offensive. If I am mistaken in this, and you can furnish those means, I think it important that either his Excellency the President, yourself, or some one representing you, should here upon the ground confer with me on this all-important question." In a letter dated September 29, the Secretary wrote that the President would reach my camp in a day or two for conference. He came for that object September 30, and the next evening, *by his appointment*, he was waited on by Generals Beauregard, Smith, and myself. In discussing the question of giving our army strength enough to assume the offensive in Maryland, it was proposed to bring to it from the South troops enough to raise it to the required strength. The President asked what was that strength. General Smith thought 50,000 men, General Beauregard 60,000, and I 60,000, all of us specifying soldiers like those around us. The President replied that such reinforcements could not be furnished; he could give only as many recruits as we could arm. This decided the question. Mr. Davis then proposed an expedition against Hooker's division, consisting, we believed, of 10,000 men. It was posted on the Maryland shore of the Potomac opposite Dumfries (see map, page 113.—ED.) But I objected that we had no means of ferrying an equal number of men across the river in a day, even if undisturbed by ships of war, which controlled the river; so that, even if we should succeed in landing, those vessels of war would inevitably destroy or capture our party returning. This terminated the conference. Mr. Davis says, in regard to the reinforcements asked for (page 449): "I had no power to make such an addition to that army without a total disregard of the safety of other threatened positions." We had no threatened positions; and we could always discover promptly the fitting out of naval expeditions against us. And he adds (page 452), with reference to my request for a conference in regard to reinforcements:

"Very little experience, or a fair amount of modesty without experience, would serve to prevent one from announcing his conclusion that troops could be withdrawn from a place or places without knowing how many were there, and what was the necessity for their presence."

The refutation of this is in General G. W. Smith's memorandum of the discussion:

"General Johnston said that he did not feel at liberty to express an opinion of the practicability of reducing the strength of our forces at points not within the limits of his command." On the same page (452) Mr. Davis says:

". . . and particularly indicated the lower part of Maryland, where a small force was said to be ravaging the country."

He suggested nothing so impossible. Troops of ours could not have been ferried across the broad Potomac then. We had no steamer on that river, nor could we have used one.

Mr. Davis says (page 452):

". . . Previously, General Johnston's attention had been called to possibilities in the valley of the Shenandoah, and that these, and other like things, were not done, was surely due to other causes than the policy of the Administration . . . [Then in a letter to me, dated Aug. 1, 1861, which follows the above.] . . . The movement of Banks will require your attention. It may be a *ruse*, but if a real movement, when your army has the requisite strength and mobility, you will probably find an opportunity, by a rapid movement through the passes, to strike him in rear or flank."

It is matter of public notoriety that no incursion into the "Valley," worth the notice of a Confederate company, was made until March, 1862. That the Confederate President should be ignorant of this is inconceivable.

Mr. Davis says (page 462):

". . . I received from General Johnston notice that his position [at Centreville] was considered unsafe. Many of his letters to me have been lost, and I have thus far not been able to find the one giving the notice referred to, but the reply which is annexed clearly indicates the substance of the letter which was answered: 'General J. E. Johnston: . . . Your opinion that your position may be turned whenever the enemy chooses to advance,' etc."

The sentence omitted by him after my name in his letter from which he quotes as above contains the dates of three letters of mine, in neither of which is there allusion to the safety, or reverse, of the position. They are dated, 22d, 23d, and 25th of February, and contain complaints on my part of the dreadful condition of the country, and vast accumulation by the Government of superfluous stores at Manassas. There is another omission in the President's letter quoted, and the omission is this:

". . . With your present force, you cannot secure your communications from the enemy, and may at any time, when he can pass to your rear, be compelled to retreat at the sacrifice of your siege train and army stores. . . . Threatened as we are by a large force on the south-east, you must see the hazard of your position, by its liability to isolation and attack in rear."

By a singular freak of the President's memory, it transferred the substance of these passages from his letter to my three. Referring again to the conference at Fairfax Court House, Mr. Davis says (page 464):

"Soon thereafter, the army withdrew to Centreville, a better position for defense, but not for attack, and thereby suggestive of the abandonment of an intention to advance."

The President forgets that in that conference the intention to advance was abandoned by him first. He says on the same page :

"On the 10th of March I telegraphed to General Johnston: 'Further assurance given to me this day that you shall be promptly and adequately reënforced, so as to enable you to maintain your position, and resume first policy, when the roads will permit.' The first policy was to carry the war beyond our own border."

The roads then permitted the marching of armies, so we had just left Manassas.

On the 20th of February, after a discussion in Richmond, his Cabinet being present, the President directed me to prepare to fall back from Manassas, and do so as soon as the condition of the country should make the marching of troops practicable. I returned to Manassas on February 21, and on the 22d ordered the proper officers to remove the public property, which was begun on the 23d, the superintendent of the railroad devoting himself to the work under the direction of its president, the Hon. John S. Barbour. The Government had collected three million and a quarter pounds of provisions there, I insisting on a supply of but a million and a half. It also had two million pounds in a meat-curing establishment near at hand, and herds of live stock besides. On the 9th of March, when the ground had become firm enough for military operations, I ordered the army to march that night, thinking then, as I do now, that the space of fifteen days was time enough in which to subordinate an army to the Commissary Department. About one million pounds of this provision were abandoned, besides half as much more spoiled for want of shelter. This loss is represented (page 468) as so great as to embarrass us to the end of the war, although it was only a six days' supply for the troops then in Virginia. Ten times as much was in railroad stations of North Carolina at the end of the war.

Mr. Davis says (page 467) :

"It was regretted that earlier and more effective means were not employed for the mobilization of the army, . . . or at least that the withdrawal was not so deliberate as to secure the removal of our ordnance, subsistence, and quartermaster's stores."

The quartermaster's and ordnance stores were brought off; and as to subsistence, the Government, which collected immediately on the frontier five times the quantity of provisions wanted, is responsible for the losses. The President suggested the time of the withdrawal himself, in the interview in his office that has been mentioned. The means taken, was the only one available,—the Virginia Midland Railroad.

Mr. Davis says (page 465) :

"To further inquiry by General Johnston as to where he should take position, I replied that I would go to his headquarters in the field, and found him on the south bank of the river to which he had retired, in a position possessing great natural advantages."

There was no correspondence in relation to selecting a defensive position. I was not seeking one; but, instead, convenient camping-grounds, from which my troops could certainly unite with other Confederate forces to meet McClellan's invasion. I had found and was occupying such grounds, one division being north of Orange Court House, another a mile or two south of it, and two others some six miles east of that place; a division on the south bank of the Rappahannock; and the cavalry beyond the river, and about 13,000 troops in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. Mr. Davis's narrative that follows is disposed of by the proof that, after the army left Manassas, the President did not visit it until about the 14th of May. But such a visit, if made, could not have brought him to the conclusion that the weakness of Fredericksburg as a military position made it unnecessary to find a strong one for the army. That he did not make such a visit is proved by Major J. B. Washington, aide-de-camp, now president of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, who wrote me, under date of January 17, 1885: "In answer to your question, I have to say that the President did not visit the Army of Northern Virginia between the 10th of March, 1862, when it left Manassas, and about May 14 following, when it was between Baltimore Cross Roads and the Long Bridge over the Chickahominy. That army was at no time united after leaving Manassas, before going to Yorktown, neither on the elevated bank of a river nor elsewhere."

To the question, "After the army left Manassas in March, 1862, was it visited by the President at any time before being ordered to Yorktown?" Dr. A. M. Fauntleroy, of Staunton (then surgeon on my staff), answered: "No; I feel quite sure that the army was not visited by the President during the period specified." To the question, "Was the army, after leaving Manassas, ever united before the retreat from Yorktown?" he answered: "Emphatically no. According to a pretty clear recollection of the location and movements of the several divisions of the army, I can recall the fact that Generals Early and Ewell halted on the south bank of the Rappahannock about the 11th of March, and G. W. Smith and Longstreet near Culpeper; and, after crossing the Rapidan, G. W. Smith and Longstreet encamped near Orange Court House, and Early and Hill not more than

three miles from the Rapidan bridge, in the direction of Fredericksburg, Ewell remaining on the Rappahannock River."

Colonel E. J. Harvie writes (January 28, 1885): "In reply to your question, 'Did the President visit the army at any time between March 9, 1862, when it left Manassas, and about May 14, when it was between Baltimore Cross Roads and Long Bridge?' I answer: Unless my memory fails me more than it has ever done before, I am positive he did not. I was with you all the time as your staff officer, and no visit of this character could have been made to the army without my knowing it."

Mr. Davis (Vol. II., p. 81) credits me with expecting an attack, which he shows General McClellan never had in his mind:

"In a previous chapter, the retreat of the army from Centreville has been described, and reference has been made to the anticipation of the commanding general, J. E. Johnston, that the enemy would advance to attack that position."

This refers, I suppose, to a previous assertion (Vol. I., p. 462), my comments upon which prove that this "anticipation" was expressed in the President's letter to me, dated February 28. He says (Vol. II., p. 83):

"The withdrawal of our forces across the Rappahannock was fatal to the [Federal] programme of landing on that river and marching to Richmond before our forces could be in position to resist an attack on the capital."

This withdrawal was expressly to enable the army to unite with other Confederate troops to oppose the expected invasion. I supposed that General McClellan would march down the Potomac on the Maryland side, cross it near the mouth of Acquia Creek, and take the Fredericksburg route to Richmond. The position of Hooker's division, about midway between Washington and this crossing-place, might well have suggested that he had this intention.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 84): "Early in April General McClellan had landed about 100,000 at or near Fortress Monroe." According to John Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, 121,000 Federal troops landed before the 5th of April.

And (page 84): "At this time General Magruder occupied the lower Peninsula with his force of seven or eight thousand men." General Magruder reported that he had eleven thousand men.

Mr. Davis says (page 85): "After the first advance of the enemy, General Magruder was reinforced by some troops from the south side of James River, and General Wilcox's brigade, which had been previously detached from the army under General Johnston." These reinforcements, together, made about 5000 men.

He says, on the same page:

"On the 9th of April General Magruder's army, thus reinforced, amounted to about 12,000. On that day General Early joined with his division from the Army of Northern Virginia. This division had about 8000 officers and men for duty. General Magruder's force was thus increased to about 20,000."

The same order detached Early's, D. R. Jones's, and D. H. Hill's divisions from the Army of Northern Virginia, and they were transported as fast as the railroad trains could carry them. The two latter divisions had together about 10,000 men, so that Magruder's army was raised to about 33,000 men, instead of 20,000, as Mr. Davis said.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM YORKTOWN.

MR. DAVIS says (Vol. II., p. 86):

"As soon as it was definitely ascertained that General McClellan, with his main army, was on the Peninsula, General J. E. Johnston* was assigned to the command of the department of the Peninsula and Norfolk, and directed to proceed thither to examine the condition of affairs there. After spending a day on General Magruder's defensive line, he returned to Richmond and recommended the abandonment of the Peninsula, and that we should take a defensive position nearer to Richmond."

The President has forgotten my recommendation, or misunderstood it at the time. I represented to him that General McClellan's design was, almost certainly, to demolish our batteries with his greatly superior artillery, and turn us by the river, either landing in our rear or moving directly to Richmond; so that our attempting to hold Yorktown could only delay the enemy two or three weeks. Instead of that, I proposed that all our available forces should be united near Richmond, Magruder's troops to be among the last to arrive; the great army thus formed about Richmond not to be in a defensive position, as Mr. Davis supposes, but to fall with its whole force upon McClellan when the Federal army was expecting to besiege only the troops it had followed from Yorktown. If the Federal army should be defeated a hundred miles away from its place of refuge, Fort Monroe, it could not escape destruction. This was undoubtedly our best hope.

In the conference that followed, the President took no part. But the Secretary of War, once a naval officer, opposed the abandonment of the valuable property in the Norfolk Navy Yard; and General Lee opposed the plan proposed, because it would expose Charleston and Savannah to capture. I maintained that if those places should be captured, the defeat of the principal Federal army would enable us to recover them; and that, unless that army should be defeated, we should lose those sea-ports in spite of their garrisons.

* That assignment was made after "the conference."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 87) :

"After hearing fully the views of the several officers named, I decided to resist the enemy on the Peninsula. . . . Though General Johnston did not agree with this decision, he did not ask to be relieved. . . ."

Not being in command, I could not be relieved. My assignment was included in the order to oppose McClellan at Yorktown; that order added to my then command the departments of Norfolk and the Peninsula. It is not easy to reconcile this increase of my command by the President, with his very numerous disparaging notices of me.

General Keyes, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, confirmed my opinion in saying that "Gloucester must have fallen upon our getting possession of Yorktown, and the York River would then have been open."

Mr. Davis expresses the opinion (Vol. II., p. 90) that "General McClellan might certainly have sent a detachment from his army, which, after crossing York River, could have turned the position at Gloucester Point." It was needless; the driving us from Yorktown would have compelled us to abandon Gloucester Point. Then (Vol. II., p. 91) he says :

"Whether General McClellan . . . would have made an early assault . . . or have waited to batter our earth-works in breach . . . is questionable."

We did not apprehend "battering in breach," but believed that the heavy sea-coast rifles to be mounted in the batteries, about completed, would demolish our water batteries, drive us from the intrenchments at Yorktown, and enable the enemy to turn us by the river. Mr. Davis quotes from one of his dispatches to me (Vol. II., p. 92) :

"Your announcement to-day [May 1] that you would withdraw to-morrow night takes us by surprise, and must involve enormous losses, including unfinished gun-boats. Will the safety of your army allow more time?"

My own announcement was made April 27, not May 1, and reached Richmond in ten hours; so the President had abundant time to prevent the withdrawal. The appearance of the enemy's works indicated that fire from them might open upon us the next morning. The withdrawal just then was to avoid waste of life.

He says (Vol. II., p. 94) :

"The loss of public property, as was anticipated, was great, the steamboats expected for its transportation not having arrived before the evacuation was made. From a narrative by General Early I make the following extract: 'A very valuable part of the property lost consisted of a very large number of picks and spades. . . . All of our heavy guns, including some recently arrived and not mounted, together with a good deal of ammunition piled upon the wharfs, had to be left behind.'"

The steamboats he mentions were controlled in Richmond. As to the loss of very

valuable picks and spades, Colonel Douglas, chief engineer there, wrote to me May 12th, 1883: "I was at Yorktown the evening before the evacuation commenced. I did not see any quantity of picks and shovels there, and cannot understand how they could have accumulated there when they were needed so much from Redoubt Number Five to Lee's Mills — that is, on the extreme right of our line." General D. H. Hill, who commanded in and near Yorktown, said, in his official report: "We lost very little by the retreat, save some medical stores which Surgeon Coffin deserted in his flight, May 1. The heavy guns were all of the old navy pattern." We had very little ammunition on hand at the time. The heavy guns could have been saved only by holding the place, which was impossible.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 94) that General Magruder's "absence at this moment was the more to be regretted, as it appears that the positions of the redoubts he constructed (before Williamsburg) were not all known to the commanding general." The positions of the redoubts were "all known." But to a body of troops serving merely as a rear-guard, it was necessary to occupy only those nearest the road. A rear-guard distributed in all the redoubts intended for an army could have held none of them. The event showed that the proper redoubts were occupied. It is singular that Mr. Davis's only notice of the conflict at Williamsburg, in which our troops behaved admirably, relates to a detached affair, unimportant, because it had, and could have, no influence upon the real event. Mr. Davis says of General Early's account of his attack upon Hancock at Williamsburg (Vol. II., p. 96) :

"He [Early] confidently expresses the opinion that had his attack been supported promptly and vigorously, the enemy's force there engaged must have been captured."

General Early sent an officer to report that there was a battery in front of him which he could take, and asked authority to do so. The message was delivered to General Longstreet, who referred the messenger to me, we being together. I authorized the attempt, but desired the general to look carefully first. Under the circumstances he could not have expected support, for he moved out of reach of it.

Mr. Davis speaks (Vol. II., p. 97) of the employment of sub-terra shells to check a marching column, and quotes from General Rains as follows :

"Fortunately we found in a mud hole a broken ammunition wagon containing five loaded shells. Four of these, armed with a sensitive fuse-primer, were planted in our rear, near some trees cut down as obstructions to the road. A body of the enemy's cavalry came upon these sub-terra shells, and they exploded with terrific effect."

This event was not mentioned in General D. H. Hill's report, although General Rains belonged to his division, nor was it mentioned by our cavalry which followed Hill's division. Such an occurrence would have been known to the whole army, but it was not; so it must have been a dream of the writer.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 98): "The next morning after the battle of the 5th, at Williamsburg, Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's divisions being those then engaged," etc. But one regiment of Hill's division was engaged.

In the Federal reports of this action, it is treated as a battle in which the whole Confederate army was engaged. It was an affair with our rear-guard, the object of which was to secure our baggage trains. For that, it was necessary to detain the Federal army a day, which was accomplished by the rear-guard. In those Federal reports a victory is claimed. The proofs against that are: (1) That what deserves to be called fighting ceased at least two hours before dark, yet the Confederates held the ground until the next morning, having slept on the field, and then resumed their march; (2) that they fought only to protect their trains, and accomplished the object; (3) that although they marched but twelve miles the day after the affair, they saw no indications of pursuit, unless the seeing a scouting party once can be so called; (4) that they inflicted a loss much greater than that they suffered; (5) and that in the ten days following the fight, they marched but thirty-seven miles. They left four hundred wounded in Williamsburg, because they had no means of transporting them. But they captured five cannon and destroyed the carriages of five more, and took four hundred prisoners and several colors.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 98):

"In the mean time, Franklin's division had gone up the York River [McClellan wrote that the divisions of Franklin, Sedgwick, Porter, and Richardson were sent from Yorktown by water to the right bank of the Pamunkey near West Point.—J. E. J.], and landed a short distance below West Point, on the south side of York River, and moved into a thick wood in the direction of the New Kent road, thus threatening the flank of our line of march. Two brigades of General G. W. Smith's division, Hampton's and Hood's, were detached under the command of General Whiting to dislodge the enemy, which they did after a short conflict, driving him to the protection of his gun-boats in York River."

The Federal force engaged was very much less than a division.

Mr. Davis says, lower down: "The loss of the enemy [in the battle of Williamsburg] greatly exceeded our own, which was 1200." He means exclusive of General Early's loss. According to General McClellan's report his loss was 2228. General Hooker stated under oath that his was 1700. But Kearny's

Couch's, and two-thirds of Smith's division, and Peck's brigade were engaged also. A loss of 528 is very small among so many.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 101):

"Soon after General Johnston took position on the north of the Chickahominy, accompanied by General Lee, I rode out to his headquarters. . . . A long conversation followed, which was so inconclusive that it lasted until late in the night, so late that we remained until the next morning. As we rode back to Richmond, . . . General Lee confessed himself, as I was, unable to draw from it any more definite purpose than that the policy was to . . . improve his [Johnston's] position as far as practicable, and wait for the enemy to leave his gun-boats, so that an opportunity might be offered to meet him on land."

I explained that I had fallen back that far to clear my left flank of the navigable water, and so avoid having it turned; that as we were too weak to assume the offensive, and as the position I then held was an excellent one, I intended to await the Federal attack there. These explanations covered the whole ground, so that the President had no cause to complain, especially as he suggested nothing better. And he was satisfied then; for, three days later, he wrote to me by Colonel G. W. C. Lee: ". . . If the enemy proceed as heretofore indicated, your position and policy, as you stated it in our last interview, seems to me to require no modification." This is the interview called "inconclusive."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 103):

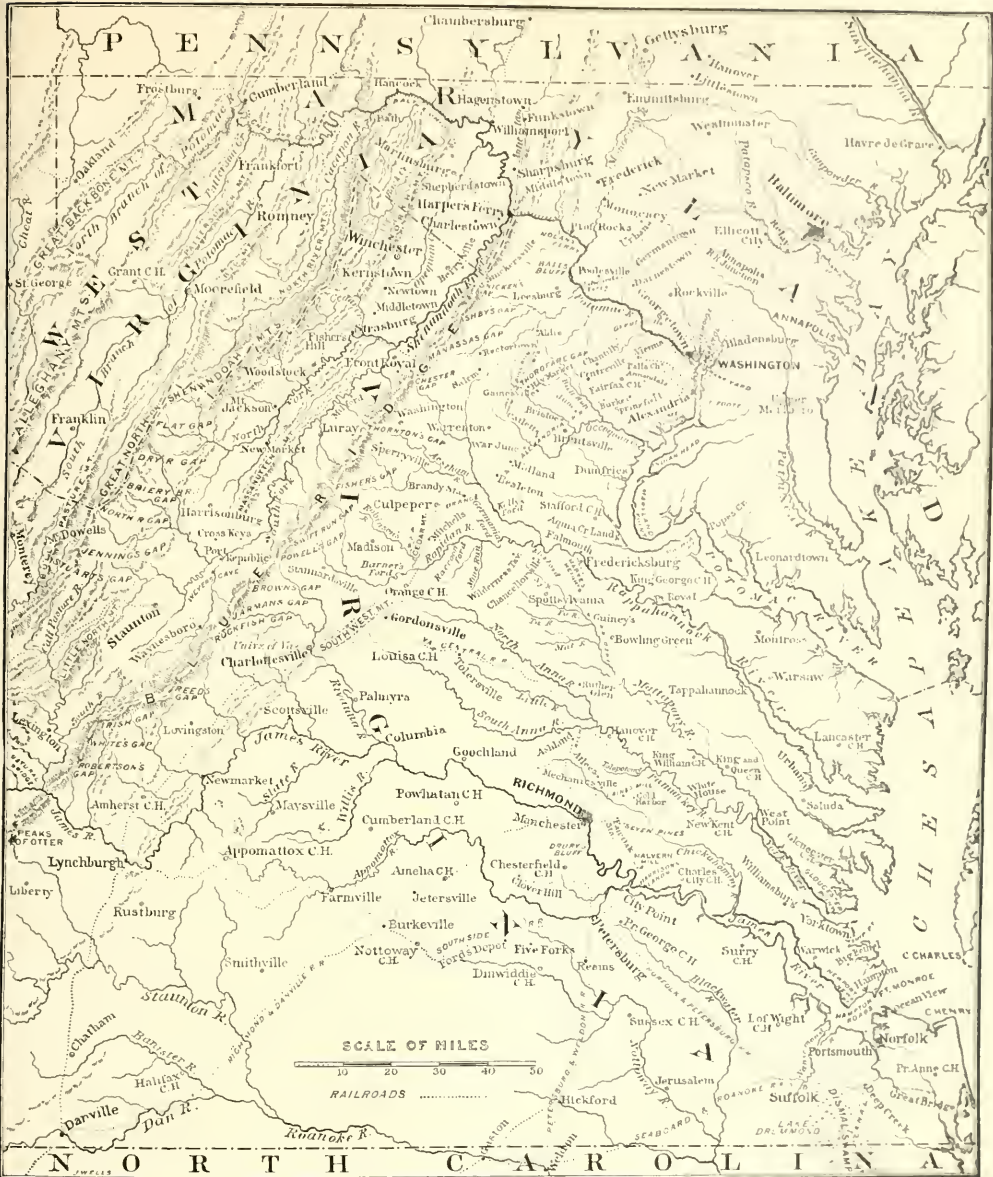
"After the repulse of the enemy's gunboats at Drewry's Bluff, I wrote to General Johnston a letter to be handed to him by my aide, Colonel G. W. C. Lee. ". . . I soon thereafter rode out to visit General Johnston at his headquarters, and was surprised in the suburbs of Richmond . . . to meet a portion of the light artillery, and to learn that the whole army had crossed the Chickahominy."

The army crossed the Chickahominy immediately after the affair of Drewry's Bluff. So that if Colonel Lee delivered a letter to me then, he of course reported to the President that I had crossed the river. And as the army's nearest approach to Richmond was on the 17th, his meeting with the light artillery must have occurred that day. So one cannot understand his surprise.

He says on the same page:

"General Johnston's explanation of this (to me) unexpected movement was, that he thought the water of the Chickahominy unhealthy. . . . He also adverted to the advantage of having the river in front rather than in the rear of him."

The army crossed the Chickahominy because the possession of James River by the enemy suggested the probability of a change of base to that river. And it was necessary that we should be so placed as to be able to meet the United States army approaching either from York River or along the James.



MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS.

Water was not considered, for we did not use that of the Chickahominy; nor the position of the little stream behind us, for we had four bridges over it. The position of Seven Pines was chosen for the center, the right somewhat thrown back. But the scarcity of water induced me to draw nearer to Richmond, which was done on the 17th.

Mr. Davis makes statements (Vol. II., p. 106) regarding the strength of the Army of Northern Virginia on the 21st and 31st of May; but as he treats the subject more minutely farther on, we will examine what he says (p. 153):

"In the Archives Office of the War Department in Washington, there are on file some of the field and monthly returns of the Army of Northern Virginia. . . . The following statements have been taken from those papers by Major Walter H. Taylor, of the staff of General Lee. . . .

"A statement of the strength of the troops under General Johnston shows that on May 21st, 1862, he had present for duty: Smith's division, 10,592; Longstreet's division, 13,816; Magruder's division, 15,680, [240 too little]; D. H. Hill's division, 11,151; cavalry brigade, 1289; reserve artillery, 1160; total 53,688."

The above is from Major Taylor's memorandum given the President, made from estimates of brigades, not from returns. Without



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. MAGRUDER.

being accurate, it is not far from the truth. In the memorandum Magruder is given 15,920 men. Mr. Davis continues:

"Major Taylor in his work ('Four Years with General Lee') states: 'In addition to the troops above enumerated, there were two brigades subject to his orders, then stationed in the vicinity of Hanover Junction, one under the command of General J. R. Anderson, and the other under the command of General Branch. They were subsequently incorporated into the division of General A. P. Hill.' [Mr. Davis continues:] . . . He estimates the strength of the two at 4000 effective.

" . . . Previous to the battle of Seven Pines, General Johnston was reinforced by General Huger's division of three brigades. The total strength of these three, according to the 'Reports of the Operations of the Army of Northern Virginia,' was 5008 effectives. Taylor says: 'If the strength of these five be added to the return of May 21, we shall have 62,666 as the effective strength of the army under General Johnston on May 31, 1862.'"

But according to General Huger's report to me, there were 7000 men (instead of 5008) in his three brigades, which does not exceed the ordinary strength of brigades then (that is to say, three average brigades would have had not less than 7000 men); and what Mr. Davis calls two brigades of "4000 effective" were, in fact, Anderson's division sent to observe McDowell's corps at Fredericksburg, and so large that General Lee called it the army of the North, and estimated it as 10,000 men;* and the second, Branch's brigade, greatly strengthened to protect the railroad at Gordonsville, and estimated by General Lee as

* "I advised you, April 23d, of certain troops ordered to report to General Field, viz.: two regiments from Richmond, two light batteries, a brigade from South Carolina, and one from North Carolina (Anderson's), in all 8000, in addition to those [2500.—J. E. J.] previously there."—General Lee's letter, May 8—"War Records," series I., vol. XI., part III., pages 500-1.

† "Two brigades, one from North Carolina (Branch's) and one from Norfolk, have been ordered to Gordonsville to reinforce that line."—General Lee's letter, as above.

5000 men.† When these troops were united on the Chickahominy, General Anderson's estimate of their numbers was, of the first, 9000, and of the other, 4000; 20,000 then, and not 9008, is the number to be added to the return of May 21, 1862, to show the effective strength of that army May 31, viz.: 73,928, including the correction of the number in Magruder's division.

Referring to our withdrawal from the north side of the Chickahominy to the vicinity of Richmond, Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 120):

"Remembering a remark of General Johnston's that the Spaniards were the only people who now undertook to hold fortified towns, I had written to him that he knew the defense of Richmond must be made at a distance from it."

Mr. Davis is mistaken. No such letter was sent to me then. We communicated with each other only orally, excepting a note he sent me to point out that I had been absent from a skirmish the day before. He knew that the fact that the enemy was then able to approach Richmond either from York River or by the James compelled me to prepare for either event, by placing the army near the city. A short time before, he wrote: "To you it is needless to say that the defense must be made outside of the city." His next sentence, approving the course I was pursuing, has been quoted in connection with what the President said of an "inconclusive" conversation with me.

Mr. Davis continues, a little farther down:

"It had not occurred to me that he [Johnston] meditated a retreat which would uncover the capital, nor was it ever suspected until, in reading General Hood's book, published in 1880, the evidence was found that General Johnston when retreating from Yorktown, told his volunteer aide, Mr. McFarland, that 'he expected or intended to give up Richmond.'"

This story of Mr. McFarland is incredible. He, a very rich, fat old man, could not have been an aide-de-camp. As I did not know him at all until four years later, and then barely, he could not have been my aide-de-camp. And lastly, I had no volunteer aide. Besides, the Confederate President had abundant evidence that I had no such expectation, in the fact that, so far from giving up Richmond, I stood between it and the Federal army for three weeks, until I was disabled by desperate wounds received in its defense. Under such circumstances his accusation is, to say the least, very discreditable. E. J. Harvie, late Colonel and Assistant Inspector-General C. S. A., now in the War Records Office, Washington, in answer to my question, "Had I ever a volunteer

aide-de-camp named McFarland, or any volunteer aide-de-camp after leaving Manassas, while serving in Virginia?" wrote me, under date of January 28, 1885, as follows: "To my knowledge, you certainly had not. My position as your staff officer justifies me in saying that Mr. McFarland was not with you in any capacity."

Surgeon A. M. Fauntleroy, in answer to my question, "Had I a volunteer aide-de-camp in May, 1862, especially when the army was moving from Yorktown towards Richmond? Or did you ever in that time see an old gentleman of Richmond, named McFarland, about my headquarters?" writes: "I never did. I cannot well see how such a person could have escaped my observation, if he was there at any time."

And J. B. Washington, president of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railway, writes me as follows:

"You had not on your staff after leaving Manassas a volunteer aide-de-camp, especially during May, 1862, when the army was between Yorktown and Richmond. I was personally acquainted with Mr. McFarland of Richmond, but never saw him at our headquarters, nor heard of his ever having been there.

"Having served as aide-de-camp on your staff from May, 1861, to February, 1864, I was in a position to know of the circumstances of which I have written."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 120):

"Seeing no preparation to keep the enemy at a distance, . . . I sent for General Lee . . . and told him how I was dissatisfied with the condition of affairs. He asked me what I thought it was proper to do. . . . I answered that McClellan should be attacked on the other side of the Chickahominy, before he matured his preparations for a siege of Richmond. To this he promptly assented. . . . He then said: 'General Johnston should, of course, advise you of what he proposes to do. Let me go and see him.' . . . When General Lee came back, he told me that General Johnston proposed, on the next Thursday, to move against the enemy, as follows: General A. P. Hill was to move down on the right flank and rear of the enemy. General G. W. Smith, as soon as Hill's guns opened, was to cross the Chickahominy at the Meadow Bridge, attack the enemy in flank, and, by the conjunction of the two, it was expected to double him up. Then Longstreet was to cross on the Mechanicsville bridge and attack him in front. From this plan the best results were hoped by both of us."

It is certain that General Lee could have had no such hopes from this plan, nor have been a party to it; for it would not only have sent our army where there was no enemy, but left open the way to Richmond. For the Meadow Bridge is two and a half miles from Mechanicsville, and that place about six miles above the Federal right. So, after two-thirds of our troops had crossed the Chickahominy, the Federal army could have marched straight to Richmond, opposed by not more than one-fifth of its number in Magruder's and D. H. Hill's divisions. This plan is probably the wildest on record.

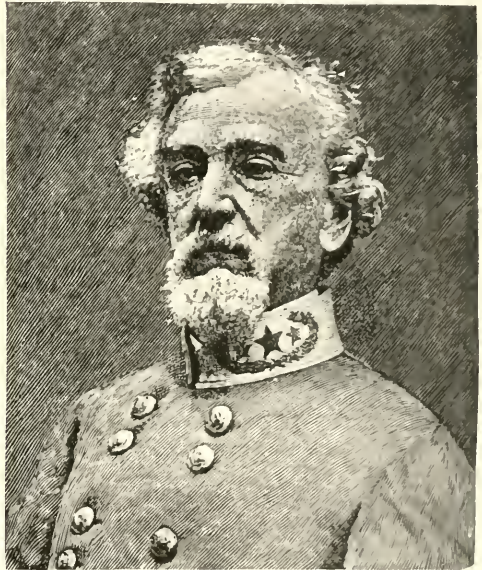
As to what is described (Vol. II., p. 121),

G. W. Smith's division was never in the place indicated, and General Longstreet's was never on the Mechanicsville road near the bridge, before General Lee crossed the Chickahominy to fight at Gaines's Mills.

A glance at the map will show how singularly incorrect is Mr. Davis's description (Vol. II., pp. 122-3) of the vicinity of Seven Pines and of the disposition of the Federal troops.

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

On the 23d of May Keyes's Federal corps crossed to the south side of the Chickahominy, and a detachment attacked Hatton's Confederate brigade, which was in observation near Savage's Station. The detachment was driven back, and, Hatton's object having been accomplished (learning that the enemy had



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN HUGER.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

crossed the stream), he was recalled. I was advised to hold that position with the army, but preferred to let the enemy advance, which would increase the interval between his left and the right, which was beyond the Chickahominy. McDowell's corps of 40,000 men was then at Fredericksburg, observed by a division under Brigadier-General J. R. Anderson; and a large Confederate brigade, under Brigadier-General Branch, was at Gordonsville.

On the 24th our cavalry was driven across the Chickahominy, principally at Mechanicsville. This extension of the right wing of the enemy to the west made me apprehend that the two detachments (Anderson and Branch) above mentioned might be cut off.



MAJOR-GENERAL GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY & SON.)

They were therefore ordered to fall back to the Chickahominy. Near Hanover Court House the brigade was attacked by Porter's corps and driven off, escaping with a loss of sixty-six killed and one hundred and seventy-seven wounded, as General Branch reported. A division was formed of Anderson's and Branch's troops, to the command of which Major-General A. P. Hill was assigned.

That evening General Anderson sent word that his scouts left near Fredericksburg reported that McDowell's troops were marching southward. As the object of this march was evidently the junction of this corps with the main army, I determined to attack McClellan before McDowell could join him; and the major-generals were desired to hold their troops ready to move. But at night, when those officers were with me to receive instructions for the expected battle, General J. E. B. Stuart, who also had a detachment of cavalry observing McDowell's corps, reported that it had returned to Fredericksburg. As my object was to bring on the inevitable battle before McClellan should receive an addition of 40,000 men to his forces, this intelligence made me return to my first design—that of attacking McClellan's left wing on the Williamsburg road as soon as, by advancing, it had sufficiently increased its distance from his right, north of the Chickahominy.

The morning of the 30th, armed reconnaissances were made under General D. H. Hill's direction—on the Charles City road by Brigadier-General Rodes, and on the Williamsburg road by Brigadier-General Garland. The lat-

ter found Federal outposts five miles from Richmond—or two miles west of Seven Pines—in such strength as indicated that a corps was near. On receiving this information from General Hill, I informed him that he would lead an attack on the enemy next morning. Orders were given for the concentration of twenty-two of our twenty-eight brigades against McClellan's left wing, about two-fifths of his army. Our six other brigades were guarding the river from New Bridge to Meadow Bridge, on our extreme left. Longstreet and Huger were directed to conduct their divisions to D. H. Hill's position on the Williamsburg road, and G. W. Smith to march with his to the junction of the Nine-mile road with the New Bridge road, where Magruder was with four brigades.

Longstreet, as ranking officer of the troops on the Williamsburg road, was instructed verbally to form D. H. Hill's division as first line, and his own as second, across the road at right angles, and to advance in that order to attack the enemy; while Huger's division should march by the right flank along the Charles City road, to fall upon the enemy's flank when our troops were engaged with him in front. Federal earthworks and abattis that might be found were to be turned. G. W. Smith was to protect the troops under Longstreet from attack by those of the Federal right wing across the Chickahominy; and, if such transfer should not be threatened, he was to fall upon the enemy on the Williamsburg road. Those troops were formed in four lines, each being a division. Casey's was a mile west of Seven Pines, with a line of



MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL H. HILL.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

skirmishers a half mile in advance; Couch's was at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks — the two forming Keyes's corps. Kearny's division was near Savage's Station, and Hooker's two miles west of Bottom's Bridge — the two forming Heintzelman's corps.

Longstreet's command of the right was to end when the troops approached Seven Pines, and I should be present to direct the movements, after which each major-general would command his own division. The rain began to fall violently in the afternoon of the 30th, and continued all night. In the morning the little streams near our camps were so much swollen as to make it probable that the Chickahominy was overflowing its banks and cutting the communication between the wings of the Federal army. Being confident that Longstreet and D. H. Hill, with their forces united, would be successful in the earlier part of the action against adversaries formed in several lines, with wide intervals between them, I left the immediate control on the Williamsburg road to them, under general instructions, and placed myself on the left, where I could soonest learn of the approach of Federal reinforcements from their right. For this scouts were sent forward to discover all movements that might be made by the enemy.

The condition of the ground and little streams delayed the troops in marching; yet those of Smith, Longstreet, and Hill were in position quite early enough. But the soldiers from Norfolk, who had seen garrison service only, were unnecessarily stopped in their march by a swollen rivulet. This unexpected delay led to interchange of messages for several hours between General Longstreet and myself, I urging Longstreet to begin the fight, he replying. But, near two o'clock, that officer was requested to go forward to the attack; the hands of my watch marked three o'clock at the report of the first field-piece. The Federal advanced line — a long line of skirmishers, supported by several regiments — was encountered at three o'clock. The greatly superior numbers of the Confederates soon drove them back to the main position of Casey's division. It occupied a line of rifle-pits, strengthened by a redoubt and abattis. Here the resistance was very obstinate; for the Federals, commanded by an officer of skill and tried courage, fought as soldiers generally do under good leaders; and time and vigorous efforts of superior numbers were required to drive them from their ground. But the resolution of Garland's and G. B. Anderson's brigades, that pressed forward on our left through an open field, under a destructive fire, the admirable service of Carter's and Bondurant's batteries, and a skillfully

combined attack upon the Federal left, under General Hill's direction, by Rodes's brigade in front and that of Rains in flank, were at last successful, and the enemy abandoned their intrenchments. Just then reinforcements from Couch's division came up, and an effort was made to recover the position. But it was to no purpose; for R. H. Anderson's brigade



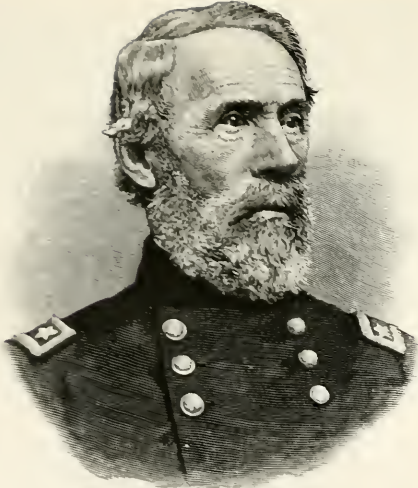
MAJOR-GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

reinforced Hill's troops, and the Federals were driven back to Seven Pines.

Keyes's Corps (Casey's and Couch's divisions) was united at Seven Pines and reinforced by Kearny's division, coming from Savage's Station. But the three divisions were so vigorously attacked by Hill that they were broken and driven from their intrenchments, the greater part along the Williamsburg road to the intrenched line at Savage's Station. Two brigades of their left, however, fled to White Oak Swamp.

General Hill pursued the enemy a mile; then, night being near, he re-formed his troops, facing towards the Federals. Longstreet's and Huger's divisions, coming up, were formed between Hill's line and Fair Oaks.

For some cause the disposition on the Charles City road was modified. Two of General Huger's brigades were ordered to advance along that road, with three of Longstreet's under Brigadier-General Wilcox. After following that road some miles, General Wilcox received orders to conduct his troops to the Williamsburg road. On entering it, he was ordered to the front, and joined Hill's troops near and approaching Seven Pines with his own brigade, and aided in the defeat of the three divisions struggling to hold the intrenchments there.

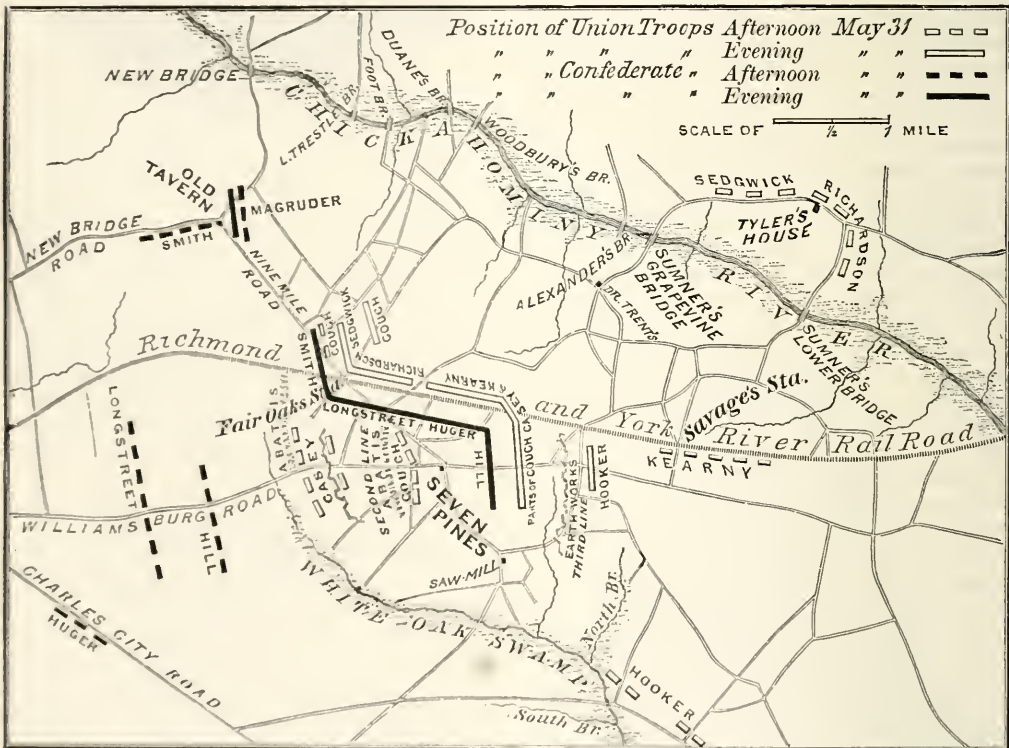


MAJOR-GENERAL EDWIN V. SUMNER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

When the action just described began, the musketry was not heard at my position on

the Nine-mile road, from the unfavorable condition of the air; and I supposed for some time that we were hearing only an artillery duel. But a staff officer was sent to ascertain the facts. He returned at four o'clock with intelligence that our infantry as well as artillery had been engaged an hour, and all were pressing on vigorously. As no approach of troops from beyond the Chickahominy had been discovered, I hoped that the enemy's bridges were impassable, and therefore desired General Smith to move towards Seven Pines, to be ready to coöperate with our right. He moved promptly along the Nine-mile road, and his leading regiment soon became engaged with the Federal skirmishers and their reserves, and in a few minutes drove them off.

On my way to Longstreet's left, to combine the action of the two bodies of troops, I passed the head of General Smith's column near Fair Oaks, and saw the camps of about a brigade in the angle between the Nine-mile road and the York River Railroad, and the rear of a column of infantry moving in quick time



RELATIVE POSITIONS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK, AND AFTER DARK ON MAY 31.

(During the morning of May 31, Huger's division was on the railroad a mile out of Richmond. About the same time Longstreet's division was at the fork of the Williamsburg and Charles City roads; Hill's division on the Williamsburg road half a mile in advance of Longstreet; and Magruder's and G. W. Smith's divisions near Old Tavern.)

When the attack was made on the Union forces, Casey's division was three-quarters of a mile in advance of Seven Pines. He was supported on his right by Alcorn's brigade (of Couch's division) at Fair Oaks Station, and behind him by the remainder of Couch's division at Seven Pines and on the Nine-mile road. These two divisions of Keyes's corps were reinforced late in the afternoon, near Seven Pines, by Kearny's division, which, at the time of the attack, was near Savage's Station. Couch's troops at Fair Oaks fell back a short distance to meet Sedgwick's division approaching from the "Grapevine" bridge, and before dark recovered a part of the ground lost at the Station.

Huger's (Confederate) division and Richardson's and Hooker's divisions did not get into position near the line of fighting until after dark. A part of Hooker's troops were at the White Oak bridge (not indicated in the map), to the left of his other positions. On the Union side, Richardson and Hooker did most of the fighting on the second day.—ED.]

from that point towards the Chickahominy, by the road to the Grapevine ford. A few minutes after this, a battery near the point where this infantry had disappeared commenced firing upon the head of the Confederate column. A regiment sent against it was received with a volley of musketry, as well as canister, and recoiled. The leading brigade, commanded by Colonel Law, then advanced, and so much strength was developed by the enemy that General Smith brought his other brigades into action on the left of Law's. An obstinate contest began, and was maintained on equal terms, although we engaged superior numbers on ground of their own choosing.

I had passed the railroad a few hundred yards with Hood's brigade when the firing commenced, and stopped to see it terminated. But being confident that the enemy opposing us were those whose camp I had just seen, and therefore only a brigade, I did not doubt that General Smith was more than strong enough to cope with them. Therefore General Hood was directed to go on in such a direction as to connect his right with Longstreet's left and take his antagonists in flank. The direction of that firing was then nearly south-west from Fair Oaks. It was then about 5 o'clock.

In that position my intercourse with Longstreet was maintained through staff officers, who were assisted by General Stuart of the cavalry, which was then unemployed; their reports were all of steady progress.

At Fair Oaks, however, no advantage was gained on either side, and the contest was continued with unflinching courage. It was near half-past six o'clock before I admitted to myself that Smith was engaged, not with a brigade, as I had obstinately thought, but with more than a division; but I thought that it would be injudicious to engage Magruder's division, our only reserve, so late in the day.

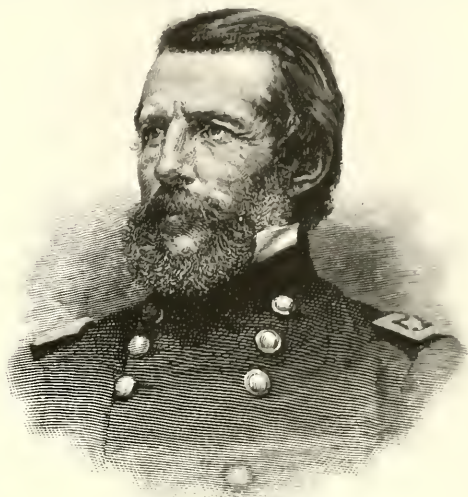
The firing was then violent at Seven Pines, and within a half hour the three Federal divisions were broken and driven from their position in confusion. It was then evident, however, from the obstinacy of our adversaries at Fair Oaks, that the battle would not be decided that day. I said so to the staff officers near me, and told them that each regiment must sleep where it might be standing when the firing ceased for the night, to be ready to renew it at dawn next morning.

About half-past seven o'clock I received a musket-shot in the shoulder, and was unhorsed soon after by a heavy fragment of shell which struck my breast.

I was borne from the field—first to a house on the roadside, thence to Richmond. The firing ceased before I had been carried a

mile from it. The conflict at Fair Oaks was terminated by darkness only.

Mr. Davis's account of what he saw and did at Fair Oaks (Vol. II., p. 123) indicates singular ignorance of the topography of the vicinity, as well as of what was occurring. He says that the enemy's line was on the bank of the river. It was at right angles to and some three miles from it. He says that soon after his arrival I was brought from the right



MAJOR-GENERAL ERASMUS D. KEYES.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

wounded. This proves that his "arrival" was near sunset. He also describes the moving of reënforcements from the left to the right. This was not being done. The right was abundantly strong. He says that he made a reconnoissance—then sent three couriers one after the other, with an order to Magruder "to send a force" by the wooded path under the bluff, to attack the enemy in flank and reverse. If the first courier had been dispatched before the reconnoissance, and delivered the order to Magruder promptly, his "force" marching little more than a mile by the straight Nine-mile road could scarcely have come up before dark. The route described would have been (if found) five or six miles long.

The only thing he ought to have done, or had time to do, was postponed almost twenty hours—the putting General Lee, who was near, in command of the army.

The operations of the Confederate troops in this battle were very much retarded by the broad ponds of rain-water,—in many places more than knee-deep,—by the deep mud, and by the dense woods and thickets that covered the ground.

G. W. Smith's division lost 1283 in killed, wounded, and missing. Brigadier-General



MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL F. HEINTZELMAN.

Hatton was among the killed, and Brigadier-Generals Pettigrew and Hampton were severely wounded. The latter kept his saddle, and served to the end of the action. General Longstreet reported that the loss of the troops on the Williamsburg road in killed, wounded, and missing was about 3000, of which 2700 was in Hill's division. Among the killed were Colonels Moore, of Alabama, Jones, and Lomax. These reports refer to the battle of Seven Pines, which was fought and ended on the 31st of May.

The Federal loss, including that on June 1st, according to General McClellan's "Report on . . . The Army of the Potomac," page 227, was 7000.*

Prisoners to the number of 350, 10 pieces of artillery, 6700 muskets and rifles in excellent condition, a garrison flag and 4 regimental colors, medical, commissary, quartermaster and ordnance stores, tents and sutler's property, were captured and secured.

The troops on the ground at nightfall were: on the Confederate side, twenty-two brigades, more than half of which had not been in action; and on the Federal side six divisions in three corps, two-thirds of which had fought, and half of which had been totally defeated. Two Federal divisions were at Fair Oaks, and three and a half at Savage's, three miles off, and half a one two miles nearer Bottom's Bridge. The Southern troops were united, and in a position to overwhelm either fraction of the Northern army, while holding the other in check.

Officers of the Federal army have claimed a victory at Seven Pines. The Confederates had such evidences of victory as cannon, captured intrenchments, and not only sleeping on the field, but passing the following day

there, so little disturbed by the Federal troops as to gather, in woods, thickets, mud, and water, 6700 muskets and rifles. Besides, the Federal army had been advancing steadily until the day of this battle; after it they made not another step forward, but employed themselves industriously in intrenching.

In a publication of mine made in 1874, I attempted to show that General Lee did not attack the enemy until June 26, because he was engaged from June 1 until then in forming a great army, bringing to that which I had commanded 15,000 men from North Carolina under General Holmes, 22,000 from South Carolina and Georgia, and above 16,000 in the divisions of Jackson and Ewell.

My authority for the 15,000 was General Holmes's statement, May 31, that he had that number waiting the President's order to join me. When their arrival was announced, I supposed that theirs was as stated.

General Ripley, their best-informed and senior officer, was my authority for the 22,000 from South Carolina and Georgia. I thought, as a matter of course, that all of these troops had been brought up for the great crisis. Mr. Davis is eager to prove that but two of the four bodies of them came to Richmond in time. One who had opportunity to observe that Mr. Davis was almost invariably too late in reënföring threatened from unthreatened points, has no apology for the assumption that this was an exception.

General Ripley reported officially that he brought 5000 from Charleston, and explained in writing that, arriving before them, he was assigned to the command of the brigade of 2366, his 5000 being distributed in the army as they arrived in detachments.

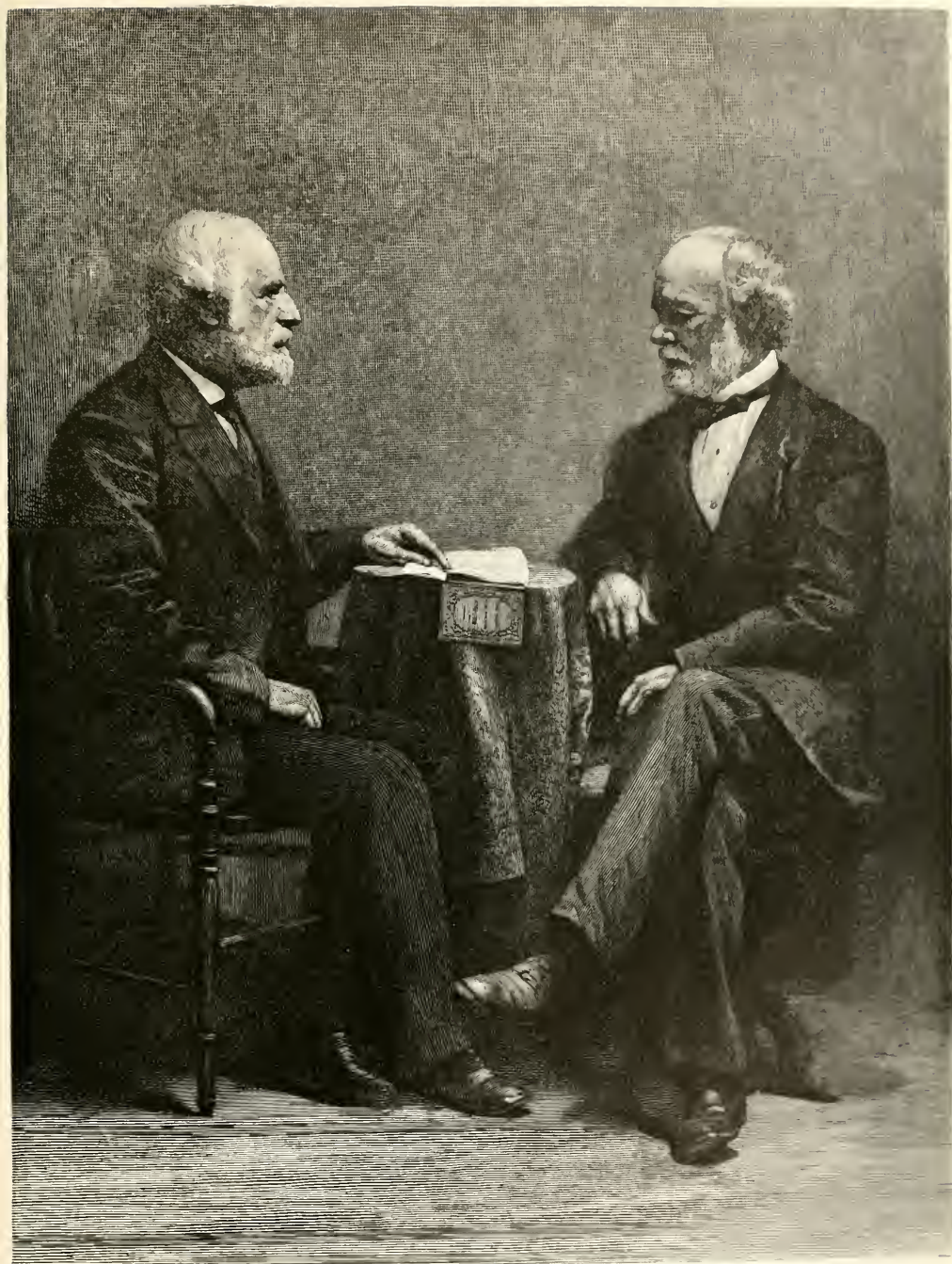
General Lawton stated in writing that he brought about 6000 men from Georgia to the Valley; but as they had never marched before, they were incapable of moving at Jackson's rate, and he estimated that 2500 had been unable to keep their places when they arrived on the field of Gaines's Mills. Hence his statement that he had 3500 in line in that battle. But the laggards rejoined him in two or three days.

I estimated Jackson's and Ewell's forces at 16,000, because Ewell told me that his was 8000, and Jackson's had been usually about twenty-five per cent. larger. Mr. Davis puts the joint force at 8000. His authority has stated it also at 12,000 (see "Personal Reminiscences of General Lee," p. 6), and this is far below the fact.

My object in this is to show that I consulted respectable authorities. Mr. Davis proves that his forces were not well employed.

J. E. Johnston.

* From a dispatch of June 4. Earlier the same day, McClellan reported that the loss would exceed 5000, but said he had not yet full returns. On June 5 he sent to the Secretary of War a statement of losses of each corps—total 5739. The official revised returns make the total 5031.—EDITOR C. M.



R. E. Lee *J. E. Johnston*

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE WAR.)

THE SECOND DAY AT SEVEN PINES.

JUNE 1, 1862.



THE SEVEN PINES, LOOKING EAST.
(AFTER A ROUGH SKETCH MADE DURING THE WAR.)

When it had grown quite dark on Saturday, the 31st, and just after I had ordered the troops in the woods to reform in the open field behind the line they had held in close contact with the Federals, I left the extreme front and proceeded toward the Nine-mile road. On reaching the open field, I met an aide-de-camp who informed me that General Johnston had been seriously if not fatally wounded, and carried from the field about an hour before. I was second in rank in that army, and the casualty to General Johnston placed me in command. Within three minutes after receiving this information, I met President Davis and General Lee. They were on the Nine-mile road about three hundred yards west of Fair Oaks Station, near the eastern edge of the large wood.

In order to convey a fair idea of the circumstances which resulted in the condition of affairs on the field when the command of the army devolved upon me, brief allusion will be made here to preliminary operations.

On the 27th of May General Johnston received information that General McDowell was advancing from Fredericksburg to form a junction with General McClellan in front of Richmond. That afternoon my division was placed under the command of General Whiting, and he was ordered to move it from the ground then occupied, guarding the Williamsburg road east of Richmond, and take position north of the city, in the vicinity of Meadow Bridges. I was assigned to command the left wing of the army, of which my division, under Whiting, would form a part; and at my urgent solicitation I was relieved from commanding General Magruder. Early in the morning of the 31st of May General

Whiting received an order direct from General Johnston, to move the division under his command to the point on the Nine-mile road where the road to New Bridge turns off. This order was also sent to me by General Johnston. On its receipt I turned over the command of the left wing temporarily to General A. P. Hill, and proceeded to General Johnston's headquarters, near the Nine-mile road, in the north-east suburb of Richmond. I reached there before sunrise, informed him of the order I had given A. P. Hill, and stated that, in leaving the left wing, I did not purpose taking from General Whiting the command of my division, but desired to see how they would acquit themselves in case they went into action, and would assume command at any time or place in case it should be necessary. In leaving General A. P. Hill I had informed him that I would at once return rapidly to the left wing and resume command there if a movement by the enemy should be attempted in that direction.

About 6 A. M. the head of my division, under Whiting, arrived in the vicinity of General Johnston's headquarters, but was prevented from reaching the Nine-mile road by troops of Longstreet's division, who were across Whiting's line of march. Having waited in vain for Longstreet's troops to clear the road for Whiting, about 8 A. M. I directed my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant R. F. Beckham, to report this state of things to General Longstreet, and ask that it be corrected as soon as possible. Lieutenant Beckham asked me where he would find General Longstreet. I referred him to General Johnston, who was present. General Johnston said General Longstreet's division was moving on the Nine-mile road, and he supposed General Longstreet was with it; if not, he would probably be found with General D. H. Hill's division on the Williamsburg road. About 9 A. M. I received a note from Lieutenant Beckham stating that Longstreet's division was not on the Nine-mile road, and that he (Beckham) would cross over to the Williamsburg road in search of General Longstreet. I showed the note to General Johnston at once. It was difficult to convince him that Lieutenant Beckham was not mistaken. But when I called his attention to the fact that Beckham was one of the best staff-officers in the army, and there could be no doubt of the correctness of the information, General Johnston sent one of his aides, Lieutenant

Washington, to General Longstreet, directing him to send at least three brigades of his division back to the Nine-mile road, if this would not cause serious loss of time. Lieutenant Washington, in execution of this order, went rapidly on the Nine-mile road in search of General Longstreet, passed the Confederate pickets, in advance of the New Bridge fork of that road, at full speed, and soon found himself within the Federal lines—a prisoner.

About 11 A. M. Lieutenant Beckham reported to me, at General Johnston's headquarters, that he had found General Longstreet's division on the Williamsburg road halted for the purpose of allowing General D. H. Hill's troops to file by; and that General Longstreet was making dispositions

the road to New Bridge turns off, and remained there several hours, awaiting some indication or information that the attack had been commenced by the troops under General Longstreet on the Williamsburg road.

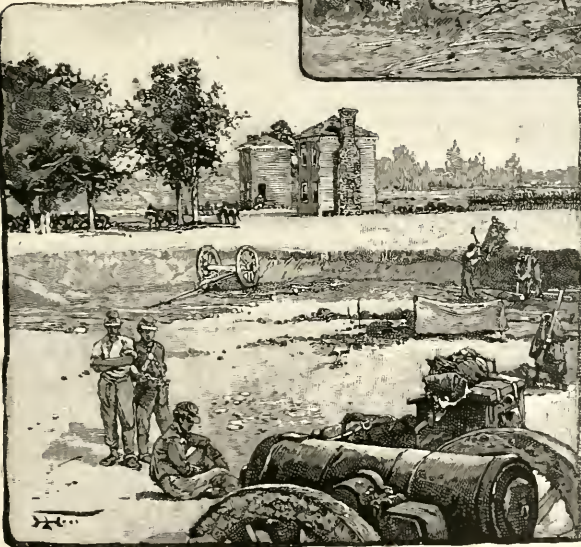
Returning now to my meeting with President Davis and General Lee on the Nine-mile road, just after the command of the army had devolved upon me, at dark on the 31st: I at once, in answer to inquiries made by the



TWO VIEWS OF FAIR OAKS STATION.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

The upper picture shows the east front of the station. Four hundred dead were buried in the foreground. The railway passed between the buildings.

The lower picture shows the south side of the station and earthworks which on this side extended to the Williamsburg road.—ED.



to attack the enemy on that road, with D. H. Hill's division and his own. Lieutenant Beckham said, in reference to the troops of Longstreet's division, that he saw halted: What surprised me most was that they were "accompanied by wagons loaded with baggage and camp equipage."

In the mean time the head of the division under Whiting had remained near General Johnston's headquarters from 6 A. M. until about 11 A. M. It then moved forward on the Nine-mile road, accompanied by General Johnston, and halted near the point at which

that the three divisions under Longstreet would make a determined attack before 8 A. M. I explained the delays that had been caused by General Longstreet's misunderstanding in regard to the direction of his own division, and its consequent movement from the Nine-mile road to the Williamsburg road; and spoke of General Johnston's disappointment and anxiety because of the still further prolonged delay after Longstreet's division was transferred to the latter road. I told the President of the note received by General Johnston from General Longstreet at 4 P. M.,

asking for help; of the hurried movement of my division, under General Whiting, conducted by General Johnston in person, to the aid of Longstreet; and the sudden appearance of the enemy from the north side of the Chickahominy, which interrupted the movement in aid of Longstreet, and resulted in the contest north of Fair Oaks. I described the contest that had taken place on that part of the field, and then asked him, and others near, if anything had been heard on the Nine-mile road from the 30,000 men under Longstreet on the Williamsburg road, later than the note received by General Johnston about four o'clock p. m.

Nothing further had been heard, and the President then asked me what were my plans. I told him that I could not understandingly determine what was best to be done, until something was known of the condition of affairs in the right wing of the army, and some data obtained in regard to the position and strength of the enemy on that side; and added, it might be found expedient to withdraw to better ground covering Richmond, or it might not; all depended on what had occurred in the right wing. The President suggested that, if we remained, the enemy might withdraw during the night, which would give us the moral effect of a victory. I replied that I would not withdraw without good reason; all would depend upon the state of affairs on the Williamsburg road. Nothing had happened on our side to make it necessary to retire.

All I then knew of the actual battle was what had occurred north of Fair Oaks Station, where four brigades of my own division, which was commanded by General Whiting, and directed by General Johnston in person until he was wounded, engaged a strong Federal reinforcement from the north side of the river (which proved to be Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps). Judging from the note received by General Johnston from General Longstreet at 4 p. m., there was good reason to believe that the delay of the latter in bringing on the attack had given time for Federal reinforcements to reach the field from the direction of Bottom's Bridge; and there was reason, too, for the belief that General Longstreet's troops were nearly, if not quite, all in action when he called for help. It was very clear that the sudden and, if possible, crushing blow which General Johnston expected to have made early in the morning by the right wing of the army against the Federal forces isolated in the vicinity of Seven Pines, had failed. Night found two-thirds of the Confederate army in the swamps eight miles east of Richmond, at the end of a bloody and indecisive engagement begun about the middle

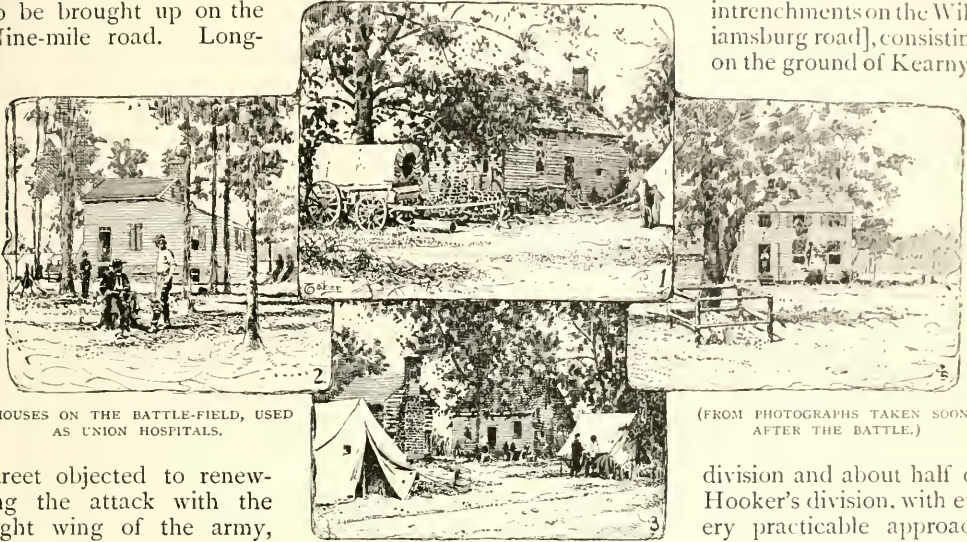
of the afternoon, whilst the right of the Federal army was in the vicinity of Mechanicsville, a good deal nearer Richmond than we were. I had no reason to believe that all the bridges over the Chickahominy were broken and that stream impassable. In short, the condition of affairs was not altogether rose-colored, in my view, when the command of the army devolved upon me. But I could determine nothing understandingly until information was received from the right wing.

About half an hour after dark the President and General Lee rode away. General J. E. B. Stuart, who had been, during the day, on the extreme right with a portion of the cavalry, picketing the Charles City road and the White Oak Swamp, reached the field near Fair Oaks at nearly the same time, and reported to me that the enemy had not advanced from their position at White Oak Bridge; that our troops had carried the intrenched position at Seven Pines some time before sunset, and had advanced on the Williamsburg road beyond that point, but he did not know how far. He had good guides with him, and he offered to go in person to General Longstreet, and have him piloted to the headquarters on the Nine-mile road. Several parties had been previously sent to communicate with General Longstreet and request him to come over to the Nine-mile road for conference and instructions.

A short time before midnight, after I had made my headquarters at Old Tavern, I received a note from General Stuart stating that at 10:30 p. m. he had failed to find General Longstreet. At 12:40 Sunday morning (June 1), having heard nothing from General Longstreet, I addressed him a note asking the position of his command at dark, the condition of his men, and requesting his views in regard to the operations to be undertaken in his front that morning. Soon after that note was written, General Longstreet, without having received it, arrived at my headquarters, having been found about midnight by one of the staff-officers sent to communicate with him. General Longstreet reported that only a portion of his own division had been seriously engaged in close action, and that Huger's division had scarcely been engaged at all; the principal fighting having been done by D. H. Hill's division; that the enemy's works at Seven Pines had been carried late in the afternoon; the Federals had been pressed back about a mile beyond that point, and the fighting had been continued until dark. On receipt of this information, I directed General Longstreet to send one brigade of Huger's division to support the troops on the Nine-mile road, and renew the fighting with

the remainder of the right wing as early as possible after daylight, directing his efforts north instead of any farther east, pivoting this movement on the position of Whiting, near Fair Oaks Station. General Longstreet was assured that when a determined attack by the right wing was well developed, it should be favored by a strong demonstration, and, if necessary, by a real attack, by Whiting's command, and other troops to be brought up on the Nine-mile road. Long-

front each, and four batteries. These two divisions constituted Sumner's corps. On the left, Keyes's corps [part of Couch's and Casey's divisions] held the strong works south of the Williamsburg road, called "the third line of defense," protected by sixty pieces of artillery. The interval between Keyes and Sumner was a little more than a mile, and was held by Heintzelman's corps [Hooker, during the night, being in bivouac near the intrenchments on the Williamsburg road], consisting on the ground of Kearny's



HOUSES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, USED AS UNION HOSPITALS.

(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SOON AFTER THE BATTLE.)

street objected to renewing the attack with the right wing of the army, and said it ought to be made by my division, which he thought had done little fighting on the 31st. After hearing all he chose to say on that subject, I gave the positive order, as above, and General Longstreet returned to the Williamsburg road.*

I then wrote to General Lee,—who was in general charge in Richmond of all Confederate army operations,—telling him what had been determined on, what orders had been given, and asking that such reinforcements as were within reach should be sent. General Lee's reply is dated Richmond, 5 A. M. He says: "Ripley will be ordered, and such forces from General Holmes as can be got up will be sent. Your movements are judicious, and determination to strike the enemy right."

The following statement of the position of the Federal forces at daylight on the 1st of June is the substance of an account by General George W. Mindil, aide-de-camp to General Phil. Kearny. Sedgwick's division and the detachment from Couch's, and five batteries, were on the extreme right, facing west-northwest. On the left of Sedgwick, at nearly a right angle, and parallel with the railroad, was Richardson's division, in three lines of a brigade

division and about half of Hooker's division, with every practicable approach commanded by a numerous artillery. The troops outside the strong works south of the Williamsburg road were partly protected, a line of rifle-pits having been thrown up during the night. The pickets of the three corps were in communication throughout. General Mindil placed the outposts forming the connection between Sumner and Heintzelman.

On the Confederate side the troops under Longstreet had all been brought to the front. His extreme right was on the Williamsburg road, about half a mile east of Seven Pines; his left near two wood roads, about half a mile east of Fair Oaks Station. The troops forming his right faced east, those of his left faced north. Nearly if not all of his command was in the wood east of the Nine-mile road, and between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. My division under Whiting was on the Nine-mile road, a little west of Fair Oaks Station, near the ground on which it had fought the previous afternoon.

General Mindil says: "About five o'clock on Sunday morning [June 1], in the gray of dawn, the Confederate skirmishers in front of Richardson opened fire." These were Hood's

* It appears that, "At 2 A. M., June 1st, a Federal council of war was held in General Sumner's tent, and it was resolved to attack the enemy as soon as disposition for that purpose could be made." See "The Peninsula," by General A. S. Webb, p. 114.—Ed.

enterprising Texans, near Fair Oaks Station, who were seeking the enemy in front of the gap between Whiting's right and Longstreet's left. They were immediately recalled, because it was intended that the attack should be made by the right wing under Longstreet.

Again, General Mindil says:

"At half-past six o'clock a determined assault was made against General French's line (of Richardson's division), the enemy pushing forward along the two wood roads that crossed this line heavy columns of attack, supporting them on both flanks by battalions of infantry in deployed line. The firing commenced within half-musket shot, and was maintained at closer quarters for nearly an hour and a half before the enemy's [the Confederate] column wavered and broke."

In a note, dated 6:30 A. M., General Whiting reported to me, "Heavy firing in advance of us." It now seemed that the right wing under Longstreet was beginning the movement ordered. Some time later, perhaps an hour, General Whiting wrote: "I am going to try a diversion for Longstreet; . . . the musketry firing in advance is tremendous." On the far side of the gap between Whiting's right and Longstreet's left our troops were falling back. The firing had been at times quite heavy; but nothing had been observed from the Nine-mile road indicating that any large portion of the Confederate right wing had begun in earnest the movement in which Whiting was ordered to cooperate.

"Hardly had fresh Federal regiments taken the places of those which had exhausted their ammunition in repulsing the Confederate attack at 8 A. M. [says General Mindil], when the enemy's [Confederate] column, strongly reinforced, gave a general yell, and again dashed forward to the attack. This renewed fight was of the most desperate and sanguinary character, lasting more than an hour, when the enemy were again driven back, without gaining a single point of the Union line. . . . So fierce was the fighting in Richardson's front that he sustained a loss of nearly 800 men in a division much smaller in numbers than Sedgwick's, and his men were partly protected by the railroad embankment. . . . As Hooker neared the clearing on Hyer's farm, he ordered his four regiments to charge; this cleared the woods, and the enemy were entirely broken. . . . Hooker was now on the right flank and rear of the forces engaged with Richardson, and he was not slow to improve his opportunity."

A few moments after 9 A. M., General Whiting wrote to me: "Some of Griffith's regiments might be sent down to the railroad in rear of the position occupied by Hood, which, with a heavy enemy's battery in his rear, has be-

come untenable." The Federals in pursuit of Longstreet's forces — that had probably withdrawn along the two wood roads previously mentioned — were getting nearly upon the prolongation of Hood's line, but not as yet in rear of it.

About 10:30 A. M. I received a note from General Longstreet, stating, "The brigade cannot be spared. Every man except a brigade is in action. . . . I am not able to do without it." A little later a note, dated 10 A. M., was received from General Longstreet, in which he says: "General, can you reinforce me? The entire [Federal] army seems to be opposed to me. . . . If I can't get help, I fear I must fall back."

On receipt of this note, I ordered five thousand men from the crest of the Chickahominy Bluffs, between the New Bridge and Mechanicsville roads, to move as soon as possible to the support of General Longstreet; and Ripley's brigade, which was expected to arrive by the Nine-mile road, was ordered to move to the front on the Williamsburg road as soon as it reached Richmond. General McLaws was sent to General Longstreet to inform him of the reinforcements that had been ordered to his support; to assure him that the whole of McClellan's army was not in his front; and to tell him that he must not fall back any farther, but must, if possible, regain the ground he had already lost. About 1 P. M. I received a note from General McLaws stating, "Longstreet says he can hold his position with five thousand more men. He has the same ground the enemy held yesterday."

In the mean time the right of Whiting's line had been drawn back because of the advance of the Federals, who were following up our withdrawing forces on the far side of the gap which existed between Longstreet's left and Whiting's right.

"After Richardson's and Hooker's divisions and Birney's brigade had driven the Confederates well back from the railroad in front of the position held by Richardson during the night, Sickles's brigade united with these forces [says General Mindil], and a general advance was made. No serious opposition was encountered, and Casey's camp was reoccupied before two o'clock P. M., the ground being covered with the rebel dead and wounded as well as our own."*

About 1:30 P. M. President Davis rode up to my headquarters, and asked for General Lee. Upon being told that General Lee was

* Those who think there was little fighting on the second day at Seven Pines, should compare the official revised returns of the Union losses of killed, wounded, and missing, on the first day, with those of the second day (see "War Records": series 1, vol. XI; part I, pages 757 to 762). These show that the losses of the troops which were engaged only in the second day's fight aggregate 1199, viz.: Richardson's three brigades (loss, 338), Birney's four regiments of Kearny's division (207), Hooker's division (Sickles' brigade, and two regiments of Starr's brigade) (154). The losses of the troops engaged the first day, aggregate 382, viz.: Casey (1429), Couch (1163), Sedgwick (347), two brigades of Kearny's division (884), and the unattached artillery (4). But some of the troops engaged the first day were also engaged the second day; it is impossible, however, to estimate their losses on the second day. As much as we positively know, therefore, is that the Union losses on the second day were, at least, 1199, or about one-fourth of the total loss in the two days' battle, which was 5021.

General Johnston (see pages 117-22, herewith) estimates the losses of Longstreet and Hill at about 3000; and G. W. Smith's at 1223—total, 4223—1 lb.

not there, he expressed so much surprise as to induce me to ask him if he had any special reason for supposing General Lee would be there at that time. To this he replied, Yes; and added he had early that morning directed General Lee to take command of the army at once. This was the first and only intimation I received in regard to the assignment of General Lee to the command. It was enough, however. The President chatted upon a variety of commonplace subjects, but made no allusion to anything pertaining to the state of affairs on the field.

General Lee came in about 2 P. M., and I at once turned over to him the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and commenced explaining to him what had occurred during the day. To these explanations President Davis seemed to give some attention, particularly to General Longstreet's notes asking for help. Whilst I was still speaking to General Lee of the state of affairs upon the field of battle, I received a note from General Longstreet, dated 1:30 P. M., in which he said: "The next attack will be from Sumner's division. I think that if we can whip it we shall be comparatively safe from the advance of McClellan's army. I hope that those who were whipped yesterday will not appear again. The attack this morning was made at an unfortunate time. We had but little ammunition, but we have since replenished our supply, and I sincerely hope that we may succeed against them in their next effort. Oh that I had ten thousand men more!"

After reading General Longstreet's note, I handed it to General Lee, and requested him to read and hand it to the President. General Lee looked very serious whilst reading; and after the President had read it, the latter seemed to take a little more interest in what was going on, but said nothing.

I informed General Lee that Longstreet was mistaken in regard to the state of things; that the two corps of the Federal army on the north bank of the river that morning had not yet crossed to our side; that the force attacked north of Fair Oaks the previous afternoon still held that position; that 5000 men ordered from the Chickahominy Bluffs were already closely approaching Longstreet's position on the Williamsburg road; that Ripley's brigade, which was expected, had been ordered to move on that road; that this would still leave Longstreet more than 30,000 men, even if his losses had already reached 5000; that the ground he now occupied was favorable to us; and that the danger to Richmond, if any, was not then on the Williamsburg road.

Near 3 P. M. the President rode off, leaving

General Lee and myself in conference alone. General Lee made no adverse comment upon my management of the army, and gave no orders.

At 4 P. M. General Lee and I, with a courier as a guide, went over to the Williamsburg road, where we found the President and several members of his Cabinet talking with General Longstreet. They were at a point about half a mile nearer Richmond than the unfinished pentangular redoubt where our troops first struck the Federal main line the previous day. Everything was quiet; the reinforcements from the Chickahominy had reached Longstreet's position on the Williamsburg road. There were no further operations that day; the battle was ended.

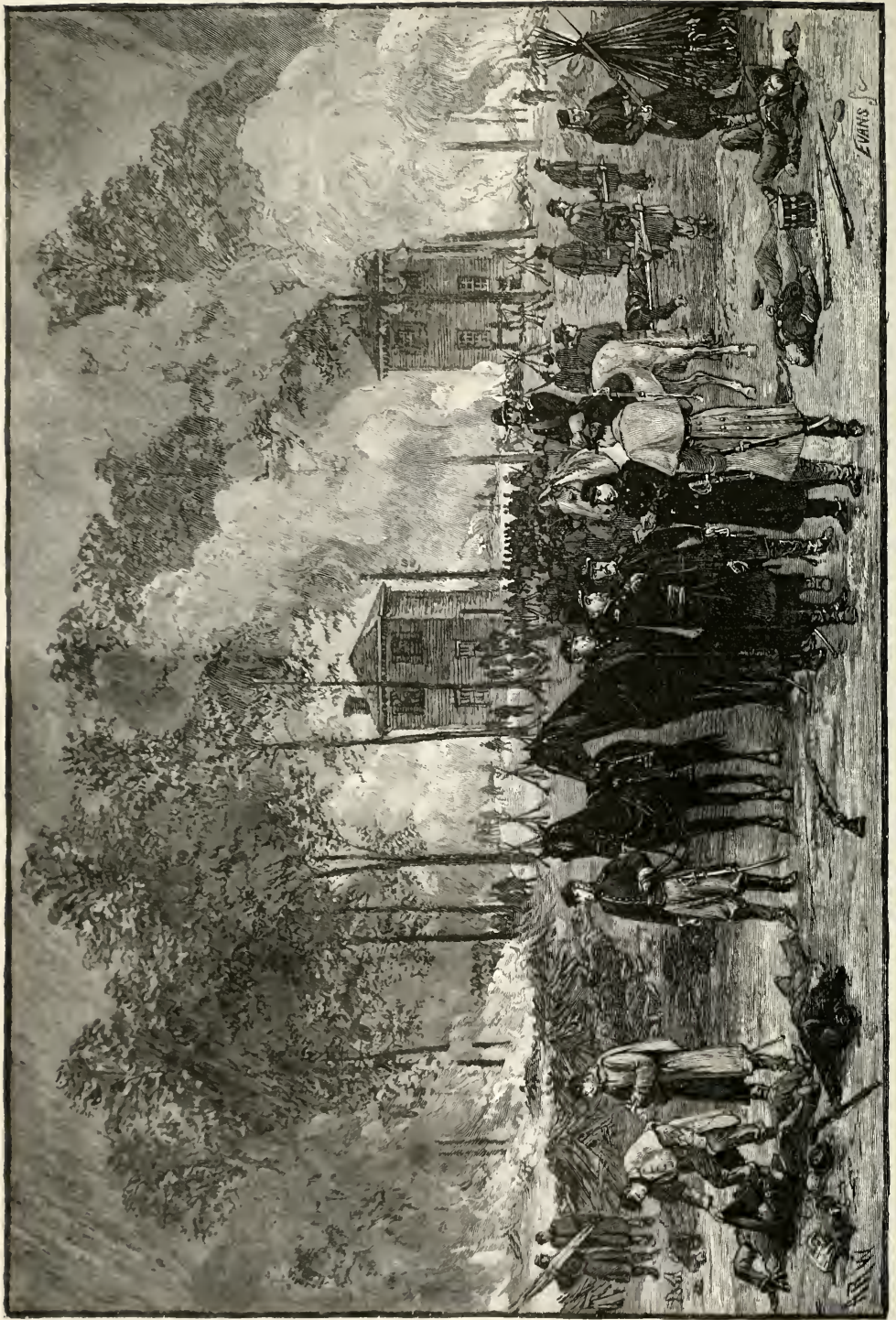
At daylight on the 1st of June there were three Federal corps on the battle-field in the vicinity of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks. On the morning of the 31st of May there was but one Federal corps on that ground. The Confederate troops on the field on the 1st of June were those that General Johnston had ordered, on the 30th of May, to move forward as soon as possible after daylight on the 31st. The result of the action on June 1st is sufficiently indicated in the foregoing battle-field notes of General Longstreet.

Conflicting accounts of Confederate operations in this battle call for further allusion to General Johnston's original plan, as well as to the occurrences of the 1st of June. In 1874 General Longstreet wrote two letters to General G. W. Mindil, in reference to the battle of Seven Pines. These letters were shown to me by General Mindil a few months since; and he authorized me to make any use I chose of the statements made by General Longstreet. It is believed that these letters have not heretofore been published. The first is dated July 17, 1874. In this General Longstreet, speaking of the movements on the 31st of May, says:

"It is proper to explain now the plan of battle, as I can speak from accurate knowledge. The plan was to turn your [the Federal] left at daylight, by throwing Huger's division, by a passable route for infantry, to your left and rear. As the head of his column passed the swamp, D. H. Hill was to be ready, and I was to advise him to make the attack vigorously. Huger did not reach the field. At one o'clock D. H. Hill proposed to bring on the battle, and it was agreed to under the impression that Huger would be there surely by the time we were warmed up into actual battle. The entire strength of the plan was in his movement."

On the 2d of December, 1874, General Longstreet wrote to General Mindil, saying:

"Our plan was, as you stated, to turn your left by moving Huger's command across the head of White Oak Swamp; that to be followed by the attack of General D. H. Hill, on the Williamsburg road, which



BURYING THE DEAD, AND BURNING HORSES AT FAIR OAKS STATION AFTER THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT. (AFTER A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

was to be supported, if need be, by my command; the command on the Nine-mile road following Hill's movements. As you say in your article, Johnston's plan was faultless, and in my judgment at the time was the only plan that could be approved by a military mind. . . . Huger had to move over the same ground pretty much that I did. He was to precede me, and I believe that he did so over part of the route. My opinion is that he moved before me. That I waited until sunrise, so as to give him time to clear the road as far as the Charles City fork, and if my memory is correct I passed a part of his command resting on the side of the road. . . . The only reports that I remember to have heard from him were that he was moving on, and would soon be in position. General Johnston was on the Nine-mile road. This left me the senior—or at least nominally the senior—officer on the Williamsburg road, and exercising more or less command of Hill's and Huger's as well as of my own division. . . . Once the action was opened, we were drawn gradually into it, and of course the combat became more and more vigorous until night. . . . I was to support Hill, and being his senior, could have taken command on the Williamsburg road; but it would have been inexcusable had I done so, inasmuch as he had led his troops well and had been successful. I could not, therefore, do anything more than support and aid his able efforts."

Judging from the general character of what he writes to General Mindil, it appears that General Longstreet was not fully alive to the fact—then or later—that he was in command of one-half of General Johnston's army on that day. Much less does it seem that he realized the importance of prompt and decisive action. In view of what occurred late in the afternoon of the 31st, after time had been given for two Federal divisions to come to the assistance of the isolated corps in the vicinity of Seven Pines, it is not difficult to infer what would probably have been the result had Longstreet's own division, 14,000 strong, moved at daylight on the Nine-mile road, striking, on the right flank, the lines that D. H. Hill's division carried by assault in the afternoon.

In a letter addressed to me, General Johnston says:

"I refer to the mention of the misunderstanding between Longstreet and myself, in regard to the direction of his division. . . . I received information of Longstreet's misunderstanding—which may be my fault, as I told you at the time—whilst his troops were moving to the Williamsburg road, and sent to Longstreet to send three brigades by the Nine-mile road, if they had not marched so far as to make the change involve a serious loss of time."

The date of this letter, June 28, 1862, the circumstances under which it was written, and General Johnston's specific statements show not only that General Longstreet did misunderstand the direction in which Johnston intended Longstreet's division should move against the enemy, but make it certain that Johnston attempted, at least in part, to rectify Longstreet's mistake in regard to this matter. There is other positive evidence, not

necessary to be repeated here, which establishes the same facts. But it appears now that General Johnston, in his "Narrative" published in 1874, has conceded that it was his fault that caused the misunderstanding on the part of Longstreet, in regard to the movement of the division in question. It is believed, however, that he has not conceded—and never will concede—that it was his plan to keep D. H. Hill's, Longstreet's, and G. W. Smith's divisions out of action until Huger's division could get into position on the left flank and rear of the enemy. This would have required that the 35,500 men in the divisions of Hill, Longstreet, and Smith—men inured to marching and fighting—should be held back until Huger's 5000 inexperienced troops could, by a circuitous route across a difficult swamp, get into position where they were not needed; and this, too, when prompt action was essential to success, and delay was dangerous.

Neither is it believed that General Johnston will concede that his plan was that my division, under Whiting, on the Nine-mile road, placed there to guard against Federal reinforcements coming from the north side of the Chickahominy, should be put in action on Hill's left, whilst the 14,000 men in Longstreet's division were held back on the Williamsburg road only to support Hill "if need be." But all this must be conceded in order to make up "the faultless plan," which was, in General Longstreet's judgment at the time, "the only plan that could be approved by a military mind."

In reference to operations on the 1st of June, General Longstreet writes to General Mindil in part as follows:

"I do not remember to have heard of any fighting on the second day except a sharp-skirmish reported by General Pickett as he was retiring, under the orders of General Lee, to resume our former position. . . . Attack was not renewed on the 1st of June, because Johnston had been wounded and had been obliged to leave the field. Smith, the next in rank, had been taken quite sick, but would not give up. He was therefore slow in organizing for renewed attack, and before he did so arrange General Lee was announced as the commander of the army. As he had not been with the army the previous day, he was not prepared to conduct the continuance of the battle; so the troops were withdrawn to their original positions in the afternoon and evening. . . . About 10 A. M. General Lee was assigned to command, and rode out on the Nine-mile road, saw General Smith, took command, and came with General Smith across to the Williamsburg road. There we discussed the matter of renewed attack. I favored another effort to turn your [Federal] left. Smith opposed it, and gave as his reason the strength of your lines, which he claimed to have examined, and I was forced to yield my opinions, in consequence of his knowledge of superior position on your side."

The foregoing extracts are some of General Longstreet's contributions to the "history" of

the battle of Seven Pines, furnished by him to General Mindil, "in hopes of making the Confederate side a little clearer."

As to my being "taken quite sick," I was not seriously ill until the 2d of June. General Longstreet's statement that General Smith was slow in organizing for renewed attack because he was taken sick is, therefore, a mistake. In fact, at that time there was no organizing requisite, except, perhaps, in the right wing under Longstreet, and this was intrusted to him. I turned the command of the army over to General Lee about 2 P. M. He certainly gave no orders to General Longstreet, or to any part of the army, before 4 P. M. General Longstreet seems to have forgotten his notes of that morning, as well as that dated 1:30 P. M., ending with the exclamation, "Oh that I had 10,000 men more!"

When General Lee and General Smith joined General Longstreet on the Williamsburg road, Longstreet had lost on the 1st of June much of the ground he had gained on the 31st of May. I have no knowledge of any proposition having been made by General Longstreet to General Lee for renewing the attack. I

had never seen the works in General Longstreet's front, over which the troops of the latter had fought forward on the 31st of May and back during the morning of the 1st of June. General Longstreet is in error when he says that he was forced to yield his opinions because of my superior knowledge of the position in his front.

During the night of the 1st of June the troops under Longstreet quietly fell back to resume their former positions in front of Richmond. The division under Whiting, on the Nine-mile road, remained for several days confronting the Federal position it had attacked, north of Fair Oaks Station.

The limited space allotted to this article would prevent much further comment on my part in reference to the incidents and previously published accounts of this battle, even if I felt disposed at this time to say more. I will therefore only add that in my opinion, then and since, General Johnston's "original plan" was entirely correct in principle, and promised assured success if carried into effect as he, at sunrise on the morning of the 31st of May, intended and expected.

Gustavus W. Smith.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—IV.*

TO THE CHICKAHOMINY.—THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.



CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTER.

THE roads were narrow and very muddy between the White House and the Chickahominy, and it was with great trouble that

our trains were moved over them. A few miles west of the Pamunkey we found the country beautiful and undulating, with graceful, round-topped hills, here and there crowned with trees and clothed in the varied tints of early summer.

On our entire march up the Peninsula, we did not see a dozen white men left upon the soil. At last, on the twenty-third of May, we arrived upon the banks of the sluggish Chickahominy,—a small mill-stream, forty or fifty feet wide, with swampy lowland bordering on either side; the tops of the trees growing in the swamp being about on a level with the crests of the bluffs just beyond, on the Richmond side. Our first camp was pitched on the hills in the vicinity of Gaines's Farm.

The engineers soon began the construction of bridges for the passage of the troops, as it was very important to gain a foothold on the west bank, preparatory to our advance. While Duane's bridge was being constructed, we were ordered on duty along the banks; and upon approaching the river we found, in the thickets near it, one of our dead cavalymen lying in the water, evidently having been killed while watering his horse. The bridges were thrown out with marvelous quickness, and the corduroy approaches were soon constructed. A small force was ordered to cross, to reconnoiter and to observe the condition of



WHITE HOUSE, THE HOME OF GENERAL W. H. F. LEE, McCLELLAN'S BASE OF SUPPLIES ON THE PAMUNKEY.—RUINS OF THE WHITE HOUSE. (FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE TIME.)



the roads with respect to the passage of artillery. I happened to be one of that squad. With orders not to return the fire if assailed, we advanced across the bridge and through the woods, a quarter of a mile; and, seeing the sloughy condition of the roads, were returning, when the crack of a rifle told us the enemy were upon us. At the first fire one of our men fell. He entreated us to leave him and save ourselves; while we were carrying him, the enemy wounded two more of our men, but not seriously. On each side of the narrow defile were woods with but little screening underbrush, and it was through this we were advancing when attacked. We could not see the enemy, who were secreted in the tree-tops around us, but the *zip, zip* of their bullets pursued us as we retreated.

The comrade who had been shot, apparently through the lungs, was examined by our surgeon, who at first thought the case fatal, as the bullet came out of the chest on the side opposite to which it entered; but it was found that the bullet had been deflected by a rib, and glanced round, beneath the skin, only causing a painful flesh-wound. In three weeks our comrade was on light duty about camp. Before seeing very much service we discovered that a man may be hit with bullets in a great many places without killing him. Later I saw a man who had both his eyes destroyed by a bullet, without injuring the bridge of his nose, or otherwise marking his face.

In the barn at Gaines's Farm there were a number of Confederate sick and wounded,—men captured in some skirmish during our advance; and while taking a peep at them through a crack, I saw a North Carolina lieutenant whom I recognized as a former school-acquaintance. I obtained permission to speak to him, but they told me he was violent and bitter in his language. On approaching him, and inquiring if he knew me, something like a smile of recognition lighted up his face; hesitating a moment, he finally extended his hand. We talked for fifteen or twenty minutes about our school-fellows and early days, but not one word about the war. In two days I visited the barn again, and upon inquiring for him was told by one of the men in charge, "That cock is done crowing." I asked where he was buried. "He isn't buried; they have carried him out!" I stepped into the barnyard and found him thrown upon a heap of dirt. It was impossible to express all the indignation I felt; I emphatically said that none but cowards would have been guilty of such an act. I was ordered off for thus expressing my mind. Undoubtedly he had been very bitter, but that was no excuse. I mention this as the only instance I ever knew where a dead

enemy, or even a prisoner, was insulted by our soldiers. No *soldier* would have committed such a foul act. It was reserved for some miserable "skulker" who, to avoid the active duties of a soldier, had taken refuge in a hospital.

Considerable foraging was done, on the sly, about the neighboring plantations, but

water was waist-deep throughout the greater part of the swamp.

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES (FAIR OAKS).

WE were ordered on duty with Sumner's corps, which was stationed at Tyler's house,



SUMNER'S MARCH TO REËNFORCE COUCH AT FAIR OAKS STATION.

Lieutenant Edmund Kirby, Battery I, First U. S. Artillery, says in his official report: "The roads were almost impassable for artillery, and I experienced great difficulty in getting my guns along. I was obliged at times to unlimber and use the prolonge, the cannoners being up to their waists in water. About 4:30 P. M. I was within three-quarters of a mile of Fair Oaks Station, with three pieces [Napoleon twelve-pounders] and one caisson, the remainder of the battery being in the rear, and coming up as fast as circumstances would permit."

as a rule foraging was severely condemned by our commanders. There was much tobacco raised in this section of country, and we found the barns filled with the best quality of tobacco in leaf; this we appropriated without objection on the part of our officers. As all trades were represented in our ranks, that of cigar-maker was included, and the army rioted in cigars without enriching the sutlers.

By the lower bridges two of the army corps were sent across to take position near Seven Pines. Some of the bridges were of boats, with corduroy approaches. While they were in process of finishing, on the night of May 30, a terrible storm occurred; the rain-fall was immense, and the thunder the most terrific I ever heard, its sharp, crackling rattle at times sounding like the cannonading of an engagement. When morning dawned, our boat bridges were found dangling midway in a stream which covered the whole swampy and bottom land on both sides the original channel, and the

and held the center of the general line of the army. Not long after noon of the 31st we heard the dull reverberation of cannonading in the direction of Seven Pines, and the companies and regiments fell into line, ready to march at a moment's notice. About two in the afternoon the march was begun to the approaches of Sumner's upper bridge, also called the "Grapevine" bridge, which had been built of logs over the swampy bottom, and which was sustained in place by ropes tied to stumps on the up-stream side. At first it seemed impossible to cross, so swollen was the stream by the overflow; but when the troops were well on the bridge, it was held in place by the moving weight and rendered passable, although covered with water and swaying in the rushing torrent, which every moment threatened to float it away piecemeal. The men grumbled some, after the manner of soldiers. "If this bridge goes down I can't swim a stroke," said one. "Well," said

"Little" Day, always making the best of everything, "there will be, in that case, plenty of logs for you to float on." If we had gone down with all our marching-equipments, there would have been but little chance even for a good swimmer. Kirby's battery of Napoleon guns preceded us; we found them mired on the west shore. They were unlimbered, and the men of different regiments tugged and lifted at them, knee-deep in the mire, until they were extricated, and finally almost carried them to dry land, or rather firm land, as by no stretch of courtesy could anything in the vicinity be called dry.

Sedgwick's division, being nearer the Grapevine bridge, took the lead at that crossing, while Richardson's division moved toward Sumner's lower bridge. There French's brigade crossed by wading to the waist, the other brigades being ordered to turn back and follow Sedgwick. It was this delay which kept Richardson out of the first day's fight.

A private of the Fifteenth Massachusetts (Gorman's brigade) afterward gave me his recollections of that forced march through water and mud. "Most of our artillery," he said, "became so badly mired that we were obliged to proceed without it, but the little battery of twelve-pound Napoleon guns, commanded by an energetic regular officer (Lieutenant Kirby), notwithstanding it was continu-

ally mired to its axles, was pluckily dragged along by horses and men. Despite the mire, we cracked jokes at each other, shouted and sang in high spirits, and toiled through the morass in the direction of the heavy firing."

About 3:30 P. M. we began to meet stragglers from the front. They all told in substance the same story: "Our companies and regiments are all cut to pieces!" One straggler had a strapping Confederate prisoner in charge. He inquired for a Pennsylvania regiment, saying that during the fight in the woods he lost his company, and while trying to find his way out came across the "reb," and was trying to "take him in." "Stranger," said the prisoner, "yer wouldn't have taken me in if I'd known yer war lost."

"Meanwhile the thunder of the conflict grew louder and louder, and about five o'clock we came upon fragments of regiments of that part of Couch's command which had become isolated at Fair Oaks Station; they had fallen back half a mile or so, and when we joined them beyond the Courtney house, they were hotly engaged with the enemy, who were in overwhelming numbers.

"As we came up through a stumpy field we were greeted with the quick *crack, crack* of the infantry in our front. The smoke of battle hung in clouds over the field, and through it could be seen the flashes of the



SUMNER'S CORPS CROSSING THE OVERFLOWED "GRAPEVINE" BRIDGE. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



AFTER THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS—PUTTING THE WOUNDED ABOARD THE CARS. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

artillery. The *ping, zip, zip* of bullets, and the wounded men limping from the front or carried by comrades, were a prelude to the storm to come. We formed on the left of Abercrombie's shattered brigade, near the Adams house, and were welcomed with hearty cheers. Presently there was a terrible explosion of musketry, and the bullets pattered around us, causing many to drop; a line of smoke ahead showed where this destructive fire came from. Kirby's five Napoleon guns came up, and in the angle of the woods opened with splendid precision upon the Confederate columns. The recoil of the pieces was often so great as to bury the wheels nearly to the hub in mud. Soon the "rebel yell" was heard as they charged on the right of Kirby's battery, which changed front to the right, and delivered a destructive fire of canister. This caused the enemy to break in confusion, and retreat to the cover of the woods. Shortly afterward the enemy developed in greater force in our front, and the hum of shot and shell was almost incessant; but in a few minutes the fire slackened, and the Confederate lines came dashing upon us with their shrill yells. We received them with a volley from our rifles, and the battery gave them its compliments. The gray masses of the enemy were seen dimly through the smoke, scattering to cover. Presently the order ran

down the line, "Fix bayonets!" While waiting the moment for the final order, John Milan said: "It's light infantry we are, boys, and they expect us to fly over them criss-cross fences." Then the final order came: "Guide right—Double-quick—Charge!" Our whole line went off at double-quick, shouting as we ran. Some scattering shots were fired by the enemy as we struggled over the fences, and then their line broke and dissolved from view.

"That night we lay under the stars, thinking of the events of the day and the expected conflict of the morrow. Until dawn of Sunday (June 1) our officers were busy gathering together the scattered and separated forces. About five o'clock next morning we heard firing on our left flank, which was covered by Richardson's division of Sumner's corps. It was a line of Confederate pickets deploying in an open field on the south side of Fair Oaks Station. Shortly after six o'clock there was a furious fire of musketry on our left, which continued for an hour.

"During the day I went over a portion of the battle-field in the road through the woods, where the Confederates had made the unsuccessful charge upon Kirby's battery. Here the dead lay very thick, and a number of their wounded were hidden in the thickets. They had fallen—many instances on their faces in the headlong charge; some with their legs torn

off, some with shattered arms, and others with ghastly wounds in the head.

"On the 2d of June the whole line moved forward, and from Fair Oaks to the Williamsburg road occupied the positions which had been held previous to the battle. About that time I went over the battle-ground in front of Casey's position where the battle began. Many of the dead remained unburied. Some of the men who first took possession of the works informed me that they found large quantities of Confederate arms; also a number of the enemy who had become intoxicated on Yankee whisky. The camp had been well plundered, and the enemy had adopted a system of exchange in dress, throwing aside their ragged uniforms, and clothing themselves in the more comfortable and cleanly garments of the Federal soldiers. I saw a Sibley tent in which I counted over two hundred bullet-holes."

A comrade who visited the scene of the charge made by Sedgwick's men said that in the woods beyond, where the Confederate lines had been formed, a number had been killed while in the act of getting over the fence, and were suspended in the positions in which they had been shot. In the woods just beyond this fence were some swampy pools, to which a number of the enemy's wounded had crept for water and died during the night. There were two or three of these pools of stagnant water, around which were clusters of wounded and dead men.

When my company reached the vicinity of Fair Oaks, about a week after the battle, I was surprised to find how many limbs of

trees had been cut away by bullets and shot. At one place a cannon-ball had apparently passed entirely through the stem of a large tree, splitting it for some distance; but the springy wood had closed together again so closely that the point of a bayonet could not be inserted in its track. The forests in the rear were marked in such a manner by bullets as to indicate that the enemy must have shot at times a long way over their intended mark.

In the advance, where Naglee's brigade made its struggle until overwhelmed by the enemy, graves were plenty in every direction, and some of the enemy's dead were found standing, in the swamp near by, in the position in which they were shot. They had decomposed so rapidly that the flesh had partly dropped from the bones.

Many of Casey's men had lost their knapsacks, blankets, and clothing, as well as their tents, and were in a sad plight for soldiering.

Thereafter our lines were constantly engaged in skirmishing, and we were kept in position for battle day after day, expecting an attack. Often the bugler at brigade headquarters sounded the alarm to "fall in," on one day sounding it ten times. During one of the frequent thunder-storms the Confederates made reconnaissance, and fired volleys so timed that they might be mistaken for thunder; but our men were not deceived and stood to their arms, expecting an attack. At one time the men in our rear were practicing the drill with blank cartridges, and were mistaken for the enemy. Thus the alarms of war kept our attention occupied.

Warren Lee Goss.



LINE OF BATTLE OF GENERAL DEVENS'S BRIGADE, COUCH'S DIVISION, WHERE GENERAL DEVENS WAS WOUNDED.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

MAY AND JUNE, 1862.



IN the following pages I purpose to give a brief sketch of the Peninsular campaign of 1862. As it is impossible, within the limits available, to describe even the most important battles, I shall confine myself to strategic considerations. But even this requires a rapid review of the circumstances under which, from a small assemblage of unorganized citizens, utterly ignorant of war and almost of the use of arms, was evolved that mighty Army of the Potomac, which, unshaken alike in victory and defeat, during a long series of arduous campaigns against an army most ably commanded and the equal in heroism of any that ever met the shock of battle, proved itself worthy to bear on its bayonets the honor and fate of the nation.

In July, 1861, after having secured solidly for the Union that part of western Virginia north of the Kanawha and west of the mountains, I was suddenly called to Washington on the day succeeding the first battle of Bull Run. Reaching the capital on the 26th, I found myself assigned to the command of that city and the troops gathered around it.

All was chaos and despondency; the city was filled with intoxicated stragglers, and an attack was expected. The troops numbered less than fifty thousand, many of whom were so demoralized and undisciplined that they could not be relied upon even for defensive purposes. Moreover, the term of service of a large part had already expired, or was on the point of doing so. On the Maryland side of the Potomac no troops were posted on the roads leading into the city, nor were there

any intrenchments. On the Virginia side the condition of affairs was better in these respects, but far from satisfactory. Sufficient and fit material of war did not exist. The situation was difficult and fraught with danger.

The first and most pressing demand was the immediate safety of the capital and the Government. This was secured by enforcing the most rigid discipline, by organizing permanent brigades under regular officers, and by placing the troops in good defensive positions, far enough to the front to afford room for manœuvring and to enable the brigades to support each other.

The contingency of the enemy's crossing the Potomac above the city was foreseen and promptly provided for. Had he attempted this "about three months after the battle of Manassas," he would, upon reaching "the rear of Washington," have found it covered by respectable works, amply garrisoned, with a sufficient disposable force to move upon his rear and force him to "a decisive engagement under circumstances wholly unfavorable to him."* It would have been the greatest possible good fortune for us if he had made this movement at the time in question, or even some weeks earlier. It was only for a very few days after the battle of Bull Run that the movement was practicable, and every day added to its difficulty.

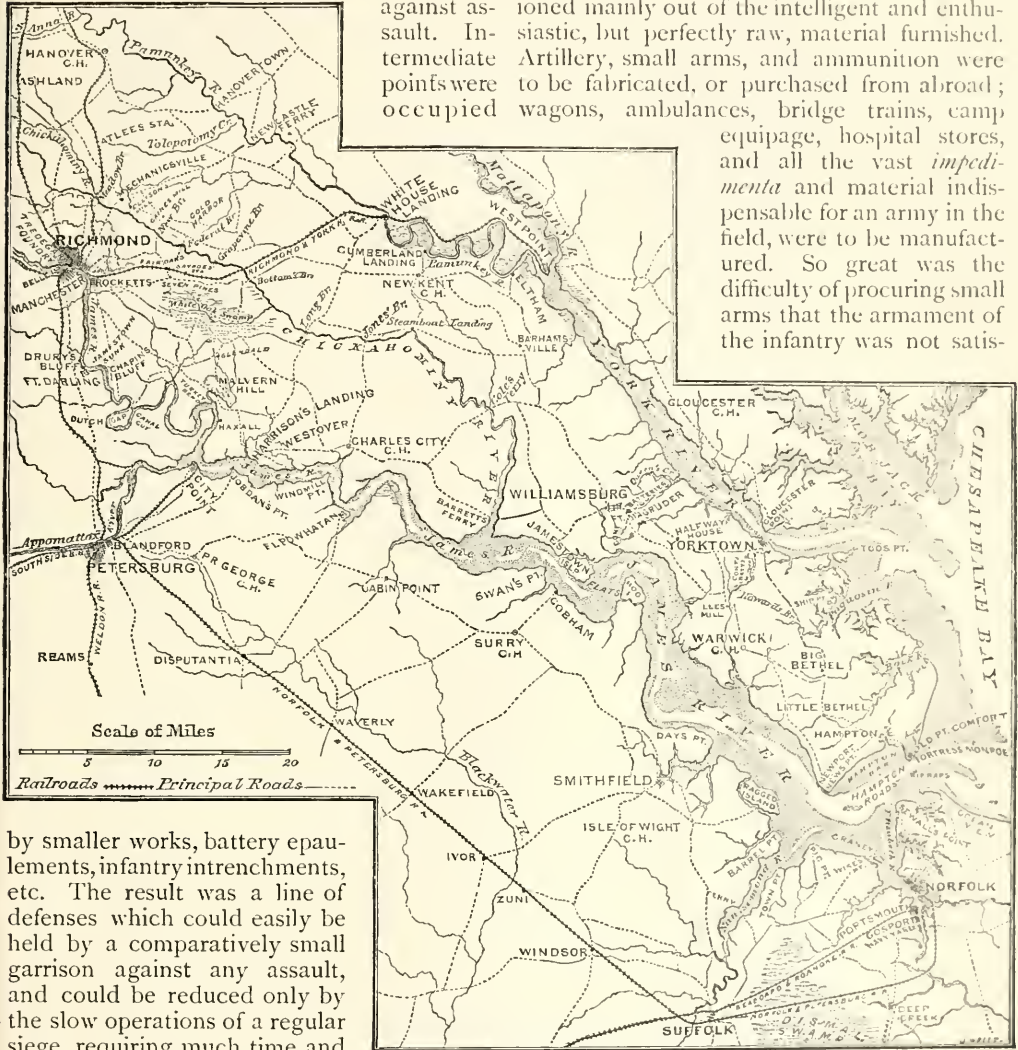
Two things were at once clear: first, that a large and thoroughly organized army was necessary to bring the war to a successful conclusion; second, that Washington must be so strongly fortified as to set at rest any reasonable apprehensions of its being carried by a sudden attack, in order that the active army might be free to move with the maximum strength and on any line of operations without regard to the safety of the capital.

These two herculean tasks were entered upon without delay or hesitation. They were carried to a successful conclusion, without regard to that impatient and unceasing clamor — inevitable among a people unaccustomed to war — which finally forced the hand of the general charged with their execution. He regarded their completion as essential to the salvation of his country, and determined to accomplish them, even if sacrificed in the en-

* See General Beauregard's "Battle of Bull Run," in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1884.

deavor. Nor has he, even at this distant day, and after much bitter experience, any regret that he persisted in his determination. Washington was surrounded by a line of strong detached works, armed with garrison artillery, and secure against assault. Intermediate points were occupied

foundation. Raw men and officers were to be disciplined and instructed. The regular army was too small to furnish more than a portion of the general officers, and a very small portion of the staff, so that the staff departments and staff officers were to be fashioned mainly out of the intelligent and enthusiastic, but perfectly raw, material furnished. Artillery, small arms, and ammunition were to be fabricated, or purchased from abroad; wagons, ambulances, bridge trains, camp equipage, hospital stores, and all the vast *impedimenta* and material indispensable for an army in the field, were to be manufactured. So great was the difficulty of procuring small arms that the armament of the infantry was not satis-



MAP OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

by smaller works, battery epaulements, infantry intrenchments, etc. The result was a line of defenses which could easily be held by a comparatively small garrison against any assault, and could be reduced only by the slow operations of a regular siege, requiring much time and material, and affording full opportunity to bring all the resources of the country to its relief. At no time during the war were the enemy able to undertake the siege of Washington, nor, if respectably garrisoned, could it ever have been in danger from an assault. The maximum garrison necessary to hold the place against a siege from any and every quarter was thirty-four thousand troops, with forty field-guns; this included the requisite reserves.

factorily completed until the winter, and a large part of the field batteries were not ready for service until the spring of 1862. As soon as possible divisions were organized, the formation being essentially completed in November.

On the 1st of November, upon the retirement of General Winfield Scott, I succeeded to the command of all the armies, except the department of Virginia, which comprised the country within sixty miles of Fort Monroe. Upon assuming the general command, I found that



SECTION OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC NEAR WHITE HOUSE, VA. (PROCESS REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH.)

"We were now [middle of May] encamped [near White House] on the old Custis place, at present owned by General Fitzhugh Lee of the Rebel cavalry service. On every side of us were immense fields of wheat which, but for the presence of armies, promised an abundant harvest. . . . It was marvellous that such quiet could exist where a hundred thousand men were crowded together, yet almost absolute stillness reigned throughout the vast camp during the whole of this pleasant Sabbath."—From George T. Stevens's "Three Years in the Sixth Corps." The picture represents the space occupied by about one brigade.—Ed.

the West was far behind the East in its state of preparation, and much of my time and large quantities of material were consumed in pushing the organization of the Western armies. Meanwhile the various coast expeditions were employed in seizing important points of the enemy's seaboard, to facilitate the prevention of blockade-running, and to cut or threaten the lines of communication near the coast, with reference to subsequent operations.

The plan of campaign which I adopted for the spring of 1862 was to push forward the armies of Generals Halleck and Buell to occupy Memphis, Nashville, and Knoxville, and the line of the Memphis and Danville Railroad, so as to deprive the enemy of that important line, and force him to adopt the circuitous routes by Augusta, Branchville, and Charleston. It was also intended to seize Wilmington, North Carolina, at the earliest practicable moment, and to open the Mississippi by effecting a junction between Generals Halleck and Butler. This movement of the Western armies was to be followed by that of the Army of the Potomac from Urbanna on the Lower Rappahannock, to West Point and Richmond, intending, if we failed to gain Richmond by a rapid march, to cross the James and attack the city in rear, with the James as a line of supply.

So long as Mr. Cameron was Secretary of War I received the cordial support of that department; but when he resigned, the whole state of affairs changed. I had never met Mr. Stanton before reaching Washington, in 1861. He at once sought me and professed the utmost personal affection, the expression of which was exceeded only by the bitterness of his denunciation of the Government and its policy. I was unaware of his appointment as Secretary of War until after it had been made, whereupon he called to ascertain whether I desired him to accept, saying that to do so would involve a total sacrifice of his personal interests, and that the only inducement would be the desire to assist me in my work. Having no reason to doubt his sincerity, I desired him to accept, whereupon he consented, and with great effusion exclaimed: "Now we two will save the country."

On the next day the President came to my house to explain why he had appointed Mr. Stanton without consulting me; his reason being that he supposed Stanton to be a great friend of mine, and that the appointment would naturally be satisfactory, and that he feared that if I had known it beforehand it would be said that I had dragooned him into it.

The more serious difficulties of my position began with Mr. Stanton's accession to the War

Office. It at once became very difficult to approach him, even for the transaction of ordinary current business, and our personal relations at once ceased. The impatience of the Executive immediately became extreme, and I can attribute it only to the influence of the new secretary, who did many things to break up the free and confidential intercourse that had heretofore existed between the President and myself. The Government soon manifested great impatience in regard to the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the destruction of the Confederate batteries on the Potomac. The first object could be permanently attained only by occupying the Shenandoah Valley with a force strong enough to resist any attack by the Confederate army then at Manassas; the second only by a general advance of the Army of the Potomac, driving the enemy back of the Rapidan. My own view was that the movement of the Army of the Potomac from Urbanna would accomplish both of these objects, by forcing the enemy to abandon all his positions and fall back on Richmond. I was therefore unwilling to interfere with this plan by a premature advance, the effect of which must be either to commit us to the overland route, or to minimize the advantages of the Urbanna movement. I wished to hold the enemy at Manassas to the last moment — if possible until the advance from Urbanna had actually commenced, for neither the reopening of the railroad nor the destruction of the batteries was worth the danger involved.

The positive order of the President, probably issued under the pressure of the Secretary of War, forced me to undertake the opening of the railway. For this purpose I went to Harper's Ferry in February, intending to throw over a force sufficient to occupy Winchester. To do this it was necessary to have a reliable bridge across the Potomac — to ensure supplies and prompt reinforcements. The pontoon bridge, thrown as a preliminary, could not be absolutely trusted on a river so liable to heavy freshets: therefore it was determined to construct a canal-boat bridge. It was discovered, however, when the attempt was made, that the lift-lock from the canal to the river was too narrow for the boats by some four or five inches, and I therefore decided to rebuild the railroad bridge, and content myself with occupying Charlestown until its completion, postponing to the same time the advance to Winchester. I had fully explained my intentions to the President and Secretary before leaving Washington, providing for precisely such a contingency. While at Harper's Ferry I learned that the President was dissatisfied with my action, and on



Capt. Le Clerc. Duc de Chartres. Comte de Paris. Prince de Joinville. Capt. Mohain.

THE FRENCH OFFICERS AT DINNER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres were aides on General McClellan's staff. The Prince de Joinville was at headquarters unattached. Captain Le Clerc and Captain Mohain were in the suite of the princes.

reaching Washington I laid a full explanation before the Secretary, with which he expressed himself entirely satisfied, and told me that the President was already so, and that it was unnecessary for me to communicate with him on the subject. I then proceeded with the preparations necessary to force the evacuation of the Potomac batteries. On the very day appointed for the division commanders to come to headquarters to receive their final orders, the President sent for me. I then learned that he had received no explanation of the Harper's Ferry affair, and that the Secretary was not authorized to make the statement already referred to; but after

my repetition of it, the President became fully satisfied with my course. He then, however, said that there was another "very ugly matter" which he desired to talk about, and that was the movement by the lower Chesapeake. He said that it had been suggested that I proposed this movement with the "traitorous" purpose of leaving Washington uncovered and exposed to attack. I very promptly objected to the coupling of any such adjective with my purposes, whereon he disclaimed any intention of conveying the idea that he expressed his own opinion, as he merely repeated the suggestions of others. I then explained the purpose and effect of fortifying Washing-

ton, and, as I thought, removed his apprehensions, but informed him that the division commanders were to be at headquarters that morning, and suggested that my plans should be laid before them, that they might give their opinion as to whether the capital would be endangered; I also said that in order to leave them perfectly untrammelled I would not attend the meeting. Accordingly they met on the 8th of March and approved my plans.

On the same day was issued, without my knowledge, the order forming army corps and assigning the senior general officers to their command.* My own views were that, as the command of army corps involved great responsibility and demanded ability of a high order, it was safer to postpone their formation until trial in the field had shown which general officers could best perform those vital functions. An incompetent division commander could not often jeopardize the safety of an army; while an unfit corps commander could easily lose a battle and frustrate the best-conceived plan of campaign. Of the four corps commanders, one only had commanded so much as a regiment in the field prior to the Bull Run campaign. On the next day intelligence arrived that the enemy was abandoning his positions. I crossed to the Virginia side to receive information more promptly and decide upon what should be done. During the night I determined to advance the whole army, to take advantage of any opportunity to strike the enemy, to break up the permanent camps, give the troops a little experience on the march and in bivouac, get rid of extra baggage, and test the working of the staff departments. If this were done at all, it must be done promptly and by moving the troops by divisions, without waiting to form the army corps. Accordingly, I telegraphed to the Secretary, explaining the state of the case and asking authority to postpone the army corps formation until the completion of the movement. The reply was an abrupt and unreasonable refusal. I again telegraphed, explaining the situation and throwing the responsibility upon the Secretary, whereupon he gave way.

Meanwhile, as far back as the 27th of February, orders had been given for collecting the transportation necessary to carry out the Urbanna movement. This conclusion had been reached after full discussion. On the 27th of January had been issued the President's General War Order No. 1, directing a general

movement of the land and naval forces against the enemy on the 22d of February. On the 31st of January was issued the President's Special War Order No. 1, directing the Army of the Potomac to advance to the attack of Manassas on the 22d of February. The President, however, permitted me to state my objections to this order, which I did, at length, in a letter of February 3 to the Secretary of War. As the President's order was not insisted upon, although never formally revoked, it is to be assumed that my letter produced, for a time at least, the desired effect. When Manassas was abandoned and the enemy was behind the Rapidan, the Urbanna movement lost much of its promise, as the enemy were now in position to reach Richmond before we could do so. The alternative remained of making Fortress Monroe and its vicinity the base of operations.

The plan first adopted was to commence the movement with the First Corps as a unit, to land north of Gloucester and move thence on West Point; or, should circumstances render it advisable, to land a little below Yorktown to turn the defenses between that place and Fortress Monroe. The Navy Department were confident that we could rely upon their vessels to neutralize the *Mer-rimac* and aid materially in reducing the batteries on the York River, either by joining in the attack or by running by them and gaining their rear. As transports arrived very slowly, especially those for horses, and the great impatience of the Government grew apace, it became necessary to embark divisions as fast as vessels arrived, and I decided to land them at Fortress Monroe, holding the First Corps to the last, still intending to move it in mass to turn Gloucester. On the 17th of March the leading division embarked at Alexandria. The campaign was undertaken with the intention of taking some 145,000 troops, to be increased by a division of 10,000 drawn from the troops in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, giving a total of 155,000. Strenuous efforts were made to induce the President to take away Blenker's German division of 10,000 men. Of his own volition he at first declined, but, the day before I left Washington, he yielded to the non-military pressure and reluctantly gave the order, thus reducing the expected force to 145,000.

While at Fairfax Court House, on the 12th of March, I learned that there had appeared in the daily papers the order relieving me

* The organization of the army at this time was: First Corps, McDowell—Divisions: Franklin, McCall, and King; Second Corps, Sumner—Divisions: Richardson, Blenker, and Sedgwick; Third Corps, Heintzelman—Divisions: Porter, Hooker, and Hamilton; Fourth Corps, Keyes—Divisions: Couch, Smith, and Casey. The reserve artillery (Hunt), the regular infantry (Sykes), and regular cavalry (Cooke) and engineer troops, were attached to headquarters.

from the general command of all the armies and confining my authority to the Department of the Potomac. I had received no previous intimation of the intention of the Government in this respect. Thus, when I embarked for Fortress Monroe on the 1st of April, my command extended from Philadelphia to Richmond, from the Alleghanies, including the Shenandoah, to the Atlantic; for an order had been issued a few days previously placing Fortress Monroe and the Department of Virginia under my command, and authorizing me to withdraw from the troops therein 10,000 to form a division to be added to the First Corps.

The fortifications of Washington were at this time completed and armed. I had already given instructions for the refortification of Manassas, the reopening of the Manassas Gap Railroad, the protection of its bridges by block-houses, the intrenchment of a position for a brigade at or near the railroad crossing of the Shenandoah, and an intrenched post at Chester Gap. I left about 42,000 troops for the immediate defense of Washington, and more than 35,000 for the Shenandoah Valley—an abundance to insure the safety of Washington and to check any attempt to recover the lower Shenandoah and threaten Maryland. Beyond this force, the reserves of the Northern States were all available.

On my arrival at Fortress Monroe on the 2d of April, I found five divisions of infantry, Sykes's brigade of regulars, two regiments of cavalry, and a portion of the reserve artillery disembarked. Another cavalry regiment and a part of a fourth had arrived but were still on shipboard; comparatively few wagons had come. On the same day came a telegram stating that the Department of Virginia was withdrawn from my control, and forbidding me to form the division of 10,000 men without General Wool's sanction. I was thus deprived of the command of the base of operations, and the ultimate strength of the army was reduced to 135,000, another serious departure from the plan of campaign. Of the troops disembarked, only four divisions, the regulars, the majority of the reserve artillery, and a part of the cavalry could be moved, in consequence of the lack of transportation. Casey's division was unable to leave Newport News until the 16th, from the impossibility of supplying it with wagons.

The best information obtainable represented the Confederate troops around Yorktown as numbering at least 15,000, with about an equal force at Norfolk; and it was clear that the army lately at Manassas, now mostly near Gordonsville, was in position to be thrown promptly to the Peninsula. It was represented

that Yorktown was surrounded by strong earthworks, and that the Warwick River, instead of stretching across the Peninsula to Yorktown,—as proved to be the case,—came down to Lee's Mills from the north, running parallel with and not crossing the road from Newport News to Williamsburg. It was also known that there were intrenched positions of more or less strength at Young's Mills, on the Newport News road, and at Big Bethel, Howard's Bridge, and Ship's Point, on or near the Hampton and Yorktown road, and at Williamsburg.

On my arrival at Fortress Monroe, I learned, in an interview with Flag-Officer Goldsborough, that he could not protect the James as a line of supply, and that he could furnish no vessels to take an active part in the reduction of the batteries at York and Gloucester or to run by and gain their rear. He could only aid in the final attack after our land batteries had essentially silenced their fire.

I thus found myself, with 53,000 men in condition to move, faced by the conditions of the problem just stated. Information was received that Yorktown was already being reënforced from Norfolk, and it was apprehended that the main Confederate army would promptly follow the same course. I therefore determined to move at once with the force in hand, and endeavor to seize a point—near the Halfway House—between Yorktown and Williamsburg, where the Peninsula is reduced to a narrow neck, and thus cut off the retreat of the Yorktown garrison and prevent the arrival of reënforcements. The advance commenced on the morning of the 4th of April, and was arranged to turn successively the intrenchments on the two roads; the result being that, on the afternoon of the 5th, the Third Corps was engaged with the enemy's outposts in front of Yorktown and under the artillery fire of the place. The Fourth Corps came upon Lee's Mills and found it covered by the unfordable line of the Warwick, and reported the position so strong as to render it impossible to execute its orders to assault. Thus, all things were brought to a stand-still, and the intended movement on the Halfway House could not be carried out. Just at this moment came a telegram, dated the 4th, informing me that the First Corps was withdrawn from my command. Thus, when too deeply committed to recede, I found that another reduction of about 43,000, including several cavalry regiments withheld from me, diminished my paper force to 92,000, instead of the 155,000 on which the plans of the campaign had been founded and with which it was intended to operate. The number of men left behind, sick and from other causes inci-

dent to such a movement, reduced the total for duty to some 85,000, from which must be deducted all camp, depot, and train guards, escorts, and non-combatants, such as cooks, servants, orderlies, and extra-duty men in the various staff departments, which reduced the numbers actually available for battle to some 67,000 or 68,000.

The order withdrawing the First Corps also broke up the Department of the Potomac, forming out of it the Department of the Shenandoah, under General Banks, and the Department of Northern Virginia, under General McDowell, the latter including Washington. I thus lost all control of the depots at Washington, as I had already been deprived of the control of the base at Fortress Monroe and of the ground subsequently occupied by the depot at White House. The only territory remaining under my command was the paltry triangle between the Departments of northern Virginia and Virginia; even that was yet to be won from the enemy. I was thus relieved from the duty of providing for the safety of Washington, and deprived of all control over the troops in that vicinity. Instead of one directing head controlling operations which should have been inseparable, the region from the Alleghanies to the sea was parceled out among four independent commanders.

On the 3d of April, at the very moment of all others when it was most necessary to push recruiting most vigorously, to make good the inevitable losses in battle and by disease, an order was issued from the War Department discontinuing all recruiting for the volunteers and breaking up all their recruiting stations. Instead of a regular and permanent system of recruiting, whether by voluntary enlistment or by draft, a spasmodic system of large drafts was thereafter resorted to, and, to a great extent, the system of forming new regiments. The results were wasteful and pernicious. There were enough, or nearly enough, organizations in the field, if they had been constantly maintained at the full strength by a regular and constant influx of recruits, who, by association with their veteran comrades, would soon have become efficient. The new regiments required much time to become useful, and endured very heavy and unnecessary losses from disease and in battle owing to the inexperience of the officers and men. A course more in accordance with the best-established military principles and the uniform experience of war would have saved the country many millions of treasure and many thousands of valuable lives.

Then, on the 5th of April, I found myself with 53,000 men in hand, giving less than 42,000 for battle, after deducting extra-duty

men and other non-combatants. In our front was an intrenched line, apparently too strong for assault, and which I had now no means of turning, either by land or water. I now learned that 85,000 would be the maximum force at my disposal, giving only some 67,000 for battle. Of the three divisions yet to join, Casey's reached the front only on the 17th, Richardson's on the 16th, and Hooker's commenced arriving at Ship Point on the 10th. Whatever may have been said afterwards, no one at the time — so far as my knowledge extended — thought an assault practicable without certain preliminary siege operations. At all events, my personal experience in this kind of work was greater than that of any officer under my command; and after personal reconnaissances more appropriate to a lieutenant of engineers than to the commanding general, I could neither discover nor hear of any point where an assault promised any chance of success. We were thus obliged to resort to siege operations in order to silence the enemy's artillery fire and open the way to an assault. All the batteries would have been ready to open fire on the 5th, or, at latest, on the morning of the 6th of May, and it was determined to assault at various points the moment the heavy batteries had performed their allotted task; the navy were prepared to participate in the attack as soon as the main batteries were silenced; the *Galena*, under that most gallant and able officer, John Rodgers, was to take part in the attack, and would undoubtedly have run the batteries at the earliest possible moment; but during the night of the 3d and 4th of May the enemy evacuated his positions, regarding them as untenable under the impending storm of heavy projectiles.

Meanwhile, on the 22d of April, Franklin's division of McDowell's Corps had joined me by water, in consequence of my urgent calls for reinforcements.

The moment the evacuation of Yorktown was known, the order was given for the advance of all the disposable cavalry and horse batteries, supported by infantry divisions, and every possible effort was made to expedite the movement of a column by water upon West Point, to force the evacuation of the lines at Williamsburg, and, if possible, cut off a portion of the enemy's force and trains.

The heavy storms which had prevailed recommenced on the afternoon of the 4th, and not only impeded the advance of troops by land, but delayed the movement by water so much that it was not until the morning of the 7th that the leading division — Franklin's — disembarked near West Point and took up a suitable position to hold its own and cover the

landing of reinforcements. This division was attacked not long after it landed, but easily repulsed the enemy.

Meanwhile the enemy's rear-guard held the Williamsburg lines against our advance, except where Hancock broke through, until the night of the 6th, when they retired.

The army was now divided; a part at the mouth of the Pamunkey, a part at Williamsburg, and a part at Yorktown, prepared to ascend the York River. The problem was to reunite them without giving the enemy the opportunity of striking either fraction with his whole force. This was accomplished on the 10th, when all the divisions were in communication, and the movement of concentration continued as rapidly as circumstances permitted, so that on the 15th the headquarters and the divisions of Franklin, Porter, Sykes, and Smith reached Cumberland; Couch and Casey being near New Kent Court House, Hooker and Kearny near Roper's Church, and Richardson and Sedgwick near Eltham. On the 15th and 16th, in the face of dreadful weather and terrible roads, the divisions of Franklin, Porter, and Smith were advanced to White House, and a depot established. On the 18th the Fifth and Sixth Corps were formed, so that the organization of the Army of the Potomac was now as follows: Second Corps, Sumner—Divisions, Sedgwick and Richardson; Third Corps, Heintzelman—Divisions, Kearny and Hooker; Fourth Corps, Keyes—Divisions, Couch and Casey; Fifth Corps, F. J. Porter—Divisions, Morell and Sykes and the Reserve Artillery; Sixth Corps, Franklin—Divisions, Smith and Slocum.

The cavalry organization remained unchanged, and we were sadly deficient in that important arm, as many of the regiments belonging to the Army of the Potomac were among those which had been retained near Washington.

The question now arose as to the line of operations to be followed: that of the James on the one hand, and, on the other, the line from White House as a base, crossing the upper Chickahominy.

The army was admirably placed for adopting either, and my decision was to take that of the James, operating on either bank as might prove advisable, but always preferring the southern. I had urgently asked for reinforcements to come by water, as they would thus be equally available for either line of operations. The destruction of the *Merrimac* on the 11th of May had opened the James River to us, and it was only after that date that it became available. My plan, however, was changed by orders from Washington. A telegram of the 18th from the Secretary

of War informed me that McDowell would advance from Fredericksburg, and directed me to extend the right of the Army of the Potomac to the north of Richmond, in order to establish communication with him. The same order required me to supply his troops from our depots at White House. Herein lay the failure of the campaign, as it necessitated the division of the army by the Chickahominy, and caused great delay in constructing practicable bridges across that stream; while if I had been able to cross to the James, reinforcements would have reached me by water rapidly and safely, the army would have been united and in no danger of having its flank turned, or its line of supply interrupted, and the attack could have been much more rapidly pushed.

I now proceeded to do all in my power to insure success on the new line of operations thus imposed upon me. On the 20th of May our light troops reached the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge, which they found destroyed. I at once ordered Casey's division to ford the stream and occupy the heights beyond, thus securing a lodgment on the right bank. Heintzelman was moved up in support of Keyes. By the 24th Mechanicsville was carried so that the enemy was now all together on the other side of the river. Sumner was near the railroad, on the left bank of the stream; Porter and Franklin on the same bank near Mechanicsville.

It is now time to give a brief description of the Chickahominy. This river rises some fifteen miles north-westward of Richmond, and unites with the James about forty miles below that city. Our operations were on the part between Meadow and Bottom's bridges, covering the approaches to Richmond from the east. Here the river at its ordinary stage is some forty feet wide, fringed with a dense growth of heavy forest trees, and bordered by low marshy lands, varying from half a mile to a mile in width. Within the limits above mentioned the firm ground, above high-water mark, seldom approaches the river on either bank, and in no place did the high ground come near the stream on both banks. It was subject to frequent sudden and great variations in the volume of water, and a single violent storm of brief duration sufficed to cause an overflow of the bottom-lands for many days, rendering the river absolutely impassable without long and strong bridges. When we reached the river it was found that all the bridges, except that at Mechanicsville, had been destroyed. The right bank, opposite New, Mechanicsville, and Meadow bridges, was bordered by high bluffs, affording the enemy commanding positions for his batteries,

enfilading the approaches, and preventing the rebuilding of important bridges. We were thus obliged to select other less exposed points for our crossings. Should McDowell effect the promised junction, we could turn the head-waters of the Chickahominy, and attack Richmond from the north and north-west, still preserving our line of supply from White House. But with the force actually available such an attempt would expose the army to the loss of its communications and to destruction in detail; for we had an able and active antagonist, prompt to take advantage of any error on our part. The country furnished no supplies, so that we could not afford the separation from our depots. All the information obtained showed that Richmond was entrenched, that the enemy occupied in force all the approaches from the east, that he intended to dispute every step of our advance, and that his army was numerically superior. Early on the 24th of May I received a telegram from the President, informing me that McDowell would certainly march on the 26th, suggesting that I should detach a force to the right to cut off the retreat of the Confederate force in front of Fredericksburg, and desiring me to march cautiously and safely. On the same day another dispatch came, informing me that, in consequence of Stonewall Jackson's advance down the Shenandoah, the movement of McDowell was suspended. Next day the President again telegraphed that the movement against General Banks seemed so general and connected as to show that the enemy could not intend a very desperate defense of Richmond; that he thought the time was near when I "must either attack Richmond or give up the job, and come back to the defense of Washington." I replied that all my information agreed that the mass of the enemy was still in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, ready to defend it, and that the object of Jackson's movement was probably to prevent reinforcements being sent to me. On the 26th General Stoneman, with my advanced guard, cut the Virginia Central Railroad in three places. On the same day I learned that a very considerable force of the enemy was in the vicinity of Hanover Court House, to our right and rear, threatening our communications, and in position to reinforce Jackson or oppose McDowell, whose advance was then eight miles south of Fredericksburg. I ordered General F. J. Porter to move next morning to dislodge them. He took with him his own old division, Warren's provisional brigade and Emory's cavalry brigade. His operations in the vicinity of Hanover Court House were entirely successful,

and resulted in completely clearing our flank, cutting the railroads in several places, destroying bridges, inflicting a severe loss upon the enemy, and fully opening the way for the advance of McDowell. As there was no indication of its immediate approach, and the position at Hanover Court House was too much exposed to be permanently held, General Porter's command was withdrawn on the evening of the 29th, and returned to its old position with the main army. The campaign had taken its present position in consequence of the assured junction of McDowell's corps. As it was now clear that I could not count with certainty upon that force, I had to do the best I could with the means at hand.

The first necessity was to establish secure communications between the two parts of the army, necessarily separated by the Chickahominy. Richmond could be attacked only by troops on the right bank. As the expectation of the advance of McDowell was still held out, and that only by the land route, I could not yet transfer the base to the James, but was obliged to retain it on the Pamunkey, and therefore to keep on the left bank a force sufficient to protect our communications and cover the junction of McDowell. It was still permissible to believe that sufficient attention would be paid to the simplest principle of war to push McDowell rapidly on Jackson's heels, when he made his inevitable return march to join the main Confederate army and attack our right flank. The failure of McDowell to reach me at or before the critical moment, was due to the orders he received from Washington. The bridges over the Chickahominy first built were swept away by the floods, and it became necessary to construct others more solid and with long log approaches, a slow and difficult task, generally carried on by men working in the water and under fire. The work was pushed as rapidly as possible, and on the 30th of May, the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes were on the right bank of the Chickahominy, the most advanced positions being somewhat strengthened by entrenchments; Sumner's corps was on the left bank, some six miles above Bottom's Bridge; Porter's and Franklin's corps were on the left bank opposite the enemy's left. During the day and night of the 30th torrents of rain fell, inundating the whole country and threatening the destruction of our bridges.

Well aware of our difficulties, our active enemy, on the 31st of May, made a violent attack upon Casey's division, followed by an equally formidable one on Couch, thus commencing the battle of Fair Oaks.* Heintzel-

* The Confederates call this battle Seven Pines. For plan of battle see map on p. 118.—Ed.

man came up in support, and during the afternoon Sumner crossed the river with great difficulty, and rendered such efficient service that the enemy was checked. In the morning his renewed attacks were easily repulsed, and the ground occupied at the beginning of the battle was more than recovered; he had failed in the purpose of the attack. The ground was now so thoroughly soaked by the rain, and the bridges were so much injured, that it was impracticable to pursue the enemy or to move either Porter or Franklin to the support of the other corps on the south bank. Our efforts were at once concentrated upon the restoration of the old and the building of new bridges.

On the 1st of June the Department of Virginia, including Fortress Monroe, was placed under my command.

On the 2d the Secretary telegraphed that as soon as Jackson was disposed of in the Shenandoah, another large body of troops would be at my service; on the 5th, that he intended sending a part of General McDowell's force as soon as it could return from Front Royal (in the Shenandoah Valley, near Manassas Gap, and about one hundred and fifteen miles north-west of Richmond), probably as many as I wanted; on the 11th, that McCall's force had embarked to join me on the day preceding, and that it was intended to send the residue of General McDowell's force to join me as speedily as possible, and that it was clear that a strong force was operating with Jackson for the purpose of preventing the forces there from joining me.

On the 26th the Secretary telegraphed that the forces of McDowell, Banks, and Frémont would be consolidated as the Army of Virginia, and would operate promptly in my aid by land.

Fortunately for the Army of the Potomac, however, I entertained serious doubts of the aid promised by the land route, so that, on the 18th, I ordered a number of transports, with supplies of all kinds, to be sent up the James, under convoy of the gun-boats, so that I might be free to cut loose from the Pamunkey and move over to the James, should circumstances enable me or render it desirable to do so.

The battle of Fair Oaks was followed by storms of great severity, continuing until the 20th of June, and adding vastly to the difficulties of our position, greatly retarding the construction of the bridges and of the defensive works regarded as necessary to cover us in the event of a repulse, and making the ground too difficult for the free movements of troops.

On the 19th Franklin's corps was transferred to the south side of the Chickahominy,

Porter's corps, reënforced by McCall's division (which, with a few additional regiments, had arrived on the 12th and 13th), being left alone on the north side.

This dangerous distribution was necessary in order to concentrate sufficient force on the south side to attack Richmond with any hope of success; and, as I was still told that McDowell would arrive by the overland route, I could not yet change the base to the James.

It was not until the 25th that the condition of the ground and the completion of the bridges and intrenchments left me free to attack. On that day the first step was taken, in throwing forward the left of our picket-line, in face of a strong opposition, to gain ground enough to enable Sumner and Heintzelman to support the attack to be made next day by Franklin on the rear of Old Tavern. [See map.] The successful issue of this attack would, it was supposed, drive the enemy from his positions on the heights overlooking Mechanicsville, and probably enable us to force him back into his main line of works. We would then be in position to reconnoiter the lines carefully, determine the points of attack, and take up a new base and line of supply if expedient.

During the night of the 24th information arrived confirming the anticipation that Jackson was moving to attack our right and rear, but I persisted in the operation intended for the 25th, partly to develop the strength of the enemy opposite our left and center, and with the design of attacking Old Tavern on the 26th, if Jackson's advance was so much delayed that Porter's corps would not be endangered.

Late in the afternoon of the 25th Jackson's advance was confirmed, and it was rendered probable that he would attack next day. All hope of the advance of McDowell's corps in season to be of any service had disappeared; the dangerous position of the army had been faithfully held to the last moment. After deducting the garrisons in rear, the railroad guards, non-combatants, and extra-duty men, there were not more than 75,000 men for battle. The enemy, with a force larger than this, the strong defenses of Richmond close at hand in his rear, was free to strike on either flank. I decided then to carry into effect the long-considered plan of abandoning the Pamunkey and taking up the line of the James.

The necessary orders were given for the defense of the depots at the White House to the last moment and its final destruction and abandonment; it was also ordered that all possible stores should be pushed to the front while communications were open.

The ground to the James had already been

reconnoitered with reference to this movement.

During the night of the 26th Porter's siege-guns and wagon-trains were brought over to the south side of the Chickahominy. During the afternoon of that day his corps had been attacked in its position on Beaver Dam Creek, near Mechanicsville, and the enemy repulsed with heavy losses on their part. It was now clear that Jackson's corps had taken little or no part in this attack, and that his blow would fall farther to the rear. I therefore ordered the Fifth Corps to fall back and take position nearer the bridges, where the flanks would be more secure. This was skillfully effected early on the 27th, and it was decided that this corps should hold its position until night. All the corps commanders on the south side were on the 26th directed to be prepared to send as many troops as they could spare in support of Porter on the next day. All of them thought the enemy so strong in their respective fronts as to require all their force to hold their positions.

Shortly after noon on the 27th the attack commenced upon Porter's corps, in its new position near Gaines's Mill, and the contest continued all day with great vigor.

The movements of the enemy were so threatening at many points on our center and left as to indicate the presence of large numbers of troops, and for a long time created great uncertainty as to the real point of his main attack. General Porter's first call for reënforcement and a supply of axes failed to reach me; but, upon receiving a second call, I ordered Slocum's division to cross to his support. The head of the division reached the field at 3:30 and immediately went into action. At about 5 P. M. General Porter reported his position as critical, and the brigades of French and Meagher — of Richardson's division — were ordered to reënforce him, although the fearless commander of the Second Corps, General Sumner, thought it hazardous to remove them from his own threatened front. I then ordered the reserve of Heintzelman to move in support of Sumner and a brigade of Keyes's corps to headquarters for such use as might be required. Smith's division, left alone when Slocum crossed to the aid of Porter, was so seriously threatened that I called on Sumner's corps to send a brigade to its support.

French and Meagher reached the field before dusk, just after Porter's corps had been forced by superior numbers to fall back to an interior position nearer the bridges, and, by their steady attitude, checked all further progress of the enemy and completed the attainment of the purpose in view, which was

to hold the left bank of the river until dark, so that the movement to the James might be safely commenced. The siege-guns, material, and trains on the left bank were all safe, and the right wing was in close connection with the rest of the army. The losses were heavy, but the object justified them, or rather made them necessary. At about six o'clock next morning the rear-guard of regulars crossed to the south side and the bridges were destroyed.

I now bent all my energies to the transfer of the army to the James, fully realizing the very delicate nature of a flank march, with heavy trains, by a single road, in face of an active enemy, but confident that I had the army well in hand and that it would not fail me in the emergency. I thought that the enemy would not anticipate that movement, but would assume that all my efforts would be directed to cover and regain the old depots; and the event proved the correctness of this supposition. It seemed certain that I could gain one or two days for the movement of the trains, while he remained uncertain as to my intentions; and that was all I required with such troops as those of the Army of the Potomac.

During the night of the 27th I assembled the corps commanders at headquarters, informed them of my intentions, and gave them their orders. Keyes's corps was ordered to move at once, with its trains, across White Oak Swamp, and occupy positions on the farther side to cover the passage of the remainder of the army. By noon of the 28th this first step was accomplished. During the 28th Sumner, Heintzelman, and Franklin held essentially their old positions; the trains converged steadily to the White Oak Swamp and crossed as rapidly as possible, and during this day and the succeeding night Porter followed the movement of Keyes's corps and took position to support it.

Early on the 28th, when Franklin's corps was drawing in its right to take a more concentrated position, the enemy opened a sharp artillery fire and made at one point a spirited attack with two Georgia regiments, which were repulsed by the two regiments on picket.

Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps and Smith's division of Franklin's were now ordered to abandon their intrenchments, so as to occupy, on the morning of the 29th, a new position in rear, shorter than the old and covering the crossing of the swamp. This new line could easily be held during the day, and these troops were ordered to remain there until dark, to cover the withdrawal of the rest of the trains, and then cross the swamp and occupy the positions about to be abandoned by Keyes's and Porter's corps. Meanwhile Slo-

cum's division had been ordered to Savage's Station in reserve, and, during the morning, was ordered across the swamp to relieve Keyes's corps. This was a critical day; for the crossing of the swamp by the trains must be accomplished before its close, and their protection against attack from Richmond must be assured, as well as communication with the gun-boats.

A sharp cavalry skirmish on the Quaker Road indicated that the enemy was alive to our movement, and might at any moment strike in force to intercept the march to the James. The difficulty was not at all with the movement of the troops, but with the immense trains that were to be moved virtually by a single road, and required the whole army for their protection. With the exception of the cavalry affair on the Quaker Road, we were not troubled during this day south of the swamp, but there was severe fighting north of it. Sumner's corps evacuated their works at daylight and fell back to Allen's farm, nearly two miles west of Savage's Station, Heintzelman being on their left. Here Sumner was furiously attacked three times, but each time drove the enemy back with much loss.

Soon afterwards Franklin, having only one division with him, ascertained that the enemy had repaired some of the Chickahominy bridges and was advancing on Savage's Station, whereupon he posted his division at that point and informed Sumner, who moved his corps to the same place, arriving a little after noon. About 4 P. M. Sumner and Franklin — three divisions in all — were sharply attacked, mainly by the Williamsburg road; the fighting continued until between 8 and 9 P. M., the enemy being at all times thoroughly repulsed, and finally driven from the field.

Meanwhile, through a misunderstanding of his orders, and being convinced that the troops of Sumner and Franklin at Savage's Station were ample for the purpose in view, Heintzelman withdrew his troops during the afternoon, crossed the swamp at Brackett's Ford, and reached the Charles City road with the rear of his column at 10 P. M.

Slocum reached the position of Keyes's corps early in the afternoon, and, as soon as the latter was thus relieved, it was ordered forward to the James near Malvern Hill, which it reached, with all its artillery and trains, early on the 30th. Porter was ordered to follow this movement and prolong the line of Keyes's corps to our right. The trains were pushed on in rear of these corps and massed under cover of the gun-boats as fast as they reached the James, at Haxall's plantation. As soon as the fighting ceased with

the final repulse of the enemy, Sumner and Franklin were ordered to cross the swamp; this was effected during the night, the rear-guard crossing and destroying the bridge at 5 A. M. on the 30th. All the troops and trains were now between the swamp and the James, and the first critical episode of the movement was successfully accomplished.

The various corps were next pushed forward to establish connection with Keyes and Porter and hold the different roads by which the enemy could advance from Richmond to strike our line of march. I determined to hold the positions now taken until the trains had all reached a place of safety, and then concentrate the army near the James, where it could enjoy a brief rest after the fatiguing battles and marches through which it was passing, and then renew the advance on Richmond.

General Franklin, with Smith's division of his own corps, Richardson's of the Second, and Naglee's brigade were charged with the defense of the White Oak Swamp crossing. Slocum held the ground thence to the Charles City road; Kearny from that road to the Long Bridge Road; McCall on his left; Hooker thence to the Quaker Road; Sedgwick at Nelson's farm, in rear of McCall and Kearny. The Fifth Corps was at Malvern Hill, the Fourth at Turkey Bridge. The trains moved on during this day, and at 4 P. M. the last reached Malvern Hill and kept on to Haxall's, so that the most difficult part of the task was accomplished, and it only remained for the troops to hold their ground until night-fall, and then continue the march to the positions selected near Malvern Hill.

The fighting on this day (June 30) was very severe, and extended along the whole line. It first broke out, between twelve and one, on General Franklin's command, in the shape of a fierce artillery fire, which was kept up through the day and inflicted serious losses. The enemy's infantry made several attempts to cross near the old bridge and below, but was in every case thrown back. Franklin held his position until after dark, and during the night fell back to Malvern. At half-past two Slocum's left was attacked in vain on the Charles City road. At about three McCall was attacked, and, after five o'clock, under the pressure of heavy masses, he was forced back; but Hooker came up from the left, and Sedgwick from the rear, and the two together not only stopped the enemy, but drove him off the field.

At about four P. M. heavy attacks commenced on Kearny's left, and three ineffectual assaults were made. The firing continued until after dark. About midnight Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps and McCall's division withdrew

from the positions they had so gallantly held, and commenced their march to Malvern, which they reached unmolested soon after daybreak. Just after the rear of the trains reached Malvern, about 4 P. M., the enemy attacked Porter's corps, but were promptly shaken off.

Thus, on the morning of July 1st, the army was concentrated at Malvern, with the trains at Haxall's, in rear. The supplies which had been sent from White House on the 18th were at hand in the James.

After consultation with Commodore Rodgers, I decided that Harrison's Landing was a better position for the resting-place of the army, because the channel passed so close to City Point as to enable the enemy to prevent the passage of transports if we remained at Malvern. It was, however, necessary to accept battle where we were, in order to give ample time for the trains to reach Harrison's, as well as to give the enemy a blow that would check his farther pursuit.

Accordingly, the army was carefully posted on the admirable position of Malvern Hill, with the right thrown back below Haxall's. The left was the natural point of attack, and there the troops were massed and the reserve artillery placed, while full preparations were made to frustrate any attempt to turn our right. Early in the forenoon the army was concentrated and ready for battle, in a position of unusual strength,—one which, with such troops as held it, could justly be regarded as impregnable. It was, then, with perfect confidence that I awaited the impending battle.

The enemy began feeling the position between 9 and 10 A. M., and at 3 P. M. made a sharp attack upon Couch's division, which remained lying on the ground until the enemy were within close range, when they rose and delivered a volley which shattered and drove back their assailants in disorder. At 4 P. M. the firing ceased for a while, and the lull was availed of to rectify the position and make every preparation for the approaching renewal of the attack. It came at 6 P. M., opened by the fire of all their artillery and followed by desperate charges of infantry advancing at a run. They were always repulsed with the infliction of fearful loss, and in several instances our infantry awaited their approach within a few yards, poured in a single volley, and then dashed forward with the bayonet. At 7 P. M. the enemy was accumulating fresh troops, and the brigades of Meagher and Sickles were sent from Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps to reënforce Porter and Couch; fresh batteries were moved forward from the reserve artillery and ammunition replenished.

The enemy then repeated his attacks in the most desperate style until dark, but the battle ended with his complete repulse, with very heavy losses, and without his even for one moment gaining a foothold in our position. His frightful losses were in vain. I doubt whether, in the annals of war, there was ever a more persistent and gallant attack, or a more effective and cool resistance.

Although the result of this bloody battle was a complete victory on our part, it was necessary, for the reasons already given, to continue the movement to Harrison's, whither the trains had been pushed during the night of the 30th of June and the day of the 1st of July. Immediately after the final repulse the orders were given for the withdrawal of the army. The movement was covered by Keyes's corps. So complete was the enemy's discomfiture, and so excellent the conduct of the rear-guard, that the last of the trains reached Harrison's after dark on the 3d, without loss and unmolested by the enemy. This movement was now successfully accomplished, and the Army of the Potomac was at last in position on its true line of operations, with its trains intact, no guns lost save those taken in battle, when the artillerists had proved their heroism and devotion by standing to their guns until the enemy's infantry were in their midst.

During the "Seven Days" the Army of the Potomac consisted of 143 regiments of infantry, 55 batteries, and less than eight regiments of cavalry, all told. The opposing Confederate army consisted of 187 regiments of infantry, 79 batteries, and 14 regiments of cavalry. The losses of the two armies from June 25th to July 2d were

	<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Wounded.</i>	<i>Missing.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Confederate Army	2,823	13,703	3,223	19,749
Army of the Potomac	1,734	8,062	6,053	15,849

The Confederate losses in killed and wounded alone were greater than the total losses of the Army of the Potomac in killed, wounded, and missing.

No praise can be too great for the officers and men who passed through these seven days of battle, enduring fatigue without a murmur, successfully meeting and repelling every attack made upon them, always in the right place at the right time, and emerging from the fiery ordeal a compact army of veterans, equal to any task that brave and disciplined men can be called upon to undertake. They needed now only a few days of well-earned repose, a renewal of ammunition and supplies, and reënforcements to fill the gaps made in their ranks by so many desperate encounters, to be prepared to advance again,

with entire confidence, to meet their worthy antagonists in other battles. It was, however, decided by the authorities at Washington, against my earnest remonstrances, to abandon the position on the James, and the campaign. The Army of the Potomac was accordingly withdrawn, and it was not until two years

later that it again found itself under its late commander at substantially the same point on the bank of the James. It was as evident in 1862 as in 1865 that there was the true defense of Washington, and that it was on the banks of the James that the fate of the Union was to be decided.

George B. McClellan.

NOTE: The foregoing outline of the Peninsular Campaign will be supplemented in succeeding numbers by papers dealing more directly with the engagements, including contributions from Generals Fitz-John Porter, D. H. Hill, Franklin, and Longstreet. The "Recollections of a Private" will also cover the ground of the Seven Days' Battles.—ED.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Effect of the Wind upon the Sound of Battle.

THE incident connected with the fight between the iron-clads in Hampton Roads related by Gen. R. E. Colston, where the power of the wind was sufficient to carry all sounds of the conflict away from people standing within plain sight of it, recalls several similar instances that came within my own experience while serving with the army operating along the seacoast of the Southern States during the war. At the bombardment of the Confederate works at Port Royal, South Carolina, in November, 1861, the transport my regiment was on lay near enough in shore to give us a fine view of the whole battle; but only in some temporary lull of the wind could we hear the faintest sound of the firing. The day was a pleasant one, and the wind did not appear to be unusually strong; but I noticed then and afterward that a breeze on the coast down that way was very different from the erratic gusts and flaws I had been used to in the New England States, the whole atmosphere seeming to move in a body, giving sound no chance to travel against it, but carrying it immense distances to the leeward. People living at St. Augustine, Florida, told me afterward that the Port Royal cannonade was heard at that place, 150 miles from where the fight took place.

A portion of the siege batteries at Morris Island, South Carolina, were not more than two miles from our camp; but at times the firing from them and the enemy's replies could only be heard very faintly even at that short distance, while at others, when the wind blew from the opposite direction, the sounds were as sharp and distinct as if the battle were taking place within a few rods of us.

S. H. Prescott.

CONCORD, N. H.

The Gun-boat "Taylor" or "Tyler."

WE are permitted to print the following note bearing on a recent criticism of Rear-Admiral Walke's designation of the gun-boat under his command on the Mississippi river as the *Taylor*:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, February 11, 1885.

SIR: In reply to your letter of the 30th ultimo, and referring to previous correspondence, you are informed that at the time Commander John Rodgers purchased the gun-boats *A. O. Tyler* and others, he was acting under the orders of the War Department. In a com-

munication to this Department, dated June 8, 1861, he states as follows:

"I have, after consideration with General McClellan and after inspection by Mr. Pook, the naval constructor, bought three steamboats for naval service in these waters. They were called the *A. O. Tyler*, the *Lexington*, and the *Conestoga*. The name of the first of these I will, with your permission, change to *Taylor* a name of better augury than *Tyler*."

No action was taken by this Department concerning the changing of the name of the *A. O. Tyler*.

The Mississippi flotilla was not turned over to the Navy Department until the 1st of October, 1862. Prior to that date the officers and enlisted men, except the regular officers of the navy detailed for duty therein were paid by Quartermaster Wise, under authority of the War Department.

I am unable to inform you what name the accounting officers of the Treasury recognized in settling the accounts of the vessel referred to. Very respectfully

W. E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

Colonel A. H. MARKLAND, Washington, D. C.

Col. Markland has ascertained that on the records of the Quartermaster-General's Department the name of the vessel is sometimes written *Taylor*, but more generally *Tylor* or *Tyler*. He claims that as no authorization of the change of name by Admiral Rodgers has been found the boat should go down to history as the *Tyler*.—EDITOR.

Errata.

THE captain who, with his men, volunteered to go on the *Carondelet's* perilous passage of Island Number Ten (as described by Admiral Walke on p. 442 of the January number), was not Hollenstein but Hottenstein.— In the papers on "Shiloh" in the February number, the name of General John C. Breckinridge (*sic* in his autograph) was misprinted Breckenridge, which, however, is not without the apparent sanction of Dr. Thomas's "Dictionary of Biography" (Lippincott). The Breckenridge branch of this eminent Kentucky family (including the Reverend Doctor Robert J. Breckenridge, uncle of the General) were, we believe, staunch supporters of the Union.— A manifest error occurs on page 739 of the March number, in Colonel Wood's article on "The First Fight of Iron-clads," where Norfolk is said to be "within twelve miles" of Fortress Monroe. The distance, as shown by the map in the same number, is twelve to fifteen miles.—EDITOR.

GENERAL GRANT.

HAVE elsewhere related the principal events in General Grant's military career, and have but little new to offer on this theme.* All that I shall now attempt is a presentation of a portrait of the man, endeavoring especially to show how personal and individual traits have been manifested in the public character. I have, indeed, known General Grant so closely that his image is far more vivid to me in this respect than as a General or a President; and though many of his notable qualities were displayed when I was near enough to watch their development, I was always able to penetrate through the soldier or the statesman to the individual. The outside garment of public deeds took form and shape to me from the underlying personality.

The family of Grant is of Scotch descent, and the clan Grant claimed him in 1877 when he passed through their territory. I was once on a visit at Castle Grant, the seat of their chief, Lord Seafield, who was greatly interested in his American clansman. He took me to Craig Ellachie, a rocky eminence near by, where in Gaelic days a beacon was lighted to advise the Grants for war. The device of the clan is still a burning mountain, and their war-cry has always been, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie." A Grant is to stand as firm as the rocks themselves.

About the same time I went to a gathering of the clans at Braemar, in the heart of the Highlands. The son of the Earl of Fife was here at the head of the Duffs; the chief of the Farquharsons was present with his clan; the Duke of Athole had marched his men across the Grampians, the Duchess, a woman of glorious beauty, riding by his side; the Marquis of Huntley, the Earl of Airlie, and the Lord Kilmarnock were all there, kilted Highlanders; and I found the Duffs and the Gordons and the Stewart-Murrays as ready as the Grants to claim kinship with an American President. They drank his health with Highland honors, and declared that the untamed sagacity, the pertinacious resolve, the sustained energy which they had heard he possessed, were all due to his Caledonian origin.

General Grant's father was a native of Pennsylvania, but early emigrated to the West, and finally settled in Ohio. He was noted for intelligence as well as energy, and in all his dealings with men he bore an un-

blemished name. At the time when Ulysses was born he dealt largely in leather, and owned several tanneries. His mother also was a Pennsylvanian. The modest virtues of a Christian woman are not fit themes for public portraiture, but it is not difficult to imagine in them the source of that purity and simplicity of character which the strifes and temptations of a public career have been unable to destroy.

Ulysses was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, an obscure town on the north bank of the Ohio. The modest cottage where he first saw the light still overlooks the Kentucky shore, and his earliest hours were spent almost in sight of that great theater of war where he was destined to play so prominent a part. In 1823 his parents removed to Georgetown, Ohio, and there the boyhood of young Grant was passed. His father was now a well-to-do man, furnished with as large a supply of this world's goods as any of his neighbors, and both able and willing to afford the son whatever advantages of education were then attainable at so great a distance from the Atlantic coast.

Like Washington, Cromwell, Wellington, and others who became famous in their prime, Grant was in childhood in no way conspicuous above his fellows. It is true that by the reflex light of subsequent performance we can now discern in the traits of the boy the germs of what afterward became distinguished in the man, but the germs were latent till the light and sun of circumstance developed them. None of his early companions saw any indications of his future destiny.

At seventeen he was offered an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. The youth who had been sent the year before from his congressional district had failed to keep up with his class, and was dismissed in consequence. Had that young predecessor been more successful, Grant might never have received a military education, and possibly not have risen to distinction in arms.

He spent four years at the Academy, but made no brilliant mark there. He had no fondness for his profession, and manifested no special aptness for study, although he mastered the mathematics easily. Riding was his chief accomplishment and amusement. He was careless of the military etiquette imposed on the cadets, and, though far from in-

* See "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant from April, 1861, to April, 1865," by Adam Badeau (N. Y. : Appleton & Co., 1881), upon which the author has here drawn.—ED.

subordinate, and never guilty of more serious offense, was constantly subjected to petty punishments for leaving a shoe untied or being late at parade. The same distaste for trivial forms followed him through his military career. No officer of the army was less scrupulous in matters of costume, or exacted fewer ceremonies from those whom he commanded.

In 1843 he was graduated, twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. The army was full at the time, and its future commander could only be admitted as a supernumerary officer. He was commissioned brevet second lieutenant, and attached to the Fourth Infantry.

When the Mexican war broke out, Grant was ordered with his regiment to Texas to join the army of General Taylor. At Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he took his first lessons in actual war — battles which, compared with many of those of the Rebellion, were insignificant skirmishes. Grant often afterward assigned to a brigade more men than there composed the American army. He remained under Taylor until the capture of Monterey, participating in that achievement. His regiment was then transferred to Scott's command.

Grant was now made quartermaster of the regiment — a position which exempted him from the necessity of going under fire; but he was present at every battle of the campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. After Molino del Rey he was brevetted for "distinguished gallantry," and at the capture of the capital displayed several of the traits that became notable in his later history.

As the army was approaching the city, Worth's division was ordered to seize a road on the western side. Grant was with Worth's advance. An abrupt turn in the road was defended by a parapet, and, as the division advanced, a raking fire of musketry made it necessary to seek every chance for cover. Grant, however, made his way alone across the space exposed to fire, and discovered an opportunity to flank the parapet. Hastening back to his men, some twenty or thirty in number, he cried out that he had found a chance to turn the enemy, and called for volunteers. Ten or a dozen soldiers jumped up at once and were soon crawling with him behind a wall, when they came upon an entire company under Captain — now General — Horace Brooks, making their way cautiously in the bottom of a ditch. Grant at once cried out: "Captain! I've found a way to flank the enemy"; and Brooks replied: "Well, you know the way. Go on; we'll follow you." So the lieutenant led, and the whole party, now fifty in number, assaulted the end of the

parapet, carried it by storm, and took the enemy in rear. The Mexicans fled at once from the position, no longer tenable, and the work was carried.

The party was now on the direct road to the Garita San Cosme, one of the strongest entrances to the City of Mexico, whose spires and turrets were distinctly visible. They soon struck another parapet, this one defended by a cannon. Grant again advanced at the head of his little column, by this time a hundred and fifty strong, and the second parapet was carried. But they were now directly under the guns of the city, and Brooks, who had assumed command by virtue of seniority, declared he could not hold the position unless he was reënforced. Grant was therefore sent back to Worth to ask for troops, and had hardly left when the command was driven pell-mell from the parapet. He soon, however, found the division-general, and fresh troops were at once sent forward.

A little to the right of the parapet was a rickety village church with a steeple a hundred feet high. Toward this Grant led a section of artillery, dragging a mountain howitzer by hand across the ditches, of which the country is full. He found the priest and demanded the keys, which the father at first was unwilling to yield; but Grant soon convinced him of the necessity of surrender. The howitzer was quickly taken to pieces, and four or five men carried it to the belfry, while Grant disposed the remainder of his force so as to secure the church from easy capture. Then he mounted the steeple, and served and pointed the gun himself, and before long the enemy was driven a second time from the parapet. The gun was now directed upon the city, and the confusion of the Mexicans could be plainly seen, as they huddled in fright behind their walls.

Worth soon perceived the shells issuing from this novel position, and the effect they were producing on the enemy. He sent for Grant, congratulated him, and placed an entire company with a captain under his command. Thus reënforced, the lieutenant returned to his steeple with another howitzer, and reopened fire. That night the Garita San Cosme surrendered, and in the morning the City of Mexico was in the hands of Americans. For this exploit, undertaken without orders, by a lieutenant with no legitimate command, and obliged therefore to gather up men and weapons on the field, Grant was mentioned in all the dispatches, and received a second brevet within five days after the first.

At the close of the war he returned to the United States, and in 1848 he was married. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, by way of California. Life was rough then on the

Pacific coast, and his wife was left behind. The route was by sea to the Isthmus of Panama, and during the passage of the Isthmus the cholera broke out. Grant was again acting quartermaster. The Panama railroad at this time extended only thirty miles from the Atlantic, after which boats were taken up the Chagres River to the head of navigation. From this point the troops were to march to the Pacific, about thirty miles farther; but the steamship company had contracted to furnish mules or horses for the sick, and for the wives and children of the soldiers. There were, however, several hundred passengers besides the soldiers, and when the cholera appeared a panic followed. The passengers offered higher prices to the natives than the company had agreed to pay, and thus secured all the animals, leaving absolutely none for the soldiers and their families. The troops marched on, but Grant was left behind with the sick and the women and children, who were unable to walk under the July sun of the tropics. He remained a week in entire command, caring for the sick and the dying, burying the dead, controlling the half-hostile Indians, and struggling to procure transportation. During all this while he never took off his clothes, and only snatched rare intervals of sleep, stretched on a bench or under a shed, exposed to the miasma of the rank forest and the swamp. Finally, as the agents of the steamship company failed entirely in their duty, Grant took upon himself the responsibility of making a new contract in their name. He hired mules and litters at prices double those that the company had agreed to pay, he engaged Indians to bury the dead, and after seven days took up his march for the Pacific. A hundred and fifty souls had been left with him in the interior of the Isthmus, half of whom perished in that week of cholera. His life, however, was preserved. Neither Mexican bullets nor tropical pestilence had been permitted to harm him.

In 1854, having served in the army eleven years, he resigned his commission and occupied a farm, a few miles out of St. Louis, where his wife's family resided. His means were limited, and he worked at the plow himself, or, in winter, cut and corded wood, driving the cart to market in St. Louis. He built a log-house on his farm, and lived a simple life, never so happy as with his wife and children. He had now three sons and a daughter.

Despite his poverty, however, he saw and mingled with the important people of St. Louis. His wife's family belonged to what is called good company, and Grant himself was always welcomed by its most distinguished members. His old army rank was itself a social

introduction, and his old army friends kept up their intimacy.

But with all his industry farming did not succeed. He tried collecting money, but for this he had no talent, and at times his circumstances were narrow indeed. In 1860 he removed to Galena, where his father and brothers were engaged in the leather trade. They gave him occupation, and here he lived for nearly a year, unimportant and unknown. He seemed to have forgotten his military pursuits. The title of captain, which he still retained, hardly recalled the storming of Chapultepec, or the guns he had mounted on the crazy steeple under the walls of Mexico. No restless ambition disturbed his spirits. No craving for fame made him dissatisfied with obscurity. Those nearest him never suspected that he possessed extraordinary ability. He himself never dreamed that he was destined for great place or power.

Yet his vicissitudes as soldier, farmer, and trader, his frontier career among the Indians, his life at West Point, and in Ohio, in Oregon, and Mexico, had given him a wide and practical experience, and made him, unknown to himself, a representative American. In war he had served under the two greatest captains the country had produced in the century, had shared their most important battles, and witnessed their marches and sieges and assaults; in peace he had mingled with all classes of his countrymen, had learned much of life, and laid many of its lessons well to heart.

He had learned patience when hope was long deferred, and endurance under heavy and repeated difficulties; he had displayed audacity in emergencies, as well as persistency of resolve and fertility of resource. If one means failed, he tried another; he was not discouraged by ill fortune, nor discontented with little things. Above all, he never quailed and never despaired. The leather merchant of Galena was not without preparation even for that great future which awaited him, all unknown.

On the 11th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was attacked by Americans. On the 15th the news reached Galena that Lincoln had called for volunteers. On the 19th Grant was drilling a company, and in a week he led his men to Springfield, the capital of Illinois. He was no politician, and had never voted for a President but once; he had been a slaveholder, but he had no doubt of his duty or his principles. He had been educated by the country, and the country had a right to whatever of skill or experience he had acquired.

The ignorance of all military matters which then prevailed was almost universal. Half a century of peace had hardly been disturbed

by the distant Mexican campaign, and a generation had grown up unused to war. Grant's knowledge of organization and routine now stood him well in hand. He served five weeks without a commission, mustering in new troops under the direction of the Governor of Illinois. Meanwhile he offered his services to the Secretary of War in any capacity that might be desired, but the letter was not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a reply. He then proceeded to Cincinnati, in the hope that McClellan might offer him a position on his staff. He went twice to headquarters, but did not gain admission to McClellan's presence, and returned to Illinois without mentioning his aspirations to any one.

In June the Governor offered him a regiment of infantry. He said he felt competent to command a regiment, and was ordered at once to Missouri. In August he was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers. The member of Congress from his district had noticed his diligence and energy in a subordinate position, and when the President was nominating brigadiers from Illinois, Washburne suggested Grant, the whole delegation recommending him. The new general knew nothing of his rank until he saw the announcement in the newspapers. No promotion that he ever received was suggested or procured by any application from himself.

He proceeded at once to Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. Colonel (afterwards General) Oglesby was in command of the post, but had never met his new superior. Grant was in citizen's clothes, for he had not found time to purchase a uniform, and walked into headquarters without being recognized. Asking for pen and paper, he wrote out an order assuming command, and handed it to Oglesby. The immature colonel was greatly amazed at the procedure, with which he was unfamiliar; and when Grant inquired if his predecessor had not also assumed command in orders, Oglesby replied: "I guess he didn't know how."

The population of Kentucky was at this time divided in feeling in regard to the war, and the Governor had set up a claim of neutrality. But two days after Grant's arrival at Cairo, the enemy invaded the State and threatened Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee. As this was a place of great importance, commanding both the Ohio and the Tennessee, Grant at once notified the State Legislature, which was loyal, and sent word to Fremont, his immediate superior. Later on the same day he telegraphed to Fremont: "Am getting ready to go to Paducah. Will start at six and a half o'clock." Receiving no reply, he

set out the same night on transports with a couple of regiments and a battery. He arrived at Paducah in the morning, and seized the town without firing a gun, a force of the enemy hurrying out by train while he was landing. At noon he returned to Cairo, where he found General Fremont's permission to take Paducah, "if he felt strong enough." Kentucky by this stroke was secured to the Union. No more was heard of neutrality. But Grant was rebuked for corresponding with the Legislature.

This event was the key-note to his entire military career. The keenness with which he perceived both the strategical importance of Paducah and the necessity for immediate action, the indifference with which he brushed away the sophistical pleas of the politicians, the promptness with which he decided to act,—for many can see to the core of things, and yet are not gifted with the power to determine in accordance with what they perceive,—and above all the celerity in putting resolve into execution—these are traits which were displayed a hundred times afterward, and which brought in the end the same result to the general-in-chief as at Paducah they insured to the district commander.

For eight weeks he was now employed teaching his men the very rudiments of war. There was not a professional soldier in his command. The troops and officers were alike from civil life, and Grant was adjutant and quartermaster again, though on a larger scale. Every detail of his past experience became of importance now. He wrote out his own orders, drilled his troops and instructed his colonels, and never worked harder than while preparing his recruits to take the field.

In November he was ordered to make a demonstration on Belmont. The story has been often told—the movement down the Mississippi River, the elation of the raw troops at last led out of camp, and the determination of Grant, who perceived that their blood was up, to convert the demonstration into a real attack. Three thousand men were landed on the west bank, immediately under the guns of Columbus, an important work of the enemy on the opposite shore; they surprised and destroyed the hostile camp; but then, intoxicated with their triumph, they became at once uncontrollable; they shouted and ran around like school-boys, while their colonels made stump speeches for the Union. The enemy, seeing this, recovered from their panic, and reinforcements were sent from the eastern bank. Not a man in Grant's command had ever been in battle before, and it was impossible to restore order, until at last he directed an officer to set fire to the camps.

This, as he had expected, drew the attention of the gunners at Columbus, who opened on his little force; and the troops, perceiving their danger, at length returned to the ranks. But by this time the enemy had also reformed, and were ready to resist his march to the transports. His own men were at first greatly dismayed, and one of his officers came up with the news: "We are surrounded." "Well," said Grant, "if that is so, we must cut our way out as we cut our way in. We have whipped them once, and I think we can do it again." His own confidence quickly inspired his command. The troops took heart; they did "cut their way out as they cut their way in"; they "whipped 'em again," and succeeded in all that had been planned or desired.

This, Grant's earliest absolute battle, although on so small a scale, illustrates, like Paducah, many of the traits which were afterward conspicuous in his military character. His sympathy with the troops at the start, his steadiness under apparent disaster, his promptness in an emergency, the grim device of setting the camps on fire to draw the attention of the enemy, and his ability to restore confidence to the flustered recruits, were all auguries of soldiership not afterward belied.

After this, every one of his great battles brought out some peculiar personal quality to which he was indebted for success. In a war where the prowess of the soldiers was equal, where the Southern enthusiasm was matched by the Northern determination, where the men were of the same race, and on each side thought they were fighting for country and right, the individual qualities of the leaders naturally told.

At Donelson, beyond all doubt, it was the personal traits of Grant that secured the victory; both in the movements preceding the attack and in the battle itself, the influence of the individual man is unmistakable. Numerous soldiers, it is said, had early recognized the importance of capturing the place. McClellan, Buell, Halleck, Cullum, all may, perhaps, lay claim to a perception of the advantages to follow from its fall. But, while they were considering and discussing these advantages, Grant proceeded and accomplished the task. He proposed it to Halleck, his immediate commander, who was probably at that moment contemplating the enterprise, and, not a little chagrined, rebuffed his intrusive subordinate. Grant, however, kept in ignorance of what his superior may have been planning, renewed the suggestion, and Halleck finally gave the orders. Grant started the next day, and four days after-

ward Fort Henry fell. On the 6th of February he announced the fact to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th, and return to Fort Henry." Halleck, however, preferred more cautious proceedings, and telegraphed: "Hold on to Fort Henry at all hazards. Shovels and picks will be sent to strengthen Fort Henry. The guns should be arranged so as to resist an attack." Grant thought the surest way to defend Fort Henry was to attack Fort Donelson, and while Halleck was ordering picks and shovels for the Tennessee, he was asking for heavy ordnance on the Cumberland. This continued till the fall of the place, and the day of the surrender Halleck's chief of staff, who had not heard the news, telegraphed to Grant "not to be too rash."

It was, however, in the thick of the battle of Fort Donelson that his first great feat of generalship was achieved. He was off the field, consulting with the naval commander, when the enemy, encompassed and disheartened, determined to break through the national lines. They came out before daybreak, throwing themselves in force against Grant's right. The struggle was severe, but the national troops were pushed back more than a mile. At this juncture Grant arrived on the field. He found his own men not yet recovered from the shock of battle, but doggedly retiring, while the enemy, though successful up to a certain point, had not absolutely broken through the lines. There was no pursuit, and the battle had evidently lulled, not ended. The new troops, however, were flustered, and reported that the enemy had come out with their haversacks filled, as if they meant to stay out and fight for several days. Grant at once perceived the significance of the circumstance. "Are the haversacks filled?" he inquired. "Then they mean to fight their way out. They have no idea of staying here to fight us." The whole intent of the enemy was apparent to him in an instant. They were despairing. This was the moment, when both sides were hard pressed, to convert resistance into victory. "Whichever party first attacks now," he said, "will win, and the Rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me." He ordered an instant attack on the left, where the troops had not been engaged, and before night the fate of Fort Donelson was determined.

General Grant has often told me that there comes a time in every hard-fought battle when both armies are nearly or quite exhausted and it seems impossible for either to do more. This he believes to be the turning-point; whichever afterward first renews the fight

is sure to win. He acted upon this belief, not only at Donelson, but at Shiloh, and time after time again. In the Vicksburg campaign, in the Wilderness—always when odds and obstacles were even, or perhaps against him, when both his own men and the enemy were exhausted—then to proceed or to hold out unreasonably brought victory. The general or the man who does what can neither be expected nor required is the one who succeeds.

At Shiloh the same quality was manifest. At a certain moment in this battle the national troops were thrust back nearly to the river. The reinforcements had not arrived; a part of the command was broken; thousands had been taken prisoner, and thousands had fled to the rear. At this juncture General Buell came upon the field, in advance of his troops, still miles away. It was the darkest moment of the day. He rode up to Grant near the river, and, seeing the crowd of cravens there, supposed that all was lost. "What preparations have you made for retreating, General?" he inquired. Grant replied, "I haven't despaired of whipping them yet." "But if you should be whipped," said the other, "how will you get your men across the river? These transports will not take ten thousand men." "If I have to cross the river," said Grant, "ten thousand will be all I shall need transports for." His army was thirty thousand strong.

On this day, also, General Sherman tells that at four o'clock Grant was at his front, and, despite the terrible fighting and the reverses he had sustained, gave orders to assume the offensive in the morning. And this was before Buell's advance had crossed the Tennessee.

If Donelson, Belmont, and Shiloh illustrated the aggressive audacity and stubborn determination, as well as the quickness of perception and the celerity and certainty both of decision and action, which distinguished Grant in absolute battle, Vicksburg and Chattanooga brought out the characteristics of his strategy and the more purely military peculiarities of his genius.

The long series of attempts on the north and west of Vicksburg exhibited indeed the persistency of resolve and fertility of resource of the commander. The amphibious campaign in the bayous and marshes and canals, the ditches that were dug, the levees that were cut, the troops that were carried on narrow-tugs through devious channels or marched at night by lighted candles through the canebrake, the transports that were run by the Vicksburg batteries—all these make an epic worthy of Homer in incident and interest; but all these endeavors Grant never really

hoped would succeed. He was waiting during all these months for the waters to subside, so that he could throw his army south of Vicksburg. Then he undertook the campaign which at once placed him in the front rank of generals. The audacity which led him to penetrate the enemy's country, cutting loose from his base with thirty thousand men, carrying only three days' rations, and leaving an army larger than his own between himself and his supplies, has only been equaled once, if ever, in recent history; while the strategy which separated his antagonists, driving one eastward to strike him alone, and then turning west to destroy the other,—surprising, deceiving, misleading, outmanœuvring the enemy, first dividing and then combining his own command, and finally accomplishing the greatest surrender of men and material that had then been known in modern war,—has no parallel except in the exploits of Moltke or Napoleon.

Chattanooga came next. This was the most elaborate of all Grant's battles, the most like a game between skillful players. Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan. The manœuvring was in the presence and in sight of the enemy. Grant fought with portions of three armies. One had been brought from the Mississippi and one from the Potomac, and they came upon the field as if they had been timed; they crossed a river and scaled a mountain according to order and under fire, while even the enemy performed his part as Grant had expected and desired. This battle more closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war. It was the only one on such a scale where the movements of each army were visible, the only one in which the commanding general could watch the operations in person, could perceive the movements he directed, and trust to his own observations to continue or vary his designs. And, while undoubtedly the contingencies that were unforeseen contributed to the result,—for Grant always knew how to avail himself of unexpected emergencies,—it still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plan laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools.

In the last year of the war, after Grant became general-in-chief, there was need for a combination of his best traits—for the determination which carried him through the Wilderness, which refused to be recalled from Richmond when Early threatened Washington, which kept him immovable in front of Petersburg when the country was impatient

at his apparent lack of success ; for the daring which sanctioned Sherman's march against the opinion and wish of the Executive ; for the decision that told when the moment had come to assault the works that had detained him so long. But in addition to all this—as general-in-chief—Grant had to command armies separated by thousands of miles, to plan campaigns that extended over a year, to match one command against another, to balance the different forces, to weave a tangled skein into a single web, to play a game as intricate as ever taxed the subtlest or profoundest intellect ; against an antagonist wary, untiring, determined, and astute ; with stakes of the most tremendous character, of reputation to himself and existence to his cause ; and he won. Courage and means and moral support, all were necessary ; an army to follow, subordinates to carry out his plans, the country to back him ; but none nor all of these would have sufficed without the highest sagacity as a soldier. A weak man would have succumbed under such a responsibility ; a man with less ability would have been unable to wield the power or the weapons intrusted to Grant. He was equal to all his opportunities.

At the close of the war, the man who had led the victorious armies was not forty-three years of age. He had not changed in any essential qualities from the captain in Mexico or the merchant in Galena. The daring and resource that he showed at Donelson and Vicksburg had been foreshadowed at Panama and Garita San Cosme ; the persistency before Richmond was the development of the same trait which led him to seek subsistence in various occupations, and follow fortune long deferred through many unsuccessful years. Developed by experience, taught by circumstance, learning from all he saw and even more from what he did, as few have ever been developed or taught, or have learned, he, nevertheless, maintained the self-same personality through it all. The characteristics of the man were exactly those he manifested as a soldier—directness and steadiness of purpose, clearness and certainty of judgment, self-reliance and immutable determination.

Grant's genius too, was always ready ; it was always brightest in an emergency. All his faculties were sharpened in battle ; the man who to some seemed dull, or even slow, was then prompt and decided. When the circumstances were once presented to him, he was never long in determining. He seemed to have a faculty of penetrating at once to the heart of things. He saw what was the point to strike, or the thing to do, and he never wavered in his judgment afterward, unless, of course, under new contingencies. Then he

had no false pride of opinion, no hesitation in undoing what he had ordered ; but if the circumstances remained the same, he never doubted his own judgment. I asked him once how he could be so calm in terrible emergencies, after giving an order for a corps to go into battle, or directing some intricate manœuvre. He replied that he had done his best and could do no better ; others might have ordered more wisely or decided more fortunately, but he was conscious that he had done what he could, and he gave himself no anxiety about the judgment or the decision. Of course he was anxious about the accomplishment of his plans, but never as to whether he ought to have attempted them. So, on the night of the battle of the Wilderness, when the right of his army had been broken and turned, after he had given his orders for new dispositions, he went to his tent and slept calmly till morning.

This confidence, which was not arrogance, for he often spoke of Sherman as the greatest soldier living, and afterward of Sheridan in equal strains—this confidence engendered composure, and left all his faculties at his own disposal. This was the secret of his courage, and of the steadiness which held him to his purpose, not only in a single battle like Shiloh, but through the tremendous losses and encounters of the Wilderness campaign. All through those terrible forty days and nights he never wavered ; he never once thought of retiring ; he never once quailed. After the fiercest fighting, and the most awful destruction of life, he still knew and felt that only by fresh effort of the same sort could he conquer, and gave the orders grimly, but unshaken still.

Not that he was indifferent to human life or human suffering. I have been with him when he left a hurdle race, unwilling to see men risk their necks needlessly ; and he came away from one of Blondin's exhibitions at Niagara, angry and nervous at the sight of one poor wretch in gaudy clothes crossing the whirlpool on a wire. But he could subordinate such sensations when necessity required it. He risked his life, and was ready to sacrifice it, for his country ; and he was ready, if need came, to sacrifice his countrymen, for he knew that they too made the offering.

It was undoubtedly as a fighter rather than a manœuvrer that Grant distinguished himself. He was ready with resource and prompt in decision at Belmont and Donelson, but it was the invincible determination at both these places as well as at Shiloh that won. As with men, so with armies and generals : skill and strength are tremendous advantages, but courage outweighs them all. I said something



G. A. Grant

(ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864, OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.)

like this to him once in discussing a battle, and asked if he concurred. "That is your opinion," he replied; "let it pass." There are friends of Grant who always urge me not to present this view of his character too strongly. They say: "The world already is inclined to think him a 'hammerer.' You should not press this idea of force—even of moral force." But I cannot forbear; it was the moral force of the man, the courage always, under adverse or favorable fortune, the audacity at Vicksburg, the indomitable defiance at Shiloh, the persistent determination in the Wilderness, that always brought victory in the end.

And for my part I cannot see that this trait is less admirable than technical skill or strategical astuteness. A quality that dominates events as well as men, that compels circumstances and accomplishes the grandest results, seems to me equal to that more ingenious, but not necessarily more intellectual, even if more brilliant and fascinating, attribute which attains its purposes by circuitous roads or evasive means. And in the War of the Rebellion no mere manoeuvring would have succeeded. The enemy was not only too adroit, but, above all, too determined, to be foiled by stratagems alone. No skill would have tired out Lee. No capture of places or outflanking of armies would have annihilated the Confederacy. It had to be stamped out; its armies and its resources had to be destroyed, its territory and its people conquered; its soldiers killed. Its own magnificent bravery, the spirit of its armies, the heroism of its population, rendered just such a course as Grant pursued indispensable. His greatness lay in the fact that he perceived the situation, and adapted his means to the end. His good fortune was that his nature was fitted for just such emergencies.

The world is right; it was by energy and tenacity that he won, and that the nation was saved. It was because he held up the Government and persisted with his army that the country remained firm and the enemy finally lost heart. Those opposed to him felt that it was hopeless to struggle against a man with the determination of fate itself; and the suffering, anxious crowds at home, amid their tears, felt that the cup could not pass from them. Only through blood and suffering are nations saved.

Nevertheless, it was not mere brute force that availed. The man who devised the various attempts to penetrate the marshes around Vicksburg was not destitute of invention, and he who conceived and executed the subsequent campaign can never be said to have accomplished his most brilliant successes by

butchery or hammering; while, above all, he who was capable of the combinations that stretched across a continent, who could direct the operations of a twelvemonth so that every movement was part of the plan, and finally concentrate all his forces toward a single point and consummate exactly what he set out to do a year before, with a completeness unexampled then, and unsurpassed since in war, may laugh at the critics who pronounce him inapt or blundering.

In battle, as in strategical movements, Grant always meant to take the initiative; he always advanced, was always the aggressor, always sought to force his plans upon the enemy; and if by any chance or circumstance the enemy attacked, his method of defense was an attack elsewhere. At Donelson, as we have seen, when his troops were pushed back on the right he assaulted on the left; and this was only one instance out of a hundred. This, too, not only because he was the invader, or because his forces were numerically stronger, but because it was his nature in war to assail. In the Vicksburg campaign his army was smaller than Pemberton's; yet he was the aggressor. In the operations about Iuka his position was a defensive one, but he attacked the enemy all the same. It was his idea of war to attack incessantly and advance invariably, and thus to make the operations of the enemy a part and parcel of his own.

Nevertheless, no one was quicker than he to perceive the new possibilities that battle is constantly offering. He always left his plans open to change; and some of his greatest successes were suggested and achieved in consequence of the mistakes of the enemy. The final assault at Donelson was provoked by the Rebel attack on the right; the battle of Champion's Hill in the Vicksburg campaign was unplanned until invited by Pemberton's blunders; the reinforcements with which Sheridan conquered at Five Forks were not sent until Lee had attempted to overwhelm him.

Like most great soldiers, Grant was indifferent to fatigue in the field. He could out-ride the youngest and hardest of his officers, and endured the lack of food or the loss of sleep longer than any of his staff. Yet he slept late whenever it was possible, and never put himself to needless trouble. So, too, he never braved danger unnecessarily; he was not excited by it, but was simply indifferent to it, was calm when others were aroused. I have often seen him sit erect in his saddle when every one else instinctively shrank as a shell burst in the neighborhood. Once he sat on the ground writing a dispatch in a fort just captured from the enemy, but still commanded by another near. A shell burst im-

mediately over him, but his hand never shook, he did not look up, and continued the dispatch as calmly as if he had been in camp.

This calmness was the same in the greatest moral emergencies. At the surrender of Lee he was as impassive as on the most ordinary occasion; and until some of us congratulated him, he seemed scarcely to have realized that he had accomplished one of the greatest achievements in modern history. It did not occur to him to enter Richmond as a conqueror when that city fell; nor to cross inside the Rebel lines at Appomattox until his officers requested it. Then he consented, but meeting Lee at the outposts, he stopped to talk with him for a couple of hours, until the time was past. He returned that day to Washington, and never saw the inside of the lines that had resisted him for a year.

His relations with the troops were peculiar. He never made speeches to the soldiers, and of course never led them himself into battle after he assumed his high commands. But in every battle they saw him certainly once or twice far to the front, as exposed as they; for there always seemed to come a time in each engagement when he was unwilling to use the eyes or ears of another, but must observe for himself in order to determine. The soldiers saw all this; they knew, too, that when he rode around in camp it meant action, and the sight of his blue overcoat, exactly like their own, was a signal to prepare for battle. They found out his character and respected his qualities. They felt that he meant well, although when the time came he spared them not, for the cause. Thus, though so undemonstrative, he awoke a genuine enthusiasm. After the battle of the Wilderness he rode at night along the road where Hancock's veterans lay, and when the men discovered it was Grant, and that his face was turned toward Richmond, they knew in a moment they were not to retire across the Rapidan as so often before; and they rose in the darkness and cheered until the enemy thought it was a night attack and came out and opened fire. When the works were carried at Petersburg, their enthusiasm was of course unbounded; and whenever they caught a glimpse of him in the Appomattox campaign, the cheers were vociferous. After the surrender of Lee they began without orders to salute him with cannon, but he directed the firing to cease, lest it should wound the feelings of the prisoners, who, he said, were once again our countrymen.

This sentiment he retained. Soon after the close of the war I was present when a committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him to propose that a picture

should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers.

His friendship for Sherman all the world knows. It had, however, two great exemplifications which should not be omitted from the portraiture. When Sherman had finished his March to the Sea, and had come out successful at Savannah, the country of course rang with plaudits. Grant had been sitting quietly before Richmond for months and apparently had accomplished nothing, while his great subordinate had not only captured Atlanta, but had absolutely marched through the Confederacy. It was at once proposed to raise Sherman to the same rank with Grant, and make him capable of supreme command. Sherman heard of this, and promptly wrote to Grant: "I have written to John Sherman to stop it. I would rather have you in command than any one else. . . . I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry." To this Grant replied: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I, and if you should be placed in my position and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win." These were not mere professions on either side. They were pledges in the view of possible contingencies. And they would have been fulfilled.

There were many during the war and afterward who declared and believed that Sherman thought himself the superior of Grant, and that he should have come out foremost; who represented many of his actions as prompted by rivalry or jealousy; but it was impossible to shake Grant's confidence in his friend. I never saw him so angry as when I showed him Stanton's denunciation of the terms of peace that Sherman had granted Johnston. He declared it was "infamous" to impute any but patriotic motives to a man who had served the country as Sherman had. And although he was empowered, and in fact ordered, to proceed to Sherman's army and "direct in person the operations against the enemy," he scrupulously refrained from assuming personal command. He might, under his orders, have received the surrender of Johnston as well as of Lee, snatching the laurels that his friend had fairly earned; but the enemy did not know of his arrival until after the terms were signed, and Grant went

back to Washington without having seen the Rebel army, and without his presence having been generally known even to Sherman's command.

This friendship did not end with the war. Shortly before his first inauguration as President, while he was still general-in-chief, Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, proposed to Grant that a resolution should be introduced in both Houses of Congress giving him a leave of absence for four years, so that he could resume his position in the army at the close of his Presidency. The rank of general, it was said, had been created for him, and he should not be called on to relinquish the place and emoluments bestowed for a lifetime, because in order to serve the country he had accepted even a higher position, which could only last four years. The offer was made in the name of a large majority of both Houses; but Grant declined it peremptorily. He said he could not sleep at night if he felt that he had deprived Sherman and others of the promotion they had earned as fairly as he could be said to have deserved his own. His refusal was final, and the resolution was not proposed.

He formed a similar friendship for Sheridan, but this began later in the war, and has gone on ripening since. His admiration for the present general-in-chief is equally outspoken and generous, and he thinks and says to-day that Sheridan is the peer of any soldier living.

McPherson also was a dear friend; to Rawlins he was warmly attached; and with all his immediate subordinates he lived on terms of comparative intimacy, and with some of personal friendship. He had the faculty in a large degree, which nearly or quite all great commanders possess, of attaching those brought closely about him. His personal staff were, without exception, devoted to him; any one of them would have risked his life for his chief had he known he must share the fate of Desaix when he sacrificed himself for Napoleon. In the last year of the war they organized a system at City Point by which one sat up on guard of him every night to watch against plots of the enemy; for there had been devices of dynamitic character, and attempts not only to capture, but to assassinate prominent national officers.

That camp life at City Point can never be forgotten by those who shared it, living in summer in a group of tents, in winter in rude huts, of which the commander-in-chief's was larger, but in no other respect better than that of the humblest captain on the staff. He shared his table with all his aides-de-camp, and at night he always joined the circle around the camp-fire, and told his stories or

conversed about old comrades, and discussed the chances of Sherman on his march or of Sheridan in the Valley, of Thomas at Nashville or of Butler at Fort Fisher. But with all this familiarity he preserved exactly the degree of reticence that he intended. He never betrayed what he meant should be secret, and though willing to listen to suggestions as to movements or plans, he made no remark in reply. In the middle of a conversation he would leave the circle, enter his tent, write out a telegram without consulting any one, and returning say, "I have ordered Thomas to fight to-morrow," or, "I have sent another division to Sheridan." Thus he gave his orders for the last assault on Petersburg; thus, too, in spite of urgent endeavors on the part of Rawlins and others to change the plan, he wrote the final permission to Sherman to start for the sea.

For all his great determinations were his own, he was never averse to availing himself of the ideas of others, and, as I must always repeat, no man ever learned the lesson of experience quicker, or applied it more absolutely. But the suggestions of others were presented simply, and either accepted or rejected as his judgment dictated; he was never persuaded. And if he took up an idea that he found, it was so developed by his own mind that it became as original in reality as if he had conceived the germ. Every one who might be called an associate felt this. Sherman resented the ascription to himself of the origin of the Vicksburg campaign, and has often told the story of his objection to the movement with loyal and splendid magnanimity.

There are many traits in Grant resembling those displayed by Moltke. All great soldiers indeed have much in common, but perhaps the parallel between these two is closer than any other in recent history. Both lived simply and almost unknown to their countrymen for many years. Moltke, it is true, remained in his profession and was more fortunate as the world goes; but until the great opportunity came he also was comparatively obscure. Both are plain in behavior, modest under unexampled success, undemonstrative in manner, simple in habits and tastes, unassuming and retiring though thrust into the highest positions. Neither ever sought advancement, but each earned it by his deeds. Both are admirable in the family, and attach friends warmly despite their reserved and dispassionate demeanor.

Both have displayed in their public career the tremendous determination, the sustained energy, the persistency of purpose which the world has recognized. Both have exhibited the power to hurl men in successive masses

to certain danger or even destruction in order to gain the victory which they deemed essential to their country, as well as the ability to control different armies simultaneously on the widest theaters, moving them in apparently opposite directions only to concentrate them at last for a single aim. The manœuvres in the early days of the Franco-German war have a similarity in their suddenness and celerity and success to the rapid strokes of the Vicksburg campaign; while the great combinations that spread over all France, and finally resulted in Sedan and Metz and the fall of Paris, are not unlike those by which Grant controlled Sherman and Thomas and Sheridan, and brought about the surrenders of Lee and Johnston, and the capture of Richmond. One general struck down an empire and accomplished the capitulation of a sovereign; the other overthrew a rebellion greater than the world had ever seen before, and stamped out every vestige of resistance on a continent.

When the war was over, Grant's popularity naturally knew no bounds. No American ever received during his lifetime such a unanimity of praise. But he remained unchanged, as simple when the foremost man in all the country as when earning his daily bread in a little inland town. I accompanied him when he returned to Galena, and after the first burst of enthusiasm among those who had been his fellow-citizens had subsided, he resumed much of his life of former years, visited and received his earlier friends without any assumption of superiority, took tea in the little houses of Galena, and chatted with his neighbors about their crops and gains, as if he had never commanded generals nor manœuvred a million of men across a continent.

He was as popular at the South as at the North. The men whom he had conquered never forgot his magnanimity. A few months after Appomattox he made a tour through the Southern States, and then entered Richmond for the first time. Had he been the savior instead of the captor of the town, he could hardly have been more cordially received. The Southerners felt indeed that he had been a savior to them. He had saved them from the rancor and revengeful spirit of many at the North. The terms he had granted them at Appomattox were unexampled for clemency; and when Andrew Johnson attempted to violate those terms, Grant declared he would resign his position in the army unless they were respected. At Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Savannah, the most important Southerners, civilians and soldiers, made it their duty to call upon him, to welcome him, to show him their gratitude.

At Raleigh the State Legislature was in session, and he was invited to be present, and the body rose as he entered the capitol which his armies had captured not six months before. Important Southerners soon addressed him, requesting him to become a candidate for the Presidency, assuring him of the unanimous desire of the South to see him at the head of the Government. General Richard Taylor came to me on this errand, and urged that Grant should allow himself to become the candidate of the Democrats.

But Grant was then averse to entering politics. I have rarely seen him more indignant than when individuals with little or no acquaintance persisted in declaring that he must be the next President. For years his nearest friends never heard him express a willingness to accept a nomination. To my certain knowledge both political parties made overtures to him both during and after the war; but it was not until the breach between the Executive and Congress, and the impeachment of Johnson, that he thought it his duty to allow his name to be used. He regretted extremely the original harshness of Mr. Johnson, and frequently interposed to modify his views or to palliate the past offenses of Southerners; he obtained numerous pardons in the days when clemency was not the rule, and only the weight of his great services could have prevailed; but when Mr. Johnson swung to the other extreme, contended with Congress, and was anxious to set up his own policy in opposition to that of the mass of the people who had won, Grant thought he had no choice and threw in his lot with those with whom he had fought.

He never, however, lost his hold on the Southerners. In 1880, on his return from Europe, his reception at the South was as enthusiastic as at the North, and thousands of Southern Democrats assured his political friends that had he been nominated at Chicago the mass of the Southern vote would have been thrown in his favor. Whether they were right or wrong, no one now can tell; but that a large number of prominent Southerners were of this opinion shows the feeling that must have existed at the South for him who fought them to the end.

The man of war, indeed, always preferred peace. He never liked his profession. In England, when the Duke of Cambridge offered him a review, the courtesy was declined; and Grant declared to his intimates that a review was the last thing he desired to see. He had seen soldiers enough, he said, to last him a lifetime.

The great measure of his Presidency was the treaty with England, which submitted the

differences between the two countries to arbitration instead of war; and this, although no one felt more keenly than he the conduct of England during the Rebellion, and, as a soldier, no one could see more plainly the immense advantages we might have retained had the Treaty of Washington never been signed. But he always regarded the negotiation of that treaty as the great achievement of his administration, and he was in some sort rewarded by the extraordinary reception he met with in England.

I had been living in that country officially for some years when General Grant visited England. I supposed that he would be received by the important people in a manner becoming their own station and his illustrious position and fame; but the popular enthusiasm that his arrival evoked was a marvel. It equaled anything in the ovations at home immediately after the war. Streets were illuminated, triumphal arches built, holidays were proclaimed because he entered a town; the whole population crowded to see him, and were as eager to shake his hand as those whom he had helped to save. Every great city welcomed him officially; he was the guest of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Lord Wharncliffe, the bitterest enemy the Union had in the whole nobility, toasted him at public dinners, and declared: "Had General Grant been an Englishman, I should not now be responding for the House of Lords, for he would have been a duke." And always in England this enthusiasm was avowedly based on the fact that, although a great soldier, he had, as President, referred a grave international dispute to a peaceful tribunal instead of the arbitrament of war.

The same simplicity which he had manifested at Galena was retained at the table of kings. Some one in England inclined to cavil criticised his lack of loquacity and comparative plainness of behavior; but one who could sympathize with him in both respects, the present Earl of Derby, declared there could be no question about General Grant. The man who had achieved what all knew he had performed, and could retain his simplicity and

modesty, must be a very great man. This was the universal verdict.

As all the world knows, his triumphal procession continued for years. He passed through every country of Europe and the most important of Africa and Asia, enjoying an experience that had never before fallen to man. No great personage of ancient or modern times ever made such a journey. He was received everywhere as the equal of the potentates of the earth. The sovereigns of Europe, the Sultan of Turkey, the Czar of Russia, the Pope, the Khedive, the Emperors of Germany and China and Japan, all met him on a level. The Czar took him by the hand and led him to a sofa, talked statecraft with him and compared experiences, asked how he did when his ministers were troublesome and what was his practice in popular emergencies, while Gortschakoff stood behind and helped his master to a word or a phrase when his English halted. Something of the same sort happened with the Emperor of Germany; while the Mikado of Japan and the King of Siam were anxious to learn politics of him. Then came the statesmen themselves—Bismarck and Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield and Gambetta, who could approach him as they would not or could not a sovereign, and were equally anxious to compare notes with the American President; and so with others of high degree. Last of all, Grant, being a genuine democrat, went among the people themselves, talked with them, studied them, understood them as no sovereign or aristocrat would be able to do; so that he went through three tiers of experience — with the monarchs, the statesmen, the people; and being, as I say, a thorough democrat and republican, believing in the people and being of the people, he preserved not only his simplicity of habit and taste amid the pomp of courts and the adulation of the world, but his firm confidence in the superiority of republican institutions and of the American character. He saw the highest and best of modern civilization, and he returned, if possible, a better democrat than when he started.

Adam Badeau.

BIRD-VOICES.

THE robin and sparrow a-wing, in silver-throated accord;
The low soft breath of a flute, and the deep short pick of a chord,
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

A. Lampton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A New Volume of "The Century."

THE present number of THE CENTURY begins its thirtieth half-yearly volume with a first edition of a quarter of a million copies.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his latest friendly comments upon America, says that he is "not, by nature, disposed to think so much as most people do of 'institutions'"; whereas "Americans think and talk very much of their 'institutions.'" But he adds that the more he saw of America the more he found himself "led to treat 'institutions' with increased respect." Until he went to the United States he "had never seen a people with institutions which seemed expressly and thoroughly suited to it." Well, we think that Mr. Arnold will be quick to acknowledge that the illustrated magazine is an American "institution," and one "expressly and thoroughly suited" to the country, and he must consider it merely an American trait if it treat itself with respect. To be sure, Mr. Arnold has, on another occasion, expressed himself as not particularly impressed by mere numbers; he prefers quality to quantity, and has great faith in a saving remnant. But we are pleased to be able to tell all who think as Mr. Arnold does, that in its path of "popular" success THE CENTURY has never felt it necessary to "appeal downward." It is an unbounded satisfaction for us to be able to put on record here, as a compliment to the great audience of our countrymen, and as an encouragement to all present and future workers in similar fields, that popular success has, from the beginning, followed THE CENTURY'S unswerving attempts at greater thoroughness and excellence in every department. Take the matter of wood-engraving, for instance: for what is the new school—the so-called American school—celebrated, except for its delicacy, its refinement, its artistic expressiveness? And the American romancists and novelists—have they been blamed for a lack of, or rather, indeed, for an excess of, refinement and subtlety?

Those who are actively and eagerly engaged in an enterprise are not the ones to give a final judgment upon it. There are faults which they may not be fully aware of, and tendencies, good or bad, which they cannot discern. At the same time, experience has taught them some things which can profitably be told, and their views and aims may have at least a curious interest. The conduct of a periodical which, twelve times a year, reaches an audience of not much less than a million of people, is so grave a care that those who bear it upon their minds and hearts naturally feel a desire to make friends with this great multitude, to ask for their sympathy, to appeal to their confidence, and, in a certain way, to share with them the burden of responsibility.

This is not a fantastic idea. It is a real thing. There are some who deprecate the very existence of the popular magazines upon which our American writers are so largely dependent—especially depend-

ent in the deplorable absence of international copyright laws, which would not only give them revenue from abroad, but protect them at home from the competition of stolen literary wares. There are some of us, we say, who fear that our literature may lose in franness and in force from the supposed necessity of trying too consciously to the taste of an audience which has many sensitive and hypercritical elements. There is some truth in this. It cannot be denied that much of the world's most valuable literature, sacred and secular, could never reach the public through the pages of the "family magazine." There is, moreover, a certain unwritten guarantee that every periodical evolves from its own history and habit. It behooves all concerned to see to it that the limitations of the popular periodical do not have a narrowing or flattening effect upon current literature; do not put our best writers into a sort of literary bondage; do not repress originality and individuality either of style or of opinion. It may be said on this point that while the world always has its share of the long-eared race, fortunately the number of the over-anxious and the super-sensitive seems to be growing yearly less considerable; and the idea is rapidly passing away that editors are bound to the infinite task of themselves entertaining every shade of opinion and belief expressed by the various writers for the periodical with which they are connected. Readers afford help to editors by being tolerant, open-minded, and sympathetic, with "many moods of many minds," and editors themselves must be.

In a country like this, of enormous extent, and with divergences in local opinions, customs, and legislation, the modern "popular magazine"—with its fresh analogies and records of the various geographical, social, industrial, educational, scientific, artistic, and religious phenomena and enterprises of our great democratic empire—is a national factor of no little importance. If self-knowledge is of the highest consequence to the man, it is no less so to the empire of men; and what agency can be more powerful to this end than those periodicals which are written, not by local coteries of writers, however able, or however sincere in their convictions, but that draw from every quarter the best that can be found,—periodicals which look to no locality for support and audience, but rather to the intelligence of the entire country and continent?

The truth of these remarks is borne in upon us in contemplation of the discussion now going on in THE CENTURY with regard to the pressing question as to the reorganization of society in the Southern States of our Union—one of the gravest and most difficult with which humanity in any age has had to deal. Or this question, owing, in some degree, to the blinding effect of inherited views and party bitterness, the North needs information as to facts; the South needs to present itself more and more in a position where it can observe facts with a calmer and deeper vision. Th

JOHN BROWN AT HARPER'S FERRY.*

THE FIGHT AT THE ENGINE-HOUSE, AS SEEN BY ONE OF HIS PRISONERS.

As to John Brown and his appearance at Harper's Ferry, probably there is no one now living who can tell more of that affair than myself, as I then lived at Harper's Ferry, and was a prisoner of Brown's until rescued by General Robert E. Lee, then colonel in the United States Army. Prior to Brown's sudden appearance at the Ferry, there had been seen by the neighbors small squads of men with picks and spades moving about the mountain-sides, making small excavations here and there, pretending to be looking for gold, of which they declared the mountains were full. They went repeatedly to the small property-owners, trying to buy land, until all the neighborhood was much excited, and they had succeeded in diverting the minds of the people from their real object.

These men had rented a house near the Ferry, where they were seen in small parties, but never in such large numbers as to excite suspicion.

Some of them often came to the Ferry, but they excited no suspicion, as strangers were always there viewing the scenery and Government works. Brown himself was said to have been seen there often, but I do not recollect meeting him, and feel sure his appearance would have made an impression on me. When his plans were matured, by the aid of one Cook, who was a citizen of the town, he determined to make his invasion to release the negroes of Virginia from servitude.

His descent upon the town was in this wise: On Sunday night, Oct. 16, 1859, about twelve or one o'clock, the gate-keeper of the bridge over the Potomac leading into Maryland was startled by the steady tramp of many men approaching the gate, having with them wagons, who, upon reaching the gate, ordered it to be opened to them. This the gate-keeper refused to do, saying they were strangers. They, however, while parleying with him, seized him and, presenting a pistol at his head, compelled him to be silent. They then wrenched off the locks and came over, he thinks about sixty strong, though he was evidently frightened and could not speak with accuracy.

Upon getting over, the first building taken possession of was the depot of the Balti-

more and Ohio Railroad, then in charge of a very trusty negro, who slept in the building. Upon Brown's men demanding admittance, he refused to let them come in, saying he was in charge, and his instructions were to let no one in at night. He was then shot down, a negro faithful to his trust being the first victim of those whose mission it was to free the African race from bondage.

Brown's party next proceeded to the hotel, rapped up the landlord, put him under arrest, and placed guards at the doors, so that no one could go out or come in. All this was in perfect quiet at dead of night. They went next to place guards at the arsenal and armories, and fix their pickets at all the streets, so that no one could come or go who was not at once picked up and placed with an armed guard over him and compelled to be silent.

Next they divided their force, sending Cook with some men to seize Colonel Washington and other slaveholders. These gentlemen Brown's party waked from sleep and compelled to go with them as prisoners, at the same time taking all the slaves they could find, carriages, horses, etc.

With the prisoners and property they had collected, they returned to Harper's Ferry before daylight, and thence across the bridge into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The gentlemen arrested were left as prisoners with John Brown. This seems to have been the programme for the night; now as to my introduction to John Brown, and what occurred afterwards.

About daylight one of my servants came to my room door and told me "there was war in the street." I, of course, got up at once, dressed, and went out, my dwelling being immediately on the street. Upon looking round I saw nothing exciting. The only person in view was a man from the country, who was riding rapidly, and I supposed he had lost some of his negroes, who had been stopped at the gate of the bridge and made fight.

I walked towards my office, then just within the armory inclosure, and not more than a hundred yards from my dwelling. As I proceeded I saw a man come out of an alley near me, then another, and another,

* See "The John Brown Raid," illustrated, in *THE CENTURY* for July, 1883. By Alexander R. Boteler and Frank B. Sanborn.—Mr. Daingerfield was Acting Paymaster at the time. He was afterwards in charge of Confederate Armory at Goldsboro, N. C., with rank of Captain.

all coming towards me. When they came up to me I inquired what all this meant; they said, nothing, only they had taken possession of the Government works.

I told them they talked like crazy men. They answered, "Not so crazy as you think, as you will soon see." Up to this time I had not seen any arms; presently, however, the men threw back the short cloaks they wore, and displayed Sharpe's rifles, pistols, and knives. Seeing these, and fearing something serious was going on, I told the men I believed I would return to my quarters. They at once cocked their guns, and told me I was a prisoner. This surprised me, of course, but I could do nothing, being entirely unarmed. I talked with them some little time longer, and again essayed to return to my house; but one of the men stepped before me, presented his gun, and told me if I moved I would be shot down. I then asked them what they intended to do with me. They said I was in no personal danger; they only wanted to carry me to their captain, John Smith. I asked where Captain Smith was. They answered, "At the guard-house, inside of the armory inclosure." I told them I would go there, as that was the point for which I first started. My office was at this place, and I felt uneasy lest the vault might have been broken open.

Upon reaching the gate I saw what, indeed, looked like war—negroes armed with pikes, and sentinels with muskets all around. When I reached the gate I was turned over to "Captain Smith."

He called me by name, and asked if I knew Colonel Washington and others, mentioning familiar names. I said I did, and he then said, "Sir, you will find them there," motioning me towards the engine-room.

We were not kept closely confined, but were allowed to converse with him. I asked him what his object was; he replied, "To free the negroes of Virginia." He added that he was prepared to do it, and by twelve o'clock would have fifteen hundred men with him, ready armed.

Up to this time the citizens had hardly begun to move about, and knew nothing of the raid.

When they learned what was going on, some came out armed with old shot-guns, and were themselves shot by concealed men. All the stores, as well as the arsenal, were in the hands of Brown's men, and it was impossible to get either arms or ammunition, there being hardly any private arms owned by citizens. At last, however, a few weapons were obtained, and a body of citizens crossed the river and advanced from the Maryland side. They made a vigorous attack, and in a few

minutes caused all the invaders who were not killed to retreat to Brown inside of the armory gate. Then he entered the engine-house carrying his prisoners along, or rather part of them, as he made selections among them.

After getting into the engine-house with his men, he made this speech: "Gentlemen, perhaps you wonder why I have selected you from the others. It is because I believe you to be the most influential, and I have only to say now that you will have to share precisely the same fate that your friends extend to my men." He began at once to bar the doors and windows, and to cut port-holes through the brick wall.

Then commenced a terrible fring from without, from every point from which the windows could be seen, and in a few minutes every window was shattered, and hundreds of balls came through the doors. These shots were answered from within whenever the attacking party could be seen. This was kept up most of the day, and, strange to say, no prisoner was hurt, though thousands of balls were imbedded in the walls, and holes shown in the doors almost large enough for a man to creep through.

At night the fring ceased, for we were in total darkness, and nothing could be seen in the engine-house.

During the day and night I talked much with John Brown, and found him as brave as a man could be, and sensible upon all subjects except slavery. Upon that question he was a religious fanatic, and believed it was his duty to free the slaves, even if in doing so he lost his own life.

During a sharp fight one of Brown's sons was killed. He fell; then trying to raise himself, he said, "It is all over with me," and died instantly.

Brown did not leave his post at the port-hole, but when the fighting ceased he walked to his son's body, straightened out his limbs, took off his trappings, then, turning to me, said, "This is the third son I have lost in this cause." Another son had been shot in the morning and was then dying, having been brought in from the street. While Brown was a murderer, yet I was constrained to think that he was not a vicious man, but was crazed upon the subject of slavery. Often during the affair in the engine-house, when his men would want to fire upon some one who might be seen passing, Brown would stop them, saying, "Don't shoot; that man is unarmed." The fring was kept up by our men all day and until late at night, and during this time several of his men were killed; but as I said before, none of the prisoners were hurt, though in great danger.

During the day and night many propositions *pro* and *con* were made, looking to Brown's surrender and the release of the prisoners, but without result.

When Colonel Lee came with the Government troops, at one o'clock at night, he at once sent a flag of truce by his aide, J. E. B. Stuart, to notify Brown of his arrival, and in the name of the United States to demand his surrender, advising him to throw himself upon the clemency of the Government.

Brown declined to accept Colonel Lee's terms, and determined to await the attack.

When Stuart was admitted, and a light brought, he exclaimed, "Why, aren't you old Sawatomie Brown, of Kansas, whom I once had there as my prisoner?" "Yes," was the answer, "but you did not keep me." This was the first intimation we had as to Brown's true name. He had been engaged in the Kansas border war, and had come from there to Harper's Ferry. When Colonel Lee advised Brown to trust to the clemency of the Government, he responded that he knew what he meant,—a rope for his men and himself,—adding, "I prefer to die just here."

Stuart told him he would return at early morning for his final reply, and left him.

When he had gone, Brown at once proceeded to barricade the doors, windows, etc., endeavoring to make the place as strong as possible.

During all this time no one of Brown's men showed the slightest fear, but calmly awaited the attack, selecting the best situations for fire from upon the attacking party, and arranging their guns and pistols so that a fresh one could be taken up as soon as one was discharged. During the night I had a long talk with Brown, and told him that he and his men were committing treason against the State and the United States. Two of his men, hearing the conversation, said to their leader, "Are we committing treason against our country by being here?" Brown answered, "Certainly." Both said, "If that is so, we don't want to fight any more. We thought we came to liberate the slaves, and did not know that was committing treason."

Both of these men were killed in the attack on the engine-house when Brown was taken.

When Lieutenant Stuart came in the morning for the final reply to the demand to surrender, I got up and went to Brown's side to hear his answer.

Stuart asked, "Are you ready to surrender, and trust to the mercy of the Government?"

Brown answered promptly, "No! I prefer to die here."

His manner did not betray the least fear.

Stuart stepped aside and made the signal for the attack, which was instantly begun with sledge-hammers to break down the door.

Finding it would not yield, the soldiers seized a long ladder for a battering-ram, and commenced beating the door with that, the party within firing incessantly. I had assisted in the barricading, fixing the fastenings so that I could remove them upon the first effort to get in. But I was not at the door when the battering began, and could not get to the fastenings until the ladder was used. I then quickly removed the fastenings, and after two or three strokes of the ladder the engine rolled partially back, making a small aperture, through which Lieutenant Green of the marines forced himself, jumped on top of the engine, and stood a second in the midst of a shower of balls, looking for John Brown. When he saw Brown he sprang about twelve feet at him, and gave an under-thrust of his sword, striking him about midway the body and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, and Green struck him several times over the head, and, as I then supposed, split his skull at every stroke.

I was not two feet from Brown at that time. Of course I got out of the building as soon as possible, and did not know till some time later that Brown was not killed. It seems that in making the thrust Green's sword struck Brown's belt and did not penetrate the body. The sword was bent double. The reason that Brown was not killed when struck on the head was that Green was holding his sword in the middle, striking with the hilt and making only scalp wounds.

When Governor Wise came and was examining Brown, I heard the questions and answers; and no lawyer could have used more careful reserve, while at the same time he showed no disrespect. Governor Wise was astonished at the answers he received from Brown.

After some controversy between the United States and the State of Virginia as to which had jurisdiction over the prisoners, Brown was carried to the Charlestown jail, and, after a fair trial, was hanged.

Of course I was a witness at the trial, and must say that I have never seen any man display more courage and fortitude than John Brown showed under the trying circumstances in which he was placed. I could not go to see him hanged. He had made me a prisoner, but had spared my life and that of other gentlemen in his power; and when his sons were shot down beside him, almost any other man similarly situated would at least have exacted life for life.

John E. P. Daingerfield.

LOVE'S IN THE CALENDAR.

WHEN chinks in April's windy dome
 Let through a day of June,
 And foot and thought incline to roam,
 And every sound's a tune;
 When nature fills a fuller cup,
 And hides with green the gray,—
 Then, lover, pluck your courage up
 To try your fate in May.

Though proud she was as sunset clad
 In Autumn's fruity shades,
 Love too is proud and brings (gay lad!)
 Humility to maids.
 Scorn not from nature's mood to learn,
 Take counsel of the day:
 Since haughty skies to tender turn
 Go try your fate in May.

Though cold she seemed as pearly light
 Adown December eves,
 And stern as night when March winds smite
 The beech's lingering leaves;
 Yet Love hath seasons like the year,
 And grave will turn to gay,—
 Then, lover, listen not to fear,
 But try your fate in May.

And you whose art it is to hide
 The constant love you feel:
 Beware, lest overmuch of pride
 Your happiness shall steal.
 No longer pout, for May is here
 And hearts will have their way;
 Love's in the calendar, my dear,
 So yield to fate in May.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE SHENANDOAH.

INCLUDING HIS RELATIONS TO THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.



A CONFEDERATE OF 1862.

THE movement to capture Harper's Ferry and the fire-arms manufactured and stored there was organized at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond on the night of April 16, 1861. Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise was at the head of this purely impromptu affair. The Virginia Secession Convention, then sitting, was by a large majority "Union" in its sentiments till Sumter was fired on and captured, and Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 men to enforce the laws in certain Southern States. Virginia was then, as it were, forced to "take sides," and she did not hesitate. I had been one of the candidates for a seat in that Convention from Augusta County but was overwhelmingly

defeated by the "Union" candidates, because I favored secession as the only "peace measure" Virginia could then adopt, our aim being to put ourselves in an independent position to negotiate between the United States and the seceded Gulf and Cotton States for a new Union, to be formed on a compromise of the slavery question by a convention to be held for that purpose.

Late on April 15 I received a telegram from "Nat" Tyler, the editor of the "Richmond Enquirer," summoning me to Richmond, where I arrived the next day. Before reaching the Exchange Hotel I met ex-Governor Wise on the street. He asked me to find as many officers of the armed and equipped volunteers of the inland towns and counties as I could, and request them to be at the hotel by seven in the evening to confer about a military movement which he deemed important. Not many such officers were in town, but I found Captains Turner Ashby and Richard Ashby of Fauquier County, Oliver R. Funsten of Clarke County, all commanders of volunteer companies of cavalry; also Captain John A. Harman of Staunton —my home—and Alfred Barbour, the latter

ex-civil superintendent of the Government works at Harper's Ferry.

These persons, with myself, promptly joined ex-Governor Wise, and a plan for the capture of Harper's Ferry was at once discussed and settled upon. The movement, it was agreed, should commence the next day, the 17th, as soon as the Convention voted to secede,— provided we could get railway transportation and the concurrence of Governor Letcher. Colonel Edmund Fontaine, president of the Virginia Central Railroad, and John S. Barbour, president of the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap railroads, were sent for, and joined us at the hotel near midnight. They agreed to put the necessary trains in readiness next day to obey any request of Governor Letcher for the movement of troops.

A committee, of which I was chairman, waited on Governor Letcher after midnight, arousing him from his bed, and laid the scheme before him. He stated that he would take no step till officially informed that the ordinance of secession was passed by the Convention. He was then asked if contingent upon the event he would next day order the movement by telegraph. He consented. We then informed him what companies would be under arms ready to move at a moment's notice. All the persons I have named above are now dead, except John S. Barbour (who is in Congress), "Nat" Tyler, and myself.

On returning to the hotel and reporting Governor Letcher's promise, it was decided to telegraph the captains of companies along the railroads mentioned to be ready next day for orders from the Governor. In that way I ordered the Staunton Artillery, which I commanded, to assemble at their armory by 4 P. M. on the 17th, to receive orders from the Governor to aid in the capture of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. This destination had been indicated in all our dispatches to deceive the Government at Washington, in case there should be a "leak" in the telegraph offices. Early in the evening a message had been received by ex-Governor Wise from his son-in-law Doctor Garnett of Washington, to the effect that a Massachusetts regiment, one thousand strong, had been ordered to Harper's Ferry. Without this reinforcement we knew the guard there consisted of only about thirty men, who could be captured or driven away, perhaps without firing a shot, if we could reach the place secretly with a considerable force.

The Ashbys, Funsten, Harman and I, remained up the entire night. The superintendent and commandant of the Virginia Armory at Richmond, Captain Charles Dimmock, a Northern man by birth and a West

Point graduate, was in full sympathy with us, and that night filled our requisitions for ammunition, and moved it to the railway station before sunrise. He also granted one hundred stand of arms for the Martinsburg Light Infantry, a new company just formed. All these I receipted for and saw placed on the train. Just before we moved out of the depot, ex-Superintendent Barbour made an unguarded remark in the car, which was overheard by a Northern traveler who immediately wrote a message to President Lincoln and paid a negro a dollar to take it to the telegraph office. This act was discovered by one of our party, who induced a friend to follow the negro and take the dispatch from him. This perhaps prevented troops being sent to head us off.

My telegram to the Staunton Artillery produced wild excitement, that spread rapidly through the county, and brought thousands of people to Staunton during the day. Augusta had been a strong Union county, and a doubt was raised by some whether I was acting under the orders of Governor Letcher. To satisfy them, my brother, George W. Imboden, sent a message to me at Gordonsville, inquiring under whose authority I had acted. On the arrival of the train at Gordonsville, Captain Harman received the message and replied to it in my name, that I was acting by order of the Governor. Harman had been of the committee, the night before, that waited on Governor Letcher, and he assumed that by that hour — noon — the Convention must have voted the State out of the Union, and that the Governor had kept his promise to send orders by wire. Before we reached Staunton, Harman handed me the dispatch and told me what he had done. I was annoyed by his action till the train drew up at Staunton, where thousands of people were assembled, and my artillery company and the West Augusta Guards (the finest infantry company in the Valley) were in line. Major-General Kenton Harper, a native of Pennsylvania, "a born soldier," and Brigadier-General William H. Harman, both holding commissions in the Virginia militia,— and both of whom had won their spurs in the regiment the State had sent to the Mexican war,— met me, as I alighted, with a telegram from Governor Letcher, ordering them into service, and referring them to me for information as to our destination and troops. Until I confidentially imparted to them all that had occurred the night before, they thought, as did all the people assembled, that we were bound for the Portsmouth Navy Yard. For prudential reasons we said nothing to dispel this illusion. The Governor in his dispatch informed General Harper that he

was to take chief command, and that full written instructions would reach him *en route*. He waited till after dark, and then set out for Winchester behind a good team. Brigadier-General Harman was ordered to take command of the trains and of all troops that might report *en route*. (See map, page 293.)

About sunset we took train; our departure was an exciting and affecting scene. On the east side of the Blue Ridge a slide caused some delay. At Charlottesville, in the night, the Monticello Guards, a fine company under Captain R. T. W. Duke (since the war a member of Congress), came aboard. At Culpeper, a rifle company — the name of whose commander that night I have forgotten — also joined us, and just as the sun rose on the 18th of April we reached Manassas Junction.

The Ashbys and Funsten had gone on the day before to collect their cavalry companies, and also the famous "Black Horse Cavalry," a superb body of men and horses under Captains John Scott and Welby Carter of Fauquier. By marching across the Blue Ridge, they were to rendezvous near Harper's Ferry. Ashby had sent men on the night of the 17th to cut the wires between Manassas and Alexandria, and to keep them cut for several days.

Our advent at Manassas astounded the quiet people of the village. General Harman at once "impressed" the Manassas Gap train to take the lead, and switched two or three other trains to that line in order to proceed to Strasburg. I was put in command of the foremost train, and had not gone five miles when I discovered that the engineer could not be trusted. He let his fire go down, and came to a dead standstill on a slight ascending grade. I ran forward and found the engineer under his engine. He alleged that something was wrong, and was using a monkey wrench to take bolts out of the reversing links. An engineer from the next train, which was close behind, came up, and looking at the steam-gauge swore the fire was out, and nothing else the matter. As soon as he saw the engineer of my train he denounced him as a Northern man. A cocked pistol induced him to fire up and go ahead. From there to Strasburg I rode in the engine-cab, and we made full forty miles an hour with the aid of good dry wood and a navy revolver.

At Strasburg we disembarked, and before ten o'clock the infantry companies took up the line of march for Winchester. I had to procure horses for my guns. The farmers were in their corn-fields. Some of them agreed to hire us horses as far as Winchester, eighteen miles, and others refused. The situation being urgent, we took the horses by force, under threats of being indicted by the first grand

jury to meet in the county. By noon we had sufficient teams and followed the infantry down the Valley turnpike, reaching Winchester just at nightfall. The people generally received us very coldly. The war-spirit that bore them up through four years of trial and privation had not yet been aroused.

General Harper was at Winchester, and had sent forward his infantry by rail to Charlestown, eight miles from Harper's Ferry. In short time a train returned for my battery. The farmers got their horses and went home rejoicing, and we set out for the Ferry. The infantry moved out of Charlestown about midnight. We kept to our train as far as Halltown, only four miles from the Ferry. There we disembarked our guns to be run forward by hand to Bolivar Heights or Furnace Hill, from which we could shell the place if necessary.

A little before day-dawn a brilliant light arose from near the point of confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. General Harper, who up to that moment had expected conflict with the Massachusetts regiment supposed to be at Harper's Ferry, was making his dispositions for an attack at daybreak when this light convinced him that the enemy had fired the arsenal and fled. He marched in and took possession, but too late to extinguish the flames. Nearly twenty thousand rifles and pistols were destroyed. The workshops had not been fired. The people of the town told us the catastrophe, for such it was to us, was owing to declarations made the day before by ex-Superintendent Alfred Barbour, who was popular with the workmen. He reached Harper's Ferry, *via* Washington on the 18th about noon, when the mechanics in the works had knocked off for dinner. Collecting them in groups, he informed them that the place would be captured within twenty-four hours by Virginia troops. He urged them to protect the property, and join the Southern cause, promising, if war ensued, that the place would be held by the South, and they would be continued at work on high wages. His influence with the men was great, and most of them decided to accept his advice. But Lieutenant Roger Jones, who commanded the little guard of some thirty men, hearing what was going on, at once took measures to destroy the place if necessary. Trains of gunpowder were laid through the buildings to be fired. In the shops the men of Southern sympathies managed to wet the powder in many places during the night, rendering it harmless. Jones's troops, however, held the arsenal buildings and stores, and when advised of Harper's rapid approach from Charlestown, the gunpowder was fired, and he crossed into Maryland with his handful of men. So we secured

only the machinery, and the burnt gun and pistol barrels and locks, which, however, were sent to Richmond and Columbia, South Carolina, and were worked over into excellent arms.

Within a week about thirteen hundred rank and file of the Virginia volunteers had assembled there. As these companies were, in fact, a part of the State militia, they were legally under command of the three brigadiers and one major-general of militia who had authority over this, that, or the other organization. These generals surrounded themselves with a numerous staff, material for which was abundant in the rank and file of the volunteers; for instance, in my battery there were at least a dozen college graduates of and below the grade of corporal. Every fair afternoon the official display in Harper's Ferry of "fuss and feathers" would have done no discredit to the Champs Élysées.

One afternoon, six or eight days after our occupation, General Harper sent for me as the senior artillery officer (we then had three batteries, but all without horses) to say he had been told that a number of trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad would try to pass us in the night, transporting troops from the West to Washington, and that he had decided to prevent them at the risk of bringing on a battle. He ordered the posting of guns so as to command the road for half a mile or more, all to be accurately trained on the track by the light of day, and loaded ready to be discharged at any moment. Infantry companies were stationed to fire into the trains, if the artillery failed to stop them. Pickets were posted out two or three miles, with orders to fire signal-guns as soon as the first troop-laden train should pass. About one o'clock at night we heard the rumbling of an approaching train. The long roll was beat; the men assembled at their assigned positions and in silence awaited the sound of the signal-guns. A nervous cavalryman was the vedette. As the train passed him (it was the regular mail) he thought he saw soldiers in it and fired. *Pop! pop! pop!* came down the road from successive sentries. Primers were inserted and lanyards held taut, to be pulled when the engine turned a certain point four hundred yards distant from the battery. By great good luck Colonel William S. H. Baylor, commanding the Fifth Virginia regiment, was with some of his men stationed a little beyond the fatal point, and seeing no troops aboard the train signaled it to stop. It did so, not one hundred yards beyond where the artillery would have opened on it. When the first excitement was over, he demanded of the conductor what troops, if any, were on board, and was told there was "one old fellow in uniform asleep on the mail-bags in the first

car." Entering that car with a file of soldiers, he secured the third prisoner of war taken in Virginia. It proved to be Brig.-Gen. W. S. Harney of the United States Army, on his way from the West to Washington, to resign his commission and go to Europe rather than engage in a fratricidal war. He surrendered with a pleasant remark, and was taken to General Harper's headquarters, where he spent the night. On his assurance that he knew of no troops coming from the West, Harper ordered us all to quarters. Next morning General Harney was paroled to report in Richmond, and was escorted to a train about to leave for Winchester. He was a fine-looking old soldier, and as he walked down the street to the depot he saw all our forces, except the cavalry. He was accompanied socially by two or three of our generals and a swarm of staff-officers. He cast his eagle glance over the few hundred men in sight, and turning to General Harper, I heard him inquire, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Where is your army encamped, General?" Harper's face crimsoned as he replied, "Excuse me from giving information." Harney smiled, and politely said, "Pardon me for asking an improper question, but I had forgotten I was a prisoner." He went on to Richmond, was treated with marked courtesy, and in a day or two proceeded to Washington.

In a few days our forces began to increase by the arrival of fresh volunteer companies. Being only a captain, I was kept very busy in trying to get my battery into the best condition. We had no caissons and insufficient harness. For the latter I sent to Baltimore, purchasing on my private credit. In the same way I ordered from Richmond red flannel shirts and other clothing for all my men, our uniforms being too fine for camp life. The Governor subsequently ordered these bills to be paid by the State Treasurer. We found at the armory a large number of very strong horse-carts. In my battery were thirty or more excellent young mechanics. By using the wheels and axles of the carts they soon constructed good caissons, which served us till after the first battle of Bull Run.

We had no telegraph line to Richmond, and the time of communication by mail was two days. General Harper found it so difficult to obtain needed munitions and supplies, that about the last day of April he decided to send me to the Governor, who was my intimate friend, with a requisition for all we needed, and verbal instructions to make to him a full statement of our necessitous and defenseless condition, in case General Patterson, who was with a Federal force at Chambersburg, should move against us. When I arrived in Rich-

mond, General Robert E. Lee had been placed in command of all the Virginia forces by the Convention, and by ordinance every militia officer in the State above the rank of captain had been decapitated, and the Governor and his military council had been authorized to fill vacancies thus created. This was a disastrous blow to "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" at Harper's Ferry. Militia generals and the brilliant "staff" were stricken down, and their functions devolved, according to Governor Letcher's order of April 27, upon Thomas J. Jackson, colonel commandant, and James W. Massie, major and assistant adjutant-general, who arrived during the first week of May.

This was "Stonewall" Jackson's first appearance on the theater of the war. I spent one day and night in Richmond, and then returned to camp, arriving about 2 P. M. What a revolution three or four days had wrought! I could scarcely realize the change. The militia generals were all gone; the staff had vanished. The commanding colonel and his adjutant had arrived, and were occupying a small room in the little wayside hotel near the railroad bridge. Knowing them both, I immediately sought an interview and delivered a letter and some papers I had brought from General Lee. Jackson and his adjutant were at a little pine table figuring upon the rolls of the troops present. They were dressed in well-worn, dingy uniforms of professors in the Virginia Military Institute, where both had recently occupied chairs. Colonel Jackson had issued and sent to the camps a short, simple order assuming the command, but had had no intercourse with the troops. The deposed officers had nearly all left for home or for Richmond in a high state of indignation. After an interview of perhaps a half hour I proceeded to my camp upon the hill, and found the men of the Fifth Virginia regiment, from my own county, in assembly, and greatly excited. They were deeply attached to their field-officers, and regarded the action of the Convention as an outrage on freemen and volunteers, and were discussing the propriety of passing denunciatory resolutions. On seeing me they called for a speech. As I did not belong to the regiment, I declined to say anything, but ordered the men of the Staunton Artillery to fall into line. Then I briefly told them that we were required to muster into service either for twelve months or during the war, at our option. I urged them to go in for the full period of the war, as such action would be most creditable to them, and a good example to others. They unanimously shouted, "For the war! For the war!" Before they were dismissed the ceremony of mustering in was

completed, and I proudly took the roll down to Colonel Jackson with the remark, "There, Colonel, is the roll of your first company mustered in for the war." He looked it over, and rising, shook my hand, saying, "Thank you, Captain — thank you; and please thank your men for me." He had heard there was some dissatisfaction in the camps, and asked me to act as mustering officer for the two other artillery companies present. Before sunset the rolls were returned. This prompt action of the batteries was emulated the next day by the other troops, and all were mustered in. Within a week Governor Letcher very wisely appointed Major-General Harper colonel of the Fifth Virginia, Brigadier-General Harman lieutenant-colonel, and the late Colonel Baylor major, and I venture to say no regiment in either army was ever better officered. The fame it won in the "Stonewall" brigade proves this.

The presence of a master mind was visible in the changed condition of the camp. Perfect order reigned. Instruction in all the details of military duties occupied Jackson's whole time. He urged all officers to call upon him for information about even the minutest details of duty, often remarking that it was no discredit to a civilian to be ignorant of military matters. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and yet as gentle and kind as a woman. He was the easiest man in our army to get along with pleasantly so long as one did his duty, but as inexorable as fate in exacting its performance; yet he would overlook serious faults if he saw they were the result of ignorance, and in a kindly way would instruct the offender. He was as courteous to the humblest private who sought an interview for any purpose, as to the highest officer in his command. He despised superciliousness and self-assertion, and nothing angered him so quickly as to see an officer wound the feelings of those under him by irony or sarcasm.

When Jackson found we were without artillery horses, he went into no red-tape correspondence with the circumlocution offices in Richmond, but ordered his quartermaster, Major John A. Harman, to proceed with men to the Quaker settlements in the rich county of Loudoun, famous for its good horses, and buy or impress as many as we needed. Harman executed his orders with such energy and dispatch that he won Jackson's confidence and remained his chief quartermaster till the day of Jackson's death.

About ten days after Jackson assumed command at the Ferry, everything being perfectly quiet, I rode up to his quarters and told him we had been so suddenly called into service that I had left important private

business unprovided for, and had written for my wife to bring papers needing my signature; that I had received a note from Colonel Ware saying she was a guest at his house, some seventeen miles from our camp. I said to the Colonel that I knew of nothing to prevent my going to Colonel Ware's that night, and that I would return by nine or ten o'clock next morning. I made no formal application for leave of absence, and as he said nothing against my going, I mounted and rode off. I reached Ware's in time for supper. A heavy rain-storm set in. About two o'clock some one halloed lustily at the front gate. Raising the window, I called out, "Who is there?" My brother's voice shouted back that he had an order from Colonel Jackson requiring me to report to him at daybreak. This order had been sent to my camp at nine p. m. without explanation, and my brother, not knowing that I had seen Colonel Jackson before I left camp, thought my absence might compromise me, and therefore rode through the storm to enable me to get back to camp before daylight. Of course, I returned with him, reaching Harper's Ferry at early dawn, wet to the skin, and very muddy. I went to headquarters and found Adjutant Massie up, but Colonel Jackson had not risen. I inquired at once, "What news from the enemy?" supposing, of course, that some trouble was impending. He replied, "Everything is quiet." I pulled out the order and asked, "What does this mean?" He answered, "It's plain: you are to report here at daybreak." "What for?" "I don't know, but have only my suspicions." "What are they?" "That it is to teach you that a soldier in the face of the enemy has no business away from his post." At this I became very angry, and declared I would have an explanation when Jackson arose.

Massie and I had been intimate from boyhood. He said, "Let me advise you. You don't know Jackson as I do. He is one of the best-hearted men in the world, and the truest. He has the most rigid ideas of duty. He thought last night that you went off in a rather free-and-easy manner. He likes you, and would not forbid your going, though he gave you no leave to go. You assumed it. He meant to rebuke you for it, and teach you a military lesson that you would not forget. He sent this order to your camp last night, as if he supposed you were there. I am glad it reached you, and that you are here. It will raise you and your brother in his estimation." He advised me to cool down, get breakfast, and come back. "I will tell him," he said, "that you have been here. He was up late last night, or he would be out of bed now."

I followed Massie's advice, and about eight o'clock called on Colonel Jackson, and asked if he had any orders for me. He said he had decided to take possession of the bridge across the Potomac at Point of Rocks, twelve miles below Harper's Ferry, and wished me to command the post. He asked how soon I could be ready to go. I replied, "In thirty minutes — just as soon as we can harness the horses and hitch up." He saw I was still angry, but never alluded to my recall from Ware's. He smiled at my prompt reply and said, "You needn't be in such a hurry — it will do to get off by eleven o'clock." The episode was soon the gossip of the camp, and, perhaps, had a salutary effect.

I fortified the Virginia end of the Point of Rocks bridge, as we expected a visit any night from General B. F. Butler, who was at the Relay House on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It was my habit to keep awake all night to be ready for emergencies, and to sleep in the day-time, making daily reports, night and morning, to Jackson.

One Sunday afternoon, a little over a week after we occupied this post, I was aroused from my nap by one of my men, who said there were two men in blue uniforms (we had not yet adopted the gray) riding about our camp, and looking so closely at everything that he believed they were spies! I went out to see who they were. It was Jackson and one of his staff. As I approached them, he put his finger on his lips and shook his head as a signal for silence. In a low tone he said he preferred it should not be known he had come there. He approved of all I had done, and soon galloped away. I afterward suspected the visit was simply to familiarize himself with the line of the canal and railroad from Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry preparatory to a sharp bit of strategy he practiced a few days later. One of the great and growing wants felt by the Confederacy from the very beginning of the war was that of rolling-stock for the railroads. We were particularly short of locomotives, and were without the shops to build them. Jackson, appreciating this, hit upon a plan to obtain a large supply from the Baltimore and Ohio road. Its line was double-tracked, at least from Point of Rocks to Martinsburg, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

By our occupation of Harper's Ferry we had not interfered with the running of trains except on the occasion of the arrest of General Harney. The coal traffic from Cumberland was immense, as the Washington Government was accumulating supplies of coal on the seaboard. These coal trains passed Harper's Ferry at all hours of the day and night,

and thus furnished Jackson a pretext for arranging a brilliant "scoop." When he sent me to Point of Rocks, he ordered Colonel Harper with the Fifth Virginia infantry to Martinsburg. He then complained to President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, that the night trains, eastward bound, disturbed the repose of his camp, and requested a change of schedule that would pass all east-bound trains by Harper's Ferry between eleven and one o'clock in the day-time. Mr. Garrett complied, and thereafter for several days we heard the constant roar of passing trains for an hour before and an hour after noon. But since the "empties" were sent up the road at night, Jackson again complained that the nuisance was as great as ever, and as the road had two tracks, he must insist that west-bound trains should pass Harper's Ferry during the same two hours as those east-bound. Mr. Garrett promptly complied, and we then had, for two hours every day, the liveliest railroad in America. As soon as the schedule was working at its best, Jackson sent me an order one night to take a force of men across to the Maryland side of the river next day at eleven o'clock, and let all west-bound trains pass till twelve o'clock, but permit none to go east, and at twelve o'clock to obstruct the road so that it would require several days to repair it. He ordered the reverse to be done at Martinsburg. Thus he caught all the trains that were going east or west between those points, and ran them up to Winchester, thirty-two miles on the branch road, where they were safe, and whence they were removed by horse-power to Strasburg and Staunton. I do not remember the number of trains captured, but the loss crippled the Baltimore and Ohio road seriously for some time, and the gain to our scantily stocked Virginia roads of the same gauge was invaluable.

While we held the Point of Rocks bridge, J. E. B. Stuart (afterwards so famous as a cavalry leader) was commissioned lieutenant-colonel and reported to Colonel Jackson for assignment to duty. Jackson ordered the consolidation of all the cavalry companies into a battalion to be commanded by Stuart, who appeared then more like a well-grown, manly youth than the matured man he really was. This order was very offensive to Captain Turner Ashby, at that time the idol of all the troopers in the field, as well he might be, for a more brave and chivalrous officer never rode at the head of well-mounted troopers. Ashby was older than Stuart, and he thought, and we all believed, he was entitled to first promotion. When not absent scouting, Ashby spent his nights with me at the bridge, our relations being confidential. He was unmarried and of a meditative tem-

perament, that sometimes made him gloomy. He often expressed the belief that he and his fondly loved brother "Dick" Ashby would fall early in the conflict. The evening upon which he received Colonel Jackson's order to report to Stuart he came to the bridge from his camp, two miles out on the Leesburg road, and asked me to go up on the bridge roof for a talk. He then told me of the order, and that he would reply to it next morning with his resignation. I expostulated with him, although he had all my sympathies. I urged him to call upon Colonel Jackson that night. It was only twelve miles by the tow-path of the canal, and on his black Arabian he could make it in less than an hour. I believed Jackson would respect his feelings and leave his company out of Stuart's battalion. I ventured to write a private letter to Jackson, appealing in the strongest terms for the saving of Ashby to the service.

About ten o'clock, under a bright moonlight, the guards let Ashby through the bridge, and in a lope he turned up the tow-path toward Harper's Ferry. In crossing one of the little bridges over a waste-slucice, something frightened the Arabian, and with a bound they landed in the canal. The water did not quite swim the horse, but the banks were so steep that he could not get out of it till he had ridden several hundred yards and found the bank less steep. Then on he went, and reached Jackson's headquarters before he had retired. Jackson not only relieved him from the obnoxious order, but agreed to divide the companies between him and Stuart, and to ask for his immediate promotion, forming thus the nuclei of two regiments of cavalry, to be filled as rapidly as new companies came to the front. Ashby got back to Point of Rocks about two in the morning, as happy a man as I ever saw, and completely enraptured with Jackson. From that night on their mutual affection and confidence were remarkable. He said his night ride and ducking in the canal so excited Jackson's amusement and admiration that he believed they did more than all else to secure the favorable result of his visit. But it is more likely that a trip Ashby had made a few days before to Chambersburg and the encampment of General Robert Patterson was the real reason for Jackson's favor. Ashby had rigged himself in a farmer's suit of homespun that he borrowed, and hiring a plow-horse, had personated a rustic horse-doctor. With his saddle-bags full of some remedy for spavin or ringbone, he had gone to Chambersburg, and had returned in the night with an immense amount of information. The career of Ashby was a romance from that time on till he fell, shot through the

heart, two days before the battle of Cross Keys, of which I shall speak later on.

In May, 1861, Colonel Jackson was superseded in command at Harper's Ferry by Brigadier-General Joseph E. Johnston. When General Johnston arrived, several thousand men had been assembled there, representing nearly all the seceded States east of the Mississippi River. Johnston at once began the work of organization on a larger scale than Jackson had attempted. He brigaded the troops, and to the exclusively Virginia brigade assigned Colonel Jackson as its commander. The latter was almost immediately commissioned brigadier-general, and when early in June Johnston withdrew from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, he kept Jackson at the front along the Baltimore and Ohio road to observe General Patterson's preparations. Nothing of much importance occurred for several weeks, beyond a little affair near Martinsburg in which Jackson captured about forty men of a reconnoitering party sent out by Patterson. His vigilance was ceaseless, and General Johnston felt sure, at Winchester, of ample warning of any aggressive movement of the enemy. The first great distinction won by Jackson was at Bull Run on the 21st of July.* Soon after, he was promoted to major-general, and the Confederate Government having on the 21st of October, 1861, organized the Department of Northern Virginia, under command of General Joseph E. Johnston, it was divided into the Valley District, the Potomac District, and Aquia District, to be commanded respectively by Major-Generals Jackson, Beauregard, and Holmes. On October 28 General Johnston ordered Jackson to Winchester to assume command of his district, and on the 6th of November the War Department ordered his old "Stonewall" brigade, and six thousand troops under command of Brigadier-General W. W. Loring, to report to him. These, together with Ashby's cavalry, gave him a force of about ten thousand men all told.

His only movement of note in the winter of 1861-2 was an expedition at the end of December to Bath and Romney, to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and a dam or two near Hancock on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. The weather set in to be very inclement about New Year's, with snow, rain, sleet, high winds, and intense cold. Many in Jackson's command were opposed to the expedition, and as it resulted in nothing of much military importance, but was attended with great suffering on the part of his troops, nothing but the confidence he had won by his previous services saved him from personal ruin. He and his second in command, Gen-

eral Loring, had a serious disagreement. He ordered Loring to take up his quarters, in January, in the exposed and cheerless village of Romney on the south branch of the upper Potomac. Loring objected to this. Jackson was inexorable. Loring and his principal officers united in a petition to Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War, to order them to Winchester, or at least away from Romney. This document was sent direct to the War office, and the Secretary, in utter disregard of "good order and discipline," granted the request, without consulting Jackson. As soon as information reached Jackson of what had been done, he indignantly resigned his commission. Governor Letcher was astounded, and at once wrote Jackson a sympathetic letter, and then expostulated with Mr. Davis and his Secretary with such vigor that an apology was sent to Jackson for their obnoxious course. The orders were revoked and modified, and Jackson was induced to retain his command. This little episode gave the Confederate civil authorities an inkling of "what manner of man" "Stonewall" Jackson was. Devoted as he was to the South, he had a due appreciation of his own character, and was justly tenacious of all his personal rights, especially when their infraction involved what he considered a fatal blow at the proper discipline of the army.

In that terrible winter's march and exposure, he endured all that any private was exposed to. One morning, near Bath, some of his men, having crawled out from under their snow-laden blankets, half-frozen, were cursing him as the cause of their sufferings. He lay close by under a tree, also snowed under, and heard all this; but without noticing it, presently crawled out too, and shaking the snow off, made some jocular remark to the nearest men, who had no idea he had ridden up in the night and lain down amongst them. The incident ran through the little army in a few hours, and reconciled his followers to all the hardships of the expedition, and fully re-established his popularity.

As the winter wore on and spring was opening, a tremendous host of enemies was assembling to crush out all resistance to the Federal Government in Virginia. In March General McClellan withdrew from Johnston's front at Manassas, and collected his army of more than one hundred thousand men on the Peninsula. Johnston moved south to confront him. Jackson, whose entire army in the Shenandoah Valley did not exceed thirteen thousand effective men of all arms, retired up the Valley. McClellan had planned and organized a masterly movement to capture, hold, and occupy the Valley and the Piedmont region; and if

* See "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas" by General Imboden in the *CENTURY* for May, 1885.—Ed.

his subordinates had been equal to the task, and there had been no interference from Washington, it is probable the Confederate army would have been driven out of Virginia and Richmond captured by midsummer, 1862.

Milroy, with near twelve thousand men, was on the Staunton and Parkersburg road at McDowell, less than forty miles from Staunton, about the 1st of May. Frémont, with a force reputed then at thirty thousand men, was at Franklin, only fifty miles north-west of Staunton, and in close supporting distance from Milroy. Banks, with over ten thousand men, was fortified at Strasburg, seventy miles north-east of Staunton, by the great Valley turnpike. And Shields was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, so as to be able to move either to Fredericksburg or to the Luray Valley, and thence to Staunton. This force, aggregating about sixty-four thousand men, was confronted by Jackson with barely thirteen thousand. General McDowell, at the same time, was at or near Fredericksburg, with a reputed force of forty thousand more Federals.

General Johnston could spare no assistance to Jackson, for McClellan was right in his front with superior numbers, and menacing the capital of the Confederacy with almost immediate and certain capture. Its only salvation depended upon Jackson's ability to hold back Milroy, Frémont, Banks, Shields, and McDowell long enough to let Johnston try doubtful conclusions with McClellan. If he failed in this, these five commanders of an aggregate force then reputed to be, and I believe in fact, over one hundred thousand, would converge and move down upon Richmond from the west as McClellan advanced from the east, and the city and its defenders would fall an easy prey to nearly, if not quite, a quarter of a million of the best armed and equipped men ever put into the field by any government.

"Stonewall" Jackson — silent as a sphinx, brave as a lion, and sustained by a religious fervor as ardent as that of Cromwell's army, which believed in the efficacy of prayer for success, but prudentially kept their powder dry—was near Port Republic early in May, contemplating his surroundings and maturing his plans. What these latter were no mortal man but himself knew.

Suddenly the appalling news spread through the Valley that Jackson had fled from his district to the east side of the Blue Ridge through Brown's and Swift Run gaps. Only Ashby remained behind with about one thousand cavalry, scattered and moving day and night in the vicinity of McDowell, Franklin, Strasburg, Front Royal, and Luray, and reporting to Jackson every movement of his Briarean

enemy. Despair was fast settling upon the minds of the people of the Valley. Jackson made no concealment of his flight. He indeed had gone, and the fact soon reached his enemies. Milroy advanced two regiments to the top of the Shenandoah Mountain, only twenty-two miles from Staunton, and was preparing to move his entire force to Staunton, to be followed by Frémont.

Jackson had gone to Charlottesville and other stations on the Virginia Central Railroad, and had collected enough railway trains to transport all of his little army. That it was to be taken to Richmond when the troops were all embarked no one doubted. It was Sunday, and many of his sturdy soldiers were Valley men. With sad and gloomy hearts they boarded the trains. When all were on, lo! they took a westward course, and a little after noon the first train rolled into Staunton, the men got off, and as quickly as possible a cordon of sentinels was thrown around the town, and no human being was permitted to pass out. The people were at the churches. Those from the neighborhood could not return to their homes because of the cordon of sentinels. News of Jackson's arrival spread like wild-fire, and crowds flocked to the station to see the soldiers, and learn what it all meant. No one knew, and no one could tell. The most prominent citizen of the place was the venerable Judge Lucas P. Thompson, whose rank in the State judiciary was inferior to none. He was a personal friend of General Jackson, and the people urged him to see the General, and find out and tell them what Jackson meant to do.

Jackson was found in a little room quietly writing some orders. He received his old friend the Judge very cordially, who remarked: "General, your appearance here is a complete surprise. We thought you had gone to Richmond." "Ah! indeed?" said Jackson. "Yes; and we can't understand it. Where are you going? or do you expect to meet the enemy here?" Jackson's eye twinkled with amusement, as he leaned over and spoke to the Judge in a low, confidential tone: "Judge, can you keep a secret—a secret that must not be told to any one?" "Oh, yes!" "So can I, Judge, and you must excuse me for not telling it to you." His Honor's face turned scarlet, and he soon left, answering his eager questioners with judicial gravity, "Jackson's movement is a secret."

As soon as the troops could be put in motion they took the road leading towards McDowell, the General having sent forward cavalry to Buffalo Gap and beyond to arrest all persons going that way. The next morning by a circuitous mountain-path he tried to send

a brigade of infantry to the rear of Milroy's two regiments on Shenandoah Mountain, but they were improperly guided and failed to reach their proposed position in time, and both regiments escaped when attacked in front. Jackson followed as rapidly as possible, and the following day, May 8, encountered Milroy's army on top of the mountain three miles east of McDowell. The conflict lasted many hours, and was severe and bloody. It was fought mainly with small arms, the ground forbidding much use of artillery. Milroy was routed, and fled precipitately towards Franklin, to unite with Frémont. The route lay along a narrow valley hedged by high mountains, perfectly protecting the flanks of the retreating army from Ashby's pursuing cavalry. Jackson ordered Ashby to pursue as vigorously as possible, and to guard completely all avenues of approach from the direction of McDowell or Staunton till relieved of this duty. Jackson buried the dead and rested his army one day, and then fell back to the Valley on the Warm Springs and Harrisonburg road. (See map, page 293.)

It was sometimes questioned whether Jackson was entitled to all the credit for the strategy that enabled him in thirty-three days, with thirteen thousand men, to defeat successively Milroy, Banks, Frémont, and Shields, with an aggregate force of sixty-four thousand men, and to clear the Valley of all hostile troops. I happen to know one fact that sheds a flood of light on this question, and have repeated it hundreds of times, though I do not know that it has ever been in print. It is this :

The morning after the battle of McDowell I called very early on Jackson at the residence of Colonel George W. Hull of that village, where he had his headquarters, to ask if I could be of any service to him, as I had to go to Staunton, forty miles distant, to look after some companies that were to join my command. He asked me to wait a few moments, as he wished to prepare a telegram to be sent to President Davis from Staunton, the nearest office to McDowell. He took a seat at a table and wrote nearly half a page of foolscap; he rose and stood before the fire-place pondering it some minutes; then he tore it into pieces and wrote again, but much less, and again destroyed what he had written, and paced the room several times. He suddenly stopped, seated himself, and dashed off two or three lines, folded the paper, and said, "Send that off as soon as you reach Staunton." As I bade him "good-bye," he remarked: "I may have other telegrams to-day or to-morrow, and will send them to you for transmission. I wish you to have two or three well-mounted couriers ready to bring me the replies promptly." I promised to do so and departed.

I read the message he had given me. It was dated "McDowell," and read about thus: "Providence blessed our arms with victory over Milroy's forces yesterday." That was all. The second day thereafter a courier arrived with a message to be telegraphed to the Secretary of War. I read it, sent it off, and ordered a courier to be ready with his horse, while I waited at the telegraph office for the reply. The message was to this effect: "I think I ought to attack Banks, but under my orders I do not feel at liberty to do so." In less than an hour a reply came, but not from the Secretary of War. It was from General Joseph E. Johnston, to whom I supposed the Secretary had referred General Jackson's message. I have a distinct recollection of its substance, as follows: "If you think you can beat Banks, attack him. I only intended by my orders to caution you against attacking fortifications." Banks was understood to have strongly fortified himself at Strasburg and Cedar Creek. I started the courier with this reply, as I supposed to McDowell, but, lo! it met Jackson only twelve miles from Staunton, to which point on the Harrisonburg and Warm Springs turnpike he had marched the whole of his little army except Ashby's cavalry, about one thousand men. These latter, under that intrepid leader, Ashby, who was to fall within a month, he had sent from McDowell to menace Frémont, who was at Franklin in Pendleton County, where he remained in blissful ignorance that Jackson had left McDowell, till telegraphed some days later by Banks that Jackson had fallen upon him at Front Royal and driven him through Winchester and across the Potomac.

Two hours after receiving this telegram from General Johnston, Jackson was *en route* for Harrisonburg, where he came upon the great Valley turnpike. By forced marches he reached New Market in two days. Detachments of cavalry guarded every road beyond him, so that Banks remained in total ignorance of his approach. This Federal commander had the larger part of his force well fortified at and near Strasburg, but he kept a large detachment at Front Royal, about eight miles distant and facing the Luray or Page Valley.

From New Market Jackson disappeared so suddenly that the people of the Valley were again mystified. He crossed the Massanutten Mountain, and passing Luray, hurried towards Front Royal. He sometimes made thirty miles in twenty-four hours with his entire army, gaining for his infantry the sobriquet of "Jackson's foot cavalry." He struck Fort Royal very early in the morning of May 23. The surprise was complete, and disastrous to the enemy under Colonel John R. Kenly. After a short and fruit-

less resistance they fled towards Winchester, twenty miles distant, with Jackson at their heels.

News of this disaster reached Banks at Strasburg, by which he learned that Jackson was rapidly gaining his rear towards Newtown. The works Banks had constructed had not been made for defense in that direction. He abandoned them and set out with all haste for Winchester; but *en route*, near Newtown (May 24), Jackson struck his flank, inflicting heavy loss, and making enormous captures of property, consisting of wagons, teams, camp equipage, provisions, ammunition, and over seven thousand stand of arms, all new, and in perfect order; also, a large number of prisoners.

Jackson chased Banks's fleeing army beyond Winchester (May 25), and held his ground till he was satisfied they had crossed the Potomac. His problem now was to escape Frémont's clutches, knowing that that officer would be promptly advised by wire of what had befallen Banks. He could go back the way he came, by the Luray Valley, but that would expose Staunton (the most important depot in the valley) to capture by Frémont, and he had made his plans to save it.

I had been left at Staunton organizing my recruits. From New Market on his way to attack Banks, Jackson sent me an order to throw as many men as I could arm, and as quickly as possible, into Brock's Gap, west of Harrisonburg, and any other mountain-pass through which Frémont could reach the Valley at or south of Harrisonburg. I knew that within four miles of Franklin, on the main road leading to Harrisonburg, there was a narrow defile hemmed in on both sides by nearly perpendicular cliffs, over five hundred feet high. I sent about fifty men, well armed with long-range guns, to occupy these cliffs, and defend the passage to the last extremity. They got there in time.

As soon as Frémont learned of Banks's defeat, he put his array in motion to cut off Jackson's retreat up the Valley. Ashby was still in his front towards McDowell, with an unknown force; so Frémont did not attempt that route, but sent his cavalry to feel the way towards Brock's Gap, on the direct road to Harrisonburg. The men I had sent to the cliffs let the head of the column get well into the defile or gorge, when, from a position of perfect safety to themselves, they poured a deadly volley into the close column. Being so unexpected, and coming from a foe of unknown strength, the Federal column halted and hesitated to advance. Another volley and the "rebel yell" from the cliffs turned them back, never to appear again. Frémont took the road to Moorefield, and thence to Strasburg. It shows how close had been Jackson's calculation

of chances, to state that as his rear-guard marched up Fisher's Hill, two miles from Strasburg, Frémont's advance came in sight on the mountain-side on the road from Moorefield. Jackson continued his march up the Valley to Harrisonburg, hotly pursued by Frémont, but avoiding a conflict.

The news of Banks's defeat created consternation at Washington, and Shields was ordered to the Luray Valley in all haste to cooperate with Frémont. Jackson was advised of Shields's approach, and his aim was to prevent a junction of their forces till he reached a point where he could strike them in quick succession. He therefore sent cavalry detachments along the Shenandoah to burn the bridges as far as Port Republic, the river being at that time too full for fording. At Harrisonburg he took the road leading to Port Republic, and ordered me from Staunton, with a mixed battery and battalion of cavalry, to the bridge over North River near Mount Crawford, to prevent a cavalry force passing to his rear.

At Cross Keys, about four miles from Harrisonburg, he delivered battle to Frémont, on June 8, and after a long and bloody conflict, as night closed in he was master of the field. Leaving one brigade—Ewell's—on the ground, to resist Frémont if he should return next day, he that night marched the rest of his army to Port Republic, which lies in the forks of the river, and made his arrangements to attack Shields next morning on the Lewis farm, just below Port Republic.

On the day of the conflict at Cross Keys I held the bridge across North River at Mount Crawford with a battalion of cavalry, four howitzers, and a Parrott gun, to prevent a cavalry flank movement on Jackson's trains at Port Republic. About ten o'clock at night I received a note from Jackson, written in pencil on the blank margin of a newspaper, directing me to report with my command at Port Republic before daybreak. On the same slip, and as a postscript, he wrote, "Poor Ashby is dead. He fell gloriously . . . [June 6] I know you will join with me in mourning the loss of our friend, one of the noblest men and soldiers in the Confederate army." I carried that slip of paper till it was literally worn to tatters.

It was nearly dark when Jackson and his staff reached the bridge at Port Republic from Cross Keys. Shields had sent two guns and a few men under a green lieutenant to the bridge. They arrived about the same time as Jackson, and his troops soon coming up, the Federal lieutenant and his supports made great haste in the dark back to the Lewis farm.

I reached Port Republic an hour before day-

break of June 9, and sought the house occupied by Jackson; but not wishing to disturb him so early, I asked the sentinel what room was occupied by "Sandy" Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant-general.

"Upstairs, first room on the right," he replied.

Supposing he meant our right as we faced the house, up I went, softly opened the door, and discovered General Jackson lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash, and boots all on. The low-burnt tallow candle on the table shed but a dim light, yet enough by which to see and recognize his person. I had entered the wrong room, and I endeavored to withdraw without waking him, but it was too late.

He turned over, sat up on the bed, and called out, "Who is that?"

I immediately stepped again inside the room and apologized for the intrusion. He checked me with "That is all right. It's time to be up. I am glad to see you. Were the men all up as you came through camp?"

"Yes, General, and cooking."

"That's right. We move at daybreak. Sit down while I wash. I want to talk to you."

I had long ago learned never to ask him questions about his plans, for he would never answer such to any one. I therefore waited for him to speak first. He referred very feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss to him or any future commander in the Valley. When he paused I said, "General, you made a glorious winding-up of your four weeks' work yesterday."

He replied, "Yes, God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope with his protection and blessing we shall do still better to-day."

Then seating himself, for the first time in all my intercourse with him, he outlined the day's proposed operations. I remember perfectly his conversation; we had then learned to look upon him as invincible, if not inspired.

He said: "Charley Winder [Brigadier-General commanding his old 'Stonewall' brigade] will cross the river at daybreak and attack Shields on the Lewis farm [two miles below]. I shall support him with all the other troops as fast as they can be put in line. General 'Dick' Taylor will move through the woods on the side of the mountain with his Louisiana brigade, and rush upon their left flank by the time the action becomes general. By ten o'clock we shall get them on the run, and I'll now tell you what I want with you. Send the

big new rifle-gun you have [a twelve-pounder Parrott] to Poague [commander of the Rock-bridge Artillery], and let your mounted men report to the cavalry. I want you in person to take your mountain howitzers to the field, in some safe position in rear of the line, keeping everything packed on the mules, ready at any moment to take to the mountain-side. Three miles below Lewis's there is a defile on the Luray road. Shields may rally and make a stand there. If he does, I can't reach him with the field batteries on account of the woods. You can carry your twelve-pounder howitzers on the mules up the mountain-side, and, at some good place, unpack and shell the enemy out of the defile, and the cavalry will do the rest."

This plan of battle was carried out to the letter. I took position in a ravine about two hundred yards in rear of Poague's battery in the center of the line. General Shields made a very stubborn fight, and by nine o'clock matters began to look very serious for us. Dick Taylor had not yet come down out of the woods on Shields's left flank.

Meanwhile, I was having a remarkable time with our mules in the ravine. Some of the shot aimed at Poague came bounding over our heads, and occasionally a shell would burst there. The mules became frantic. They kicked, plunged, and squealed. It was impossible to quiet them, and it took three or four men to hold one mule from breaking away. Each mule had about three hundred pounds' weight on him, so securely fastened that the load could not be dislodged by any of his capers. Several of them lay down and tried to wallow their loads off. The men held these down, and that suggested the idea of throwing them all on the ground and holding them there. The ravine sheltered us so that we were in no danger from the shot or shell which passed over us.

Just about the time our mule "circus" was at its height, news came up the line from the left that Winder's brigade near the river was giving way. Jackson rode down in that direction to see what it meant. As he passed on the brink of our ravine, his eye caught the scene, and, reining up a moment, he accosted me with "Colonel, you seem to have trouble down there." I made some reply which drew forth a hearty laugh, and he said, "Get your mules to the mountain as soon as you can, and be ready to move."

Then he dashed on. He found his old brigade had yielded slightly to overwhelming pressure. Galloping up, he was received with a cheer; and, calling out at the top of his voice, "The 'Stonewall' brigade never retreats; follow me!" led them back to their original line.

Taylor soon made his appearance, and the flank attack settled the work of the day. A wild retreat began. The pursuit was vigorous. No stand was made in the defile. We pursued them eight miles. I rode back with Jackson, and at sunset we were on the battle-field at the Lewis mansion.

Jackson accosted a medical officer, and said, "Have you brought off all the wounded?"

"Yes, all of ours, but not all of the enemy's."

"Why not?"

"Because we were shelled from across the river."

"Had you your hospital flag on the field?"

"Yes."

"And they shelled that?"

"Yes."

"Well, take your men to their quarters; I would rather let them all die than have one of my men shot intentionally under the yellow flag when trying to save their wounded. They are barbarians."

Frémont, hearing the noise of the battle, had hurried out from Harrisonburg to help Shields; but Jackson had burnt the bridge at Port Republic, after Ewell had held Frémont in check some time on the west side of the river and escaped, so that when Frémont came in sight of Shields's battle-field the latter had been whipped and the river could not be crossed. And, as this medical officer reported, Frémont then shelled the relief parties, thus compelling many of Shields's wounded to pass a dreadful night where they lay. No doubt many died who might have been saved.

The next day I returned to Staunton, and found General W. H. C. Whiting, my old commander after the fall of General Bee at Bull Run, arriving with a division of troops to reinforce Jackson. Taking him and his staff to my house as guests, General Whiting left soon after breakfast with a guide to call on Jackson at Swift Run Gap, near Port Republic, where he was resting his troops. The distance from Staunton was about twenty miles, but Whiting returned after midnight. He was in a towering passion, and declared that Jackson had treated him outrageously. I asked, "How is that possible, General, for he is very polite to every one?"

"Oh! hang him, he was polite enough. But he didn't say one word about his plans, though he knows I am next in rank to him, and second in command. I finally asked him for orders, telling him what troops I had. He simply told me to go back to Staunton, and he would send me orders to-morrow. I haven't the slightest idea what they will be. I believe he hasn't any more sense than my horse."

Seeing his frame of mind, and he being a

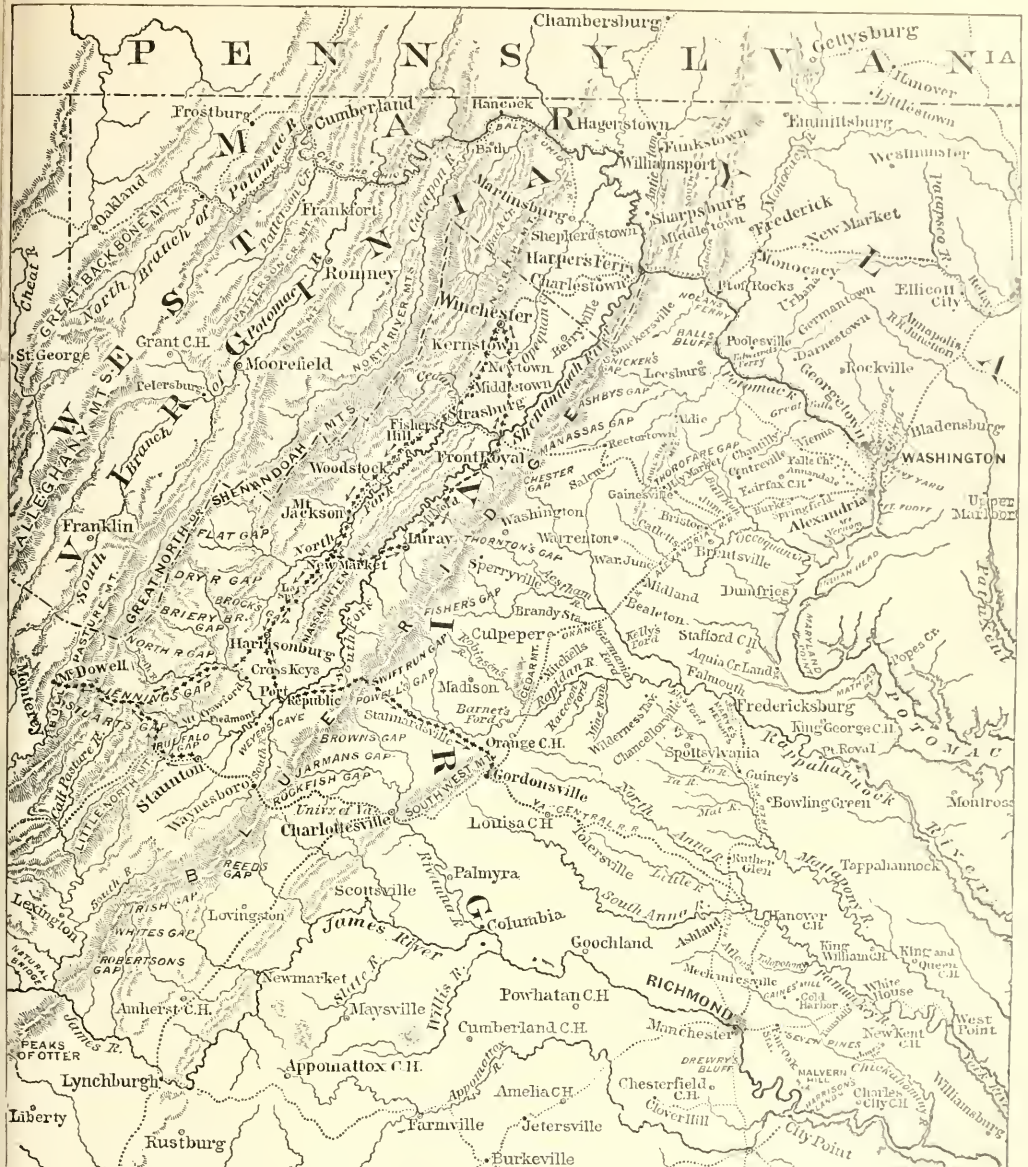
guest in my house, I said little. Just after breakfast next morning, a courier arrived with a terse order to embark his troops on the railroad trains and move to Gordonsville at once, where he would receive further orders. This brought on a new explosion of wrath. "Didn't I tell you he was a fool, and don't this prove it? Why, I just came through Gordonsville day before yesterday."

However, he obeyed the order; and when he reached Gordonsville he found Jackson there, and his little Valley army coming after him; a few days later McClellan was astounded when Jackson struck his right flank on the Chickahominy. Shortly after the seven days' battles around Richmond, I met Whiting again, and he then said: "I didn't know Jackson when I was at your house. I have found out now what his plans were, and they were worthy of a Napoleon. But I still think he ought to have told me his plans; for if he had died McClellan would have captured Richmond. I wouldn't have known what he was driving at, and might have made a mess of it. But I take back all I said about his being a fool."

From the date of Jackson's arrival at Staunton till the battle of Port Republic was 35 days. He marched from Staunton to McDowell, 40 miles, from McDowell to Front Royal, about 110, from Front Royal to Winchester, 20 miles, Winchester to Port Republic, 75 miles, a total of 245 miles, fighting in the meantime four desperate battles, and winning them all.

On the 17th of June, leaving only his cavalry, under Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson, and Chew's battery, and the little force I was enlisting in the Valley, now no longer threatened by the enemy, Jackson moved all his troops south-east, and on the 25th he was at Ashland, seventeen miles from Richmond. This withdrawal from the Valley was so skillfully managed that his absence from the scene of his late triumphs was unsuspected at Washington. On the contrary, something like a panic prevailed there, and the Government was afraid to permit McDowell to unite his forces with McClellan's lest it should uncover and expose the capital to Jackson's supposed movement on it.

Jackson's military operations were always unexpected and mysterious. In my personal intercourse with him in the early part of the war, before he had become famous, he often said there were two things never to be lost sight of by a military commander: "Always mystify, mislead and surprise the enemy, if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never let up in the pursuit so long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued,



MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS—MAY AND JUNE, 1862.

The crossed line and arrows indicate Jackson's movements in the Valley. On May 6 he was at Staunton; he defeated Milroy near McDowell on May 8; Banks at Front Royal, Newtown, and Winchester on May 23, 24, and 25; Fremont at Cross Keys on June 8; Shields at Port Republic on June 9.—E.H.

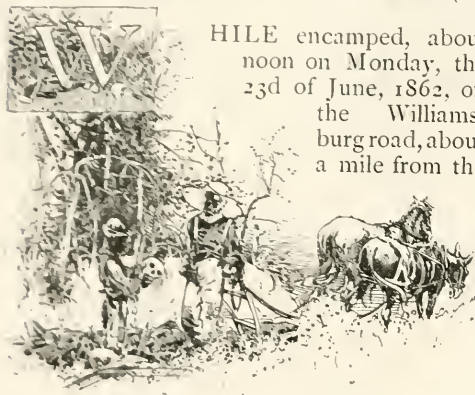
becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, Never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible manœuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible."

His wonderful celerity of movement was a simple matter. He never broke down his men by too-long-continued marching. He rested the whole column very often, but only for a few minutes at a time, and he liked to see the men lie down flat on the ground to rest, saying, "A man rests all over when he lies down."

Jno. D. Imboden.

THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

INCLUDING A SKETCH OF JACKSON'S MARCH TO THE FIELD, BY MAJOR R. L. DABNEY;
THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE (OR BEAVER DAM CREEK, OR ELLERSON'S MILL*), JUNE 26,
THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL (OR THE CHICKAHOMINY), JUNE 27, 1862.



"'AT WAR DEV FIGHTIN' 'BOUT?"

HILL encamped, about noon on Monday, the 23d of June, 1862, on the Williamsburg road, about a mile from the battle-field of Seven Pines, in command of a division of the Confederate army, I received an order from General Lee to report immediately at his quarters on the Mechanicsville road. On approaching the house which the general occupied, I saw an officer leaning over the yard-paling, dusty, travel-worn, and apparently very tired. He raised himself up as I dismounted, and I recognized General Jackson, who, I had till that moment supposed, was confronting Banks and Frémont far down the Valley of Virginia. He said that he had ridden fifty-two miles since one o'clock that morning, having taken relays of horses on the road. We went together into General Lee's office. General Jackson declined refreshments, courteously tendered by General Lee, but drank a glass of milk. Soon after, Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill came in, and General Lee, closing the door, told us that he had determined to attack the Federal right wing, and had selected our four commands to execute the movement. He told us that he had sent Whiting's division to reënforce Jackson,

and that at his instance the Richmond papers had reported "that large reënforcements had been sent to Jackson with a view to clearing out the Valley of Virginia and exposing Washington." He believed that General McClellan received the Richmond papers regularly, and he (Lee) knew of the nervous apprehensions concerning Washington.† He then said that he would retire to another room to attend to some office work, and would leave us to arrange the details among ourselves. The main point in his mind seemed to be that the crossings of the Chickahominy should be uncovered by Jackson's advance down the left bank, so that the other three divisions might not suffer in making a forced passage.

During the absence of General Lee, Longstreet said to Jackson: "As you have the longest march to make, and are likely to meet opposition, you had better fix the time for the attack to begin." Jackson replied: "Daylight of the 26th." Longstreet then said: "You will encounter Federal cavalry, and roads blocked by felled timber, if nothing more formidable ought you not to give yourself more time?" When General Lee returned, he ordered A. P. Hill to cross at Meadow Bridge, Longstreet at the Mechanicsville Bridge, and me to follow Longstreet. The conference broke up about nightfall.

It may be of interest to the student of history to know how Jackson managed to slip off so often and so easily. His plan was to press his infantry as near as possible to the enemy, without bringing on a general engagement; then to occupy these advanced points with dismounted cavalry pickets, and to start his "foot cavalry" in the other direction with all possible speed. His stealthy marches to the rear were made without consulting his highest officers, and even without their knowing his destination.‡

* The usual spelling, Ellerson's Mill, is incorrect. Mr. J. H. Ellerson, whose father owned the mill, is living in Richmond. — EDITOR.

† I do not know how far the Federals were deceived by the announcement of reënforcements sent to Jackson, but during the seven days' battles I read in a Northern paper a letter from Strasburg, Va., of the 25th of June, stating that they were expecting Stonewall Jackson there, and were so well fortified that they would give him a warm reception. General Jackson's corps was then at Ashland, within twelve miles of Richmond. He certainly had slipped off without observation. — D. H. H.

‡ Longstreet's caution was justified by the event. Jackson's flank movement was delayed a day by cavalry and felled timber, and the delay seemed to Lee to make it necessary to fight the disastrous battle at Beaver Dam Creek. — EDITOR.

§ This was a source of annoyance to Loring in '61, and later on to Ewell. When Jackson's corps was so strangely left at Winchester after the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and General Lee had gone to the Rappahannock (we were making a feint every day of holding the gaps in the Blue Ridge, with strict orders not to bring on an engagement), I said to Jackson one day: "I am the next in rank, and should you be killed or captured in your many scouts around, I would not know what the corps was left for, or what it was expected



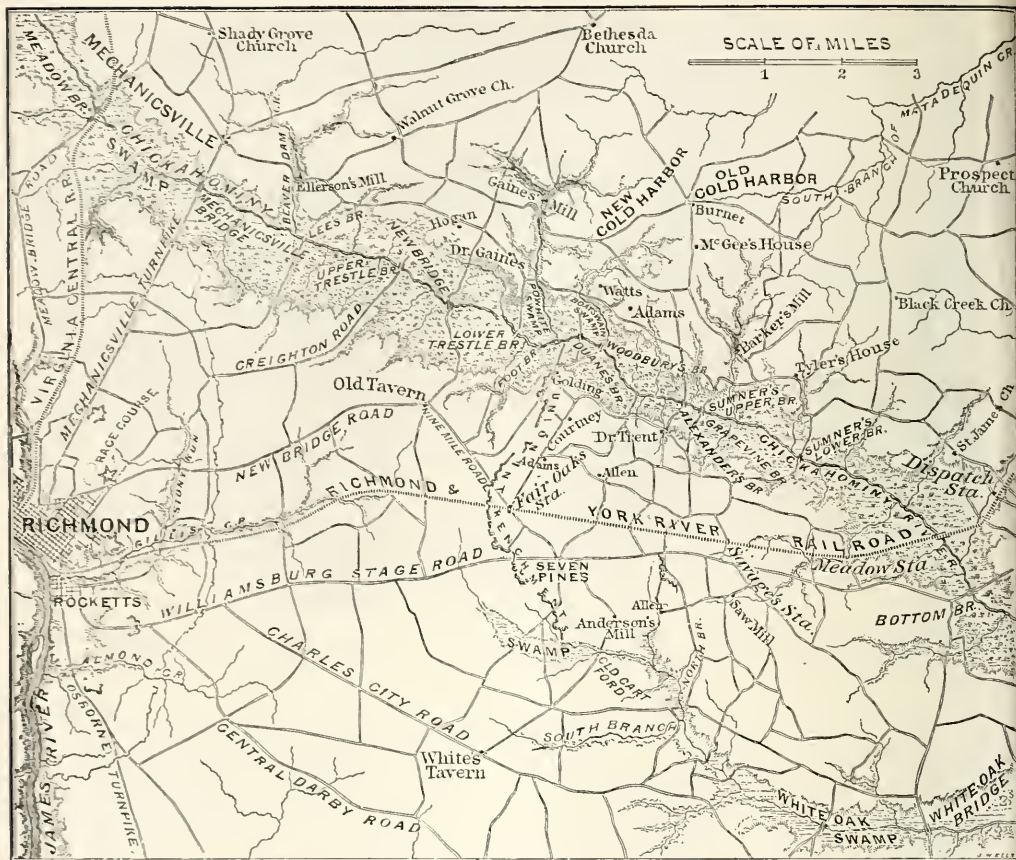
EXTERIOR LINE OF DEFENSES OF RICHMOND ON THE MECHANICSVILLE ROAD (LOOKING SOUTH-EAST).
(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME OF MCCLELLAN'S ADVANCE.)

as lower down the stream. On the 25th there was a brisk fight about King's school-house on the Williamsburg road, between Hooker's division and a portion of the brigades of Generals Wright and Robert Ransom. That night the division marched across to the neighborhood of Mechanicsville Bridge. To conceal the movement, our camp-fires were freshly lighted by a detachment after the troops had left, and a company was sent some miles down the Charles City road to send up rockets, as though making an advance in that direction. General Lee's order issued on the 24th June says:

At three o'clock Thursday morning, 26th instant, General Jackson will advance on the road leading to the Green Church, communicating his march to General Branch [seven miles above Meadow Bridge], who will immediately cross the Chickahominy, and take the road leading to Mechanicsville. As soon as the movements of these columns are discovered, General A. P. Hill with the rest of his division will cross the Chickahominy near Meadow Bridge. . . . The enemy being driven from Mechanicsville, and the passage across the bridge opened, General Longstreet with his division and that of General D. H. Hill will pass the Chickahominy at or near that point — General H. Hill moving to the support of General Jackson, and General Longstreet supporting General A. P. Hill — the four divisions keeping in communication with each other, and moving *en echelon* on separate roads, if practicable; the left division in advance, with skirmishers and sharpshooters extending their front, and sweep down the Chickahominy, and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge, General Jackson bearing well to his left, turning over Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction towards Old Harbor, etc."

General Jackson was unable to reach the point expected on the morning of the 26th. General A. P. Hill says: "Three o'clock P. M. having arrived, and no intelligence from Jackson or Branch, I determined to cross at once, rather than hazard the failure of the whole plan by longer deferring it."

Heavy firing was heard at three P. M. at Meadow Bridge, and the Federal outposts were seen fleeing towards Mechanicsville, pursued by A. P. Hill. We could see a line of battle drawn up at that village ready to receive Hill. My division being nearest the bridge, Longstreet ordered me to cross first. Some delay was made in repairing the bridge, and A. P. Hill became hotly engaged before we could get to his relief. At this time President Davis and staff hurried past us, going "to the sound of the firing." Ripley's brigade was pushed forward to the support of three batteries of artillery of Jones's battalion, and the two under Hardaway and Bondurant. The five batteries soon silenced the Federal artillery, and the whole plateau about Mechanicsville was abandoned to the Confederates, the Federals retiring across Beaver Dam Creek, which was strongly fortified. Our engineers seem to have had little knowledge of the country, and none of the fortifications on the creek. The maps furnished the division commanders were worthless. At a request from General Pender, who had been roughly handled in attacking works on the creek, Brigadier-General Ripley, of my divis-



MAP OF THE UPPER CHICKAHOMINY AND NEIGHBORING COUNTRY.

[During the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill the Union army, except Porter's corps and the cavalry engaged in protecting McClellan's right flank and communications, was posted on the south side of the Chickahominy behind the line of intrenchments here shown. The divisions of Longstreet and the two Hills who had confronted McClellan on the different roads were withdrawn, in order to unite with Jackson's three divisions (coming from the Shenandoah) in the attack in force upon Porter's corps. Magruder's and Huger's divisions were left to engage the attention of the corps of Sumner, Keyes, Heintzelman, and Franklin. As will be seen, the attack of Lee's six divisions fell upon Porter's corps, which was reinforced during the battle by Slocum's three brigades of Franklin's corps.—EDITOR.]

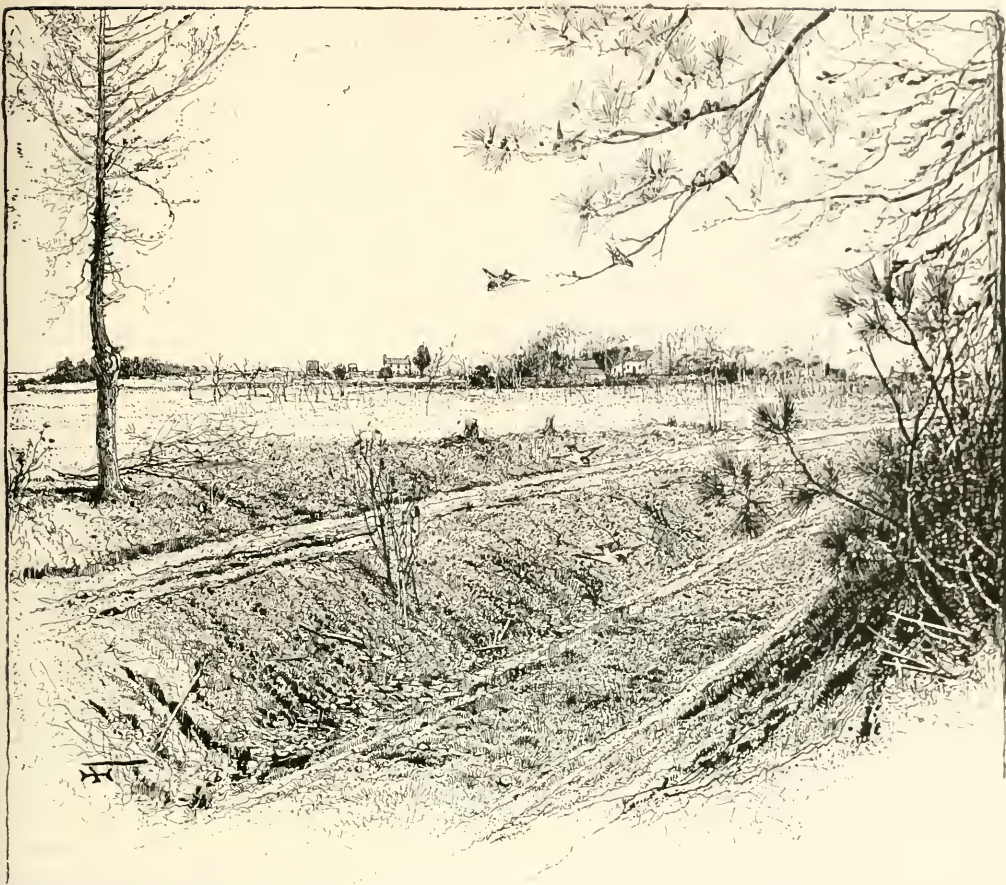
ion, was directed to cooperate with him, and the attack was made about dark. The enemy had intrenchments of great strength and development on the other side of the creek, and had lined the banks with his magnificent artillery. The approach was over an open plain exposed to a murderous fire of all arms, and across an almost impassable stream. The result was, as might have been foreseen, a bloody and disastrous repulse. Nearly every field-officer in the brigade was killed or wounded. It was unfortunate for the Confederates that the crossing was begun before Jackson got in rear of Mechanicsville. The loss of that position would have necessitated the abandonment of the line of Beaver Dam Creek; as in fact it did, the next day. We were lavish of blood in those days, and it was thought to be a great thing to charge a battery of artillery or an earthwork lined with infantry. "It is magnificent, but it is not war," was the sarcastic remark of the

French general as he looked on at the British cavalry charge at Balaklava. The attacks on the Beaver Dam intrenchments, on the heights of Malvern Hill, at Gettysburg, etc., were all grand, but of exactly the kind of grandeur which the South could not afford.

A brisk cannonade was kept up on the morning of the 27th for an hour or more from the Federal artillery along the line of Beaver Dam, which was held by a thin line of skirmishers, the main force having retreated to Gaines's Mill and New Cold Harbor. A. P. Hill's division was ordered to pursue on to the mill, and my division to take the Bethesda Church road to join Jackson. The works on that road were turned by my division, and some sixty or seventy prisoners holding them were captured.

Major Dalney says:

"General Jackson continued his march on the morning of the 27th. When I overtook him he was dismounted in the turnpike road



MECHANICSVILLE FROM THE NORTH-WEST—SCENE OF THE OPENING OF THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.
(DRAWN BY HARRY FENN AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON, RICHMOND, VA.)

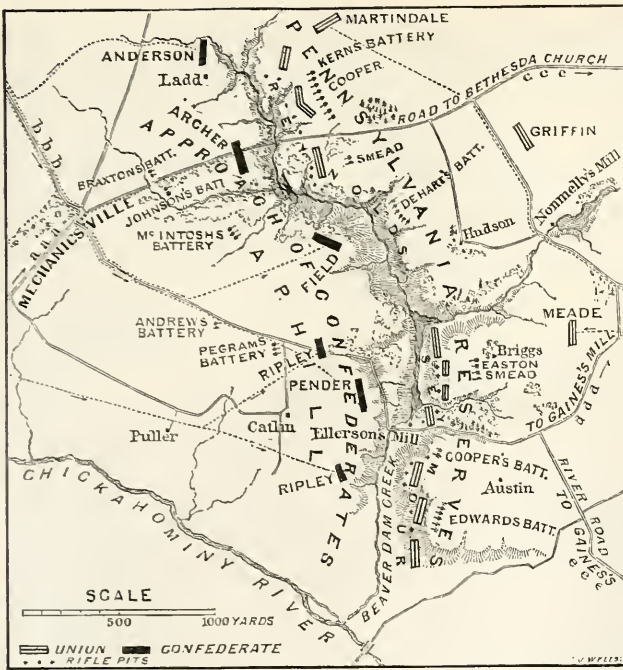
[The cross-roads (Mechanicsville proper) are indicated by the two houses at the extreme right. The woods in the left distance show the line of Beaver Dam Creek at the crossing of the upper road from the town. A. P. Hill advanced from Meadow Bridge and along the road in the foreground, his troops deploying at this point on both sides of the road about 4 P. M. The house at the left center (Horn's) marks the location of the Union battery which opened upon Hill's troops as they came along this road, from which the Confederate artillery (McIntosh's and Pegram's) replied as they advanced. Anderson's brigade was sent to the left to flank the Union guns, which, together with the single regiment left in the town by General Porter, withdrew before the enemy to the strong position beyond the creek.—EDITOR.]

with his cap off before a gentleman sitting on a cedar-stump, who was speaking to him in a suppressed voice. An old acquaintance whom I met told me that this gentleman was General Lee. The conference soon ended, and the march was resumed—deflecting strongly to the east."

General Lee's object in pressing down the Chickahominy was to unmask New Bridge, and thus to establish close communication between the forces defending Richmond and the six divisions attacking the Federal right. A. P. Hill, who marched close to the Chickahominy, succeeded in driving off the Federal troops defending the creek at Gaines's Mill, and advanced until he developed their full line of

battle at New Cold Harbor, half a mile beyond. After waiting till 2:30 p. m. to hear from Longstreet,* he advanced his division without support to the attack of the entrenched position of the Federals. He kept up a struggle for two hours, was repulsed and driven back, and in turn repulsed his pursuers. His report says: "From having been the attacking I now became the attacked; but stubbornly and gallantly was the ground held. My division was thus engaged full two hours before assistance was received. We failed to carry the enemy's lines, but we paved the way for the successful attacks afterwards, in which attacks it was necessary to employ the whole of our army on that side of the Chickahominy."

* General Lee in his official report says: "The arrival of Jackson on our left was momentarily expected, and it was supposed that his approach would cause the extension of the enemy's line in that direction. Under this impression, Longstreet was held back until this movement should commence."—EDITOR.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE, JUNE 26.

a. a. a., Approach of D. H. Hill and Longstreet from Richmond; *b. b. b.*, Same, A. P. Hill; *c. c. c.*, Route of D. H. Hill to Old Cold Harbor the day after the battle to join Jackson's attack on Union left; *d. d. d.*, Route of A. P. Hill to New Cold Harbor, to attack Union center; *e. e. e.*, Route of Longstreet to Dr. Gaines's, to attack Union left. Of the five Confederate brigades engaged in this battle, one (Ripley's) was attached to the division of D. H. Hill and came up as a reinforcement to Pender, who, with Field, Archer, and Anderson, were part of the division of A. P. Hill, his other two divisions, Gregg and Branch, being held in reserve. The losses in their hopeless attack fell chiefly upon Archer, who made the first advance about 5 P. M., and later upon Pender and Ripley. Pegram's battery was badly cut up, losing forty-seven men and many horses. On the Union side, Martindale, Griffin, and Meade came up after the battle had begun. When firing ceased, about 9 P. M., Porter's troops held their position; but Jackson's approach on their right flank compelled its evacuation early in the morning.—EDITOR.

Longstreet came into action after four o'clock. He thus describes the difficulties before him: "In front of me the enemy occupied the wooded slope of Turkey Hill, the crest of which is fifty or sixty feet higher than the plain over which my troops must pass to make an attack. The plain is about a quarter of a mile wide; the farther side was occupied by sharpshooters. Above these, and on the slope of the hill, was a line of infantry behind trees, felled so as to form a good breastwork. The crest of the hill, some forty feet above the last line, was strengthened by rifle-trenches and occupied by infantry and artillery. In addition to this the plain was enfiladed by batteries on the other side of the Chickahominy. I was, in fact, in the very position from which the enemy wished us to attack him."

All was done that mortals could do by the two gallant divisions struggling against such disadvantages, but nothing decisive could be effected until the full Confederate forces could

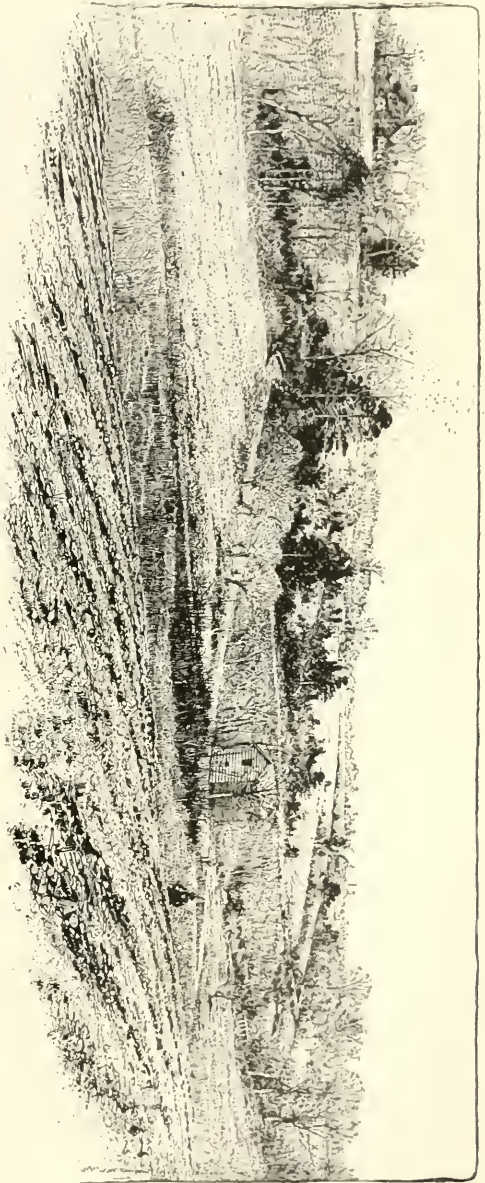


CHARGE OF CONFEDERATES UNDER RIPLEY AND PENDER AT BEAVER DAM CREEK, JUST ABOVE ELLERSON'S MILL.

be brought into action. In the meanwhile, Jackson moved forward on what we afterwards found to be the Grapevine Bridge road, my division in advance. A few squads of Federal stragglers were picked up, and some wagons and ambulances were captured. One sutler, in his desperate desire to save his fancy stock, tried to dash his wagon through Anderson's brigade. He paid no attention to the orders to halt, or to the presented bayonets. Fortunately for him, his horses did not have so much at stake as he had in canned fruits and vegetables, and were quite willing to surrender. Some poor ragged graybacks got toothsome delicacies then, from which they had been long debarred, and of which before nightfall they had no need forever.

About 2 P. M. we reached the neighborhood of McGee's house, an elevated knoll, which was the Federal right, and from which a dense and tangled swamp extended westward in an irregular curve to Gaines's Mill. Bondurant's battery was brought up to feel the position. Jackson remained with it for a time after the firing began. The battery was badly crippled, and was withdrawn by my order when I perceived the superiority of the enemy's artillery — always the most effective arm of his service. So little was known of the condition of the battle and of the roads, that Jackson posted my division in the woods to the left of the road, and facing towards the firing at Gaines's Mill, in order to intercept the forces that Longstreet and A. P. Hill might drive in that direction! His report says: "Hoping that Generals A. P. Hill and Longstreet would soon drive the Federals towards me, I directed General D. H. Hill to move his division to the left of the road, so as to leave between him and the wood on the right of the road an open space, across which I hoped that the enemy would be driven. . . . But it soon becoming apparent from the direction and sound of the firing that General A. P. Hill was hard pressed. I ordered a general advance of my entire corps, which

began with General D. H. Hill on the left and extending to the right, through Ewell's, Jackson's, and Whiting's divisions . . . in the order named." The swamp was to be gotten through, filled with sharp-shooters, and obstructed with felled timber and choked with brush-wood. The report continues: "In



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BEAVER DAM CREEK AT ELLERSON'S MILL — PRESENT ASPECT. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)
 (This view is taken from the left of the Union position on the east slope, looking upstream, the ruins of Ellerson's Mill being shown in the middle ground. The house at the left is Dr. Catlin's. The road past the mill, bending at the creek, follows the bed of an old mill-dam (not in use at the time of the fight) for a quarter of a mile, and turns again to the left to Mechanicsville, which is three-quarters of a mile farther, and, from the observer's point of view, directly beyond the Catlin house. The Confederates of McGee's division, with artillery intrenchments, rifle pits, and abutments, were in the open field between the mill and the house. The Confederates came across the hill to the Union artillery to the line of the creek (shown by the trees below the bridge), but did not cross it. Their loss in this engagement was frightful. Dr. Catlin's son says that the slope of the hill was fairly covered with dead and wounded. The Catlin farm was occupied chiefly by Ripley's brigade of D. H. Hill's division, and by Pentler's brigade of A. P. Hill's. The 4th Georgia alone lost 337 killed and wounded, and its efforts to reform in the rear without officers are described as pathetic. "Good heavens!" said spectators, "is this all of the 4th Georgia?" — EDITOR.)

advancing to the attack. General D. H. Hill had to cross this swamp densely covered with tangled undergrowth and young timber. This caused some confusion, and a separation of regiments. On the farther edge of the swamp he encountered the enemy. The conflict was



CHARGE OF A SUTLER UPON ANDERSON'S BRIGADE AT GAINES'S MILL.

[At this time there were four brigade commanders of this name in the Confederate army: G. B. Anderson, in D. H. Hill's division, R. H. Anderson, in Longstreet's, Joseph R. Anderson, in A. P. Hill's, and G. T. Anderson, in Magruder's corps. The reference here is to the first.—EDITOR.]

fierce and bloody. The Federals fell back from the wood under the protection of a fence, ditch, and hill. Separated now from them by an open field, some four hundred yards wide, he promptly determined to press forward. Before doing so, however, it was necessary to capture a battery on his left which could enfilade his line upon its advance. . . . Again pressing forward, the Federals again fell back, but only to select a position for a more obstinate defense, when, at dark, under the pressure of our batteries,—which had then begun to play with marked effect upon the left, of the other concurring events of the field, and of the bold and dashing charge of General Hill's infantry, in which the troops of Brigadier-General C. S. Winder joined.—the enemy yielded the field and fled

in disorder." I have always believed that this was the first break in the Federal line; it disposed of Sykes's division of regulars, who had been so stubborn and so troublesome all day. The Comte de Paris says of their retreat: "Fearfully reduced as they are, they care less for the losses they have sustained than for the mortification of yielding to volunteers." The general advance of our whole line and their intrepid onset everywhere made the defeat of the regulars possible, but credit should be given to the troops that did it. We discovered that our line overlapped that of the Federal forces, and saw two brigades (afterwards ascertained to be under Lawton and Winder) advancing to make a front attack upon the regulars. Brigadier-Generals Samuel Garland and G. B. Anderson, commanding North Carolina bri-



GENERAL A. P. HILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

gades in my division, asked permission to move forward and attack the right flank and rear of the division of regulars. The only difficulty in the way was a Federal battery with its infantry supports, which could enfilade them in their advance. Two regiments of Elzey's brigade, which had got separated in crossing the swamp, were sent by me, by way of my left flank, to the rear of the battery to attack the infantry supports, while Colonel Iverson, of the Twentieth North Carolina, charged it in front. The battery was captured and held long enough for the two brigades to advance across the open plain. "The effect of our appearance," says Garland's official report, "at this opportune juncture [upon the enemy's flank], cheering and charging, decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke and retreated, made a second brief stand, which induced my immediate command to halt under good cover of the bank on the roadside and return their fire, when, charging forward again, they broke and scattered in every direction." Their retreat was to the woods between the field and the river. Swinton* gives credit to Hood and Law for making the first break in the Federal line, and quotes from Jackson's

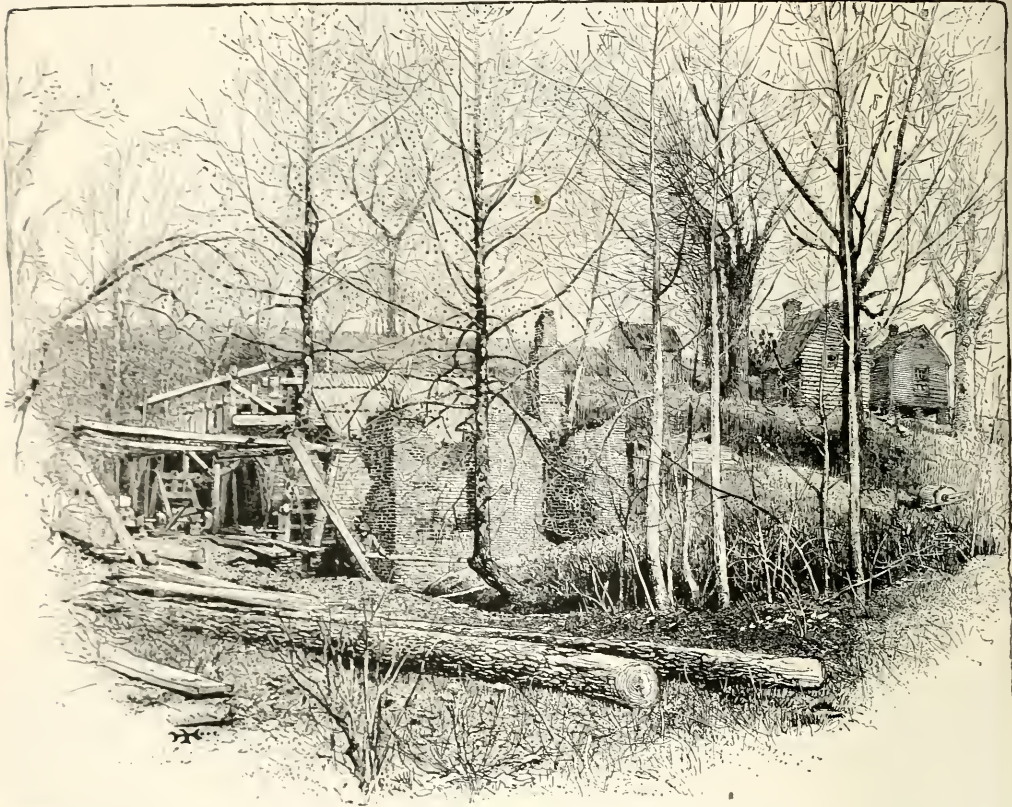
report: "Dashing on with unflinching step in the face of those murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Colonel E. M. Law at the head of their respective brigades rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well selected and fortified position. In this charge, in which upward of a thousand men fell killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns." It is evident that Jackson means to compliment Hood for being the first to pierce the intrenchments on the Federal left. But the word "first" has been misleading as to the point where the break was first made in the Federal line.

General Lawton in his official report stated that after the forces were broken in front of him on our left, a staff-officer rode up and called for assistance to charge a battery on

* "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac." By William Swinton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the left, and that after marching two or three hundred yards by the *right* flank, "the shouts of victory from our friends announced that the last battery had been taken and the rout complete." In a letter to me just received,

left. General Winder thought that we ought to pursue into the woods, on the right of the Grapevine Bridge road; but not knowing the position of our friends, nor what Federal reserves might be awaiting us in the woods, I



PRESENT ASPECT OF GAINES'S MILL, LOOKING EAST. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[At the time of the battle, this building was of five stories, and was, it is said, one of the finest grist-mills in Virginia. The wooden structure, dovetailed into the ruins, now covers but one pair of burrs. The mill was not injured in the fight, but was burned to the south-east, but the ridge shown in the picture was the scene of a most gallant resistance to the Confederate advance by the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, acting as a rear-guard to Porter's corps. The road to New Cold Harbor and the battle-ground runs to the right of the picture. The mill-stream runs into Powhite Swamp, and thence into the Chuckahominy.—EDITOR.]

General Lawton says: "I do believe that the first break was on the right of the Federal line, and I moved against that line in front. My knowledge of the position of the battery to be charged was derived solely from the lips of a staff-officer, who rode up to me at full speed on the field, and returned immediately to his chief. My recollection is, that very promptly after I heard the shouts of victory from our friends, the same messenger came again to request me to halt. . . . I cannot feel that my memory fails me when I say that you struck the enemy in flank, while Winder's command and mine moved directly on his front. The effect of these several attacks was promptly felt, and soon became conspicuous."

It was now quite dark, and I took the responsibility of halting all the troops on our

thought it advisable not to move on. General Lawton concurred with me. I had no artillery to shell the woods in advance, as mine had not got through the swamp. No Confederate officer on the field knew that the Federals had but one bridge over which to retreat, else all the artillery that could have been collected would have opened fire upon the Federal masses crowded into a narrow space in the woods, and there would have been a general advance of our line under cover of this fire. Winder was right; even a show of pressure must have been attended with great results. I made my headquarters at McGee's house, and ordered my artillery and infantry to occupy the hill around it. The artillery, however, did not get into position until sunrise next morning. Before the infantry was in place, we



F. J. Porter

(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

heard huzzaing on the bridge road, and understood by that that reënforcements had come up to cover the Federal retreat. They took up their position across the road and showed a determined front, but might have been broken by an artillery fire from our elevated plateau; unfortunately for us, there was no artillery to do this work.

Between nine and ten o'clock General Lawton and myself walked out alone to examine the line of battle across the road, afterwards discovered to be Meagher's Irish brigade. We got within thirty yards of the

Federals, and must have been seen, but we were not fired upon, probably because we were mistaken for a party of their own men sent up to get water at McGee's well. We met the party going back, and saw them go into their own lines. Not a word was spoken by them or by us. At such times, "Silence is golden."

In his attack upon General McClellan's right wing General Lee had 50,000 men.* General Fitz John Porter, who commanded the Federals at Cold Harbor, handled his 40,000 men with an ability unsurpassed on any field during the war. He had greatly the advantage

* Dabney, in his "Life of Jackson," puts the Confederate force at 40,000. Swinton estimates General Porter's forces at 30,000 and Lee's at 70,000 — an under- and an over-estimate respectively, I think.—D. H. H. But see page 319.—EDITOR.

in position, and he had improved this superiority with intrenchments, log breastworks, rifle-pits, and abattis. He had an immense preponderance in artillery, and that of the most superb character. Many of our field-batteries did not get across the swamp at all, and those which did get over were inferior in range and power to General Porter's. Artillery seems to have been a favorite arm with General McClellan, and he had brought it to the highest point of efficiency.

I do not know how much of our infantry straggled in the swamp. Ripley got lost, and his fine brigade was not in action at all. Of Colquitt's brigade, the Sixth and Twenty-seventh Georgia regiments were engaged; the other three regiments were not. Rodes, Garland, and Anderson kept their brigades well in hand and did brilliant service. (These three splendid officers were all killed, subsequently, in battle.) I do not know how many men the other five divisions lost by the difficulties of the swamp; but if their loss was proportional to mine, the Confederates outnumbered the Federals by only a few hundreds. However, it is hardly probable that their loss was so great, as my division had to go through the densest part of the swamp.

Riding in advance of his skirmish-line through the swamp attended by a few staff-officers, General Jackson found himself in the presence of fifteen or twenty Federal soldiers on outpost duty. He judged it the part of prudence to assume the offensive and charge upon them before they fired upon him. I am indebted to Major T. O. Chestney, then assistant adjutant-general of Elzey's brigade, for the following account:

"As Elzey's brigade was pressing forward to the line held by the Confederates at the bloody battle of Gaines's Mill, a squad of fifteen or twenty soldiers were encountered on their way to the rear. A tall fellow at the head of the little party drew special attention to himself by singing out to us at the top of his voice with an oath, 'Gentlemen, we had the honor of being captured by Stonewall Jackson himself'—a statement which he repeated with evident pride all along the line, as our men tramped past. We subsequently learned that his story was true. General Jackson, having ridden some distance in advance, had come suddenly upon the blue-coats, and with his characteristic impetuosity had charged among them and ordered them to surrender, which they made haste to do."

One of the saddest things connected with the miserable fratricidal war was the breaking up of ties of friendship and of blood. The troops opposing mine on that murderous field that day were the regulars of General George Sykes, a

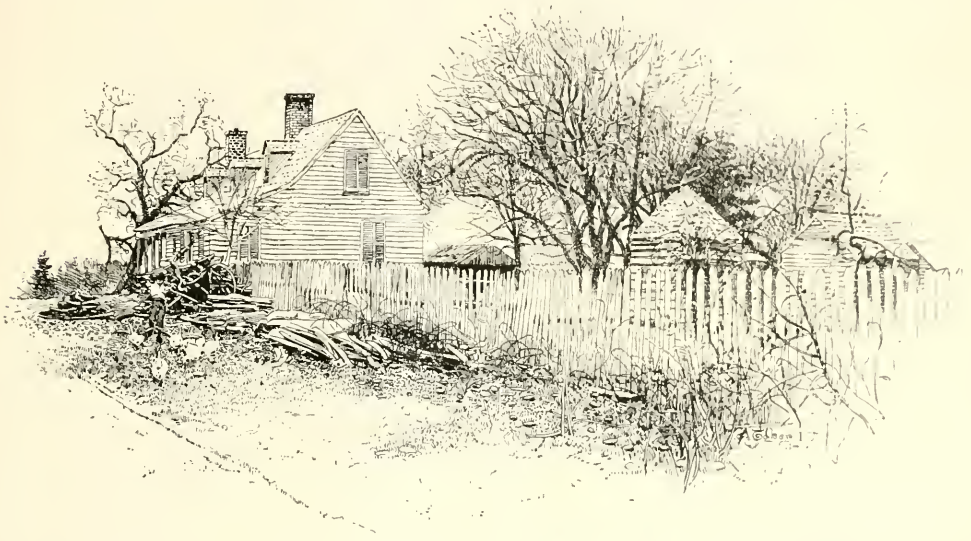
Southerner by birth, and my room-mate at West Point,—a man admired by all for his honor, courage, and frankness, and peculiarly endeared to me by his social qualities. During the negotiations of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, intrusted to General Dix and myself, I sent word to General Sykes, through Colonel Sweitzer, of General McClellan's staff, that "had I known that he was in front of me at Cold Harbor, I would have sent some of my North Carolina boys up to take him out of the *cold*." He replied through the same source: "I appreciate the sarcasm, but our time will be next and the tables will be turned." Alas! it was a true prophecy. About nine p. m. on the 27th, Major H. B. Clitz was brought into my room at the McGee house, headquarters for the night, wounded in the leg, and a prisoner. He was very young and boyish-looking when he entered West Point, and was a very great favorite with us of maturer years. It flashed upon my mind how, in the Mexican war, as his regiment filed past, I had almost a fatherly fear lest he should be struck; and now he was here, wounded by one of my own men! He was tenderly cared for by my medical director, Doctor Mott, and I was delighted to learn that he would not lose his leg. With a sort of shamefacedness, my staff gave him some of our coarse supper. Longstreet's inspector-general, much under the influence of liquor, got into quite a heated discussion with Major Clitz, in which the latter said, "You have outnumbered us to-day, but if McClellan is the man I take him to be, he'll pay you well for it before all is over." Malvern Hill impressed this remark upon my memory! I said to the Confederate, "You must not be rude to a wounded prisoner," and he apologized frankly for his abrupt language. The next morning General J. F. Reynolds was brought in as a prisoner. He had been my mess-mate in the old army for more than a year, and for half that time my tent-mate. Not an unkind word had ever passed between us. General Reynolds seemed confused and mortified at his position. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, and at length said: "Hill, we ought not to be enemies." I told him that there was no bad feeling on my part, and that he ought not to fret at the fortunes of war, which were notoriously fickle. He was placed in my ambulance and sent over to Richmond, declining a loan of Confederate money. General Reynolds had gone to sleep in the woods between the battle-ground and the Chickahominy, and when he awoke, his troops were gone and the bridge broken down.

Winder, Anderson, and Garland, probably the most promising of all our young brigadiers,

fell fighting for the cause they loved so well. Reynolds, one of the noblest of mankind, fell doing his duty on his side at Gettysburg. Sykes, as the friend of McClellan, never received the recognition which his knightly qualities demanded. Worst of all, Porter, who commanded on the field the most creditable to the Federal arms, received that condemnation so much worse than death to the proud soldier from the country he had served so ably and so loyally.

In these battles, the great want with the Confederates, strange as it may seem, was accurate knowledge of the country in their front. The map furnished me (and I suppose the six other major-generals had no better) was very full in regard to everything within

near Richmond, and of opening up communications with it as soon as possible. The crossing of the river by General A. P. Hill before hearing from Jackson precipitated the fight on the first day; and it having begun, it was deemed necessary to keep it up, without waiting for Jackson. The same necessity compelled Lee on the second day to attack his antagonist on his own strong and well-chosen position. Lee knew that McClellan depended upon the York River Railroad for his supplies, and by moving upon that road he could have compelled the battle upon his own selected ground, with all the advantages thereof. The lack of transportation, and the fear of the capture of Richmond while he was making this detour to the Federal rear, constrained him to



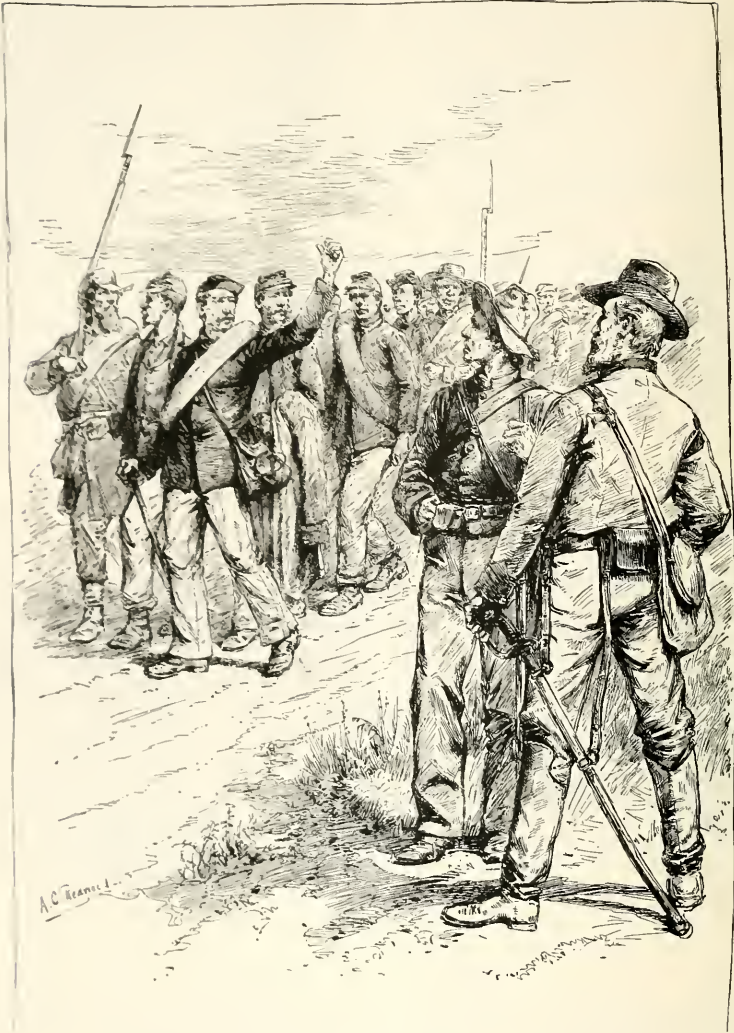
OLD COLD HARBOR TAVERN. (DRAWN BY W. TABER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[This view is from the south, from the road by which the Confederate left under Stonewall Jackson and D. H. Hill advanced to attack Porter's right. Five roads meet at this point. Old Cold Harbor consists of one or two houses and a smithy. During the battle of Gaines's Mill the tavern was within the Confederate lines. Two years later, during the bloody engagement of General Grant's campaign, it was within the Union lines. The name is sometimes written Cool Harbor, Coal Harbor, or Cool Arbor; but Mr. Burnet, the present owner of the tavern, says that family tradition admits only Cold Harbor.—EDITOR.]

our own lines; but a red line on the east side of the Chickahominy and nearly parallel to it, without any points marked on it, was our only guide to the route on which our march was to be made. None of us knew of the formidable character of the works on Beaver Dam. The blood shed by the Southern troops there was wasted in vain, and worse than in vain; for the fight had a most dispiriting effect on our troops. They might have been halted at Mechanicsville until Jackson had turned the works on the creek, and all that waste of blood could have been avoided. Ripley's brigade was sent to the assistance of Pender, by the direct order, through me, of both Mr. Davis and General Lee. "They both felt pressing upon them the vast importance of keeping

surrender the advantage of position to McClellan and his able lieutenant, General Porter, commanding in the field. Never was ground more wisely chosen or more skillfully arranged for defense.

During Lee's absence Richmond was at the mercy of McClellan; but Magruder was there to keep up a "clatter," as Swinton expresses it. No one was better fitted for such a work. When McClellan landed on the Peninsula, he had 118,000 men, and Magruder had 11,500 to cover a defensive line of fourteen miles (see "Official Records, War of the Rebellion," Vol. XI., Part III., pages 77 and 436). But "Prince John" (as Magruder was called) amused his enemy by keeping up a "clatter," and, it may be, amused himself as well. No one



"CAPTURED BY STONEWALL JACKSON HIMSELF." (SEE PAGE 306.)

ever lived who could play off the Grand Scignor with a more lordly air than could the Prince.* During the absence of Lee, he kept up such a clatter that each of McClellan's corps commanders was expecting a special visit from the much-plumed cap and the once-gaudy attire of the master of ruses and strat-

egy. He put on naturally all those grand and imposing devices which so successfully deceive the military opponent.

Just before we crossed the Chickahominy, I asked General Garland if he remembered what Napoleon said at Austerlitz when one of his marshals had begged permission to at-

* In ante-bellum days (so the old army story used to run) Magruder was a lieutenant of artillery at Rouse's Point. There his mess entertained some British officers, two of whom were scions of nobility. The visit having been expected, the mess had borrowed or rented gold plate and silver plate, cut-glass ware, rich furniture, and stylish equipages for driving the noble guests around. Prince John assured them that these were but the debris of the former splendor of the regimental mess. "Only the debris, my lord; the schooner bringing most of the mess plate from Florida was unfortunately wrecked." One of the dazzled and bewildered noblemen said to Prince John, on the second day of the gorgeous festival: "We do not wish to be impolitely inquisitive, but we have been so much impressed with this magnificence that we are constrained to believe that American officers must be paid enormously. What is your monthly pay?" Assuming an indifferent air, Prince John said: "Damned if I know," then, turning to his servant, he asked, "Jim, what is my monthly pay?" The servant was discreetly silent, it may be from a wink, or it may be that to remember sixty-five dollars was too heavy a tax upon his memory also. — D. H. H.

tack a column of the Austro-Russian army which was making a flank movement. Garland replied: "I, too, was just thinking that McClellan was saying to his officers, as Napoleon did, 'When your enemy is making a false movement, do not strike him till he has completed it'; and it may be that he will gobble up Richmond while we are away."

The fortifications around Richmond at that time were very slight. He could have captured the city with but little loss of life. The want of supplies would have forced Lee to attack him as soon as possible, with all the disadvantages of a precipitated movement. But the Federal commander seems to have contemplated nothing of the kind; and as he placed the continuance of the siege upon the hazard of Cold Harbor, he was bound to put every available man into that fight.

While we were lying all day idle on the 28th, unable to cross the Chickahominy, the

clouds of smoke from the burning plunder in the Federal camps and the frequent explosions of magazines indicated a retreat; but General Whiting kept insisting upon it that all this was but a *ruse de guerre* of McClellan preparatory to a march upon Richmond. I made to him some such reply as that once made to General Longstreet, when a cadet at West Point, by Professor Kendrick.

The professor asked Longstreet, who never looked at his chemistry, how the carbonic acid of commerce was made. Longstreet replied:

"By burning diamonds in oxygen gas."

"Yes," said Professor Kendrick, "that will do it; but don't you think it would be a *leettle* expensive?"*

"Don't you think," I said to Whiting, "that this *ruse* of McClellan is a *leettle* expensive?"

The old West Point yarn had a very quieting effect upon his apprehensions.

D. H. Hill.

THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL AND ITS PRELIMINARIES.



LOWE'S MILITARY BALLOON, IN THE SERVICE OF GENERAL McCLELLAN IN THE RICHMOND CAMPAIGN. †

THE events immediately preceding the "Seven Days' Battles on the Peninsula," in June, 1862, have been subjects of great

* Professor Kendrick would never contradict any one, but always modify the answer when wrong. The following is a specimen of his style of questioning. X. Y. Z. (whose name is now a household word) was on examination: Professor K. "What is its color?" X. Y. Z. "White, sir." Professor K. "Yes, you mean a kind of grayish white. In fact, you might call it coal black, might you not?" X. Y. Z. "Yes, sir, that's it."—D. H. H.

† The records give: Union army, 141 regiments, 60 batteries; Confederate, 187 regiments, 89 batteries.—F. J. P.

‡ Colonel Auchmuty, of New York City, who made many ascensions by this balloon from the camp near Doctor Gaines's before the battle, says that the Confederates had a Whitworth gun at Mrs. Price's, on the south side of the Chickahominy, with which they would fire at the balloon as it rose and descended. The usual height for observation was 1000 feet; and when lower than 300 feet high the balloon was within range of this gun. General Porter made no fewer than a hundred such ascensions.—EDITOR.

from White Oak Swamp to New Bridge and thence up the right bank of the Chickahominy, covering the important crossings at Mechanicsville and Meadow Bridge, north of the city.

South of the Chickahominy each army was secured against surprise in flank or successful attack in front by that swollen stream; by marshy lands and muddy roads; by redoubts studded with artillery and rifle-pits well manned, all flanked or covered by swamps, tangled thickets, and slashed timber. Notwithstanding the apparent quiet, both armies were actively engaged in the erection of those defensive works which permit large forces to be detached, at opportune moments, for aggressive action or for the defense of menaced positions. These preparations for offensive and defensive action, known to both commanders, plainly impressed on each the necessity of guarding against any errors in position, and the importance of preparing promptly to take advantage of any opening in his opponent's line which promised results commensurate with the risks involved.

It was apparent to both generals that Richmond could only be taken in one of two ways: by regular approaches or by assault. An assault would require superior forces, supported by ample reserves. It was equally apparent that an attack could readily be made from Richmond, because that city's well armed and manned intrenchments would permit its defense by a small number of men, while large forces could be concentrated and detached for offensive operations.

The faulty location of the Union army, divided as it was by the Chickahominy, was from the first realized by General McClellan, and became daily an increasing cause of care and anxiety to him; not the least disturbing element of which was the impossibility of quickly reënforcing his right wing or promptly drawing it to the south bank. That this dilemma was known to so intelligent and vigilant a commander as General Lee could not be doubted; and that it was certainly demonstrated to him by General J. E. B. Stuart's

dashing cavalry raid around the Union army, on June 14th, was shown in many ways.* One evidence of it was his immediate erection of field-works on his left, and his increasing resistance to the efforts of Union scouts to penetrate into the roads leading to Richmond from the north. This indicated that Lee was preparing to guard against the reënforcement of McClellan's right, and also against information reaching us of Confederate reënforcements from the north.

McClellan had been forced into this faulty position on the Chickahominy and held there by the oft-repeated assurances that McDowell's corps of 40,000 men, then at Fredericksburg, would be advanced to Richmond and formed on his immediate right, which would make that wing safe.† On the 27th of May, under promise that McDowell would join him at once, McClellan cleared his front of all opposition to his rapid march, by operations at Hanover Court House. If McDowell had joined McClellan then, it would have resulted in the capture of Richmond. That junction could also easily have been brought about immediately after the battle of Fair Oaks, and even then Richmond could have been taken. But the Confederate authorities so skillfully used Jackson, in the Valley of Virginia, as to draw off McDowell; while the fears of the Administration, then aroused for the safety of Washington, together with a changed policy, caused him to be held back from the Army of the Potomac; and, although orders were several times issued requiring McDowell to unite with McClellan, and assurances were given as late as June 26th that he would so unite, yet he never arrived, and the right wing of McClellan's army, then left exposed, became the object of attack. McClellan saw the coming storm, and guarded against it as best he could. Realizing the faultiness of his position, resulting from McDowell's withdrawal to the North, he desired to correct the error by changing his base from York River to the James, where he could be easily reënforced, and from which point his communications would be safe. This change could not be made so long as

* General Stuart's raid round the Union lines was begun on Wednesday, June 13 (1862), by an advance to the South Anna Bridge on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railway. (See map on page 293.) Stuart had with him about 1200 cavalry and a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, the principal officers under him being Colonel Fitzhugh Lee and Colonel W. H. F. Lee. Early Thursday morning they started east, and soon were having a brush with Union outposts at Hanover Court House. Thence they moved rapidly east to Old Church near the Tolopotomoy, where they had a skirmish and running fight with a detachment of Union cavalry. Stuart there decided to complete the circuit of the Union army by pushing forward to Tunstall's Station, nine miles farther east, and thence to the James. At Garlick's, on the Pamunkey, his forces destroyed two transports and a number of wagons. They captured Tunstall's on the York River Railway, and tried to obstruct the road and fired into a train laden with soldiers which dashed past them. After burning a railway bridge and a wagon-train, they proceeded by moonlight south to Jones's Bridge on the Chickahominy, the repairing of which delayed their march till 1 P. M. of Friday. Once across, they made their way without difficulty to Charles City Court House and reached Richmond *via* the River road early Saturday morning.—EDITOR.

† See Stanton's letter of May 18: "You are instructed to cooperate so as to establish this communication as soon as possible, by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond."—F. J. P.

McDowell's advance was to be expected, nor in any event could it be effected without great risk to the safety of his own army in the face of a vigilant and active foe of superior strength, and without seriously jeopardizing the success of the cause for which he was devoting all his energies. He, however, secured, by careful examination full information of the roads and the character of the country over which he would be obliged to move, if circumstances or policy should require a change of base, and as early as June 18th sent vessels loaded with supplies to the James River.

In the middle of June General McClellan intrusted to me the management of affairs on the north bank of the Chickahominy, and confided to me his plans, as well as his hopes and apprehensions. His plans embraced defensive arrangements against an attack from Richmond upon our weak right flank. We did not fear the results of such an attack if made by the forces from Richmond alone; but if, in addition, we were to be attacked by Jackson's forces, suspicions of whose approach were already aroused, we felt that we should be in peril. But as Jackson had thus far prevented McDowell from joining us, we trusted that McDowell, Banks, and Frémont, who had been directed to watch Jackson, would be able to prevent him from joining Lee, or, at least, would give timely warning of his escape from their front and follow close upon his heels.

With McClellan's approval, my command was distributed as follows:

Meade's brigade of McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves was posted at Gaines's house, protecting a siege battery controlling New Bridge; Reynolds's and Seymour's brigades held the rifle-pits skirting the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek and the field-works covering the only crossings near Mechanicsville and Ellerson's Mill. These field-works, well armed with artillery, and the rifle-pits, well manned, controlled the roads and open fields on the west bank of that creek, and were concealed by timber and brush from an approaching foe. The infantry outposts from the same division, and their supports, west of Mechanicsville to Meadow Bridge, were instructed, if attacked or threatened by superior forces, to fall back by side approaches to the rear of Reynolds, at the upper crossing, thus leaving the main approaches open to the fire of their artillery and infantry defenders.

North from Meadow Bridge to the Pamunkey Federal cavalry pickets kept vigilant watch, and protected detachments felling timber for obstructing the roads against the rapid march of any force upon the flank or rear of the right wing.

Cooke's cavalry, near Cold Harbor, guarded the right rear, and scouted towards Hanover Court House, while Morell's and Sykes's divisions were conveniently camped so as to cover the bridge-crossings and to move quickly to any threatened point.

Such was the situation on the 24th of June, when, at midnight, General McClellan telegraphed me that a pretended deserter, whom I had that day sent him, had informed him that Jackson was in the immediate vicinity, ready to unite with Lee in an attack upon my command. Though we had reason to suspect Jackson's approach, this was the first intimation we had of his arrival; and we could obtain from Washington at that time no further confirmation of our suspicions, nor any information of the fact that he had left the front of those directed to watch him in northern Virginia.

Reynolds, who had special charge of the defenses of Beaver Dam Creek and of the forces at and above Mechanicsville, was at once informed of the situation. He prepared to give our anticipated visitors a warm welcome. The infantry division and cavalry commanders were directed to break camp at the first sound of battle, pack their wagons and send them to the rear, and, with their brigades, to take specified positions in support of troops already posted, or to protect the right flank.

On the 25th the pickets of the left of the main army south of the Chickahominy were pushed forward under strong opposition, and gained, after sharp fighting, considerable ground, so as to enable the Second and Third Corps (Sumner's and Heintzelman's) to support the attack on Old Tavern intended to be made next day by the Sixth Corps (Franklin's). The result of the fighting was to convince the corps commanders engaged that there had been no reduction of forces in their front to take part in any movement upon our right flank.

Early on the 26th I was informed of a large increase of forces opposite Reynolds, and before noon the Confederates gave evidence of intention to cross the river at Meadow Bridge and Mechanicsville, while from our cavalry scouts along the Virginia Central Railroad came reports of the approach from the north of large masses of troops.

Thus the attitude of the two armies towards each other was changed. Yesterday, McClellan was rejoicing over the success of his advance towards Richmond. He was still assured of McDowell's junction. To-day, all the united available forces in Virginia were to be thrown against his right flank, which was not in a convenient position to be supported.

The prizes now to be contended for were: on the part of McClellan, the safety of his right wing, protection behind his intrenchments with the possibility of being able to remain there, and the giving of sufficient time to enable him to effect a change of base to the James; on the part of Lee, the destruction of McClellan's right wing, the drawing him from his intrenchments and attacking him in front, and thus to raise the siege of Richmond.

BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

THE morning of Thursday, June 25th, dawned clear and bright, giving promise that the day would be a brilliant one. The formation of the ground south of the Chickahominy opposite Mechanicsville, and west to Meadow Bridge, largely concealed from view the forces gathered to execute an evidently well-planned and well-prepared attack upon my command. For some hours, on our side of the river, the lull before the storm prevailed, except at Mechanicsville and at the two bridge-crossings. At these points our small outposts were conspicuously displayed for the purpose of creating an impression of numbers and of an intention to maintain an obstinate resistance. We aimed to invite a heavy attack, and then, by rapid withdrawal, to incite such confidence in the enemy as to induce incautious pursuit.

In the northern and western horizon vast clouds of dust arose, indicating the movements of Jackson's advancing forces. They were far distant, and we had reason to believe that the obstacles to their rapid advance, placed in their way by detachments sent for that purpose, would prevent them from making an attack that day. As before stated, we did not fear Lee alone; we did fear his attack, combined with one by Jackson, on our flank; but our fears were allayed for a day.

General McClellan's desire to make the earliest and quickest movements at that time possible, and his plans arranged for the accomplishment of that desire, as expressed to me, were substantially conveyed in the following dispatch of June 23d from his chief-of-staff:

"Your dispositions of your troops are approved by the commanding general. . . . If you are attacked, be careful to state as promptly as possible the number, composition, and position of the enemy. The troops on this side will be held ready either to support you directly or to attack the enemy in their front. If the force attacking you is large, the general would prefer the latter course, counting upon your skill and the admirable troops under your command to hold their own against superior numbers long enough for him to make the decisive movement, which will determine the fate of Richmond."

The position selected on Beaver Dam Creek for our line of defense was naturally very strong. The banks of the valley were steep, and forces advancing on the adjacent plains presented their flanks, as well as their front, to the fire of both infantry and artillery, safely posted behind intrenchments. The stream was over waist-deep and bordered by swamps. Its passage was difficult for infantry at all points, and impracticable for artillery, except at the bridge-crossing at Ellerson's Mill, and at the one above, near Mechanicsville.

Quite early in the day I visited General Reynolds, near the head of the creek, and had the best reasons not only to be contented, but thoroughly gratified, with the admirable arrangements of this accomplished officer, and to be encouraged by the cheerful confidence of himself and his able and gallant assistants, Seymour on his left, at Ellerson's Mill, and Simmons and Roy Stone in his front. Each of these officers commanded a portion of the Pennsylvania Reserves — all under the command of the brave and able veteran, McCall. These troops were about to engage in their first battle, and bore themselves then, as they did on trying occasions immediately following, with the cheerful spirit of the volunteer and the firmness of the veteran soldier — examples inspiring emulation in these trying "seven days' battles."

Part of the general details previously adopted was then ordered to be followed, and subsequently was enforced as near as practicable in all the battles in which my corps engaged: that under no circumstances should the men expose themselves by leaving their intrenchments, or other cover, merely to pursue a repulsed foe; nor, except in uneven ground, which would permit the fire of artillery to pass well over their heads, was infantry or cavalry to be posted in front of a battery, or moved so as to interfere with its fire. Bullet, shot, and shell were to be relied upon for both repulse and pursuit.

Sitting for hours near the telegraph operator at my quarters, prior to the attack, I listened to the constant and rapid "ticking" of his machine, and was kept informed, by the various intercommunicating messages at the headquarters of the army, of the condition of affairs in front of the three corps farthest to the left. Reports often came from them that the enemy's camps seemed to be largely deserted, confirming the information that the enemy had gathered in front of Franklin and myself. Yet, the following day, when I called for aid to resist the forces of Lee and Jackson at Gaines's Mill, known to be immensely superior to mine, the commanders of these three corps expressed the belief that



CONFEDERATE RETREAT THROUGH MECHANICSVILLE BEFORE ADVANCE OF McCLELLAN'S ARTILLERY, MAY 24TH. (FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME.)

[These buildings, together with one house to the left (not shown in the picture), compose the town. The view is from the east, and the retreat is in the direction of the Mechanicsville Bridge. This was a month before the battle of Mechanicsville.—EDITOR.]

they were about to be attacked by bodies larger than their own, and objected to detaching any part of their troops.

From the cavalry scouts of Farnsworth, Stoneman, and Cooke, whose forces stretched, in the order named, from Meadow Bridge north to the Pamunkey, reports came that Jackson was advancing slowly upon my flank. I was also informed that the departure of Jackson from northern Virginia was suspected, but not positively known, at Washington; but that at this critical moment no assistance whatever could be expected from that vicinity.

Perhaps at this time the Administration had been crippled by its own acts, and could not respond to General McClellan's calls for aid. About April 1st, when our army began active operations in the field and recruiting should have been encouraged, the enrollment of troops was ordered to be stopped. The War Governor of Pennsylvania, notably, disregarded this order. His foresight was afterwards recognized at Antietam, when he was able to render valuable assistance. In the month of June, however, the policy had begun to change, and the troops in northern Virginia were being placed in charge of an officer called to Washington "to take command of Banks and Frémont, perhaps McDowell, take the field against Jackson, and eventually supersede McClellan." At the day the order was issued, June 27th, however, there was no enemy confronting that officer—Jackson having disappeared from northern Virginia, and being in my front at Gaines's Mill.

About two o'clock P. M. on the 26th, the

boom of a single cannon in the direction of Mechanicsville resounded through our camps. This was the signal which had been agreed upon, to announce the fact that the enemy were crossing the Chickahominy. The curtain rose; the stage was prepared for the first scene of the tragedy. At once tents were struck, wagons packed and sent to the rear to cross to the right bank of the Chickahominy. The several divisions were promptly formed, and took the positions to which they had previously been assigned. General McCall assumed command at Beaver Dam Creek; Meade joined him, taking position behind Seymour; Martindale and Griffin, of Morell's division, went, respectively, to the right and rear of Reynolds; Butterfield was directed to support General Cooke's, and subsequently Martindale's right, while Sykes was held ready to move wherever needed. Reynolds and Seymour prepared for action, and concealed their men.

About three o'clock, the enemy, under Longstreet, D. H. and A. P. Hill, in large bodies commenced rapidly to cross the Chickahominy, almost simultaneously at Mechanicsville, Meadow Bridge, and above, and pushed down the left bank, along the roads leading to Beaver Dam Creek. In accordance with directions previously given, the outposts watching the access to the crossings fell back after slight resistance to their already designated position on the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek, destroying the bridges as they retired. (See map on page 300.)

After passing Mechanicsville the attacking forces were divided, a portion taking the road to

Ellerson's Mill, while the larger body directed their march into the valley of Beaver Dam Creek, upon the road covered by Reynolds. Apparently unaware, or regardless, of the great danger in their front, this force moved on with animation and confidence, as if going to parade, or engaging in a sham battle. Sud-

ress. Seymour's direct and Reynolds's flank fire soon arrested them and drove them to shelter, suffering even more disastrously than those who had attacked Reynolds. Late in the afternoon, greatly strengthened, they renewed the attack with spirit and energy, some reaching the borders of the stream, but



UNION ARTILLERY AT MECHANICSVILLE SHELLING CONFEDERATE WORKS SOUTH OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.

This sketch was made at the time—several days before the beginning of the Seven Days' Battles. It is here given to indicate the topography of the neighborhood. The road to Richmond crosses the stream by the Mechanicsville Bridge, the half-dozen houses composing the town being to the left of the ground occupied by the battery. It was by this road that the troops of D. H. Hill's and Longstreet's divisions crossed to join Jackson and A. P. Hill in the attack upon the right of McClellan's army.—EDITOR.]

denly, when half-way down the bank of the valley, our men opened upon it rapid volleys of artillery and infantry, which strewed the road and hill-side with hundreds of dead and wounded, and drove the main body of the survivors back in rapid flight to and beyond Mechanicsville. So rapid was the fire upon the enemy's huddled masses clambering back up the hill, that some of Reynolds's ammunition was exhausted, and two regiments were relieved by the Fourth Michigan and Fourteenth New York of Griffin's brigade. On the extreme right a small force of the enemy secured a foothold on the east bank, but it did no harm, and retired under cover of darkness.

The forces which were directed against Seymour at Ellerson's Mill made little prog-

only to be repulsed with terrible slaughter, which warned them not to attempt a renewal of the fight. Little depressions in the ground shielded many from our fire, until, when night came on, they all fell back beyond the range of our guns. Night put an end to the contest.

The Confederates suffered severely. All night the moans of the dying and the shrieks of the wounded reached our ears. Our loss was only about 250 of the 5000 engaged, while that of the Confederates was nearly 2000 out of some 10,000 attacking.*

General McClellan had joined me on the battle-field at an early hour in the afternoon. While we discussed plans for the immediate future, influenced in our deliberations by the gratifying results of the day, numerous and

* Union forces engaged, eleven regiments, six batteries. Confederate forces engaged, twenty-one regiments, eight batteries.—F. J. P.

* According to the official returns the total Union loss at Mechanicsville was 361, but little more than that of the Forty-fourth Georgia alone (335). The Confederate loss, exclusive of Field's and Anderson's brigades and of the batteries, is reported at 1589. General Longstreet is quoted by Mr. William Swinton as his authority for putting the aggregate at "between three and four thousand." ("Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," p. 145.)—EDITOR.

unvarying accounts from our outposts and scouts toward the Pamunkey warned us of the danger impending on the arrival of Jackson, and necessitated a decision as to which side of the Chickahominy should be held in force. He, however, left me late at night, about one A. M. (27th), with the expectation of receiving information on his arrival at his own headquarters, from the tenor of which he would be enabled to decide whether I should hold my present position or withdraw to a well-selected and more advantageous one east of Gaines's Mill, where I could protect the bridges across the Chickahominy, over which I must retire if compelled to leave the left bank. He left General Barnard, of the Engineers, with me, to point out the new line of battle in case he decided to withdraw me from Beaver Dam Creek. The orders to withdraw reached me about three o'clock A. M., and were executed as rapidly as possible.

GAINES'S MILL, OR THE CHICKAHOMINY.

THE position selected for the new stand was east of Powhite Creek, about six miles from Beaver Dam Creek. The line of battle was semicircular, the extremities being in the valley of the Chickahominy, while the intermediate portion occupied the high grounds along the bank of a creek and curved around past McGee's to Elder Swamp. Part of the front was covered by the ravine of the creek. The east bank was lined with trees and underbrush, which afforded concealment and protection to our troops and artillery.

From the point where the line of the creek turns suddenly to the east, the front was a series of boggy swamps covered extensively with tangled brush. Near McGee's and beyond, the ground, elevated and drier, was filled with ravines swept by our artillery and infantry, who were covered by depressions in the ground. The high land embraced within the semicircle was cleared ground, but undulating, and often, with the aid of fences and ditches, giving concealment and cover, breast high, to both infantry and artillery.

Before sunrise of the 27th the troops were withdrawn from Beaver Dam Creek and sent to their new position east of Powhite Creek, destroying the bridges across it after them.

Some batteries and infantry skirmishers, left as a ruse at Beaver Dam Creek, by their fire so fully absorbed the attention of the foe that our purpose suddenly and rapidly to abandon the intrenchments seemed unsuspected. But when they discovered our withdrawal, their infantry pressed forward in small detachments, the main body and the artillery being delayed to rebuild the bridges. Seymour's brigade, the

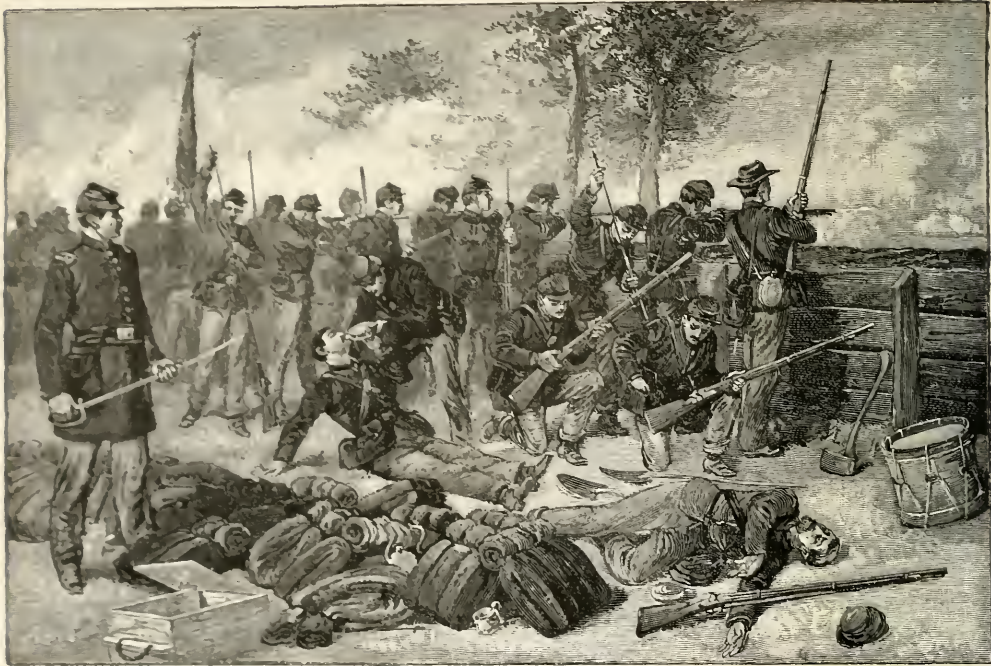
last to start, under its skillful commander, with Tidball's and Robertson's well-managed Horse Batteries on its flanks, kept the enemy at a respectful distance and enabled all horse, foot and artillery, wagons and wounded, to reach, with little loss, their designated posts in the new position; my brave and efficient aide, Lieutenant Weld, however, was taken prisoner.

The siege guns were safely removed by hand from the works overlooking New Bridge and taken to the south bank of the Chickahominy, where, protected by Franklin's corps, they were posted and used with damaging effect upon the enemy as they advanced that afternoon to attack the left of our line.

Our new line of battle was well selected and strong, though long and requiring either more troops to man it than I had, or too great a thinning of my line by the use of the reserves. The east bank of the creek, from the valley of the Chickahominy to its swampy sources, was elevated, sloping, and timbered. The bed of the stream was nearly dry, and its west bank gave excellent protection to the first line of infantry posted under it to receive the enemy descending the cleared field sloping to it. The swampy grounds along the sources of the creek were open to our view in front for hundreds of yards, and were swept by the fire of infantry and artillery. The roads from Gaines's Mill and Old Cold Harbor, along which the enemy were compelled to advance, were swept by artillery posted on commanding ground.

Along the ground thus formed and close to its border were posted the divisions of Morell and Sykes—the latter on the right—Martin's Massachusetts Battery between—each brigade having in reserve, immediately in its rear, two of its regiments. Sections or full batteries of the Division artillery were posted to sweep the avenues of approach, and the fields on which these avenues opened. Wherever possible and useful, guns were placed between brigades and on higher ground, in front or rear, as judgment dictated. The unemployed guns were in reserve with their divisions. Batteries of Hunt's Reserve Artillery were in rear of the left, covered by timber from view of the enemy, but ready to move at a moment's call, or from their stand to pour their irresistible fire into the enemy's face in case they broke our line.

McCall's division formed a second line, near the artillery in reserve, in rear of Morell, and immediately behind the woods on the left. Reynolds, the first to leave Beaver Dam Creek, had gone to Barker's Mill to cover the approaches from Cold Harbor and Dispatch Station to Grapevine Bridge; but hearing the battle raging on our left, and having no enemy in his front,



DEFENSIVE POSITIONS AT ELLERSON'S MILL. (DRAWN BY CHARLES KENDRICK FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

while Emory of Cooke's cavalry, with artillery, was near at hand to do the duty assigned to him, he hastened to join McCall, arriving opportunely in rear of Griffin's left.

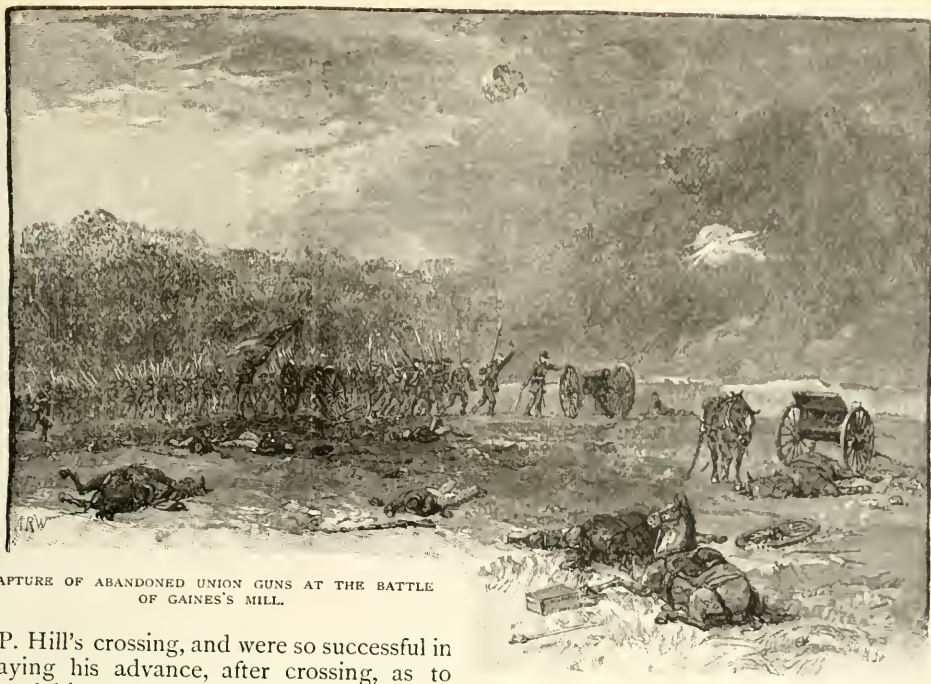
General Cooke was instructed to take position, with cavalry, under the hills in the valley of the Chickahominy — there with the aid of artillery to guard our left flank. He was especially enjoined to intercept, gather, and hold all stragglers, and under no circumstances to leave the valley for the purpose of coming upon the hill held by our infantry, or pass in front of our line on the left. Stoneman's detachment of cavalry and infantry, miles to the north, was no longer available. Fearing it might be cut off by Jackson, I sent Stoneman word to make his way as best he could to White House, and in proper time to rejoin the army — wherever it might be.

Believing my forces too small to defend successfully this long line, I asked General Barnard, when he left me, to represent to General McClellan the necessity of reinforcements to thicken and to fill vacant spaces in my front line. He himself promised me axes. This was my first request for aid, but none came in response. The axes did not arrive till near dark, and were useless — but with the few obtained early in the day from the artillery, and in the little time at command, trees were felled along a small portion of our front, and useful barriers were erected, which were filled in with rails and knapsacks.

While withdrawing from Beaver Dam, I had seen to my delight Slocum's division of Franklin's corps crossing the river to my assistance. McClellan had promised to send it, and I needed it; it was one of the best divisions of the army. Its able, experienced, and gallant commander and his brave and gifted subordinates had the confidence of their well-trained soldiers. They were all worthy comrades of my well-tried and fully trusted officers, and of many others on that field, subsequently honored by their countrymen. But to our disappointment, through some misunderstanding, the division was almost immediately recalled to Franklin. In response, however, to a later call, it returned at a time when it was greatly needed, and rendered invaluable services.

I fixed my headquarters at first at the Adams house; but early in the battle that locality became a hospital, and I advanced to the Watts house, on more elevated ground, whence I could see the greater part of the field and communicate readily with all parts of it.

Thus far, it will be seen, all plans were defensive; I had reason to believe that the enemy largely outnumbered me — three to one. Evidently it was their plan and their policy to crush me, if possible. Their boldness and confidence, I might add incaution, if not imprudence and rashness in exposure and attack,



CAPTURE OF ABANDONED UNION GUNS AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

A. P. Hill's crossing, and were so successful in delaying his advance, after crossing, as to compel him to employ large bodies to force the regiment back to the main line. This brought on a contest which extended to Morell's center and over Martin's front,—on his right,—and lasted from 12:30 to near 2 o'clock—Cass and his immediate supports falling back south of the swamps. This persistent and prolonged resistance gave to this battle one of its well-known names.*

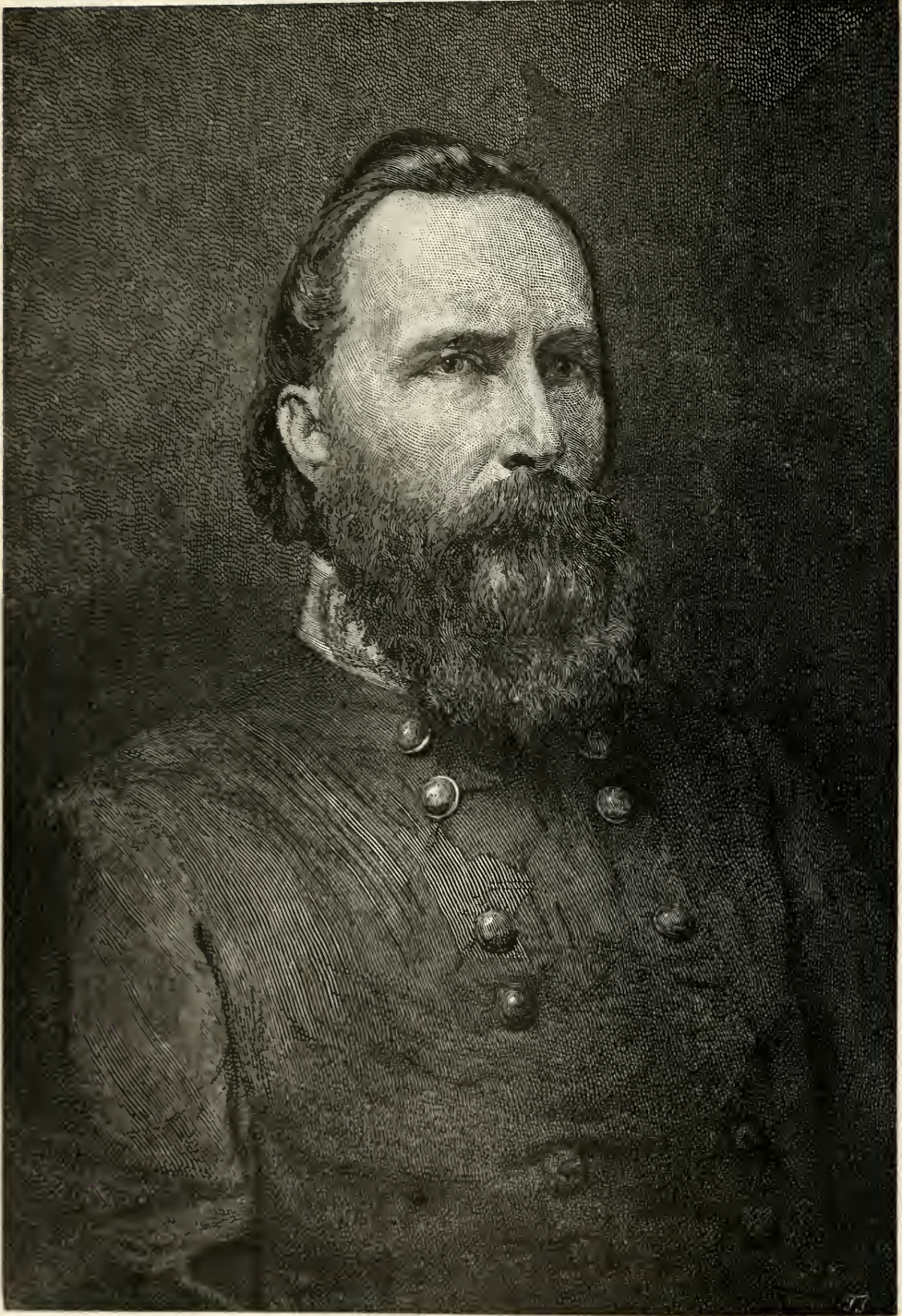
Another column of the enemy, D. H. Hill's, from Beaver Dam Creek, and Jackson's column, from northern Virginia, with which it had united, came opposite my right front from the direction of Old Cold Harbor and deployed, connecting with A. P. Hill's on the left and extending to our right beyond McGee's. The advance column of these troops came a little earlier than those under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, but were more cautious and for some hours not so aggressive. Believing that they were passing on down the river to intercept our communications, and thinking that I might strike them to good advantage while in motion, I asked permission to follow, intending to attack with Sykes's division and Emory of Cooke's cavalry, leaving Morell and McCall to hold the other lines in check. Information, however, soon poured in, convincing me that this force was larger than any I could use against them,

and that still larger forces were forming to attack our left and center. This compelled me to keep my troops united and under cover, and also again to ask aid from the south bank of the Chickahominy. My first message to General McClellan was not delivered, as already stated; my second one was responded to by the speedy arrival of Slocum.†

Soon after two P. M., A. P. Hill's force, between us and New Cold Harbor, again began to show an aggressive disposition, independent of its own troops on its flanks, by advancing from under cover of the woods, in lines well formed and extending, as the contest progressed, from in front of Martin's battery to Morell's left. Dashing across the intervening plains, floundering in the swamps and struggling against the tangled brushwood, brigade after brigade seemed almost to melt away before the concentrated fire of our artillery and infantry; yet on others pressed, followed by supports as dashing and as brave as their predecessors, despite their heavy losses and the disheartening effect of having to clamber over many of their disabled and dead, and to meet their surviving comrades rushing back in great disorder from the deadly contest. For nearly two hours the battle raged, extending more or less along the whole line

* It is a curious fact that all the large engagements about Richmond in this campaign began after noon: Seven Pines about 1 o'clock; Mechanicsville from 3 to 4; Gaines's Mill at 12:30; Savage's Station at 4; White Oak Swamp at from 12 to 1; Glendale from 3 to 4; Malvern Hill after 1.—EDITOR.

† The forces in this battle were: Union, 50 regiments, 20 batteries (several of which were not engaged),—in all about 27,000 men; Confederate, 129 regiments, 19 batteries,—in all about 65,000.—I. J. P.



James Longstreet

to our extreme right. The fierce firing of artillery and infantry, the crash of the shot, the bursting of shells and the whizzing of bullets, heard above the roar of artillery and the volleys of musketry, all combined was something fearful, which only brave hearts, determined at all hazards to maintain the cause they deemed just, could withstand.

Regiments quickly replenished their exhausted ammunition by borrowing from their more bountifully supplied and generous companions. Some withdrew, temporarily, for ammunition, and fresh regiments took their places ready to repulse, sometimes to pursue, their desperate enemy, for the purpose of retaking ground from which we had been pressed and which it was necessary to occupy in order to hold our position.

The enemy were repulsed in every direction. An ominous silence reigned. It caused the inference that their troops were being gathered and massed for a desperate and overwhelming attack. To meet it, our front line was concentrated, reënforced, and arranged to breast the avalanche, should it come. I again asked for additional reënforcements. French and Meagher's brigades, of Sumner's corps, all that the corps commanders deemed they could part with, were sent forward by the commanding general, but did not arrive till near dark.

At 2 P. M., when I took my station beyond the Watts house, my anxieties and responsibilities had been substantially relieved, at least so far as related to the establishment of a line of battle, in which all engaged felt their power to resist attack. At that time the practicability of our defensive position, in charge of troops having implicit confidence in each other, had been demonstrated by the successful resistance for nearly two hours against the strong and persistent attacks upon our center and right. The troops were well shielded with their reserves within immediate call. Commanders of divisions, of brigades, and of batteries were in the midst of their men, all confident and determined to hold their posts to the utmost, to resist and drive back the enemy, prepared to call up their reserves, replenish ammunition and to communicate to me such needs as they could not fill, and to furnish all necessary information for my action. They had been left to their own judgment and energy, to determine in what manner they could accomplish the best results with the means at their command and with the least exposure.

From my post in advance of the Watts house, the field in front of Sykes was visible, and it was easily understood, by the sound of battle in the woods and by the fire of the enemy in his advance and repulse, that the

center and left still remained solid and undisturbed. All available means were used by which I could be kept informed so that I could provide, in the best possible manner, for the many rapid changes and wants suddenly springing up. The Prince de Joinville and his two nephews — the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres — and Colonels Gantt, Radowitz, and Hammerstein, from the commanding general's staff, joined me as volunteer aides. Each of these, with my own staff, Locke, Kirkland, Mason, Monteith, and McQuade exposed themselves to danger, not only quickly and cheerfully carrying every message, but often voluntarily throwing themselves where needed to direct, to lead, to encourage, and to rally.

During the greater part of the afternoon, D. H. Hill's troops, in detachments, were more or less aggressive on the right. The silence which followed the repulse, already referred to, lasted but a short time. The renewed attacks raged with great fierceness and fury, with slight intermission, along the most of our front, till after five o'clock. Large and numerous bodies of infantry from the direction of Old Cold Harbor, under cover of artillery, directed their attacks upon Sykes's division and Martin's battery; others, from the west side of Powhite Creek, were hurled in rapid succession against Martindale and Butterfield. These furious attacks were successfully repelled, but were immediately renewed by fresh troops. McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves, as needed, were pushed as rapidly as possible into the woods, in support of Martindale and Griffin, whose brigades for a long time bore the brunt of the attacks and whose regiments were relieved as soon as their ammunition was expended. All our positions were held against enormous odds, and the enemy was driven back by our fresh troops, successively thrown into action. At each repulse they advance new troops upon our diminishing forces, and in such numbers and so rapidly that it appeared as though their reserves were inexhaustible. The action extended along our entire line. At four o'clock, when Slocum arrived, all our reserves were exhausted. His brigades were necessarily separated, and sent where most needed. Newton's brigade, being in advance, was led to the right of Griffin, there to drive back the enemy and retake ground only held by the enemy for an instant. Taylor's brigade filled vacant spaces in Morell's division, and Bartlett's was sent to Sykes, just in time to render invaluable service, both in resisting and attacking.

On the right, near McGee's, the enemy captured one of our batteries, which had been doing them great damage by enfilading their lines and preventing their advance. They

gained thereby a temporary foothold by advancing some infantry; but, prompt to act, General Sykes directed its recapture, and a regiment with arms shifted to the right shoulder, and moving at a double quick, was soon in possession of the prize, which again renewed its damaging blows. At times, the enemy on the right would gain an advantage, but in such a case our infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, would move immediately at a rapid gait and regain the lost ground. This occurred frequently in Sykes's command and in the brigades serving near it, all of which were, more or less, in exposed ground. Not less deserving of praise were the divisions of McCall, Morell, and Slocum in their stubborn resistance to the oft-repeated and determined onslaughts of their assailants, who vastly out-numbered them.

About 6:30, preceded by a silence of half an hour, the attack was renewed all along the line with the same apparent determination to sweep us by the force of numbers from the field, if not from existence. The result was evidently a matter of life or death to our opponent's cause. This attack, like its predecessors, was successfully repulsed throughout its length. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the result seemed so favorable that I began to cherish the hope that the worst that could happen to us would be a withdrawal after dark, without further injury—a withdrawal which would be forced upon us by the exhausted condition of our troops, greatly reduced by casualties, without food, and with little ammunition.

As if for a final effort, as the shades of evening were coming upon us, and the woods were filled with smoke, limiting the view therein to a few yards, the enemy again massed his fresher and re-formed regiments, and threw them in rapid succession against our thinned and wearied battalions, now almost without ammunition, and with guns so foul that they could not be loaded rapidly. In preparation for defeat, should it come, I had posted artillery in large force just in rear of our center and left, ready for any emergency—and especially to be used against a successful foe, even if his destruction involved firing upon some of our own retreating troops, as might have been necessary. The attacks, though coming like a series of apparently irresistible avalanches, had

thus far made no inroads upon our firm and disciplined ranks. Even in this last attack we successfully resisted, driving back our assailants with immense loss, or holding them beyond our lines, except in one instance, near the center of Morell's line, where by force of numbers and under cover of the smoke of battle our line was penetrated and broken; this at a point where I least expected it. This was naturally the weakest point of our line, owing to the closer proximity of the woods held by the enemy. Under this cover they could form, and with less exposure in time and ground than elsewhere, and launch their battalions in quick succession upon our men. I believed I had guarded against the danger by strongly and often reënfencing the troops holding this part of the line. Here the greater part of McCall's and Slocum's forces were used. Just preceding this break, to my great surprise, I saw cavalry, which I recognized as ours, rushing in numbers through our lines on the left, and carrying off with sudden fright the limbers of our artillery, then prepared to pour their irresistible fire into a pursuing foe. With no infantry to support, and with apparent disaster before them, such of the remainder of these guns as could be moved were carried from the field; some deliberately, others in haste, but not in confusion.

In no other place was our line penetrated or shaken. The right, seeing our disaster, fell back united and in order, but were compelled to leave behind two guns the horses of which had been killed. The troops on the left and center retired, some hastily, but not in confusion, often turning back to repulse and pursue the advancing enemy.* All soon rallied in rear of the Adams house behind Sykes and the brigades of French and Meagher sent to our aid, and who now, with hearty cheers, greeted our battalions as they retired and re-formed. We lost in all twenty-two cannon; some of these broke down while we were withdrawing, and some ran off the bridges at night while we were crossing to the south bank of the Chickahominy. The loss of the guns was due to the fact that some of Cooke's cavalry which had been directed to be kept, under all circumstances, in the valley of the Chickahominy, had been sent to resist an attack of the enemy upon our left. The charge, executed in the face of a withering fire of infantry and in the midst of our heavy cannonading, as well as that of

* We are informed by Colonel Auchmuty, then assistant adjutant-general of Morell's division, that there was no running or panic when the line broke. The men fell back in small groups, turning and firing as they went, and carrying many of the wounded with them. On the crest of the hill in the rear of the line of battle a stand was made, and from that point regimental organizations were preserved. Near the close of the war General Griffin said to Colonel Auchmuty that he regarded Gaines's Mill as the hardest-fought battle in his experience.

The same officer informs us that after the line of battle had been formed in the morning and while the attack was momentarily expected, the mail arrived from the North, and the newsboys went along the line crying the New York and Philadelphia papers.—EDITOR.

the enemy, resulted, as should have been expected, in confusion. The bewildered and uncontrollable horses wheeled about, and dashing through the batteries, satisfied the gunners that they were charged by the enemy. To this alone I always attributed the failure on our part to longer hold the battle-field and to bring off all our guns in an orderly retreat. Most unaccountably this cavalry was not used to cover our retreat or gather the stragglers, but was peremptorily ordered to cross to the south bank of the river.* I never again saw their commander.

At night I was called to General McClellan's headquarters, where the chiefs of corps, or their representatives, were gathered. The commanding-general, after hearing full reports, was of the opinion that the final result would be disastrous if we undertook longer to hold the north bank of the river with my command in the condition in which it was left by a hard fight and the loss of rest for two nights. In this opinion all concurred; and I was then instructed to withdraw to the south bank and destroy the bridges after me. The plans to move to the James River were then explained, together with the necessity for the movement, and the orders were given for the execution of those plans.†

My command was safely withdrawn to the south bank of the river, and the bridges were destroyed soon after sunrise on the 28th.

The Prince de Joinville and his two nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, were on the field as volunteer aides-de-camp, actively engaged in encouraging the men, carrying messages, and performing other duties of aides. Each of these officers was in the midst of flying musket-balls, and was liable to be struck at any moment.‡ At one time the Comte de Paris, regardless of himself, begged me to send his uncle to General McClellan with a message which would at once and permanently remove him from the dangers of the battle, since the family interests at stake were too important to permit him to be so exposed. I had shortly before asked Colonel Gantt, another of McClellan's aides, to hasten to that general and hurry up reinforcements, as our lines would soon be broken. The danger

was now imminent, and I asked the Prince to carry the same message, telling him that he was selected because of the speed of his horse. He turned as if to go, and I went to attend to the field. Soon the Comte returned, with tears in his eyes, and with choking utterance, expressive of his care and affection, begged me again to send away his uncle. This also I did. Scarcely had the Prince left the second time when our cavalry fell back on us as I have related, our line was broken, and our artillery rendered unserviceable. The Prince and Colonel Gantt afterwards told me that they did not leave, as I had directed, because all seemed favorable to us, and they thought I could not be in earnest or that I had greatly misjudged the situation. This shows how sudden the tide may turn in battle and on what little incidents success may depend.

The forces arrayed against us, and especially those which had thus far been launched upon my command, were the chosen of Southern manhood from Maryland to Texas. No braver or more spirited body of men was to be found among the Confederates, or any who more strongly believed in their own invincibility.§ Their general officers, from the chief down, had been selected for earnest devotion to their cause, and well-earned reputation for intelligent and energetic performance of duty in other fields. With few exceptions they had been my personal friends, and many of them my intimate associates. In the varied relations to them as subaltern, as instructor, as academical and regimental comrade, in social life, as competitor for honors in war and in garrison life, and engaged in watching those performing trying duty in Kansas, Utah, and elsewhere, I learned to know them well in all their qualifications, and to respect their decision under conviction of duty, when, to my regret, they left the cause of the Union.

Notwithstanding my friendship, my personal regard for these old friends and former comrades, which never varied, it was my duty to oppose them, when arrayed against the Union, to the utmost. At the earliest moment, when separation was attempted, and afterwards, my efforts were continuously directed against the success of their cause. One of the results of those efforts was manifested on this

* See "War of the Rebellion — Official Records," Vol. XI., Part II., pp. 43, 223, 273, 282. — F. J. P.

† At Gaines's Mill the Union loss was: Killed, 894; wounded, 3107; missing, 2836 — total, 6837, or one in four engaged. On the Confederate side the losses of Jackson, Ewell, Whiting, and D. H. Hill were: Killed, 589; wounded, 2671; missing, 24 — total, 3284. Of these, Whiting (*i. e.*, Hood's and Law's brigades) lost 1017. The losses of A. P. Hill and Longstreet for this battle are not reported separately, but a safe estimate from their losses in the campaign would probably bring the total considerably beyond the Union loss, that of the killed and wounded certainly much higher. Almost the whole of two Union regiments, the Eleventh Pennsylvania and the Fourth New Jersey, were captured. — EDITOR.

‡ See "The Princes of the House of Orleans," by General McClellan, in THE CENTURY for February, 1884.

§ The known presence of President Davis and General Lee, to oversee, direct, encourage, and urge, was another influential power in favor of the Confederates in this movement. — F. J. P.

battle-field. I was enabled, after great labor and care, to meet these friends and comrades in command of men, than whom there could be none more intelligent, better disciplined, braver, more confiding in each other, and more determined on success. They embraced soldiers from Maine, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and all New England—together with all the regular army, then at the East, from all parts of the country. Their commanders were not excelled by those in any other corps in ability, experience, or reliability; they had the highest confidence in each other, in the army, and in their own men, and were fully competent to oppose their able adversaries.

I have said we did not fear Lee alone at Beaver Dam Creek. Nor, though anxious, did we fear the combined attack of Lee and Jack-

son at Gaines's Mill. Defeat to us was necessarily great damage to them. Our flanks were secure and could not be turned; though fewer in numbers, the advantages of our position, combined with the firm discipline of our own brave men, overcame the odds. Our adversaries were forced to meet us face to face. All day they struggled desperately for success, and near night, after fearful destruction, broke our line at one point, just at a time when a most unforeseen mismanagement on our part aided to crown their labors with possession of the field. Still, our confidence was not broken; and, as we shall see in a succeeding paper, under like circumstances victory crowned our arms with success against the same opponents, strongly reënforced, at Malvern Hill.

Fitz John Porter.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Sawing out a Channel above Island Number Ten.

THE Engineer Regiment of the West was an organization composed of twelve full companies of carefully selected workmen, chiefly mechanics, and officered by men capable of directing such skilled labor. Most of the officers and about six hundred of the men were engaged in the operations about New Madrid and

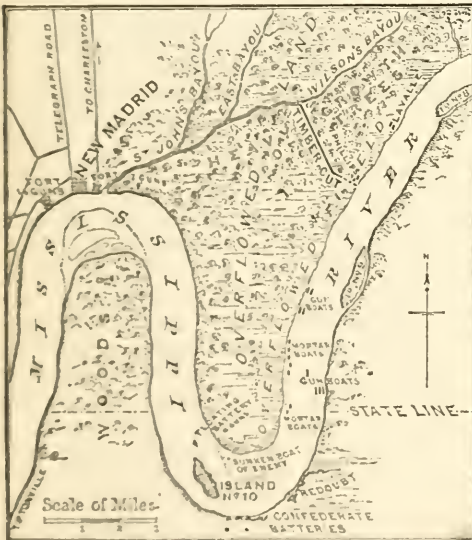
tions of that regiment I am not aware that any of its officers ever made a report beyond a verbal notification to the general in command that the work required of it was done. This narrative is therefore made entirely from memory, aided by reference to letters written to my family and not intended for publication.

It is perhaps proper to state here that the term "canal," as used in all the letters and reports relating to the opening of this waterway, conveys an entirely wrong idea. No digging was done except by way of slightly widening a large break in the levee, and those officers who speak of the men as "working waist-deep in the water" knew nothing at all of the matter.

The enemy held Island Number Ten and the left bank opposite, and the same bank from New Madrid down to Tiptonville, a ridge of high land between the back swamp and the river.* In rear of their positions was Reelfoot Lake and the overflow, extending from above them to a point below Tiptonville. Escape by land was impossible, the right bank below New Madrid and that town being occupied by General Pope. The gun-boats under Foote held the river above, and our heavy batteries commanded the only place of debarkation below. Having accomplished this much, the problem for General Pope to solve was to cross his army to make an attack, for which purpose he judged that two gun-boats, to be used as ferry-boats, would be sufficient. The general stood with me on the parapets of Fort Thompson (just captured) and pointed out his whole plan; and he was so confident that his letter to Foote would bring the boats that he directed me to go back to the fleet at Island Number Eight by dug-out across the overflow, and come down with them past the batteries, and a set of private signals was arranged between us then and there for use upon their appearing in sight.

I reached the flag-ship in the afternoon about dark, and that evening Foote called together all his com-

* The reader is presumed to be acquainted with the fuller map of the operations here referred to, printed on page 441 of the *JANUARY CENTURY*, with Admiral Walke's paper on the Western Flotilla. The above map shows the course of the channel as corrected by Col. Bissell.—Ed.



MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI AT ISLAND NO. 10.

Showing (corrected) line of the channel cut by the Engineer Regiment.

Island Number Ten; to them should be given the credit of the success of the engineering operations of that campaign. In order to do this and to correct some erroneous impressions, I yield to the request of the editor of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* to give a brief account of the opening of the so-called "canal" above Island Number Ten, a work which was executed under my personal and general direction. In all the opera-

manders in council. One or two wanted to run the blockade, but the commodore flatly refused. He explained that his boats, since they were armored solely about the bows, were invincible fighting up-stream, but fighting down-stream were of little account; and that if one of them should be boarded and captured, she could be turned against us, and could whip the whole fleet and place Cairo, Louisville, and St. Louis at her mercy! One of the captains said that if he were allowed to go, he would stand in the magazine and blow the vessel out of water if the enemy got on board. Another, I think, was quite as emphatic, but Foote was firm.

I then, in a pleasant way, made a peremptory demand upon him for a gun-boat. As pleasantly, but still firmly, he refused; whereupon I started up, rather excited, and with considerable emphasis said: "General Pope shall have his boats, if I have to take them across the country."

The next day, with two of the tugs of the fleet, I explored the shore carefully on each side: first on the eastern shore, to see if the enemy were securely shut in, which I found to be the case; and then on the western, to see if St. James's Bayou, which emptied into the river seven miles above Island Number Eight, in any way communicated with St. John's Bayou, which debouched at New Madrid. Here I found no possible way across.

Early the next morning while standing on the levee, chagrined at my failure to obtain a gun-boat, and mindful of the strong language I had used before the officers of the fleet, and while waiting for the guide to get the dug-out ready to take me back to camp, I spied, directly opposite me across the submerged fields, an opening in the timber; and the thought flashed upon me that there was the place to take the transports through. This proved to be an old wagon-road extending half a mile into the woods; beyond and around was a dense forest of heavy timber. The guide said it was two miles to the nearest bayou. I asked him to make a map upon my memorandum-book, which he did, showing a straight cut to the first bayou and the general route of the bayous to New Madrid. This route we carefully explored, and I reached General Pope's headquarters about dark. When my report of the interview had reached Foote's refusal, the general gave vent to his disappointment and indignation. Some officer present making some suggestion about a "canal," I immediately pulled out my memorandum-book, and showing the sketch said the whole thing was provided for, and that I would have boats through in fourteen days.*

General Pope then gave me an order on the authorities at Cairo for steamboats and anything the regiment might need. That evening Captain Tweddale, Lieutenant Randolph, and I sat up till a late hour arranging all the details, including barges to be fitted with heavy artillery to be used as gun-boats, and the next morning they started with one hundred men

for Cairo, to meet me at Island Number Eight with all the materials they could get the first day. Other officers and men started by the same route daily, until the 600 men of my force had returned, and my stock of supplies was complete. I returned in the dug-out through the selected channel, and in due time found at the proposed starting-point four stern-wheel steamboats, drawing thirty to thirty-six inches of water, and six large coal-barges, besides one columbiad, three large siege-guns with carriages and ammunition, saws, lines, and all kinds of tools and tackle in great quantities, and fully two million feet of timber and lumber.

The way through the submerged corn-field and the half-mile of road was easy enough, but when we reached the timber the labor of sawing out a channel commenced. The one steamer which had a powerful steam capstan was put in the lead, and the others having hand capstans were fastened single file in the rear, and then the six barges in like order, so that the progress of the first controlled all the others. Captain Tweddale took charge of the cutting in front, while Lieutenant Randolph was fitting up the improvised gun-boats astern. About three hundred men were assigned to each, and they worked in relays without the slightest intermission from daybreak until dark.

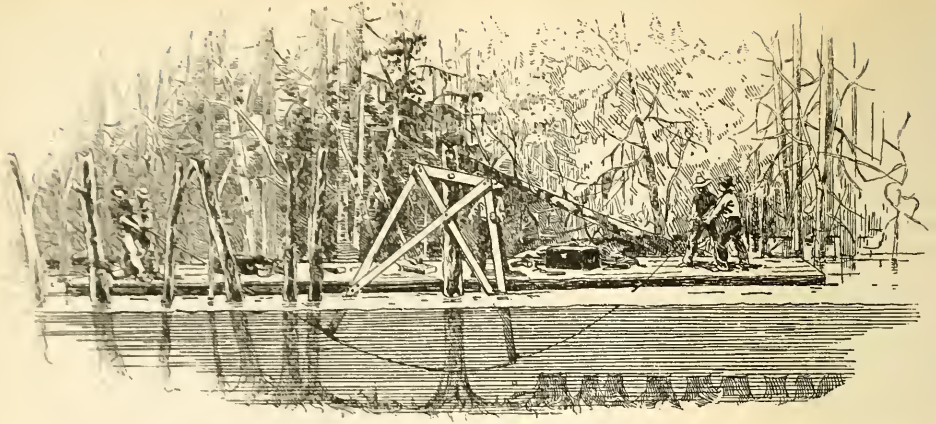
First of all, men standing on platforms on small rafts cut off the trees about eight feet above the water. As soon as a tree was down, another set of men, provided with boats and lines, adjusted about it a line which ran through a snatch-block and back to the steam capstan, and hauled it out of the way; thus a partial cut was made forward, the lines always working more than two hundred feet ahead of the capstan, so as to leave plenty of room for the saws. It took about four sets of lines to keep pace with twelve saws.

When the space about the stumps allowed sufficient room, a raft about forty feet long was lashed to a stump, and the saw set at work in a frame attached by a pivot and working in an arc as shown in the sketch—two men working the saw at opposite ends by a rope, and a fifth on the farther side of the tree guiding its teeth into the tree. Where the stumps were too close, or irregular, three yawl-boats were used instead of the raft. No trouble was experienced with the stumps a foot or less in diameter. With the larger ones it was different; the elms spread out so much at the bottom that the saw almost always would run crooked and pinch. If it commenced running up, we notched the top and set the frame farther in; if down, we put in powerful tackle, and pulled the top of the stump over.

Here was where the ingenuity of the officers and men was exercised: as the saws were working four and a half feet beneath the surface, and the water was quite turbid, the question was how to ascertain what was interfering with the saw, and then to apply the remedy. But I found Captain Tweddale equal to the most obstinate stump. I think two and a half hours was the longest time ever expended upon any one, while about that number of minutes would dispose of some small ones when the saw was ready. In all it took eight days to cut the two miles.

When we reached the bayous the hard and wet work began. The river had begun to fall, and the water was running very rapidly. We had to get rid of great drift heaps from the lower side with our machinery all on

* The Records of the War Department, which I have just seen for the first time, contain a letter from General Pope to me, which I never before heard of (dated the day I was on my way back from the gun-boat with the plan fully matured), asking if I could not dig a canal, a "mere ditch of a foot wide which the water of the river would soon wash out," from a point one mile above Island Number Ten to a point one mile below. That land was at this time ten feet under water.—J. W. B.



the upper side. Small pieces of drift would be disposed of by the yawl-boats, or a single line and snatch-block would take them right out; but sometimes a great swamp oak, three feet through, and as heavy as lignum vitæ, lying right across our channel a foot or so under water, would try our tackle. We had then to raise them up to the surface, and hold them there till they could be chopped in pieces. In one case it took eight lines from the four capstans to get one up.

In one of the bayous for about two miles the current was so swift that all the men who were out on logs, or in exposed places, had safety lines tied around them; and as the timber was slippery, some were indebted to these lines for their lives. During the whole work not a man was killed, injured, or taken sick.

While all this was being done in front of the boats, Lieutenant Randolph was at work with his detachment in the rear in improvising gun-boats to supply the lack of Foote's. The barges used were coal-barges, about eighty feet long and twenty wide, scow-shaped, with both ends alike. The sides were six inches thick, and of solid timber. The original plan was to use three of the steamboats with a barge on each side—the other steamer to be kept as a reserve. One columbiad and three thirty-two-pounders were mounted on platforms, and arrangements were made to use a considerable number of field-guns to be taken on board at New Madrid. Six hundred men of the Engineer Regiment, using one of the steamers with her two barges, were to land at break of day at the mouth of the slough about a mile below and opposite Fort Thompson, and with their intrenching tools dig a line of rifle-pits as soon as possible. About the same number of picked men were to be with them to help fight or dig, as occasion might require. The other two sections of the flotilla were to be filled with men, and landed just below, as best could be done when the resistance was developed. The reserve steamer with her men, not being incumbered with barges, could move rapidly and take advantage of any opening to land the force, which could by a flank movement aid any of the other parties; or if either of the other boats became disabled, it could help them along.

When about half-way through the channel, I left the flotilla and reported progress to General Pope.

Upon a reëxamination of the ground from Fort Thompson, he concluded that it would be best to make the leading boat a fighting boat that could not be disabled. So he telegraphed to Cairo and St. Louis for a great number of coal-oil barrels. These arrived through the channel about the time the boats reached the lower end of St. John's Bayou. In the mean time the steamer to be used was so bulkheaded with lumber that her engines and boilers were secure from damage from field-artillery, and the forward part of the hull, which projected beyond the barges, was bulkheaded off and filled with dry rails, to keep her from being disabled. There were no heavy guns and few field-guns opposed to us at this point. Upon the arrival of the barrels they were laid in two tiers all over the bottoms of two barges; the interstices were filled with dry rails, the whole well secured in place by a heavy floor. No shot could reach the hull of the steamer through these, and no number of holes could sink the barge with all this buoyant matter. On the steamer and barges protection was prepared for a large number of sharp-shooters. Such a craft as that would have covered the debarkation of the Engineer Regiment, and protected them till they could dig rifle-pits and take care of themselves, and then it could have been used to cover the landing of the rest of the army.

The boats and barge gun-boats were kept concealed in the bayou, just back from New Madrid, for a day or two, till the soldiers could be prepared for the passage and attack. Meanwhile Foote concluded to risk the passage of the island with the *Carondelet* and afterward with the *Pittsburgh*, and the whole plan was changed; the gun-boats could move so much more rapidly that they were to silence the Confederate field-guns, while the transports, loaded with troops, could land wherever an opening could be found. The whole scheme was accomplished so successfully that I think not a man was killed or wounded, and the entire Confederate force surrendered. The barges were not used at all; nor did any of the Engineer Regiment cross: they were kept on the right bank, ready to be called in case of any disaster, which, fortunately, did not occur.

Several of the captured officers told me that after the gun-boats had run their batteries, nearly their

whole force was withdrawn from about Island Number Ten and kept concealed in the woods back of the practicable landing-places, and they were well prepared to pick off all the men that could possibly be landed from the gun-boats; the woods were so close to the bank that they probably could have done so; but when they saw the four transports, loaded with troops, steam out from the bayou, they knew that all hope was gone, and the word was given for each man to take care of himself. A few hundred did manage to

make their way through the swamps in the rear, but the most of them quietly yielded to the inevitable. So well had the movement been concealed that they had not the least idea of what was being done.

When the boats were about half-way through, Thomas A. Scott, the Assistant-Secretary of War, came on board from the gun-boat fleet. After a suitable inspection of the work, he returned and telegraphed to President Lincoln from Cairo that Island Number Ten would be taken within a certain time—and it was.

J. W. Bissell.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Abetting the Enemy.

ONE of the most stubborn and discouraging evils of current politics is revealed in the notorious fact that the rascals in either party may count with confidence upon the moral support of a good share of the reputable men in the other party. To this depth does partisanship daily descend. The average party man regards party success as so much more important than the public welfare, that he is quite willing the State should suffer at the hands of his opponents, if by this means a point can be made against them in the next campaign. There are "good men" in each party ready to promote corruption and chicanery in the other party,—men who, if any nefarious deed is proposed by the worst of their opponents, do not shrink from quietly aiding and abetting the iniquity. If the miscreants cannot be openly assisted without incurring responsibility for their own party, they will at least refrain from open opposition, hoping for the success of evil schemes and rejoicing at their consummation. Is it too much to say that the average partisan wishes the State to be injured by every act of his opponents, exults when they go wrong, and ill conceals his vexation when anything is done by them for the benefit of the country?

Such conduct we might expect from those mercenaries who make politics a trade, and it would not be strange if each party contained a large number of ignorant and inconsiderate persons who would be governed by these petty motives; but one is sometimes appalled at the extent to which intelligent citizens have fallen under the sway of such pernicious passions. The prospect of reform in politics grows dim when we contemplate the tacit alliance so widely established between the respectable men of each party and the malefactors of the other.

It too often occurs that wise and beneficent measures, proposed by one party, are treated with captious and sneering criticism, and even defeated, by the other for purely partisan reasons. In one of the State legislatures, a few weeks ago, a measure was introduced looking toward the restriction of intemperance by a certain method. The party in opposition held a caucus to determine its own action upon the question. Several of the legislators expressed themselves as favoring the method proposed; they believed it to be the best method of dealing with the evil; but they readily agreed to oppose the measure before them, for the avowed reason that they would not help the party

in power to do a good thing for the State. That party might gain some credit from the measure if it were adopted; and that party should gain no credit for patriotic action if they could help it. The measure, as they believed, would benefit the State, and the State was greatly suffering for some kind of legislation; but the State might continue to suffer; it should never be relieved by their opponents; no good should come to the State if they could help it, unless it came through their own party. This was exactly the purport of their reasoning. Inasmuch as the measure required a three-fifths vote, the minority were able to defeat it. The action of this caucus was reported in all the party organs, and the heroic conduct of these gentlemen who stood so firmly with their party, and who so nobly resisted the temptation to consider the welfare of the State, did not fail to receive its proper meed of praise. To none of these partisans did it appear that the men in question had acted otherwise than magnanimously; not a whisper of disapproval came from the ranks of their own party. Yet these men had violated the solemn obligation which they assumed in entering upon the duties of their office; they had deliberately done the State what they believed to be an injury in order that benefit might accrue to their political organization. The fact that such action should occur, and such considerations be openly urged at one of our great political centers, without exciting adverse comment, indicates in a somewhat striking manner the extent to which partisanship has degraded our politics.

Those partisans who rejoice over the blunders and sins of their opponents, and who deplore and obstruct their efforts to do well, have, of course, a reason for their conduct. They think that their own party practically monopolizes the virtue of the nation; that the other party is composed almost wholly of rogues; and that, therefore, patriotism is summed up in the support of their party. The good of the State is identified with the success of their party; if by abetting the evil-doing of their opponents they can maintain themselves in power, they will most effectually promote the public welfare. At the very best, then, these people are encouraging evil that good may come, and rejoicing in evil as a means of bringing good; this puts them into a class concerning whom we have high authority for saying that their "damnation is just."

But is not the notion too childish to be entertained by people of common sense, that either of the two great parties which so equally divide the voters of this

country contains all the integrity and purity of the nation? Can intelligent men of either party fail to see that there is a great deal of genuine patriotic purpose among their opponents? And is it not possible for people of fair common sense to rid themselves of partisan madness long enough to see that the country is best served by commending and supporting all that is good and opposing all that is evil on both sides. It is for the interest of the country that both parties should be incorrupt and trustworthy; he who wishes that only one party should possess any virtue is an enemy of his country.

He is equally an enemy of his party. Nothing is so good for a political party as an intelligent, sagacious, high-principled opposition. When one party lifts up its standards, the other party must hear and answer the challenge. On the other hand, the degradation of either party is an encouragement to its antagonist to relax its moral energies. The man who helps to smooth the way of his opponents toward iniquity may be sure that his own party will speedily follow in the same direction.

If consistency were a matter of great concern to partisans, it might also be pertinent to suggest that no great moral value can be attached to a protest against evil-doing at which the protestant has connived.

Great reforms are demanded in our politics, notably the complete reform of the civil service. There is good prospect of the success of some of these measures, if only decent men of both parties will stand up for decency and praise it wherever they see it, demanding and commending the thorough enforcement of the laws, whichever party is in power. If these reforms fail, the blame will lie at the doors of those otherwise highly moral and reputable citizens who prefer the success of their party to the welfare of their country.

The Causes of the Law's Delay.

THE remarks of a correspondent in the department of "Open Letters" seem to call for a further elucidation of the subject of "The Law's Delay." We shall not make much progress in alleviating the mischief indicated unless we recognize candidly at the outset that some delay, however burdensome, is necessary. The object of the law is to hear controversies for the purpose of ending them; and it must pause to hear them fully, if it is to end them finally. The rules of procedure, allowing opportunities for preparation and revision, are framed in view of the necessities made apparent by experience. They must in general be uniform for all cases in the same court.

But there are broader reasons why litigation must often move very slowly to its final conclusion. There are questions which are new, and on which a just conclusion can be developed or evolved only by years of contest. When railroads began to rival the water-courses as means of transportation, the question arose whether railroads must stop at navigable streams or navigation must stop at railroad bridges. To settle such a question for the continent is not in the power of any single decision. It is a question for the generation. It often occurs that the justice of a case is an unknown quantity; it has to be not merely ascertained, it has to be evolved, developed by a long contest. There are questions that ought not to be foreclosed

until everything that can be said on either side has been heard and reheard, nor until time has matured the reflection and promoted the judgment of those who are to pass upon it. There are many questions of public interest litigated which are beyond the possibility of immediate solution by an argument and a decision; and many questions solely of private right involve the same consideration of time.

Having thus conceded the absolute necessity of much irksome delay in any system of human justice, we are the better prepared to emphasize the injustice of unnecessary delay, and to inquire for its causes. There is a considerable class of cases in which the delay that burdens one party is purposely put upon him by the other. Delay is often a defense, and sometimes the only defense. We do not mean to say that this is in no case justifiable. Every lawyer of experience is familiar with cases where delay has been the only means he has had to defeat claims founded in fraud or on the destruction of evidence. But it is clear that, in general, contest by causing delay is so mischievous an obstruction of justice, that the courts ought to be astute to detect it and prompt to suppress it.

Apart from those cases in which delay is the desire of the client, and is paid for by him, the interests of the profession lie generally in the reasonably prompt dispatch of business, and the early and final termination of the client's controversy. It is as great a mistake to suppose that in America the profession on the whole profit by delay, as to suppose that they profit by panics and bankruptcy. That which is the most profitable to the profession is the employment called for by the prosperity of clients, by the putting through of litigation, and by new business enterprises. There are more complaints now from attorneys than from clients concerning the long calendars of untried cases, and the delays in the hearing of appeals. And wherever one of several courts in the same locality clears off its calendar, attorneys flock into it with new cases, all preferring the tribunal where they can soonest have a hearing.

For some causes of unnecessary delay the profession are responsible; for some, the courts; and for some, the legislature and the people.

Chief among those for which the profession are responsible are the inadequate standard of practical training in preparation for the bar, and the neglect of attorneys to take proper counsel in the early stages of litigation. The conduct of litigation differs in a curious way from most other business that is the subject of criticism. If a man is about to build a house, he goes to the highest authority first, and has his plans and specifications drawn to the minute details; and the builder, the contractors, the journeymen, and the laborers are all guided by the lines thus laid out for them. If a man is going to law, he has to take the lowest court first, and perhaps looks about for a young attorney who will not charge much. After the work is done and judgment got, the adversary takes it before a higher court for inspection; older counsel are engaged to argue the case before the court of last resort; and if the work is declared to have been done on the wrong lines, it is taken to pieces, and must be done over again. The chief prevention for such miscarriages of justice is in a more thoroughly trained bar. Too much emphasis can hardly be put upon this.

McCLELLAN'S CHANGE OF BASE.

THE CONFEDERATE PURSUIT.



WILLIS'S CHURCH, ON THE QUAKER ROAD, NEAR GLENDALE.
USED AS A CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL AFTER THE
BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

FIVE of the six Confederate divisions north of the Chickahominy at the close of the battle of Gaines's Mill remained in bivouac all the next day (June 28th), it being deemed too hazardous to force the passage of the river in the presence of the enemy. General Ewell was sent with his division to Dispatch Station on the York River railroad. (See map on page 453.) He found the station and the railroad-bridge burnt. J. E. B. Stuart, who followed the retreating Federal cavalry to the White House on the Pamunkey River, found destruction of stations and stores all along the line. These things proved that General McClellan did not intend to retreat by the short line of the York River railroad; but it was possible he might take the Williamsburg road. General Lee, therefore, kept his troops on the north side of the river, that he might be ready to move on the Federal flank, should that route be attempted. New Bridge was repaired on Saturday (the 28th), and our troops were then ready to move in either direction. The burnings and explosions in the Federal camp Saturday afternoon and night showed that General McClel-

lan had determined to abandon his strong fortifications around Richmond. Ewell, who was watching him at Bottom's Bridge, and the cavalry, holding the crossings lower down, both reported that there was no attempt at the Williamsburg route. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were sent across the river at New Bridge early on Sunday morning to move down the Darbytown road to the Long Bridge road to intercept the retreat to the James River. This movement began before it was known that General McClellan had evacuated his stronghold. Lee gave here the first illustration of a quality for which he became noted — the remarkable discernment of his adversary's plans through the study of his character. McClellan could have retreated to Yorktown with as little loss as Johnston sustained on his retreat from it. The roads from Richmond to Yorktown lead through a wooded and swampy country, on which strong rear-guards could have afforded perfect protection to a retreating column without bringing on a general engagement. General Johnston, on his retreat from Yorktown, did fight at Williamsburg, but it was a battle of his own choosing, and not one forced upon him by the vigor of pursuit. Lee had but little idea that McClellan would return to Yorktown, judging rightly that the military pride of his distinguished opponent would not permit him to march back a defeated column to the point from which he had started, a few months before, for the capture of the Confederate capital, with his splendid army and magnificent outfit.* It is a proof of Lee's sagacity that he predicated his orders for an advance upon the belief that General McClellan was too proud a man to fall back by the same route by which the triumphal advance had been made. A great commander must study the mental and moral characteristics of the opposing leader, and Lee was specially endowed with an aptitude in that direction. At the battle of Salzbach, Montecucculi, the Austrian commander, noticed the French troops making a movement so different from the cautious style of his famous rival that he exclaimed, "Either Turenne is dead or mortally wounded." So it proved to be; the French marshal had been killed by a cannon-ball before the movement began.

In pursuance of General Lee's plan, Huger

* The capture of Petersburg would have been almost as disastrous to the South as the capture of Richmond, and for many days Petersburg was at the mercy of the Federal army. There were no troops and no fortifications there when General McClellan reached the James. Some two weeks after the battle of Malvern Hill the first earth-works were begun at Petersburg, by my order. — D. H. H.

was directed (on the 29th) to take the Charles City road to strike the retreating column below White Oak Swamp. Holmes was to take possession of Malvern Hill, and Magruder to follow the line of retreat, as soon as the works were abandoned. The abandonment became known about sunrise on Sunday morning, but Grapevine bridge was not completed till sunset. Jackson then crossed his corps at that point, my division leading. We bivouacked that night near Savage's Station, where McLaws's division had had a severe fight a few hours before. Just at dawn on Monday, the 30th, we were in motion, when I discovered what appeared to be a line of battle drawn up at the station, but which proved to be a line of sick and of hospital attendants, two thousand five hundred in number. About half a mile from the station we saw what seemed to be an entire regiment of Federals cold in death, and learned that a Vermont regiment had made a desperate charge upon the division of McLaws, and had been almost annihilated. From the time of crossing the river, we had evidence everywhere of the precipitate nature of the Federal retreat. Dabney, in his life of Jackson, says:

"The whole country was full of deserted plunder, army wagons, and pontoon trains partially burned or crippled; mounds of grain and rice and hillocks of mess beef smoldering; tens of thousands of axes, picks, and shovels; camp kettles gashed with hatchets; medicine chests with their drugs stirred into a foul medley; and all the apparatus of a vast and lavish host; while the mire under foot was mixed with blankets lately new, and with overcoats torn from the waist up. For weeks afterwards agents of our army were busy in gathering in the spoils. Great stores of fixed ammunition were saved, while more were destroyed."

In our march from Savage's Station my division picked up a thousand prisoners, stragglers from the retreating army, and gathered a large number of abandoned rifles. I detached two regiments (the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina) to take the prisoners and arms to Richmond. We reached White Oak Swamp about noon, and there found another hospital camp, with about five hundred sick in it. Truly, the Chickahominy swamps were fatal to the Federal forces. A high bluff was on our side of the little stream called White Oak, and a large uncultivated field on the other side. In this field could be seen a battery of artillery, supported by a brigade of infantry — artillerists and infantry lying down and apparently asleep. Under cover of Munford's regiment of cavalry, thirty-one field pieces were placed upon the bluff, and were ordered to open fire as soon as the cavalry mask was removed. The battery fired its loaded guns in reply, and then galloped off, followed by its infantry supports and the long

lines of infantry farther back in the field. Munford crossed his regiment over the ford, and Jackson and myself went with him to see what had become of the enemy. We soon found out. The battery had taken up a position behind a point of woods, where it was perfectly sheltered from our guns, but could play upon the broken bridge and ford, and upon every part of the uncultivated field. It opened with grape and canister upon us, and we retired rapidly. Fast riding in the wrong direction is not military, but it is sometimes healthy. We had taken one prisoner, a drunken Irishman, but he declined the honor of going back with us, and made fight with his naked fists. A soldier asked me naively whether he should shoot the Irishman or let him go. I am glad that I told him to let the man go, to be a comfort to his family. That Irishman must have had a charmed life. He was under the shelter of his gum-cloth coat hung on a stick, near the ford, when a citizen fired at him four times, from a distance of about fifty paces; and the only recognition that I could see the man make was to raise his hand as if to brush off a fly. One of the shells set the farm-house on fire. The owner came out and told us that General "Baldy" Smith was taking a bath in the house at the time. I do not know how refreshing the general found it, or whether the story was true. We learned, however, that Franklin's corps was in front of us, and that item of news was true.

Our cavalry returned by a lower ford, and pronounced it perfectly practicable for infantry. But Jackson did not advance. Why was this? It was the critical day for both commanders, but especially for McClellan. With consummate skill he had crossed his vast train of five thousand wagons and his immense parks of artillery safely over White Oak Swamp, but he was more exposed now than at any time in his flank march. Three columns of attack were converging upon him, and a strong corps was pressing upon his rear. Escape seemed impossible for him, but he *did* escape, at the same time inflicting heavy damage upon his pursuers. General Lee, through no fault in his plans, was to see his splendid prize slip through his hands. Longstreet and A. P. Hill struck the enemy at Frayser's Farm (or Glendale) at 3 P. M. on the 30th, and, both being always ready for a fight, immediately attacked. Magruder, who followed them down the Darbytown road, was ordered to the assistance of General Holmes on the New Market road, who was not then engaged, and their two divisions took no part in the action. Huger, on the Charles City road, came upon Franklin's left flank,*

* See map on page 470.

but made no attack. I sent my engineer officer, Captain W. F. Lee, to him through the swamp, to ask whether he could not engage Franklin. He replied that the road was obstructed by fallen timber. So there were five divisions within sound of the firing, and within supporting distance, but not one of them moved. Longstreet and A. P. Hill made a desperate fight, contending against Sumner's corps, and the divisions of McCall, Kearny, and Hooker; but they failed to gain possession of the Quaker road, upon which McClellan was retreating. That night Franklin glided silently by them. He had to pass within easy range of the artillery of Longstreet and Hill, but they did not know he was there. It had been a gallant fight on their part. General Lee reported: "Many prisoners, including a general of division, McCall, were captured, and several batteries, with some thousands of small arms, were taken." But as an obstruction to the Federal retreat, the fight amounted to nothing.

Major Dabney, in his life of Jackson, thus comments on the inaction of that officer: "On this occasion it would appear, if the vast interests dependent upon General Jackson's coöperation with the proposed attack upon the center were considered, that he came short of the efficiency in action for which he was everywhere else noted." After showing how the crossing of White Oak might have been effected, Dabney adds: "The list of casualties would have been larger than that presented on the 30th, of one cannoneer wounded: but how much shorter would have been the bloody list filled up the next day at Malvern Hill? This temporary eclipse of Jackson's genius was probably to be explained by physical causes. The labor of the previous days, the sleeplessness, the wear of gigantic cares, with the drenching of the comfortless night, had sunk the elasticity of his will and the quickness of his invention for the nonce below their wonted tension. And which of the sons of man is so great as never to experience this?"

I think that an important factor in this inaction was Jackson's pity for his own corps, worn out by long and exhausting marches, and reduced in numbers by its score of sanguinary battles. He thought that the garrison of Richmond ought now to bear the brunt of the fighting. None of us knew that the veterans of Longstreet and A. P. Hill were unsupported; nor did we even know that the firing that we heard was theirs. Had all our troops been at Frayser's Farm, there would have been no Malvern Hill.

Jackson's genius never shone out when under the command of another. It seemed then to be shrouded or paralyzed. Compare his inertness on this occasion with the

wonderful vigor shown a few weeks later at Slaughter's Mountain, in the stealthy march to Pope's rear, and later still in the capture of Harper's Ferry. MacGregor on his native heath was not more different from MacGregor in prison, than was Jackson his own master from Jackson in a subordinate position. He wrote once to Richmond requesting that he "might have fewer orders and more men." That was the keynote to his whole character. The hooded falcon cannot strike the quarry.

The gentleman who tried his "splendid rifle" on the drunken Irishman was the Rev. L. W. Allen. Mr. Allen had been raised in that neighborhood, and knew Malvern Hill well. He spoke of its commanding height, the difficulties of approach to it, its amphitheatrical form and ample area, which would enable McClellan to arrange his three hundred and fifty field guns tier above tier and sweep the plain in every direction. I became satisfied that an attack upon the concentrated Federal army so splendidly posted, and with such vast superiority in artillery, could only be fatal to us. The anxious thought then was, Have Holmes and Magruder been able to keep McClellan from Malvern Hill? General Holmes arrived at Malvern at 10:40 A. M. on the 30th, with five thousand one hundred and seventy infantry, four batteries of artillery, and one hundred and thirty improvised or irregular cavalry. He did not attempt to occupy the hill, although only fifteen hundred Federals had yet reached it. Our cavalry had passed over it on the afternoon of the 29th and had had a sharp skirmish with the Federal cavalry on the Quaker road.

As General Holmes marched down the river, his troops became visible to the gun-boats, which opened fire upon them, throwing those awe-inspiring shells familiarly called by our men "lamp-posts," on account of their size and appearance. Their explosion was very much like that of a small volcano, and had a very demoralizing effect upon new troops, one of whom expressed the general sentiment by saying: "The Yankees threwed them lamp-posts about too careless like." The roaring, howling gun-boat shells were usually harmless to flesh, blood, and bones, but they had a wonderful effect upon the nervous system. General Junius Daniel, a most gallant and accomplished officer, who had a brigade under General Holmes, gave me an incident connected with the affair on the 30th, known as the "Battle of Malvern Cliff." General Holmes, who was very deaf, had gone into a little house concealed from the boats by some intervening woods, and was engaged in some business when the bellowing of the "lamp-posts" began. The irregular cavalry stam-

ped and made a brilliant charge to the rear. The artillerists of two guns of Graham's Petersburg battery were also panic-struck, and cutting their horses loose mounted them, and with dangling traces, tried to catch up with the fleet-footed cavaliers. The infantry troops were inexperienced in the wicked ways of war, having never been under fire before. The fright of the fleeing chivalry would have pervaded their ranks also with the same mischievous result but for the strenuous efforts of their officers, part of whom were veterans. Some of the raw levies crouched behind little saplings to get protection from the shrieking, blustering shells. At this juncture General Holmes, who, from his deafness, was totally unaware of the rumpus, came out of the hut, put his hand behind his right ear, and said: "I thought I heard firing." Some of the pale-faced infantry thought that they also had heard firing.

Part of Wise's brigade joined Holmes on the 30th, with two batteries of artillery and two regiments of cavalry. His entire force then consisted of five thousand eight hundred and twenty infantry, six batteries of artillery, and two regiments of cavalry. He remained inactive until 4 P. M., when he was told that the Federal army was passing over Malvern Hill in a demoralized condition. He then opened upon the supposed fugitives with six rifled guns, and was speedily undeceived in regard to the disorganization in the Army of the Potomac by a reply from thirty guns, which in a brief time silenced his own. The audacity of the Federals and the large number of their guns (which had gone in advance of the main body of Porter's corps) made General Holmes believe that he was about to be attacked, and he called for assistance, and, by Longstreet's order, Magruder was sent to him. After a weary march, Magruder was recalled to aid Longstreet; but the day was spent in fruitless marching and countermarching, so that his fine body of troops took no part in what might have been a decisive battle at Frayser's Farm. General Holmes was a veteran soldier of well-known personal courage, but he was deceived as to the strength and intentions of the enemy. General Porter says that the force opposed to General Holmes consisted of Warren's brigade and the Eleventh U. S. Infantry; in all, fifteen hundred infantry and thirty pieces of artillery. Here was afforded an example of the proneness to overestimate the number of troops opposed to us. The Federals reported Holmes to have twenty-five thousand men, and he thought himself confronted by a large part of McClellan's army. That night he fell back to a stronger position,* thinking appar-

ently that there would be an "on to Richmond" movement by the River Road. He lost two killed, forty-nine wounded, two pieces of artillery, and six caissons. The guns and caissons, General Porter states, were afterwards abandoned by the Federals. General Holmes occupied the extreme Confederate right the next day, July 1st, but he took no part in the attack upon Malvern Hill, believing, as he says in his official report, "that it was out of the question to attack the strong position of Malvern Hill from that side with my inadequate force."

Mahone's brigade had some skirmishing with Slocum's Federal division on the 30th, but nothing else was done on that day by Huger's division. Thus it happened that Longstreet and A. P. Hill, with the fragments of their divisions shattered at Gaines's Mill, were struggling alone, while Jackson's whole corps and the divisions of Huger, Magruder, Holmes, McLaws, and my own were near by.

Jackson moved over the Swamp early on the first of July, Whiting's division leading. Our march was much delayed by the crossing of troops and trains. At Willis's Church I met General Lee. He bore grandly his terrible disappointment of the day before, and made no allusion to it. I gave him Mr. Allen's description of Malvern Hill, and presumed to say, "If General McClellan is there in force, we had better let him alone." Longstreet laughed and said, "Don't get scared, now that we have got him whipped." It was this belief in the demoralization of the Federal army that made our leader risk the attack. It was near noon when Jackson reached the immediate neighborhood of Malvern Hill. Some time was spent in reconnoitering, and in making tentative efforts with our few batteries to ascertain the strength and position of the enemy. I saw Jackson helping with his own hands to push Riley's North Carolina battery farther forward. It was soon disabled, the woods around us being filled with shrieking and exploding shells. I noticed an artilleryman seated comfortably behind a very large tree, and apparently feeling very secure. A moment later a shell passed through the huge tree and took off the man's head. This gives an idea of the great power of the Federal rifled artillery. Whiting's division was ordered to the left of the Quaker road, and mine to the right; Ewell's was in reserve. Jackson's own division had been halted at Willis's Church. The divisions of Magruder, Huger, and McLaws were still farther over to my right. Those of Longstreet and A. P. Hill were in reserve on the right and were not engaged.

At length we were ordered to advance.

* Half a mile below the upper gate at Curl's Neck. (See Holmes's Report, Vol. XI., Pt. 2, Rebellion Records.)—D. H. H.

The brigade of General Joseph R. Anderson first encountered the enemy, and its commander was wounded and borne from the field. His troops, however, crossed the creek and took position in the woods, commanded by Colonel C. C. Tew, a skillful and gallant man. Rodes being sick, his brigade was commanded by that peerless soldier, Colonel J. B. Gordon. Ripley, Garland, and Colquitt also got over without serious loss. My five brigade commanders and myself now made an examination of the enemy's position.* He was found to be strongly posted on a commanding hill, all the approaches to which could be swept by his artillery and were guarded by swarms of infantry, securely sheltered by fences, ditches, and ravines. We remained a long while awaiting orders, when I received the following :

July 1, 1862.

GENERAL D. H. HILL: Batteries have been established to act upon the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead,† who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same.

R. H. CHILTON, A. A. G.

A similar order was sent to each division commander. However, only one battery of our artillery came up at a time, and each successive one, as it took position, had fifty pieces turned upon it, and was crushed in a minute. Not knowing what to do under the circumstances, I wrote to General Jackson that the condition upon which the order was predicated was not fulfilled, and that I wanted instructions. He replied to advance when I heard the shouting. We did advance at the signal, and after an unassisted struggle for an hour and a half, and after meeting with some success, we were compelled to fall back under cover of the woods. Magruder advanced at the same signal, having portions of the divisions of Huger and McLaws, comprising the brigades of Mahone, Wright, Barksdale, Ransom, Cobb, Semmes, Kershaw, Armistead, and G. T. Anderson. But he met with some delay, and did not get in motion till he received a second order from General Lee, and we were then beaten.

The Comte de Paris, who was on McClellan's staff, gives this account of the charge of my most gallant division :

"Hill advanced alone against the Federal positions. . . . He had therefore before him Morell's right, Couch's division, reinforced by Caldwell's brigade . . . and finally the left of Kearny.* The woods skirting the foot of Malvern Hill had hitherto protected the Confederates, but as soon as they passed beyond the edge of the forest, they were received by a fire

from all the batteries at once, some posted on the hill, others ranged midway, close to the Federal infantry. The latter joined its musketry fire to the cannonade when Hill's first line had come within range, and threw it back in disorder on the reserves. While it was re-forming, new (Federal) battalions marched up to the assault in their turn. The remembrance of Cold Harbor doubles the energy of Hill's soldiers. They try to pierce the line, sometimes at one point, sometimes at another, charging Kearny's left first, and Couch's right, . . . and afterwards throwing themselves upon the left of Couch's division. But here also, after nearly reaching the Federal positions, they are repulsed. The conflict is carried on with great fierceness on both sides, and, for a moment, it seems as if the Confederates are at last about to penetrate the very center of their adversaries and of the formidable artillery, which but now was dealing destruction in their ranks. But Sumner, who commands on the right, detaches Sickles' and Meagher's brigades successively to Couch's assistance. During this time, Whiting on the left, and Huger on the right, suffer Hill's soldiers to become exhausted without supporting them. Neither Lee nor Jackson has sent the slightest order, and the din of the battle which is going on in their immediate vicinity has not sufficed to make them march against the enemy. . . . At seven o'clock Hill reorganized the *débris* of his troops in the woods; . . . his tenacity and the courage of his soldiers have only had the effect of causing him to sustain heavy losses." (Pp. 141-142, Vol. II.)

Truly, the courage of the soldiers was sublime! Battery after battery was in their hands for a few moments, only to be wrested away by fresh troops of the enemy. If one division could effect this much, what might have been done had the other nine coöperated with it!

General Lee says :

"D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming numbers and the numerous batteries of the enemy. Jackson sent to his support his own division, and that part of Evell's which was in reserve; but owing to the increasing darkness, and the intricacy of the forest and swamp, they did not arrive in time to render the desired assistance. Hill was therefore compelled to abandon part of the ground that he had gained, after suffering severe loss and inflicting heavy damage upon the enemy."

I never saw anything more grandly heroic than the advance after sunset of the nine brigades under Magruder's orders.‡ Unfortunately, they did not move together, and were beaten in detail. As each brigade emerged from the woods, from fifty to one hundred guns opened upon it, tearing great gaps in its ranks; but the heroes reeled on and were shot down by the reserves at the guns, which a few squads reached. Most of them had an open field half a mile wide to cross, and this under the terrible fire of field artillery in front, and the

* See map on page 477.

† Immediately on my right.—D. H. H.

‡ Toombs's brigade belonged to this command, but had been moved up to the assistance of my division by my order when we were hard pressed. It was not, therefore, in the final attack made by Magruder.—D. H. H.

fire of the heavy ordnance of the gun-boats in their rear. It was not war—it was murder.

Our loss was double that of the Federals at Malvern Hill. Not only did the fourteen brigades which were engaged suffer, but also the inactive troops and those brought up as reserves too late to be of any use met many casualties from the fearful artillery fire which reached all parts of the woods for miles around. Hence, more than half the casualties were from the Federal field-pieces—an unprecedented thing in warfare. The artillery practice was kept up till nine o'clock at night. The darkness of the night added to the glory of the pyrotechnics, and though we were on the wrong side of the belching flames, we could not help looking at the gorgeous display with admiration, and even with enthusiasm. It was quite late when I had posted for the night the last of the reinforcements that had come up when the battle was over. A half hour before the last disposition was made, an incident occurred which is thus related by General Trimble:

“I proposed to General D. H. Hill to ride forward and reconnoiter the enemy's position. We approached within one hundred steps of the enemy's batteries, and could hear plainly the ordinary tone of conversation. The guns were then firing on the woods to our left, where the last attack had been made, at right angles to that part of the field we were then in. I suggested to General Hill the advantage of making an attack on this battery, and that it must be successful, as the enemy would not expect one from our position, and under cover of the darkness we could approach them undiscovered. General Hill did not seem inclined to make the movement.”

The chivalrous Trimble proposed to make the attack with his own brigade, but there were many troops now in the woods, and I thought that the attack would but expose them to a more intense artillery fire. We saw men going about with lanterns, looking up and carrying off dead and wounded. There were no pickets out, and the rumbling of wheels in the distance seemed to indicate that the retreat had begun. The morning revealed the bare plateau stripped of its terrible batteries.

The battle of Malvern Hill was a disaster to the Confederates, and the fourteen brigades that had been so badly repulsed were much demoralized. But there were six divisions intact, and they could have made a formidable fight on the 2d.

Possibly owing to the belief that Longstreet and A. P. Hill were making a march between Malvern and Harrison's Landing, the retreat was the most disorderly that took place. Wagons and ambulances were abandoned,

knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, clothing, and rifles by the thousand were thrown away by the Federals. Colonel Nance, of the Third South Carolina regiment, gathered nine hundred and twenty-five rifles in fine condition that had been thrown away in the wheat-field at Shirley, a farm between Malvern and Haxall's.

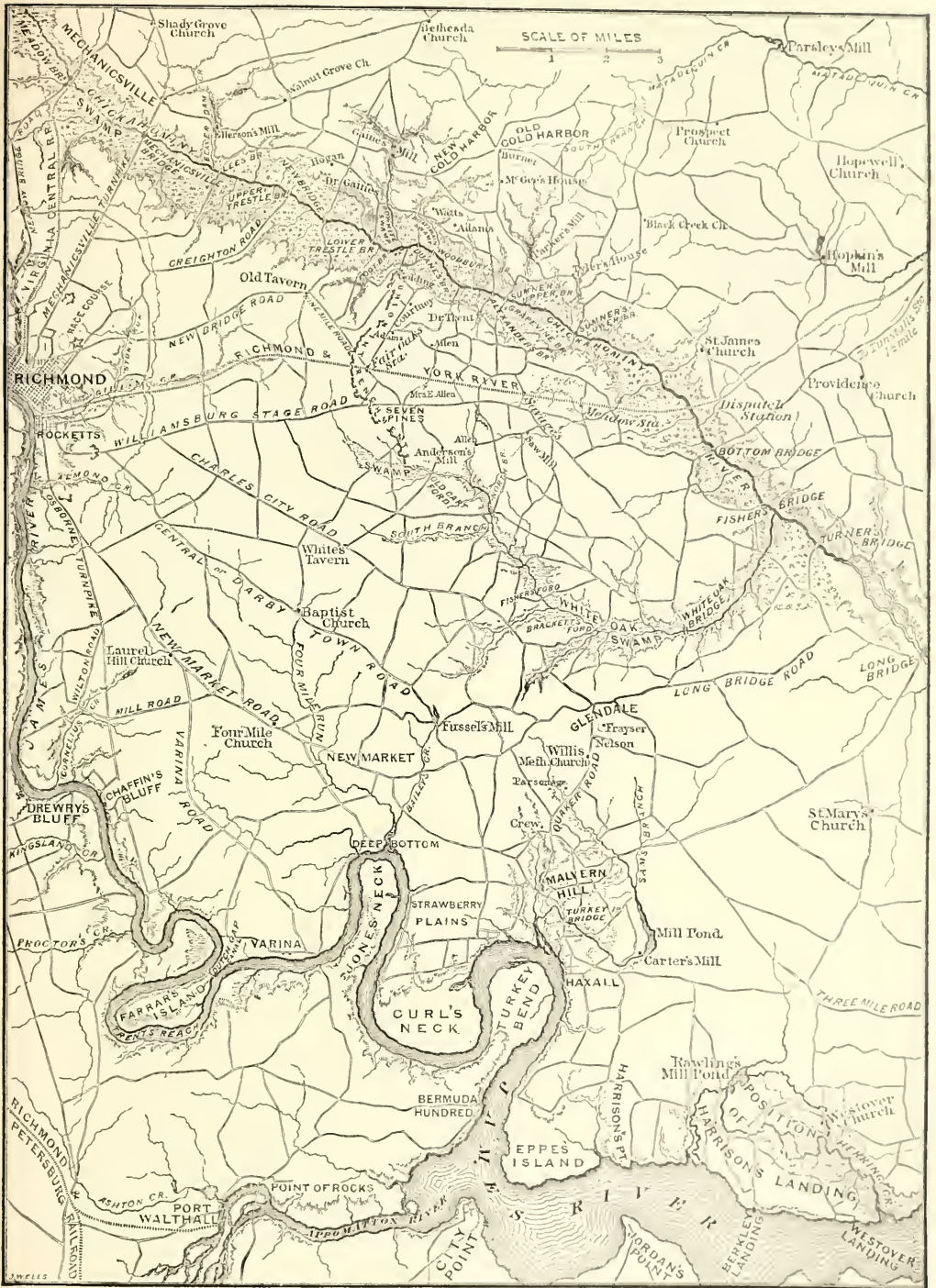
The fruits of the Seven Days' Fighting were the relief of Richmond, the capture of ten thousand prisoners, fifty-two pieces of artillery, and thirty-five thousand stands of arms, and the destruction or capture of many military stores.

I have not the means of ascertaining the relative losses. I crossed the Chickahominy with 10,000 effective men. Of these, 3907 were killed or wounded, and forty-eight were reported missing, either captured or fugitives from the field. With the infantry and artillery detached, and the losses before Malvern Hill, I estimate that my division in that battle was 6500 strong, and that the loss was 2000. Magruder puts his force at between 26,000 and 28,000 (I think a very high estimate), and states his loss as 2900.

Throughout this campaign we attacked just when and where the enemy wished us to attack. This was owing to our ignorance of the country and lack of reconnaissance of the successive battle-fields. Porter's weak point at Gaines's Mill was his right flank. A thorough examination of the ground would have disclosed that; and had Jackson's command gone in on the left of the road running by the McGee house, Porter's whole position would have been turned, and the line of retreat cut off. An armed reconnaissance at Malvern would have shown the immense preponderance of the Federal artillery, and that a contest with it must be hopeless. The battle, with all its melancholy results, proved, however, that the Confederate infantry and Federal artillery, side by side on the same field, need fear no foe on earth.

Both commanders had shown great ability. McClellan, if not always great in the advance, was most masterly in retreat, and is unquestionably the greatest of Americans as an organizer of an army. Lee's plans were perfect; and had not his dispositions for a decisive battle at Frayser's Farm miscarried, through no fault of his own, he would have won a most complete victory. It was not the least part of his greatness that he did not complain of his disappointment, and that he at no time sought a scape-goat upon which to lay a failure. As reunited Americans, we have reason to be proud of both commanders.

D. H. Hill.



REGION OF THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING.

REAR-GUARD FIGHTING AT SAVAGE'S STATION,
AND THE ENGAGEMENT, THE FOLLOWING DAY (JUNE 30), AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE.



WOODBURY'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)

THE positions of the troops holding the Union line on the south side of the Chickahominy on the 26th of June, 1862 (the day before the battle of Gaines's Mill), were the following: General W. F. Smith's division of my corps, the Sixth, held the right of the line, its right resting on the hill overlooking the Chickahominy, and my other division, General Slocum's, was next on the left. Going towards the left, General Sumner's corps came next, then General Heintzelman's, and then, on the extreme left reaching to White Oak Swamp, General Keyes's corps. On the 26th an epaulement was thrown up by the troops of the Sixth Corps in a wheat-field in front of our lines, which was ready for guns on the morning of the 27th. During the night of the 26th five batteries of the reserve artillery, under the command of Colonel (now General) Getty, were collected in rear of the epaulement, ready to take position in it and commence a heavy artillery fire on the enemy's line in front of Golding's Farm. (See map, page 453. Golding's is near the Chickahominy on the extreme right of the Union intrenched line.) Five days' rations, cold tea in the canteens, etc., etc., had been issued, so that everything was ready to follow up the

projected bombardment, which it was presumed would commence on the morning of the 27th. But on the evening of the 26th the fight at Beaver Dam Creek occurred, and General McClellan called at my headquarters on his way to confer with General Porter as to his operations of the next day. I was then absent at General Slocum's headquarters, conferring with him in regard to the attack we were expecting to make, and therefore missed General McClellan, so that I received no word from him until the next morning.

About daylight on the 27th I received orders to send General Slocum's division across the Chickahominy to report to General Porter. This order was countermanded a short time after the division had started by way of Woodbury's Bridge, and it returned to its station. About 10:30 o'clock in the morning the enemy opened on our artillery with theirs, doubtless unaware of the presence of the five batteries of reserve artillery mentioned above. The fire was kept up for an hour, and as theirs slackened, so did ours, until both sides ceased firing. Two hours before the bombardment began I received orders not to do anything to bring on a general engagement, and after the cessation of the artillery fire everything was quiet in our front for several hours. At two o'clock I was ordered again to send General Slocum's division to report to General Porter. It went accordingly, became engaged at once in the battle of Gaines's Mill, lost very heavily, and did not return to its station until after nightfall.

During the afternoon several of the heavy guns with us were used with effect on columns of the enemy on the north side of the Chickahominy moving against General Porter, causing them to fall back and seek some other route of attack. The range was about two and one-half miles. About sundown General Hancock's brigade, which held the extreme right of Gen-

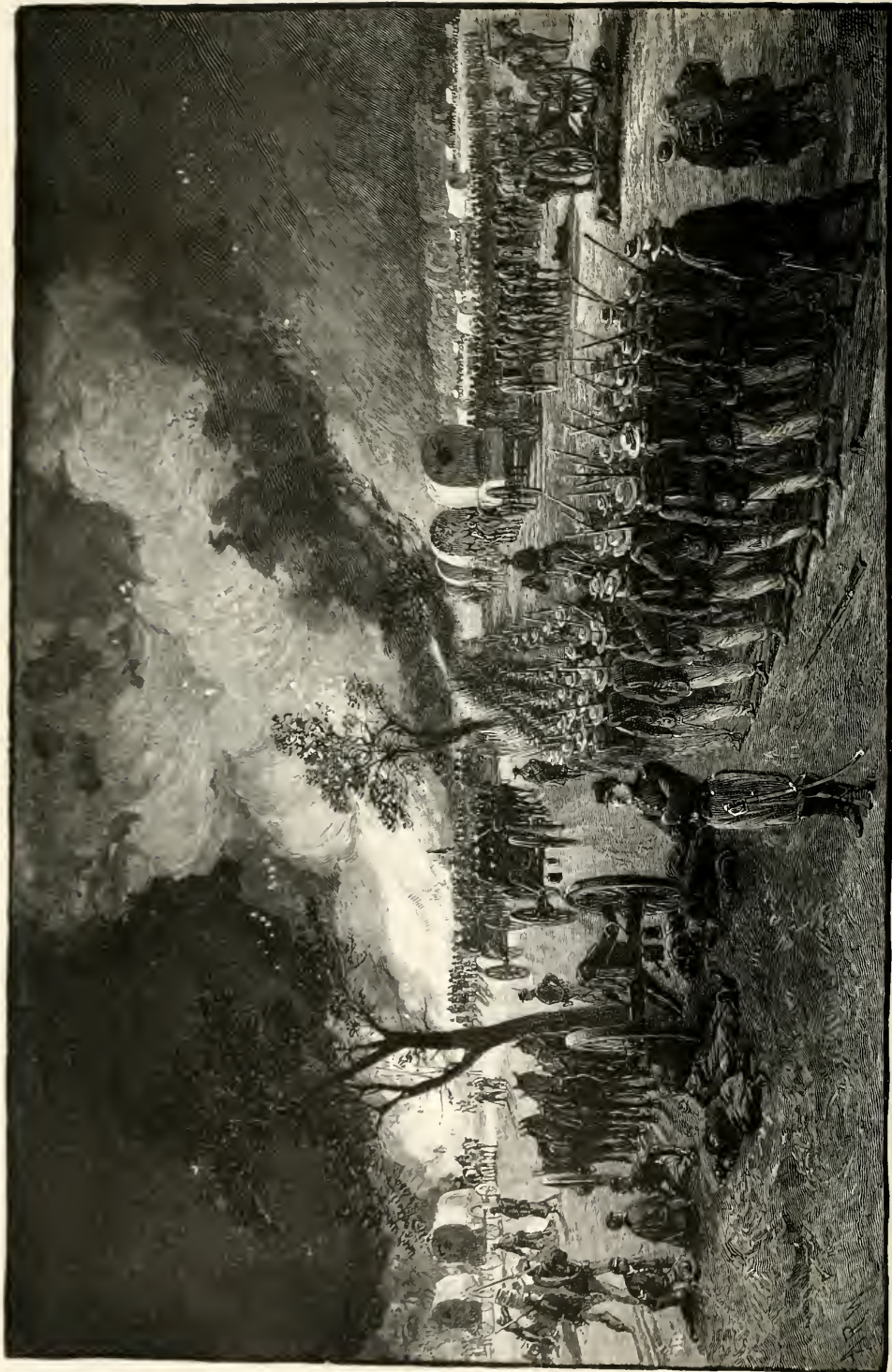


A SAMPLE OF THE CHICCAHOMINY SWAMP. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)

eral Smith's line, was attacked furiously by the enemy. It was nearly dark when the fight began, and the combatants were not fifty yards apart; but General Hancock was, as usual, equal to the occasion, and the enemy was driven back. This fight was preceded by a severe artillery fire from the enemy, which, however, was soon silenced. This day's operations of Smith's division were known as "the action at Golding's Farm."

The position held by General Smith's division was about one and one-half miles from the Gaines's Mill field; and possibly because the interval was filled with dense timber, not a gun of the Gaines's Mill battle was heard by the troops in our vicinity.

The next morning, the 28th of June, General Smith's division was moved to the rear and left of the clearing of Golding's Farm; General Slocum's division remaining to the rear and right of Smith, where it had taken position the night before. During this retrograde movement the enemy kept up a lively cannonade from the left, front, and right, doing wonderfully little harm. That evening the corps commanders were assembled at McClellan's headquarters at the Trent house. The commanding general announced to us his purpose to begin a movement to the James River on the next day, and each corps commander was furnished with a map on which were laid



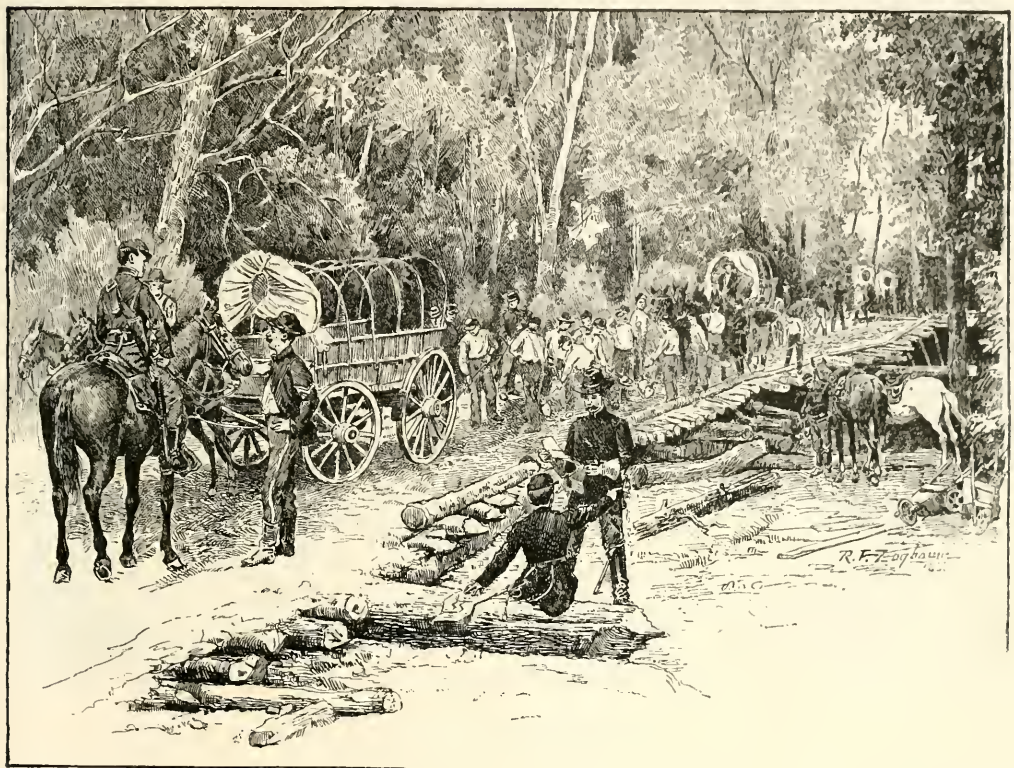
THE RETREAT FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY. (FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE FIELD AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

[The scene is near McClellan's headquarters at Dr. Trent's farm, before daylight on Sunday, June 29; the Sixth Corps (Franklin's) is falling back; the fires are from the burning of commissary stores and forage; the artillery in position covers the approaches from the Chickahominy, the artillerymen resting underneath the guns. The regiment in the middle ground is the 16th New York, who wore straw hats in this campaign, and were, partly in consequence, such conspicuous targets for the enemy that in the Seven Days' fighting they lost 228 men.—EDITOR.]

down the positions that the respective corps were to hold until the next evening, when all the troops remaining near their present positions were to move across the White Oak Swamp *en route* for the James. The assembly broke up about two o'clock in the morning, and each corps commander had all the information necessary to determine his action for the 29th, should nothing unforeseen occur.

The relative position of the Sixth Corps

the White Oak bridge than the intrenched line in front of Fair Oaks and Golding's Farm (described above), and was nearly parallel. It was much shorter than the old line, its left reaching nearly to the swamp, and its right to the brink of the Chickahominy hills. This second line was about three-quarters of a mile in front of Savage's Station on the York River Railroad, which had been the depot for unloading and storing supplies for the troops that held the old line, and where had been



UNION TROOPS BUILDING THE CORDUROY APPROACHES TO GRAPEVINE BRIDGE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)

[It was mainly by this bridge that the Union troops were withdrawn the night after the battle of Gaines's Mill.]

was not changed. General Smith's division was still to have its right on the Chickahominy, extending down the river, where it was to touch the left of General McCall's division, which, however, played no part in holding the line on June 29th, as it crossed White Oak Swamp early in the day.

General Slocum's division was to be at Savage's Station, in reserve. Then came General Sumner's corps and General Heintzelman's. General Keyes's was to cross the White Oak Swamp at once. General Porter's corps had already crossed the swamp, and was under orders to press forward to a position on the James River.

This new line was about two miles nearer

gathered in tents two thousand five hundred sick and wounded, most of the latter from Gaines's Mill.

General Slocum's and General Smith's divisions both moved to their new positions before daylight of Sunday, the 29th of June — the day of the fighting at Savage's Station. As General Slocum's division had suffered so severely in the battle of Gaines's Mill, and had not yet recovered from its exhaustion, General McClellan ordered it to cross White Oak Swamp at once, and it accordingly left its position. Through some inadvertence I was not informed of this change of plan; so when I joined General Smith early in the morning, I found him in his proper position,



THE SECOND LINE OF UNION WORKS AT FAIR OAKS STATION, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM SKETCH MADE ON THE FIELD BY A. R. WAUD.)

[On the day of the battle of Gaines's Mill the Confederates made demonstrations along the front of McClellan's left wing, of which Fair Oaks Station was the center. After the battle of Seven Pines this position had been greatly strengthened, as may be seen by comparing the above picture with the sketches of the same position in the May CENTURY.—EDITOR.]

but with an interval of more than a mile was, at the very time we learned this fact, engaged with the enemy at Allen's Farm. It was soon learned, by sending out cavalry, that General Sumner had not moved from the position that he held the day before, and It was also apparent that straggling parties of the enemy were in front of the interval already mentioned. These circumstances



DR. TRENT'S FARM-HOUSE. (PRESENT ASPECT.)

[General McClellan's headquarters were in a tent under the two trees at the right. The Chickahominy lies to the left behind the house, and is a little more than half a mile distant.—EDITOR.]

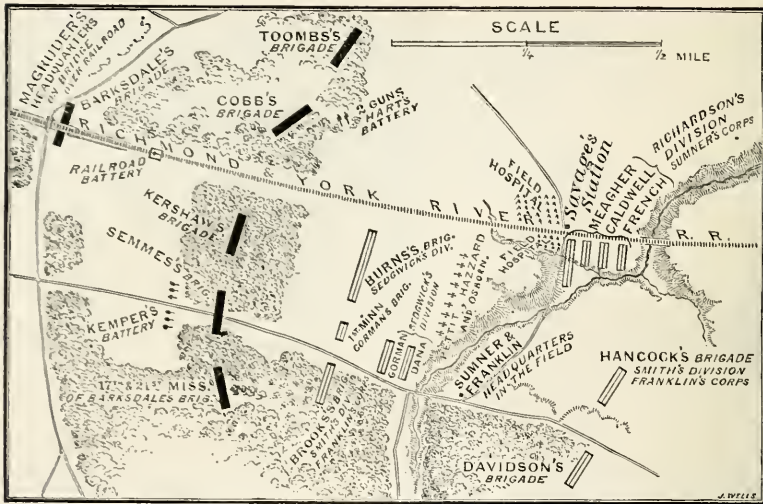


FIELD HOSPITAL AT SAVAGE'S STATION, AFTER THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

showed an alarming state of things, and General Smith and I rode over to Savage's Station to learn something of the positions of other troops. We found no troops in the vicinity except General Meagher's brigade and the Fifteenth Massachusetts Infantry, which had been sent to the station to destroy the stores that had to be abandoned. I at once wrote General Sumner, describing the situation, and informing him that I should move General Smith's division to Savage's Station, the vicinity of which offered a good fighting position, and advising him to bring his corps to that place. He answered the note at once, telling me that he was then engaged with the enemy,

and that as soon as things were quiet he would join me with his corps. Soon after I had sent to General Sumner General Heintzelman rode up, and I told him what I had done. He approved, and said that he would also join us at the station with his corps. He afterwards changed his mind, however, and instead of halting in the wood in front of the station, as we naturally supposed he would, he marched off towards White Oak bridge, hidden from us by the woods, and crossed the swamp, so that we saw him no more that day, supposing, nevertheless, until we were attacked by the enemy, that his troops were in position on a part of our front.* General

* General Heintzelman in his report says: "The whole open space near Savage's was crowded with troops — more than I supposed could be brought into action judiciously." He then states that an aide of the commanding general was with him to point out the road for his crossing. "I ordered the whole of my corps to take this road, with the exception of Osborn's and Bramhall's batteries." These were turned over to General Smith's division.—W. B. F.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE AT SAVAGE'S STATION.

[The order in which the Union troops entered the fight has by request been described for THE CENTURY by General William W. Burns, in a letter dated Governor's Island, May 10, 1885, in which he says :

"The enemy appearing in the woods west of Savage's Station, General Sumner sent me forward to occupy the space between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. Thinking that two regiments of my brigade would suffice, I led them forward to the fences, at the edge of the woods on the west side of the clearing, about five hundred yards distant from the ravine on the east side of the clearing. General Sumner had his headquarters east of this wooded ravine and could not observe what was occurring on the west side of the open field.

"When I reached the fences I sent skirmishers through the belt of trees, and found the enemy advancing on the Williamsburg road and on the railroad, where General Lee's famous railroad monitor was slowly approaching. I had to throw back the right company of the right regiment, the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, to rake the monitor. Then I found my two regiments not enough to extend across between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. I sent an aide in haste after my other two regiments, informing General Sumner of the situation. The First Minnesota, of Gorman's brigade, being most handy, was first sent, my two reserve regiments following. While placing the First Minnesota on the left to extend across the Williamsburg road, the battle began. My right flank swept the railroad monitor, which had advanced to the edge of the woods, and it ran back. The battle moved to my left and I discovered that our works east of Seven Pines had been evacuated by Heintzelman. I threw back the left flank of the First Minnesota across the Williamsburg road and sent the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania of my brigade to prolong the left, to prevent the turning movement of the enemy; at the same time informing General Sumner of the conditions in front. He would not believe that Heintzelman had withdrawn until I sent my last mounted man, urging and demanding reinforcements. The Seventy-first Pennsylvania (also called the First California), of my brigade, arriving, I placed it behind the center of my line where a gap had been made by extending the First Minnesota to the left. General Franklin sent General Brooks's brigade to the left of my line to check the turning movement of the enemy, and Sumner, when

he realized that Heintzelman had withdrawn, sent Gorman's and Dana's brigades to my support in front.

"General Sumner formed the Eighty-eighth New York, of Meagher's brigade, and the Fifth New Hampshire, of Caldwell's brigade, for a charge. A mass of men came up in my rear in full yell. I halted the crowd and asked for their commander. 'I am Captain McCartan of the Eighty-eighth New York, sir,' exclaimed an officer. I got them into line (about two hundred and fifty men), facing up the Williamsburg road, which was raked by the grape and canister of the enemy's batteries. I gave the command, Double quick—charge! They went in with a hurrah, and the enemy's battery fell back. General McClellan mistakenly gave the credit of that gallant charge to the Sixty-ninth New York. It seems that the Fifth New Hampshire halted before the charge which General Sumner had put in motion reached me.

"I was shot in the face with a minie-ball at the time the enemy broke through the gap in the center. There we had a hand-to-hand encounter, which determined the day in our favor. At nightfall I relieved the first line, its ammunition being exhausted, with the Seventy-first Pennsylvania, the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and the Eighty-second New York. My report of the Seven Days' fighting was made at Harrison's Bar in hot July. I was prostrated with my wound, malaria, and twenty-eight days of constant strain, and was unable to write or to collect my thoughts. The battle at Glendale on the 30th of June, the next day after that of Savage's Station, was saved by my brigade, which kept the enemy from piercing the center of the Army of the Potomac; but, like the instance above, history has given the credit to 'General Misunderstanding,' who, in history, fights most battles.—William W. Burns."

Parts of Hazzard's, Pettit's, and Osborn's batteries were engaged on the Union side.

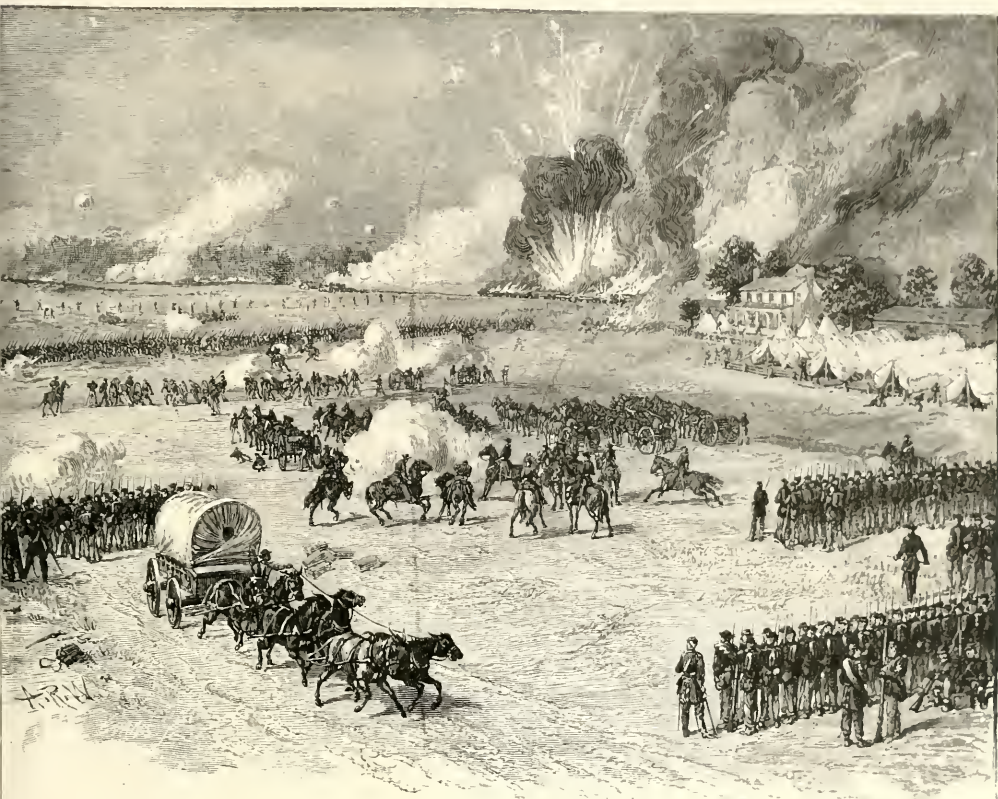
The Confederate infantry north of the railroad (Cobb's, Toombs's, and Anderson's brigades) did not take an active part in the battle. Anderson's brigade is not shown, its position being outside the northern bounds of the map.

The Confederate artillery engaged comprised Kemper's battery, two guns of Hart's battery, and Lieutenant Barry's "32-pounder rifled gun mounted on a rail-car, and protected from cannon-shot by a sloping roof, in front, covered with plates of iron, through which a port-hole had been pierced."—EDITOR.]

Smith's division arrived at the station about noon or shortly after, and took position on the left in a wood. General Sumner's corps, consisting of General Sedgwick's and General Richardson's divisions, arrived about 2 P. M.

There was a cleared field of several acres on the north side of the railroad which was

eral Heintzelman's troops to be; on the left of the Williamsburg road was timber also, and General Smith's division was in position therein. Sumner's corps took position in the clearing between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. It consisted of two divisions of infantry, Sedgwick's and Richardson's. Burns's



BATTLE OF SAVAGE'S STATION. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

The 2500 sick and wounded in the field hospitals, and attendants were left behind when the army fell back from Savage's Station, during the night following the engagement. The explosion on the railway is of an ordnance train. Other ordnance trains were set on fire and were run back to Bottom's bridge where they plunged into the Chickahominy.—EDITOR.]

occupied by a camp hospital, containing about twenty-five hundred sick and wounded men. The field was filled with hospital tents laid out in rows, each tent containing fifteen or twenty men on comfortable, clean beds, with the necessary surgeons and attendants. South of the railroad, and between it and the Williamsburg road, was another clearing, east of which was a ravine running obliquely across the railroad, its edges skirted by trees, and the ravine itself filled with undergrowth. This clearing was nearly square, and was about one-third or one-half mile in length and breadth. In front of the ravine were some small hills which made good shelter for the troops; and west of the clearing was timber, where we supposed Gen-

eral Heintzelman's troops to be; on the left of the Williamsburg road was timber also, and General Smith's division was in position therein. Sumner's corps took position in the clearing between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. It consisted of two divisions of infantry, Sedgwick's and Richardson's. Burns's brigade of Sedgwick's division was in front, Sedgwick's other two brigades being just behind. The three brigades of Richardson's division, Meagher having joined him, were farther to the rear, but more to the right. Three batteries of field artillery, Hazzard's, Pettit's, and Osborn's, were posted towards the left, near the front of the ravine.

The day was hot and sultry and wore away slowly as we waited either to be attacked or at nightfall to start for White Oak bridge. Large quantities of all kinds of quartermasters' and other stores, partly in cars, were burning at the station, and at intervals shells would burst as the fire reached them, jarring the nerves of the tired and expectant men.



THE ARTILLERY ENGAGEMENT AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE. (BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER A SKETCH MADE BY HIM AT THE TIME.)

[Ascending the north slope the road bends to the left, the upper side being skirted by woods along the edge of which the Confederate artillery took position.—EDITOR.]

Shortly before 4 o'clock General Sedgwick and I rode over to the hospital to visit some of our wounded friends, whose condition was found to be as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. From the hospital we started to make a call upon General Heintzelman, whose supposed position has already been described. As we rode over the open field we saw a group of men come out of a wood on the north of the railroad, but some distance from the place where we expected to find Heintzelman. I thought they were our men, but General Sedgwick looked at them more closely, stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, those men are rebels!" We then turned back in as dignified a manner as the circumstances would permit. But we had hardly started when they opened on us with a field-piece, keeping up a lively and uncomfortable fire. A second piece soon joined the first and they kept up the fire until they were silenced by our batteries. This ludicrous incident prevented what might have been a disastrous surprise for our whole force. A few minutes afterwards, before we had reached our troops, the signal-officers reported the approach of a force of infantry and a railroad car upon which was a rifled cannon, from the direction of Richmond. This artillery car halted in a cut of the railroad a little distance in front of the station, and at once began to shell the troops in the open field, and so about five o'clock the fight was begun. I immediately sought Gen-

eral Sumner, to inform him of the situation and get instructions. He had been fighting at the head of his corps during the morning, and being much exhausted, was asleep when I reached his headquarters. I awoke him, and in a short time he had ordered two regiments of General Burns's brigade to attack at a point in the timber in front near the Williamsburg road, where the enemy's infantry had by this time appeared. These regiments entered the wood, and before they became engaged were joined by the First Minnesota Regiment. General Burns extended his line to the vicinity of the railroad, so that its center was necessarily weak. During this movement the enemy's artillery played with effect upon our troops, but was answered and finally silenced by the three batteries on our side already mentioned.

The enemy made the infantry attack with great fury, and pierced the center of General Burns's line. General Burns was wounded but remained on the field. At this time General Sumner placed himself in front of two regiments and waved his hat. With a cheer they moved forward at double time to the endangered place in General Burns's line, enabling him to rectify it and drive the enemy from his front. Several other regiments joined General Burns's line at about the same time, but the fight was over not long after the charge, and the enemy was driven from the wood. A Confederate battery placed near the Williamsburg road was compelled to withdraw in haste. On

the left General Brooks's brigade of General Smith's division, Sixth Corps, moved forward, with its right on the Williamsburg road, against a force of the enemy that was moving south of that road in the wood skirting the open field. It steadily drove back the enemy, meeting with heavy loss, particularly in the Fifth Vermont Regiment, and darkness ended the fight. General Brooks was wounded in the leg, but did not leave the field. Hancock's and Davidson's brigades were posted some distance to the rear to repel an anticipated attack from the right and rear, but were not engaged. When the fight was over, our troops held the contested ground, and their behavior throughout the fight had been admirable.

The Confederate force engaged in this fight was commanded by General J. B. Magruder, and consisted of Semmes's and Kershaw's brigades, Kemper's battery; and two regiments of Barksdale's brigade opposite our left. Cobb's division and two guns of Hart's battery were north of the railroad to the right of our line. Cobb's infantry was not engaged.

About a half hour after the fight was ended, I suggested to General Sumner that if he had no objection I would carry out the commanding general's orders, so far as I was concerned, and cross the White Oak Swamp with General Smith's division. We were then on the field. His answer was, "No, General, you shall not go, nor will I go—I never leave a victorious field. Why! if I had twenty thousand more men, I would crush this rebellion." I then told him that I would show him a dispatch from General McClellan directing that all of the troops should cross during that night. With some difficulty a candle was found and lighted, and the general read the dispatch. After reading it he exclaimed, with some excitement, "General McClellan did not know the circumstances when he wrote that note. He did not know that we would fight a battle and gain a victory." I was at my wit's end. I knew that General McClellan's arrangements did anticipate a fight exactly like that just over, and that unless the whole force was on the other side of the swamp by the next morning, his movement might be seriously delayed. Moreover, I believed that if we staid where we were, the enemy would be upon us in force enough to defeat us utterly on the next morning, endangering the remainder of the army. Yet, by all military usage I was under General Sumner's orders. At this juncture General Smith asked me to introduce Lieutenant Berry, his aide-de-camp, to General Sumner. After the introduction, Lieutenant Berry told General Sumner that he had seen General McClellan only a short time before, that he knew there

had been a fight, and fully expected that all of the troops would cross the swamp that night. General Sumner was convinced by this statement, and with great reluctance permitted me to continue the movement towards the swamp, he following immediately after.

General Smith's division crossed the White Oak bridge about three o'clock on the morning of June 30th, and went into position on the left of the road leading from the bridge

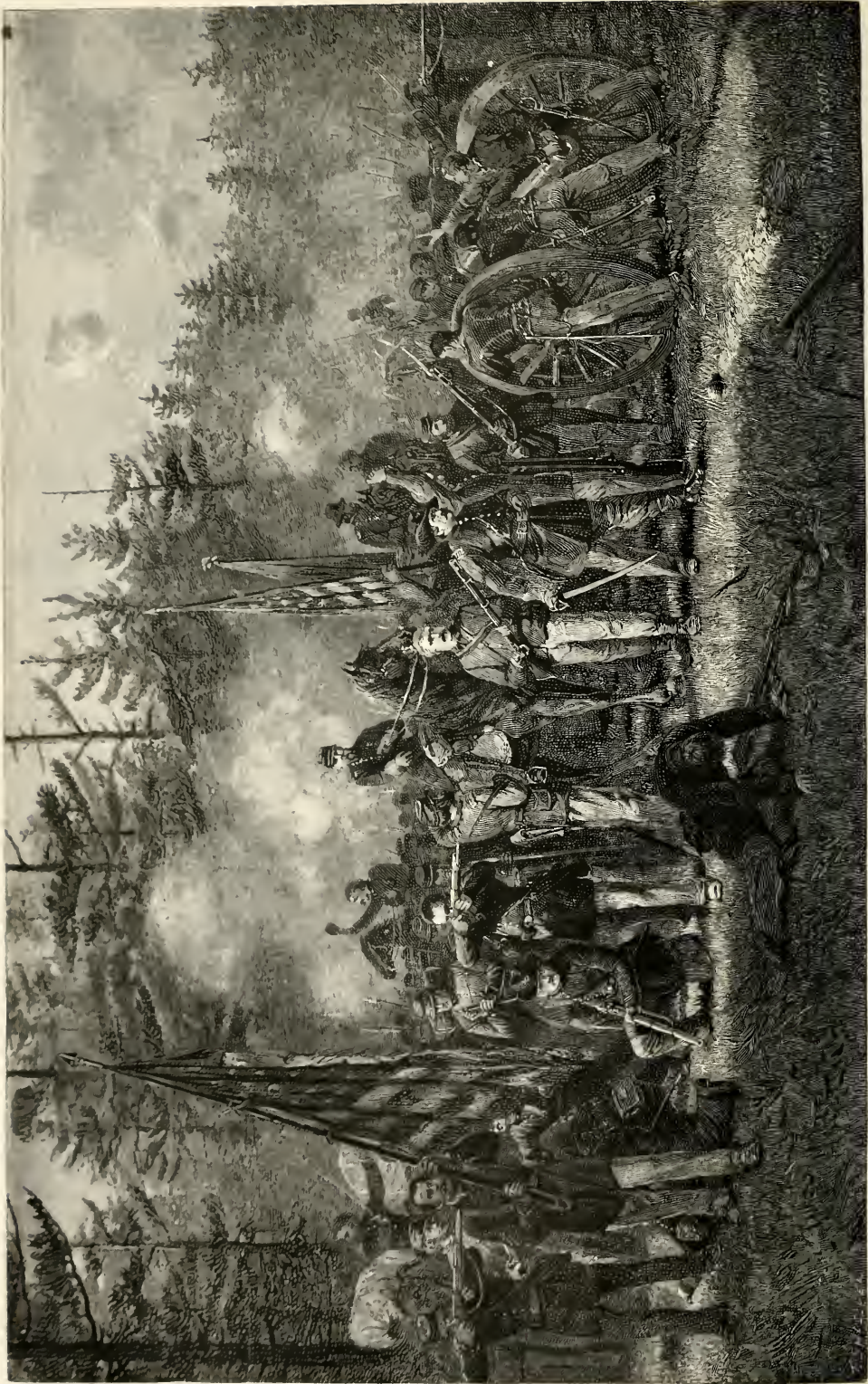


MAJOR-GENERAL W. F. SMITH.

towards the James River. The batteries of the division were already there in position. It faced about so that its left rested upon the road, the division bearing southward from the road. At the same time I reported to McClellan at his headquarters, which were in a clearing not far from the crossing.

The rear of Sumner's corps, Richardson's division, crossed the bridge at ten o'clock in the morning, destroyed it, and took position some distance on Smith's left, nearly in line with him. Both divisions guarded the crossing.

After the fight at Savage's Station was over, Hazzard's battery of Richardson's division was unhitched, its captain not supposing there was to be any further movement that night, and the men and horses went to sleep, as usual when there was opportunity, which was not often in those days. The division, as has been told, moved off, and by accident no notice of the movement was sent to Captain Hazzard. On the next morning he heard reveillé sounded by drums and trumpets from positions that he knew our troops did not hold the evening before. Everything in his vicinity was quiet. He took in the situation at once. He had been left behind, and the enemy might be upon him at any moment. He had the battery quietly hitched up, sent the caissons off in



THE REAR GUARD AT WHITE OAK SWAMP—SHOWING GENERAL W. F. SMITH'S DIVISION. (DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT AFTER HIS PAINTING OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK.)

advance, and bringing up the rear with two guns ready to open on a pursuing force, started off at a walk. When he was clear of the field he ordered the battery to trot; and without harm arrived at the White Oak bridge at that pace just as General Richardson was destroying it. He crossed in safety. He found on the road many stragglers who were coolly wandering along with no suspicion that they were behind everybody, and he, by his warning, was the means of saving many soldiers from a Richmond prison. The pluck and coolness shown in this exploit of Captain Hazzard were admirable. He was killed the next day while doing excellent work with his battery.

As the result of the dispositions made by the commanding general of the troops (a part of whose operations has just been described) a whole day was gained in getting a large part of the army to the James River without serious opposition, and into a proper defensive position; the enormous trains and heavy artillery had been given a start of twenty-four hours, insuring their safe arrival at the river. The rear of the army also had crossed the White Oak Swamp, leaving the way clear to the James River, while at the same time a strong force was ready to protect the movement during its completion.

On the enemy's side, the slowness of Jackson in getting his force to the south side of the Chickahominy (he only arrived at Savage's Station at three o'clock on the morning of June 30th) prevented us from being defeated in the fight of June 29. The 28th and 29th were occupied by Jackson in disposing of the dead and wounded at Gaines's Mill, and in repairing Grapevine bridge.

On the north (the enemy's) side of White Oak Swamp, the road for more than a quarter of a mile approaches the White Oak bridge through low ground, open to artillery fire from the south (our) side. On the right of the enemy looking to the rear, there were hills covered with thick woods approaching the road, forming good cover for artillery, and making it possible for a large force to gather in the wood unseen from our side. The same range of hills continues up the stream, and approaches quite near it at Brackett's Ford about one mile above White Oak bridge. Both of these crossings were passable for artillery, but the bridges had been destroyed by our troops in the morning, after everything had crossed and before the appearance of the enemy.

On our side of the swamp, the ground rises from the bridge, and the road passes along the right, or east, of a ravine and joins the Long Bridge road about one and a quarter miles from the swamp. On the left of the ravine

was a cleared space about a half mile long in the direction of the swamp and running back about the same distance. At the swamp the clearing was fringed with trees and underbrush, and about half-way up the clearing to the left of the ravine was a small farm-house and some slight out-buildings. On the right of the ravine was a similar clearing, extending from the swamp about a furlong back. All other ground in the vicinity was covered with timber and underbrush. (The troops were disposed as shown on the map, page 470.)

The cleared space at this time had in it many wagons of the train, and Colonel R. O. Tyler's First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, which I ordered to the rear at once. Glad enough would I have been to keep this accomplished officer, with his gallant regiment and heavy guns, but we both knew that he was needed at the James River. At about 10:30 in the morning, as near as I can now recollect, I accompanied General McClellan to the intersection of the Charles City and Quaker roads, about two miles from the White Oak bridge. I found General Slocum's division posted somewhat in rear of the intersection of those roads, and in front of the road leading from Brackett's Ford. A small portion of his infantry and one gun were posted near Brackett's Ford. His division formed the right of the force which later in the day fought the battle of Glendale or Frayser's Farm. The small force at Brackett's Ford defeated an attack at that point, some time during the day.

At the junction of the Charles City and Quaker roads General McClellan had a conference with the corps commanders (Sumner, Heintzelman, and Franklin), and when it was ended he went towards the James River. A short time afterwards I received an order directing me to take charge of the force guarding the White Oak bridge, and I immediately started back. I had gone but a short distance when a bombardment commenced in the direction of the bridge, the severity of which I had never heard equaled in the field. The wood through which I was riding seemed torn to pieces with round shot and exploding shells. But the danger was really greater from falling branches than from the shot, which did small damage.

It appears that Jackson, having left Savage's Station early in the morning, arrived at the vicinity of White Oak bridge about noon, without exciting suspicion of his presence on our part, the whole movement being hidden by the woods. Here, masked by the trees, he massed about thirty guns, which opened simultaneously on the troops in the clearings, and on the rear part of the wagon train, which had not yet started from the clearing where it

had passed the night. The troops immediately got under cover of the wood, except Caldwell's brigade, which was guarding Richardson's batteries. It remained in the open ground, and lost many men, but the effect of the firing was otherwise small, except on the wagon train, which was thrown into some confusion, many of the wagons not being hitched up. These were at first abandoned by the drivers, but nearly all got away during the day. One field-piece was dismounted. The batteries were, however, soon in position to return the enemy's fire, which they did with such effect that many of his guns were silenced. It was here that Captain Hazzard, already mentioned, was mortally wounded, ending a brilliant career with a glorious death. Captain, now General, Ayres, who commanded the artillery of Smith's division, used his guns with excellent effect. One of the enemy's batteries came into view near the bridge, but was forced to retire almost immediately. The bombardment lasted with great severity for about a half hour, when it slackened and gradually fell off, opening again at intervals during the day, but never with its original vigor. A cavalry force which was sent over by the enemy just after the height of the bombardment was forced to retire much faster than it advanced.

The development of our defense of the crossing convinced General Jackson that it would be impossible for him to force it. At any rate, he made no attempt during the day to cross his infantry, unless sending sharpshooters across to pick off our pickets may be so considered. The fight at White Oak bridge was entirely with artillery, there being little musketry firing.

About four o'clock the enemy made a movement to our left, threatening Brackett's Ford, where I knew we were very weak. This was met by Dana's and Sully's brigades of Sedgwick's division, sent by General Sumner when he learned of the danger. There was no further movement in that direction after these troops appeared, and they were returned to General Sumner about five o'clock, in time to do good service at Glendale. Towards sundown, at the request of General Sumner, Caldwell's and Meagher's brigades of Richardson's division were also sent to reinforce him.

No other movement was made by General Jackson's force during the day. Our artillery fired at whatever could be seen on the other side, and was answered by theirs, in what seemed a reluctant manner. When the bombardment began, the mules belonging to an engineer ponton train were being watered at the swamp. The noise stampeded them, and they rushed to the rear, going through one of the regiments of Meagher's brigade, and disabling more men

than were hurt in the brigade during the remainder of the day. The mules were seen no more, and the ponton train was deserted. Captain M. T. (now General) McMahon, of my staff, volunteered to burn the train about five o'clock. It was a plucky thing to do, for the train was under the guns of the enemy, who knew its value as well as we did, and the presumption was that he would open his guns on it. But Captain McMahon got ten volunteers, and the train was soon in flames. He found four mules already harnessed, and brought off in triumph the most valuable wagon with this team.

In the house which has been described as about the middle of the left clearing lived an old man with a young wife and a child about two years old. He came to me about ten o'clock and asked if I thought there would be a fight there that day. I told him that there certainly would be. He then asked when I thought it would begin. I thought in about half an hour. "Then," said he, "I will have time to take my wife and child to my brother, who lives about half a mile down the swamp, and get back before it begins."

"Yes," said I, "but why come back at all?"

"Why," said he, "if I don't come back your men will take all my chickens and ducks." So he departed with his wife and child and in a little while returned. General Smith's headquarters were near this house, so it was a fair target for the enemy. Several shots went through it, and one of them took off the leg of the poor old man, who bled to death in a few minutes. He had sacrificed himself for his poultry.

One of the brigadier-generals of the command during a lull in the firing came to my headquarters, leaving his brigade to take care of itself. Finding his stay too long, I had him sent back to his post, and a short time afterwards I was informed that he had been carried off the field on a stretcher, wounded. I thought it my duty to go to the brigade, and find how things were going with it, and asked General Smith to accompany me. We started out, and almost at once the enemy opened on us with great vigor. I looked back, and found to my horror that all my own and General Smith's staff were following us, and that a large cavalry escort belonging to headquarters was also in the procession. The enemy had evidently taken us for a cavalry regiment. Getting rid of them all, we finally arrived at the right of the brigade unharmed. Making inquiry of a staff-officer about the general, he replied, "Oh, no, sir, he is not wounded, he felt unwell and has gone to the wood to lie down and will soon be back." I turned off in great disgust to return, when another officer, looking as neat and clean as if he had just joined the army, stepped up

with the air of a private secretary of some grand official, and touching his hat, said—"Who shall I say called, sir?" General Smith and I did not hear the last of that expedition for a long time.

During the day a staff-officer of General Smith had explored a road towards James River about two miles in rear of that which the troops at Glendale were to take, and found it practicable. About ten in the evening, considering that my instructions to hold the crossing until nightfall had been obeyed, I sent word to General Heintzelman and General Sumner that I should move to the James River by that road. General Richardson, with French's brigade, was instructed to remain, to deceive the enemy as to our movements by firing field-pieces in the direction of the bridge, and then, after an hour, to march. General Naglee was to follow Smith's division. These instructions were carried out, and the command arrived at the James about daylight. The discovery of this road made the concentration of the troops at Malvern Hill a completed manœuvre by noon of the 1st of July, and was due to the fertile brain of General Smith, who ordered the exploration.

The military results of the defense of White Oak bridge and the battle of Glendale were: 1, The enemy was repulsed at all points, except in the single case of McCall's division at Glendale, which was overpowered by numbers, after it had captured three of the enemy's colors; 2, The trains and heavy artillery arrived in safety at the James River (except those wagons which were destroyed by the bombardment at White Oak bridge, not exceeding fifty out of more than four thousand), the road along which they passed not having been molested by the enemy; 3, The troops arrived in good time at the river, so that they were all in the positions desired by the commanding general, to await the attack at Malvern Hill, long before that attack was made.

General Jackson in his report intimates that his whole command, consisting of three divisions and D. H. Hill's division of five brigades, were all at White Oak bridge on the 30th of June. He says: "It was soon seen that the enemy occupied such a position beyond a thick intervening wood on the right of the road as enabled him to command the crossing. Captain Wooding's battery was consequently recalled." General Lee says: "Jackson having been unable to force the passage of White Oak Swamp, Longstreet and A. P. Hill were without the expected support" at the battle of Glendale. It must be evident to any military reader that Jackson ought to have known of the existence of Brackett's Ford, only one mile above White Oak bridge, and ought to have

discovered the weakness of our defense at that point. He had troops enough to have attacked the ford and the bridge with forces at both points exceeding ours at the bridge, and the two attacks, to say the least, would have embarrassed us exceedingly. Had he made two attacks simultaneously, the result of the day at Glendale and White Oak bridge might have been different. There may be reasons for his inaction in this matter that I do not understand, but as the record now shows, he seems to have been ignorant of what General Lee expected of him, and badly informed about Brackett's Ford. When he found how strenuous was our defense at the bridge, he should have turned his attention to Brackett's Ford also. A force could have been as quietly gathered there as at the bridge; a strong infantry movement at the ford would have easily overrun our small force there, placing our right at Glendale, held by Slocum's division, in great jeopardy, and turning our force at the bridge by getting between it and Glendale. In fact, it is likely that we would have been defeated on that day had General Jackson done what his great reputation seems to make it imperative that he should have done.

A short time after I separated from General McClellan (as mentioned above) at the junction of the Charles City and Quaker roads, I bade farewell to the Prince de Joinville, who told me that he and his nephews were about to leave us and return to Europe. He had always been very friendly, and now expressed many good wishes for my future. Holding my hand in his, he said, with great earnestness, "General, advise General McClellan to concentrate his army at this point, and fight a battle to-day; if he does, he will be in Richmond to-morrow." I was much impressed by his manner and by what he said, and from the purely military point of view the advice may have been good. But it was impracticable for me to adopt the suggestion. General McClellan was then well on his way to the James River, and I had no right to leave my command. It was impossible to concentrate the army there that day early enough to give battle, and had it been possible to risk a general engagement there, it would have been contrary to General McClellan's views as to his responsibility connected with the safety of the army, views which were actuating him in the very movement then taking place. It is likely from what we know now, that had it been possible to follow the Prince's advice, his military forecast might have proved correct. But no one at that hour could have predicted the paralysis of Jackson's large force in our rear for the whole of that day, nor General Lee's ignorance of McClellan's in-

tentions. Had a general engagement taken place, and had we been defeated, the army would have reached the James River, it is true, but instead of getting there as it did, with its *morale* unharmed, and with slight damage to its men and material, it would have been a disorganized mob, and as an army would have perished miserably. General McClellan believed that the destruction of the Army of the Potomac at that time would have been ruin to our cause, and his actions, for which he alone is responsible, were guided by that belief and by the conviction that at any sacrifice, the preservation of that army, *at that time*, was paramount to every other consideration.

I cannot finish without a word as to the conduct of the men. My experience during the period generally known as "the seven days" was with the Sixth and Second corps. During the whole time between June 26th and July 2d, there was not a night in which the men

did not march almost continually, nor a day on which there was not a fight. I never saw a skulker during the whole time, nor heard one insubordinate word. Some men fell by the wayside, exhausted, and were captured; but their misfortune was due to physical inability to go on. They had no food but that which was carried in their haversacks, and the hot weather soon rendered that uneatable. Sleep was out of the question, and the only rest obtained was while lying down awaiting an attack, or sheltering themselves from shot and shell. No murmur was heard; everything was accepted as the work for which they had enlisted. They had been soldiers less than a year, yet their conduct could not have been more soldierly had they seen ten years of service. No such material for soldiers was ever in the field before, and their behavior in this movement foreshadowed that of the successful veterans of Appomattox.

W. B. Franklin.

THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING ABOUT RICHMOND:

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM (JUNE 30, 1862).*



"GIN'L LONGSTREET'S BODY-SARVANT, SAH, ENDU'IN' DE WAH!"

Chickahominy River, one hundred and fifteen thousand strong, and preparing for a regular siege of the Confederate capital. The situation required prompt and successful action by General Lee. Very early in June he called about him, on the noted Nine-mile road near

WHEN General Joseph E. Johnston was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, and General Lee assumed his new duties as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Stonewall Jackson was in the Virginia Valley, and the rest of the Confederate troops were east and north of Richmond in front of General George B. McClellan's army, then encamped about the

Richmond, all his commanders, and asked each in turn his opinion of the military situation. I had my own views, but did not express them, believing that if they were important it was equally important they should be unfolded privately to the commanding general. The next day I called on General Lee, and suggested my plan for driving the Federal forces away from the Chickahominy. McClellan had a small force at Mechanicsville, and farther back, at Beaver Dam Creek, a considerable portion of his army in a stronghold that was simply unassailable from the front. The banks of Beaver Dam Creek were so steep as to be impassable except on bridges. I proposed an echelon movement, and suggested that Jackson be called down from the Valley, and passed to the rear of the Federal right, in order to turn the position behind Beaver Dam, while the rest of the Confederate forces who were to engage in the attack could cross the Chickahominy at points suitable for the succession in the move, and be ready to attack the Federals as soon as they were thrown from their position. After hearing me, General Lee sent General J. E. B. Stuart on his famous ride around McClellan. The dashing horseman with a strong reconnoitering force of cavalry

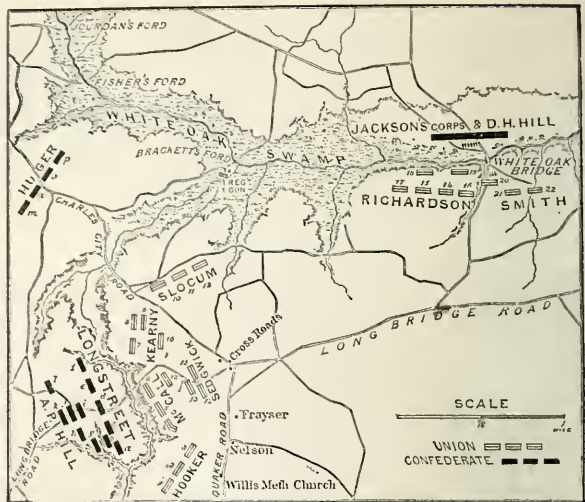
* The usual spelling is Frazier or Frazer. The authority for the form here adopted is Captain R. E. Frayser, of Richmond.—ED.



GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

made a forced reconnaissance, passing above and around the Federal forces, recrossing the Chickahominy below them, and returning safe to Confederate headquarters. He made a favorable report of the situation and the practicability of the proposed plan. On the 23d of June General Jackson was summoned to General Lee's headquarters, and was there met by General A. P. Hill, General D. H. Hill, and myself. A conference resulted in the selection of the 26th as the day on which we would move against the Federal position at Beaver Dam. General Jackson was ordered down from the valley. General A. P. Hill was to pass the Chickahominy with part of his division, and hold the rest in readiness to cross at Meadow bridge, following Jackson's swoop along the dividing ridge between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy. D. H. Hill and I were ordered to be in position on the Mechanicsville pike early on the 26th ready to cross the river at Mechanicsville bridge as soon as it was cleared by the advance of Jackson and A. P. Hill.

Thus matters stood when the morning of the 26th arrived. The weather was clear and the roads were in fine condition. Everything seemed favorable to the move. But the morning passed and we received no tidings from Jackson. As noon approached, General Hill, who was to move behind Jackson, grew impatient at the delay and begged permission to hurry him up by a fusillade. General Lee consented, and General Hill opened his batteries on Mechanicsville, driving the Federals off. When D. H. Hill and I crossed at the Mechanicsville bridge we found A. P. Hill severely engaged trying to drive the Federals from their strong position behind Beaver Dam Creek. Without Jackson to turn the Federal right, the battle could not be ours. Although the contest lasted until some time after night, the Confederates made no progress. The next day the fight was renewed, and the position was hotly contested by the Federals until seven o'clock in the morning, when Jackson reached the position intended for him, and, opening a battery on their rear, speedily caused the Federals to abandon their position, thus ending the battle.* It is easy to see that the



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF FRAYER'S FARM (CHARLES CITY CROSS ROADS OR GLENDALE), JUNE 30, 1862, SHOWING APPROXIMATE POSITIONS OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS. ALSO DISPOSITION OF TROOPS DURING THE ARTILLERY ENGAGEMENT AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE.

Union brigades: 1, Sickles; 2, Carr; 3, Grover; 4, Seymour; 5, Reynolds (Simmons); 6, Meade (this brigade should be represented as north of the road); 7, Robinson; 8, Birney; 9, Berry; 10, Newton; 11, Bartlett; 12, 12, Taylor; 13, Burns; 14, 14, Dana; 15, 15, Sully; 16, 16, Caldwell; 17, French; 18, French; 19, Naglee (of Keyes's corps); 20, Davidson; 21, Brooks; 22, Hancock. Rando's battery was on the right of the road, Kern's and Cooper's on the left, and Diederich's and Knierim's yet farther to the left. Thompson's battery of Kearny's division was with General Robinson's brigade (7). Confederate brigades: a, Kemper; b, Pickett (Hunton); c, R. H. Anderson (Jenkins); d, Wilcox; e, Featherston; f, Pryor; g, Branch; h, Archer; i, Field; j, J. R. Anderson; k, Pender; l, Gregg; m, n, o, p, Armistead, Wright, Mahone, and Ransom. Of the Confederate batteries: Rogers's, Dearing's, the Thomas artillery, Pegram's, Davidson's, and others were engaged.

The action at White Oak Bridge, beginning about 11 A. M., and that between Hunger and Slocum, beginning about 3 P. M., were of artillery only, and were successful from the Union point of view, in that they prevented the Confederate forces at these points from reinforcing Longstreet, while they enabled four Union brigades (12, 14, 15 and 16), to reinforce his opponents. The battle of Frayer's Farm, beginning about 4 P. M., resulted in the accomplishment of General McClellan's object, the protection of his trains from rear and flank attack as they were passing down the Long Bridge and Quaker Roads to the James River. General Kearny's report characterized this battle as "one of the most desperate of the war, the one the most fatal if lost." The fighting began in force on the left of Seymour's brigade (4), and the brunt of the attack fell upon McCall and the left of Kearny. "Of the four divisions that day engaged," says General McCall's report, "each maneuvered and fought independently." McCall's division, being flanked on the left by Longstreet's right, was driven from its position after a stubborn resistance; its place was taken by Burn's brigade, reinforced by Dana's and Sully's, and these troops recovered part of the ground lost by McCall. The fury of the battle now shifted to the front of Kearny, who was reinforced by Taylor's and Caldwell's brigades. The Confederates gained some ground but no substantial advantage, and the Union troops withdrew during the night to Malvern Hill.—EDITOR.

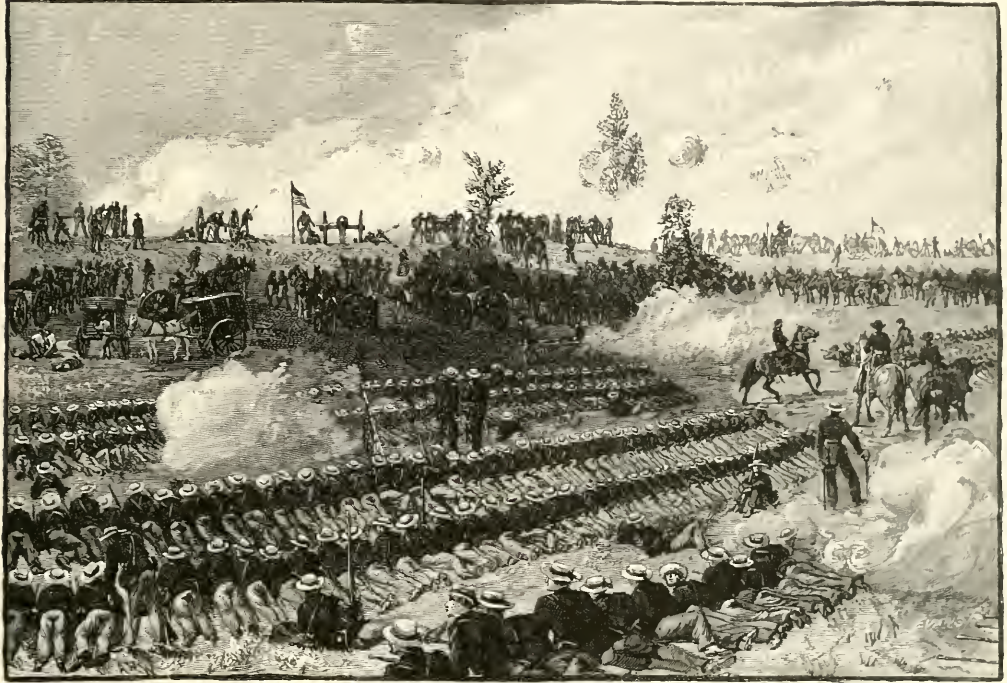
battle of the previous day would have been a quick and bloodless Confederate victory if Jackson could have reached his position at the time appointed. In my judgment the evacuation of Beaver Dam Creek was very unwise on the part of the Federal commanders. We had attacked at Beaver Dam, and had failed to make an impression at that point, losing several thousand men and officers. This demonstrated that the position was safe. If the Federal commanders knew of Jackson's approach on the 26th, they had ample time to reinforce Porter's right before Friday-morning (27th) with men and field defenses, to such extent as to make the remainder of the line to the right secure against assault. So that the Federals in withdrawing not only abandoned a strong position, but gave up the *morale* of their success, and transferred it

* According to General Fitz John Porter, it was not Jackson's approach, but information of that event, that caused the withdrawal of the Union troops, who, with the exception of "some batteries and infantry skirmishers," were withdrawn before sunrise on the 27th. See CENTURY for June, p. 315.—ED.

to our somewhat disheartened forces; for, next to Malvern Hill, the sacrifice at Beaver Dam was unequaled in demoralization during the entire summer.

From Beaver Dam we followed the Federals closely, encountering them again under Porter beyond Powwhite Creek, where the battle of Gaines's Mill occurred. General A. P. Hill, being in advance, deployed his men

with trees and slashed timber and hastily made rifle-trenches. General Whiting came to me with two brigades of Jackson's men and asked me to put him in. I told him I was just organizing an attack and would give him position. My column of attack then was R. H. Anderson's and Pickett's brigades, with Law's and Hood's of Whiting's division. We attacked and defeated the Federals on their left.



OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM: SLOCUM'S ARTILLERY ENGAGED WITH THAT OF HUGER ON THE CHARLES CITY ROAD. (FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

and opened the attack without consulting me. A very severe battle followed. I came up with my reserve forces and was preparing to support Hill, who was suffering very severely, when I received an order from General Lee to make a demonstration against the Federal left, as the battle was not progressing to suit him. I threw in three brigades opposite the Federal left and engaged them in a severe skirmish with infantry and artillery. The battle then raged with great fierceness. General Jackson was again missing, and General Lee grew fearful of the result. Soon I received another message from General Lee, saying that unless I could do something the day seemed to be lost. I then determined to make the heaviest attack I could. The position in front of me was very strong. An open field led down to a difficult ravine a short distance beyond the Powwhite Creek. From there the ground made a steep ascent, and was covered

capturing many thousand stand of arms, fifty-two pieces of artillery, a large quantity of supplies, and many prisoners, among them General Reynolds, who afterward fell at Gettysburg. The Federals made some effort to reënforce and recover their lost ground, but failed, and during the afternoon and night withdrew their entire forces from that side of the Chickahominy, going in the direction of James River. On the 29th General Lee ascertained that McClellan was marching toward the James. He determined to make a vigorous move and strike the enemy a severe blow. He decided to intercept them in the neighborhood of Charles City Cross-roads, and with that end in view planned a pursuit as follows: I was to march to a point below Frayser's Farm with General A. P. Hill. General Holmes was to take up position below me on the New Market or River road to be in readiness to coöperate with me and to attack such

Federals as would come in his reach. Jackson was to closely pursue the Federal rear, crossing at the Grapevine bridge, and coming in on the north of the Cross-roads. Huger was to attend to the Federal right flank, and take position on the Charles City road west of the Cross-roads. Thus we were to envelop the Federal rear and make the destruction of that part of McClellan's army sure. To reach my

position when I was ready. After getting my troops in position I called upon General A. P. Hill to throw one of his brigades to cover my right and to hold the rest of his troops in readiness to give pursuit when the enemy had been dislodged. My line extended from near the Quaker road across the New Market road to the Federal right. The ground upon which I approached was much lower than that occu-



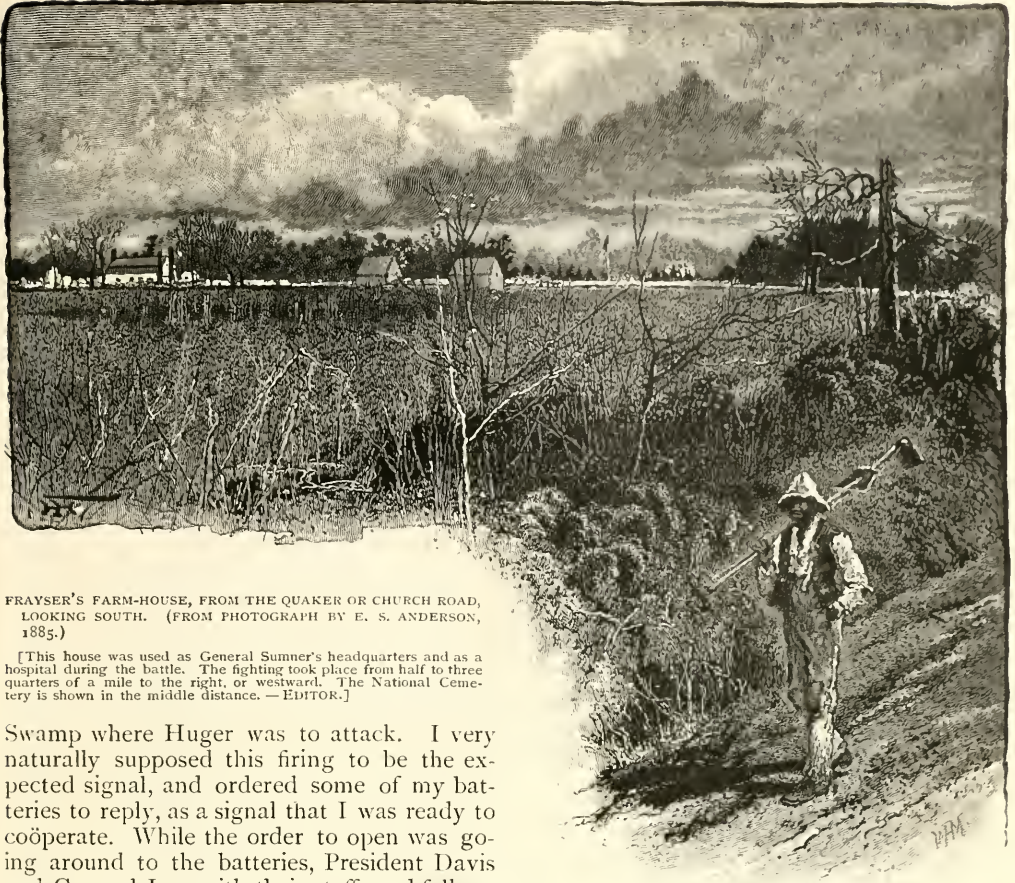
CHARGE OF CONFEDERATES UPON RANDOL'S BATTERY AT FRAYSER'S FARM. (DRAWN BY A. C. REDWOOD.)

[The contest for this battery was one of the most severe encounters of the day. The Confederates (the 5th and 6th Virginia Regiments) advanced out of formation, in wedge shape, and with trailing arms, and began a hand-to-hand conflict over the guns, which were finally yielded to them.—EDITOR.]

position south of the Cross-roads, I had about sixteen miles to march. I marched fourteen miles on the 29th, crossing over into the Darbytown road and moving down to its intersection with the New Market road, where I camped for the night about three miles southwest of Frayser's Farm. On the morning of the 30th I moved two miles nearer up and made preparation to intercept the Federals as they retreated toward James River. General McCall, with a division of ten thousand Federals, was at the Cross-roads and about Frayser's Farm. My division, being in advance, was deployed in front of the enemy. I placed such of my batteries as I could find position for, and kept Hill's troops in my rear. As I had twice as far to march as the other commanders, I considered it certain that Jackson and Huger would be in

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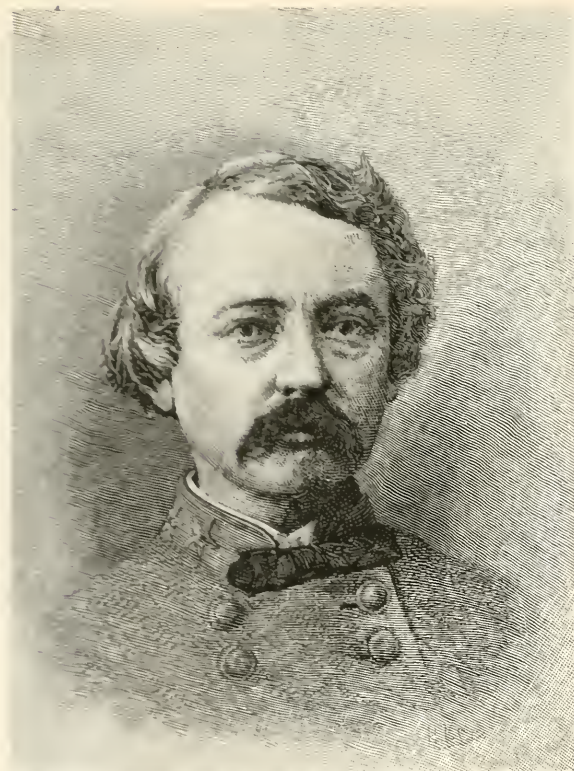
FRAYSER'S FARM-HOUSE, FROM THE QUAKER OR CHURCH ROAD, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON, 1885.)

[This house was used as General Sumner's headquarters and as a hospital during the battle. The fighting took place from half to three quarters of a mile to the right, or westward. The National Cemetery is shown in the middle distance. — EDITOR.]

Swamp where Huger was to attack. I very naturally supposed this firing to be the expected signal, and ordered some of my batteries to reply, as a signal that I was ready to cooperate. While the order to open was going around to the batteries, President Davis and General Lee, with their staffs and followers, were with me in a little open field near the rear of my right. We were in pleasant conversation, anticipating fruitful results from the fight, when our batteries opened. Instantly the Federal batteries responded most spitefully. It was impossible for the enemy to see us as we sat on our horses in the little field, surrounded by tall, heavy timber and thick undergrowth; yet a battery by chance had our range and exact distance, and poured upon us a terrific fire. The second or third shell burst in our midst, killing two or three horses and wounding one or two men. Our little party speedily retired to safer quarters. The Federals doubtless had no idea the Confederate President, commanding general, and division commanders were receiving point-blank shot from their batteries. Colonel Jenkins was in front of us, and I sent him an order to silence the Federal battery, supposing he could do so with his long-range rifles. He became engaged, and finally determined to charge the battery. That brought on a general fight between my division and the troops in front of us. Kemper on my right advanced

his brigade over difficult ground and captured a battery. Jenkins moved his brigade forward and made a bold fight. He was followed by the other four brigades successively.

The enemy's line was broken, and he was partly dislodged from his position. The batteries were taken, but our line was very much broken up by the rough ground we had to move over, and we were hardly enough in solid form to maintain a proper battle. The battle was continued, however, until we encountered succor from the corps of Generals Sumner and Heintzelman, when we were obliged to halt and hold the position the enemy had left. This line was held throughout the day, though at times, when vigorous combinations were made against me, McCall regained points along his line. Our counter-movements, however, finally pushed him back again, and more formidable efforts from our adversary were required. Other advances were made, and reinforcements came to the support of the Federals, who contested the line with varying fortune, sometimes recovering batteries

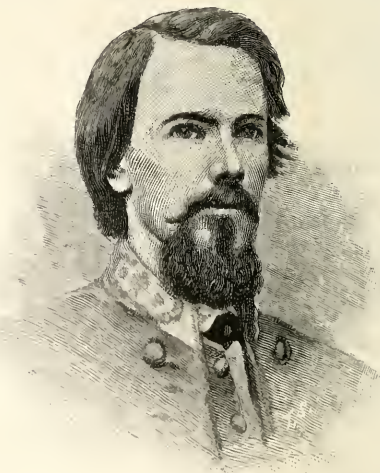


GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN ORSDELL.)

we had taken, and again losing them. Finally McCall's division was driven off, and fresh troops seemed to come in to their relief. Ten thousand men of A. P. Hill's division had been held in reserve, hoping Jackson and Huger would come up on our left, enabling us to dislodge the Federals, after which Hill's troops could be put in fresh to give pursuit, and follow them down to Harrison's Landing. Jackson found Grapevine bridge destroyed and could not reach his position; while for some unaccountable reason Huger failed to take part, though near enough to do so.* As neither Jackson nor Huger came up, and as night drew on, I put Hill in to relieve my troops. When he came into the fight the Federal line had been broken at every point except one. He formed his line and followed up in the position occupied by my troops. By night we succeeded in getting the entire field, though all of it was not actually occupied until we advanced in pursuit next day. As the enemy moved off they continued the fire of their artillery upon us from various points, and it was after nine o'clock when the shells ceased to fall. Just before dark General McCall, while looking up a fragment of his

division, found us where he supposed his troops were, and was taken prisoner. At the time he was brought in General Lee happened to be with us. As I had known General McCall pleasantly in our service together in the Fourth Infantry, I moved to offer my hand as he dismounted. At the first motion, however, I saw he did not regard the occasion as one for renewing the old friendship, and I merely offered him some of my staff as an escort to Richmond. But for his succoring forces, which should have been engaged by Jackson, Huger, Holmes, and Magruder, McCall would have been entirely dislodged by the first attack. All of our other forces were within a radius of three miles, and in easy hearing of the battle, yet of the fifty thousand none came in to cooperate. (Jackson should have done more for me than he did. When he wanted me at Second Manassas, I marched two columns by night to clear the way at Thoroughfare Gap, and joined him in due season.) Hooker claimed at Glendale to have rolled me up and hurriedly thrown me over on Kearny, — tennis-like, I suppose; but McCall said in his supplementary report that Hooker could as well claim, with a lit-

tle tension of the hyperbole, that he had thrown me over the moon. On leaving Frayser's Farm the Federals withdrew to Malvern Hill, and Lee concentrated his forces and followed them.

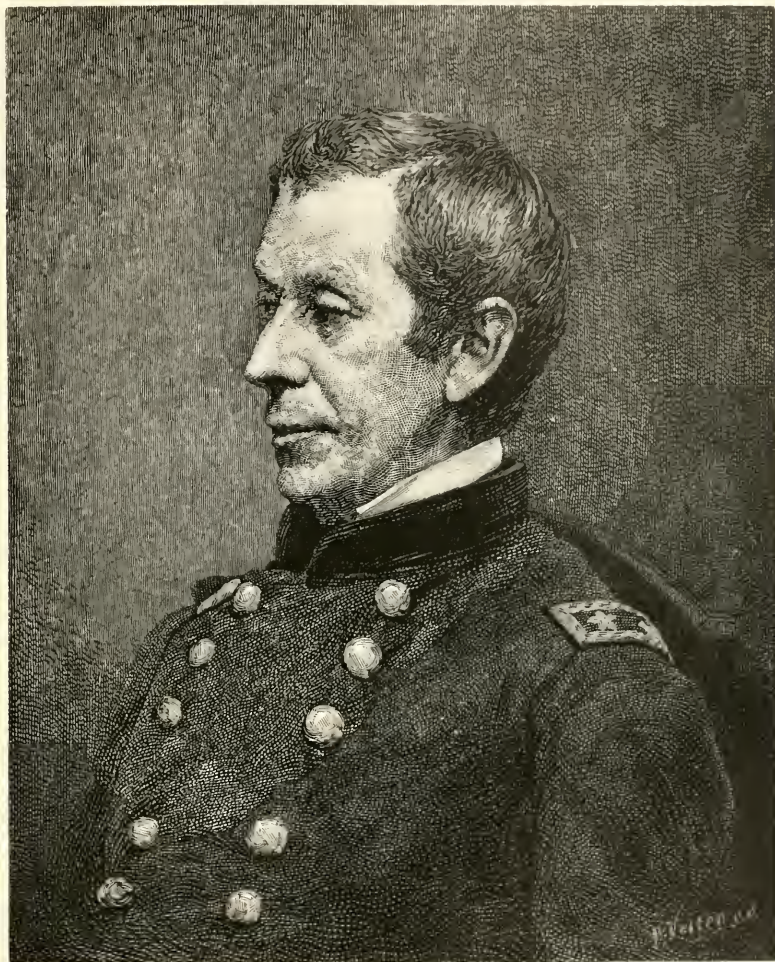


COLONEL E. M. LAW, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE.)

* General Huger says, in his official report, that the road was very effectively obstructed.—Ed.

On the morning of July 1st, the day after the battle at Frayser's Farm, we encountered the enemy, and General Lee asked me to make a reconnaissance and see if I could find a good position for the artillery. I found position offering

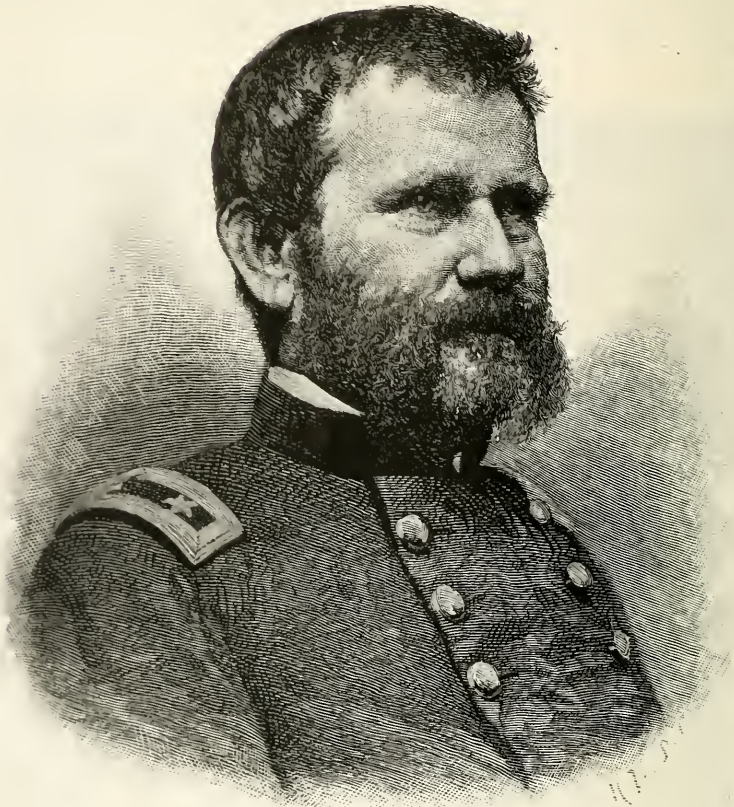
position there could go in only one or two batteries at a time. As the batteries in front did not engage, the result was the enemy concentrated the fire of fifty or sixty guns upon our isolated batteries, and tore them into frag-



GENERAL GEORGE A. McCALL. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

good play for batteries across the Federal left over to the right, and suggested that sixty pieces should be put in while Jackson was to engage the Federal front. I suggested that a heavy play of this cross-fire on the Federals would so discomfit them as to warrant an assault by infantry. General Lee issued his orders accordingly, and designated the advance of Armistead's brigade as the signal for the grand assault. Later it was found that the ground over which our batteries were to pass into position on our right was so rough and obstructed that the artillery ordered into

ments in a few minutes after they would open, piling horses upon each other and guns upon horses. Before night, the fire from our batteries failing of execution, General Lee seemed to abandon the idea of an attack on Malvern Hill, and proposed to me to move around it with my own and A. P. Hill's division turning the Federal right. I issued my orders accordingly for the two divisions to go around and turn the Federal right, when in some way unknown to me the battle was drawn on. We were repulsed at all points with fearful slaughter, losing six thousand men and accomplishing nothing.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN.

[From a photograph taken in August, 1862, when General Franklin was temporarily at home on sick leave.—ED.]

The Federals withdrew after the battle, and the next day I moved on around by the route which it was proposed we should take the day before. I followed the enemy to Harrison's Landing, and Jackson went down by another route in advance of Lee. As soon as we reached the front of the Federal position we put out our skirmish-lines, and I ordered an advance, intending to make another attack, but revoked it on Jackson urging me to wait until the arrival of General Lee. Very soon General Lee came, and, after carefully considering the position of the enemy and of their gun-boats on the James, decided it would be better to forego any further operations. Our skirmish-lines were withdrawn, we ordered our troops back to their old lines around Richmond, and a month later McClellan's army was withdrawn to the North.

The Seven Days' Fighting, although a decided Confederate victory, was a succession of mis-

haps. If Jackson had arrived on the 26th,—the day of his own selection,—the Federals would have been driven back from Mechanicsville without a battle. His delay there, caused by obstructions placed in his road by the enemy, was the first mishap. He was too late in entering the fight at Gaines's Mill, and the destruction of Grapevine bridge kept him from reaching Frayser's Farm until the day after that battle. If he had been there, we might have destroyed or captured McClellan's army. Huger was in position for the battle of Frayser's Farm, and after his batteries had misled me into opening the fight he subsided. Holmes and Magruder, who were on the New Market road to attack the Federals as they passed that way, failed to do so.

General McClellan's retreat was successfully managed; therefore we must give it credit for being well managed. He had 115,000 men, and insisted to the authorities at Washington that Lee had 200,000. In fact, Lee had only



SKETCH MAP OF THE VICINITY OF MALVERN HILL (JULY 1, 1862).

The Union troops reached the field by the so-called Quaker Road (more properly the Church Road); the Confederates by this and the Long Bridge Road, taking up the general lines as approximately indicated above. The Confederates on the River Road are the troops of General Holmes, who had been repulsed at Turkey Island Bridge the day before by Warren's brigade, with the aid of the gunboats. The main fighting was in the space between the words "Confederate" and "Union," together with one or two assaults upon the west side of the Crew Hill from the meadow. Morell's and Couch's divisions formed the first Union line, and General Porter's batteries extended from the Crew House to the West House.

A full map, giving in detail the disposition of troops, will be given in the August number, with General Fitz John Porter's article on the battle.—EDITOR.

90,000. General McClellan's plan to take Richmond by a siege was wise enough, and it would have been a success if the Confederates had consented to such a programme. In spite

of McClellan's excellent plans, General Lee, with a force inferior in numbers, completely routed him, and while suffering less than McClellan, captured over ten thousand of his men.* General Lee's plans in the Seven Days' Fight were excellent, but were poorly executed. General McClellan was a very accomplished soldier and a very able engineer, but hardly equal to the position of field-marshal as a military chieftain. He organized the Army of the Potomac cleverly, but did not handle it skillfully when in actual battle. Still I doubt if his retreat could have been better handled, though the rear of his army should have been more positively either in his own hands or in the hands of Sumner. Heintzelman crossed the White Oak Swamp prematurely and left the rear of McClellan's army exposed, which would have been fatal had Jackson come up and taken part in Magruder's affair of the 29th near Savage's Station.

I cannot close this sketch without referring to the Confederate commander when he came upon the scene for the first time. General Lee was an unusually handsome man, even in his advanced life. He seemed fresh from West Point, so trim was his figure and so elastic his step. Out of battle he was as gentle as a woman, but when the clash of arms came he loved fight and urged his battle with wonderful determination. As a usual thing he was remarkably well-balanced—always so, except on one or two occasions of severe trial when he failed to maintain his exact equipoise. Lee's orders were always well considered and well chosen. He depended almost too much on his officers for their execution. Jackson was a very skillful man against such men as Shields, Banks, and Fremont, but when pitted against the best of the Federal commanders he did not appear so well. Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln.

James Longstreet.

* In this estimate General Longstreet follows General Lee's report. The Union returns state the "Captured or missing" of McClellan's army at 6053, and the total loss at 15,849. The Confederate loss is given by General McClellan as 19,749,—a recapitulation of the published Confederate returns. (See THE CENTURY for June, page 149.)—EDITOR.



"JEB" STUART'S HAT.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Beauregard's Courier at Bull Run.

At the first battle of Manassas General Beauregard's order to General Ewell to advance on the right did not reach him promptly. An accident to the courier who bore the order was stated at the time to be the reason of the delay. He was thrown from his horse, his head striking a tree with such force as to render him unconscious. I saw him myself lying helpless just in rear of the line at Mitchell's Ford, badly used up and bleeding. When he was able to move on General Ewell must have been on his way to the left.

I was a private in the 7th S. C. V., but detached as orderly for General M. L. Bonham, whose brigade held Mitchell's Ford on that day.

Robert R. Hemphill.

ARBEVILLE, S. C.

The Death of Theodore Winthrop.

I NOTICE in "The Recollections of a Private," in your March number, a statement regarding the death of Major Theodore Winthrop, which is incorrect. The facts are these:

Major Winthrop headed a force at the battle of Bethel, intending to turn our left flank. His course lay through a heavily wooded swamp. On our left was a slight earth-work or rifle-pit, in which lay a small infantry force. About seventy-five yards in front of this was a rail fence; just beyond, the ground dipped suddenly about four feet, the woods running almost up to the fence. Our attention was called by cheering to the advance of Major Winthrop's troops. Looking up, we saw the Major and two privates on the fence. His sword was drawn, and he was calling on his troops to follow him. Our first volley killed these three; those following, being protected by the peculiar formation of the ground, were not injured, but upon the fall of their leader, they beat a precipitate retreat. I was among the first to reach these men. All were dead, having been instantly killed. Major Winthrop was shot in the breast, the others in the head. All were buried in the same grave. About ten days afterward, a flag of truce came up asking for Major Winthrop's body. Having assisted in burying him and being confident of my ability to recognize his body, I was sent with a party to disinter and turn it over to his friends. Among the numberless incidents that followed this skirmish, none are more indelibly impressed on my mind than the gallant bearing of this unfortunate young man, when I first saw him, calling his men to follow, and confident that he had accomplished his object, and the immediately succeeding rattle of our muskets and his fall.

REEDSBOURNE, VA.

J. B. Moore.

"Fortress" Monroe.

IN THE *CENTURY* for March, 1885, Colonel John T. Wood and Mr. W. L. Goss speak of "Fortress Monroe." Except that these contributions to the history of the War are widely read and quoted, I should re-

frain from calling your attention to this error. The proper designation is "Fort Monroe," in honor of President Monroe, who was in office when its construction was commenced. The first appropriation bill in which it is specifically designated as "Fort Monroe" is dated March 3, 1821. By General Orders, No. 11, Headquarters of the Army, Adjutant-General's Office, February 8, 1832, it was called, by order of the Secretary of War, "Fort Monroe." There is a tradition in the Engineer Department, U. S. A., that the plan of the fort was designed by General Simon Bernard, an ex-officer of the French Army under Napoleon, and appointed Assistant-Engineer, U. S. A., with the rank of Brigadier-General, November 16, 1816. The drawings were made by Captain W. T. Poussin, Topographical Engineer, acting aide to General Bernard.

John P. Nicholson.

PHILADELPHIA.

Positions of Union Troops at the Battle of Seven Pines.

THE map printed on page 118 of the May *CENTURY*, with General Joseph E. Johnston's description of the battle of Seven Pines (a map for which General Johnston is not responsible), was misleading in an important particular. The line described as the "position of the Union troops on the evening of May 31" should have been entitled "position of the Union troops on the morning of June 1." At the close of the first day's fighting, May 31, the Union forces at Fair Oaks Station were separated from the left, which suffered so severely at Seven Pines, and which retreated to a third line of entrenchments midway between Seven Pines and Savage's Station. During the night connection was made between the two wings, and in the morning the army presented front on the line indicated in the map as the second position.

EDITOR.

The "Mississippi" at the Passage of the Forts.

IN a letter to the Editor, Rear-Admiral Melancton Smith, who commanded the *Mississippi*, during the passage of the forts at New Orleans, quotes from page 949 of Admiral Porter's article in the April *CENTURY*: "Meantime Farragut was steering up the river with all his fleet except the *Mississippi*," etc., and adds: "The *Mississippi* proceeded with the fleet up the river and was present at the engagement with the Chalmette batteries. At 3 P. M. the same day, when at anchor off New Orleans, I was ordered to return to the quarantine station (just above Fort St. Philip) to look after the *Louisiana* and to cover the landing of the troops under General Butler. Admiral Porter, seeing the *Mississippi* the morning after the fleet passed up, doubtless supposed it had remained at anchor below."

EDITOR.

SONG.

LONELY art thou in thy sorrow — lonely art thou;
 Yet, lone as thou art, at least it is left thee to sing:
 Thy heart-blood staining the thorn on the secret bough,
 Make the deep woodland ring!

Well-friended art thou in thy joy — well-friended art thou;
 No longer, Love-kept as thou art, it is left thee to sing:
 Thou, in thy down-soft nest on the summer bough,
 Foldest both song and wing.

Edith M. Thomas.



George Iles.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the "Garrison mob" of October 21, 1835, will revive the memory of the great reformatory leader who was, on that day, dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope round his neck, and was saved only by committing him to jail. This nation has seen mobs far more formidable, in a merely military sense, than that; indeed the antislavery agitation itself saw greater, in one of which Lovejoy lost his life. The peculiarity of the Boston mob, beyond all others that ever took place upon our soil, was that it enlisted the most cultivated and respectable class in a conservative city against a cause now generally admitted to have been that of truth and right; arousing moreover such a burst of unreasoning violence that the mayor thought it necessary to disperse a meeting of women, and to cause the sign of a "Female Anti-Slavery Society" to be taken down and thrown into the streets. Garrison himself, the immediate victim, was a non-combatant, being of the few men who were faithful to the "non-resistant" creed; and it was this contrast — women and non-combatants on the

one side, and the classes that wear broadcloth on the other — which gave to the whole affair that element of moral picturesqueness which is one of the very surest guarantees of historic permanence.

The career of Mr. Garrison contributed an important fact to elucidate the very philosophy of all reform; because it showed the controlling force of the moral sentiment, apart from all the other social factors with which it is usually found in combination. Strength of the moral nature was his one great and overwhelming contribution to the enterprise with which his whole life was identified. We can see now, in looking back, that the essential force of the antislavery agitation lay in the extreme simplicity of its propositions. Never was there a reform, perhaps, in which the essential principle was so easy to grasp. It needed no large induction, no difficult chain of inferences. Once concede that man cannot rightfully claim property in man, and the whole logic of the matter was settled. The thing needed was that this doctrine should find living embodiment in a man whose whole nature should be

strong and simple, like itself; who should spin no sophistries, tolerate no evasions, shrink from no consequences; who should use this principle as a sufficient test of all policies and reputations, who should refuse to be led away from it into any questions of casuistry or expediency; who should, in short, have a moral nature as clear and controlling as the doctrine he espoused. This man it found in Garrison.

He was not, of course, the first man in the community who had opposed or denounced slavery. Franklin, Jefferson, Rush, Hopkins, Lundy, and others had preceded him in that. But he was the first man who saw in its naked clearness the ethical axiom by which it was to be met and conquered. "Immediate, unconditional emancipation,"—this was what he wrote on the banner of the movement he headed; and that banner waved until slavery fell. And he stands out in the same distinct relief among his contemporaries as against his predecessors; for while others of his own party equaled or surpassed him in genius, wit, eloquence, personal attractiveness, social position, ingenuity of attack, brilliancy of defense; yet by his clearness and integrity of nature he surpassed them all, and was the natural leader of all. However keen others might be in moral discernment, he was keener; however able others might deal with a sophist, his exposition was sure to be the most cogent and convincing. To preserve this mastery among his associates he used no manœuvres, exerted no devices, asked no favors. He never attitudinized, and he never evaded; but his power in his own circle was as irresistible as the law of gravitation. He was never hurried or disconcerted or even vexed; indeed, he did not expend himself on special contests or fret about particular measures. Where others fought to win he simply bore his testimony, which in the end proved the path to winning. I well remember how, at the height of some fugitive-slave case, when it seemed to his associates as if the very gate of freedom turned on keeping that particular slave from bondage, he would be found at his compositor's desk—for he always set up his own editorials—as equable as ever, and almost provokingly undisturbed by the excitement of that fleeting hour.

There exists an impression that he held this leadership among his associates through a visibly exacting and domineering disposition. However this may have been in his early life, I should confidently say that it was something that he had outgrown when, about the year 1843, I first came in contact with him. He was just then entering upon the most extreme phase of his political opinions, when he announced the "No Union with Slavehold-

ers" position, and proclaimed the United States Constitution to be, in Scriptural phrase, "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." To this attitude he thenceforth rigidly held until slavery itself fell; nor would any person have expected or even attempted to make him swerve from it. But the test of any man's personal breadth is not to be found in the tenacity of his own convictions; it is to be looked for in his ability to coöperate with those who differ from him. Now there were always speakers on the antislavery platform who stood there without pretending to accept this especial shibboleth of Mr. Garrison's, and who yet were cordially welcome; nor do I think that any one of these proselytes of the outer gate had reason to complain. Charles Sumner always boasted that he subscribed to the "Liberator" before Phillips did; Henry Wilson spoke at the "Garrisonian" meetings again and again without accepting their leader's full doctrine; so did Francis W. Bird; so did I myself. Surely persons so placed were in a position to feel the alleged intolerance and despotic habit of Mr. Garrison, had such things existed. I can only say, for one, that I never was conscious of any such atmosphere for a moment; all that he demanded was that a man should have "the root of the matter in him." If this was the case, that man might vote at every election and not receive a reproof from the great non-voting leader.

This hospitality to all shades of opinion was one reason why the meetings of the elder branch, so to speak, of the antislavery body were so much more eagerly sought by the public and were really so much more stirring than those of the Liberty Party or even of the Free-soil Party in its early days. I myself voted with those two successive political organizations, but it seemed to me that it was not usually at their meetings that the thorough and vital conversions were made. They reaped, after all, what Garrison sowed; and Henry Wilson used not only to admit this, but constantly to urge it, at the "Garrisonian" conventions. It was not that the political Abolitionists were less sincere or faithful than the others, but they were a little less free with their sword-play, because they had not thrown away the scabbard. They were apt to be somewhat constrained and hampered by policy,—by the necessity of making it plain at any given moment that they were orderly, law-abiding citizens. To pass from their meetings to those of the disunion party was like passing from within doors to the mountain air; the gods of Garrison were the gods of the hills, as Ethan Allen claimed for himself in the revolutionary days. After all, it was Garrison with his set, strong face of granite; his temperament,

ek only in the sense in which Moses was
ek, and wielding, fearlessly as Moses, the
rors of the Lord; it was he and his imme-
te followers who made the antislavery voters
t presently passed, rather against his will,
o the army of political organization, and yet
stantly came back to him for stimulus and
ength. That army of voters it was which at
t, multiplying in numbers, gave Lincoln
d freedom to the nation; but it was Garri-
a, from beginning to end, who kept the most
ortant recruiting-station.

He will, therefore, always stand, like Luther,
the personification of an epoch; and while
very was doubtless overthrown at last by
e carnal weapons that he deprecated, yet

the force which guided those weapons will be
forever identified with him. The group of
remarkable men and women under his leader-
ship — a group in which Wendell Phillips
was the most gifted, while George Thompson
was the most brilliant foreign ally — was said
by the English Earl of Carlisle to be engaged in
a contest “without a parallel in the history of
ancient or modern heroism.” More fortunate
than most leaders, Garrison lived to see the
final downfall of the wrong against which he
fought; and the struggling victim of the mob
of half a century ago will soon sit enthroned in
monumental bronze, as one of the recognized
heroes of Massachusetts.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S ORIGIN AND EARLY LIFE.

HIS ANCESTORS.

HE scenic glories of the River St. John,
New Brunswick, are well past on the asat
when, on the right, the obscure outlet of
the Jemseg is reached. Along the lowland
margin from the Jemseg to the Nashwaak
etched, in the middle of the last century,
the feeble line of French Acadian settlers. A
couple of hundred souls were still clustered at
the trading station of St. Ann's (now Frederic-
ton) when, in the summer of 1761, Israel Per-
ley, of Boxford, Essex County, Massachusetts,
led a handful of companions, triumphing over
the wilderness between Machias and the St.
John, looked from the mouth of the Oromocto
down over the gleaming waters and woody
hills of this romantic region. Perley had been
sent out by the Governor of Massachusetts (Bernard)
on an exploring expedition. His report to his neighbors in praise of these alluvial
deposits must have produced a sort of “Western
excitement” among them. Many of his listeners had
doubtless served in the Nova Scotia campaigns
against the French which culminated in the
capture of Louisburg in 1758, followed by that
of Quebec in 1759, and the British occupa-
tion of the St. John as far as the Nashwaak,
and were already aware of the natural advan-
tages of the territory.

The first Essex County migration to Nova
Brunswick (as New Brunswick was then called)
took place in the spring of 1763. The fol-
lowing spring brought a reinforcement of col-
onists. The settlement now embraced fami-
lies, more or less connected with each other,
from Rowley, Boxford, Byfield, Ipswich,
Marblehead, and adjacent towns, among
them the Perleys, Stickneys, Palmers, Bur-

pees, Barkers, Esteyes, Hartts, and Peabodys
were prominent in numbers or in influence.
On October 31, 1765, the district having been
officially surveyed by Charles Morris, sixty-
five heads of families, resident or represented,
were granted Tract No. 109 in Sunbury Coun-
ty. This tract, in the parish of Mauderville
and Sheffield, known as the Mauderville
Grant, and twelve miles square, extended from
the head of Oromocto Island to the foot of
Mauger's Island, and had been partially
cleared by the Acadians. The twenty-second
name on the list of grantees, for five hundred
acres, was that of Joseph Garrison; the twenty-
fourth that of his father-in-law, Daniel Palmer.

Daniel Palmer was great-grandson of Ser-
geant John Palmer (who, as a youth of seven-
teen, is reported to have come to Rowley in
1639) by a second wife, Margaret Northend.
On the side of his mother, Mary Stickney, he
was great-grandson of William Stickney,
founder of that family in this country, and of
Captain Samuel Brocklebank, who was slain,
with nearly all his command, by the Indians
at Sunbury, in King Philip's War. Born at
Rowley in 1712, Daniel Palmer married in
1736 Elizabeth Wheeler, of Chebacco. He is
yet remembered by close tradition as “a
powerful man, of great muscular strength.
Before he left for the east the Indians were
troublesome, and there were three secreted
in a house in Old Town, and no one dared pur-
sue them. But he was fearless, and entered
the house, where he opened a chamber window,
and one by one he threw them out, regardless
of life or limb, as though they were so many
straws.” Six children survived to him, and the
two oldest girls were married, when removal
to the St. John was determined on. Leaving

these behind, he took with him his third daughter, Mary (born January 19th, 1741, in Byfield), and his three sons, and joined the company of townfolk and kinsmen who were to plant a Puritan settlement on the banks of the St. John.

There is no evidence that Joseph Garrison was of this number. All that can now be learned about him warrants the belief that he was an Englishman, who was found upon the spot by the second, if not already by the first, immigrants from Rowley. We know positively that on his thirtieth birthday, August 14th, 1764, he was married to Daniel Palmer's daughter, Mary Sabine, who, with doubtful propriety, includes Joseph Garrison in his "Loyalists of the American Revolution," styles him "of Massachusetts"; but the name has not been met with in that State before the present century by the most diligent searchers of her archives. His comparatively early death will account for the diversity of traditions in regard to him among his own descendants, the most trustworthy of which is that he was not a native of the colonies, but of the mother country.

Five children had been born to Joseph and Mary Garrison, the youngest, Abijah, being an infant in arms—say in the spring of 1774—when the mother started in a boat down the river to pay her father a visit, taking her babe with her, and a lad who lived in the family.

"The river was clear of ice when she started, and she apprehended no danger. Long before she got to her journey's end, the ice broke further up the river and came down with such force against her boat as to break it badly, and compel her to exchange it for an ice-cake, which was driven ashore by a larger piece of ice. Like a mother, she wrapped her babe in all the clothes she could spare, and threw him into the snow on the shore. By the aid of a willow limb which overhung the river, she and the lad saved themselves. She took up her babe unharmed. As she was wandering in the woods, without guide or path, she saw the smoke from an Indian hut, and on going to it found there an Indian who knew her father. He entertained her with his best words and deeds, and the next morning conducted her safely to her father's."

This babe was the father of William Lloyd Garrison. It was not quite three years old when the progress of revolt in the colonies had infected the New England settlers on the St. John, and impelled them to a manifesto, issued at Maugerville on May 21, 1776, antedating the Declaration of Independence, imbued with the same spirit, "and, considering their insulated locality, and the vicinity to the old and well-fortified towns in possession of an English army and navy, . . . remarkably bold."

The record is silent as to the three or four residents of Maugerville who refused to subscribe to the resolves and the appeal to Massa-

chusetts for relief. It may be conjectured, however, that Joseph Garrison was one of these, having as his first motive his English birth, and the want of those New England connections which might else have made liberty to him also "that dearest of names"; and perhaps, as his second, his better sense of the hopelessness of such an unsupported outpost maintaining itself against the authority of the mother country. Mr. Sabine found Joseph's descendants admitting his loyalty, and we may suppose him to have been temporarily ostracized, according to the terms of the vote, on account of his standing aloof from the almost unanimous action of his neighbors. At all events, it required no little independence of character to incur the popular resentment; and this trait may have been inherited by his grandson as well as the spirit of the declaration of resistance to tyranny which Daniel Palmer subscribed.

His isolation, however, except in public sentiment, lasted hardly more than a year. Despite the good-will and assistance of Massachusetts, before a project of fortifying the mouth of the St. John could be carried out, in May, 1777, the British sloop *Vulture*, fourteen guns, from Halifax (a vessel afterwards famous for having been the refuge of Benedict Arnold on the discovery of his treason), sailed up the river with troops, and, as was reported in Machias on the 29th, compelled the settlers to take the oath of allegiance to his British Majesty. Many were robbed of their all; some were carried away. A vain attempt to reverse this was made by a Massachusetts expedition in the following month. Boston was too far away; Halifax was too near. Submission was unavoidable; but time never reconciled all of the inhabitants to the separation from their kindred in the old Massachusetts home, and their regrets have been handed down to their posterity. Shut off from further increase by immigration from the original hive, they could only perpetuate their numbers by intermarriage; and the tourist on the St. John to-day finds in Sunbury County not only familiar New England names, but perhaps as unmixed a Puritan stock as exists on the continent.

Of Joseph Garrison, except that he died at Jemseg in February, 1783, we know nothing more that is eventful. He passed for a disappointed man. Besides the strong-mindedness already indicated, there is no salient feature to distinguish the founder of the line. His children, in a settlement deprived of every literary and social advantage, proved exceptionally intelligent. They educated themselves with the slenderest facilities—learned the art of navigation, became teachers. "They did not accumulate much," says the local tradition,

"but they always left friends behind them." A fondness for music and natural aptitude for giving instruction in it have also been manifested in Joseph's posterity, among whom it has been handed down that he used to play the fiddle.

Mary Palmer Garrison long survived her husband, dying in 1822. In her later years her home was on the Jemseg with her son Silas, who cultivated the farm now shown as the Garrison homestead. At the time of her death she had been for many years the widow of Robert Angus. She is remembered late in life as a jolly sort of person,—portly, with round face and fair hair, of a sanguine temperament, and a great favorite with children, whom she amused with quaint stories. From her there ran in the veins of her offspring the emigrant Puritan blood of Palmer, Northend, Hunt, Redding, Stickney, Brocklebank, Wheeler, and other (unnamable) stirpes.

By her, Joseph Garrison became the father of nine children. The fifth in order, Abijah, must occupy our attention, to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters. He was born June 18, 1773, on the Jemseg, and named for his uncle Palmer. Except the romantic incident of his babyhood, already related, his early history is a blank. He alone of the family followed the sea. He became eventually a captain, and made many voyages, with his cousin Abijah Palmer as mate. His son, William Lloyd, who had no personal recollection of him, thus summed up the traditions in regard to Abijah Garrison:

"I was probably not more than three years old when he took his final leave of my mother. I remember vaguely to have been told that he had a fine physical development, a sanguine temperament, a bald head and a reddish beard, with a very noticeable scar on his face, a birth-mark; that he was very genial and social in his manners, kind and affectionate in his disposition, and ever ready to assist the suffering and needy; that he had a good theoretical and practical knowledge of navigation, and as a master of a vessel made many voyages coastwise and to the West Indies; and that he had a strong taste for reading, and evinced some literary talent. There is no doubt that his love for my mother was almost romantic; and it is questionable, when he deserted her, if he meant the separation to be final."

Romantic love had a romantic beginning. By some chance of coast navigation, Abijah found himself on Deer Island, N. B., in Passamaquoddy Bay (waters called Quoddy, for short), at a religious evening meeting. Here his eyes fell upon a strikingly beautiful young woman dressed in a blue habit. At the close of the services he followed her to the door, and boldly asked leave to accompany her home, accosting her, for want of her real name, as "Miss Bluejacket." Her reply was a rebuff. Nevertheless, Abijah lost no time in sending

her a letter, which, it is safe to say, surpassed in literary graces any she had ever received; and her reply confirmed a correspondence which ended infallibly in matrimony.

Frances Maria Lloyd was the daughter — one of a large family of children — of Andrew Lloyd, a native of Kinsale, County Munster, Ireland (about 1752). He came out to the province of Nova Scotia in 1771, as a 'prentice bound to the captain of the ship which also brought over John Lawless, an Englishman, who had been a sergeant under Wolfe at Quebec; his wife Catherine, said to have been a native of Limerick, Ireland; and their only daughter, Mary, who was certainly born there. The 'prentice is believed to have improved his time so well on the voyage that, young as they both were, he married Mary Lawless the day after they had landed on the island of Campobello. Andrew became a so-called branch (*i. e.*, commissioned) pilot at Quoddy, and died suddenly in the service in the year 1813. His wife, whom he survived, though not long, was reputed the first person buried on Deer Island, and on this unfertile but picturesque and fascinating spot Fanny Lloyd was born in 1776, and became the belle of the family.

"She was of a tall majestic figure, singularly graceful in deportment and carriage; her features were fine, and expressive of a high intellectual character; and her hair so luxuriant and rich that, when she unbound it, like that of Godiva of old, it fell around her like a veil. The outward being, however, was but a faint image of the angelic nature within; she was one of those who inspire at once love and reverence; she took high views of life and its duties; and, consequently, when adversity came upon her as an armed man, she was not overcome. Life had lost its sunshine, but not its worth; and, for her own and her children's sake, she combated nobly with poverty and sorrow. Her influence on her children, more especially on her son William, was very great: he venerated her while yet a child; not a word or a precept of hers was ever lost—his young heart treasured up all, unknowing that these in after life should become his great principles of action.

"To illustrate the conscientious and firm character of this admirable woman, we must be permitted to give an anecdote of her whilst yet young. Her parents were of the Episcopal Church, and among the most bigoted of that body. In those days the Baptists were a despised people, and it was reckoned vulgar to be of their community. One day, however, it was made known through the neighborhood where she lived that one of these despised sectaries would preach in a barn, and a party of gay young people, one of whom was the lovely and gay Fanny Lloyd, agreed for a frolic to go and hear him. Of those who went to scoff one remained to pray; this was Fanny Lloyd. Her soul was deeply touched by the meek and holy spirit of the preacher; she wept much during the sermon, and when it was over, the preacher spake kindly to her. From that day a change came over her mind. She would no longer despise and ridicule the Baptists; and before long announced to her astonished and indignant parents that she found it necessary for the peace of her soul to become publicly one of that de-

spised body. Nothing could equal the exasperation which followed this avowal. They threatened that if she allowed herself to be baptized, they would turn her out of doors. It was not a matter of choice but of stern duty with her; she meekly expostulated—she besought them with tears to hear her reasons, but in vain. She could not, however, resist that which she believed to be her duty to God; she was baptized, and had no longer a home under her parents' roof. She then took refuge with an uncle, with whom she resided several years. This early persecution only strengthened her religious opinions; and she remained through life a zealous advocate of those peculiar views for which she had suffered so much."

The date of Abijah Garrison's marriage is uncertain, except that it was nearly at the close of the last century, and on the 12th day of December. The place of the ceremony is equally unknown; neither has it been ascertained where was the first home of the young couple. Not improbably it may have been among the husband's relatives on the Jemseg, and here perhaps was born a daughter who died in infancy. In 1801 they were settled in Duke street, St. John, where a son, James Holley, was born to them, and possibly also a second daughter. Subsequently they removed to Granville, Nova Scotia, in the neighborhood of Fanny's sister Nancy (Mrs. Delap).

On April 4, 1805, Abijah announces in these words to his mother and stepfather his intention to return to the old home of the Puritan settlers on the St. John—to Essex County, Massachusetts:

"This perhaps is the last you may Expect from me dated at Granville, as I am about to remove to Newbury Port in the United States, Where I Expect to Spend the remainder of my days. I have been following the Rule of false Position, or rather permutation, these Seven Last years, and have never been able to Solve the Question to my Satisfaction till now. Not that I am disaffected towards Government, but the barrenness of these Eastern Climates rather Obliges me to seek the welfare of my family in a more hospitable Climate, where I shall be less expos'd to the Ravages of war and stagnation of business, which is severely felt in Nova Scotia. The Prohibition of the American trade may in time help this Country, but from want of circulating Cash this Country will long lay bound in Extreme difficulties and Perpetual Law-suits [The] last winter was attended with distress among a great number of Poor people in this Place. The scarcity of bread and all kind of vegetables was too well known in this Part of Nova Scotia, the Great Drought Last summer Cut off all the farmers Expectations, and People in general Experienc'd the want of hay Equal to that of Bread; the smiling spring has at last return'd but brings nothing with it as yet substantial for the present support of Man. I speak not this of myself, but of many of my Neighbours; I thank God I have a Competency at present, but the times forbode greater distress ahead. I have in the Conclusion settled my Business here and am now about to remove."

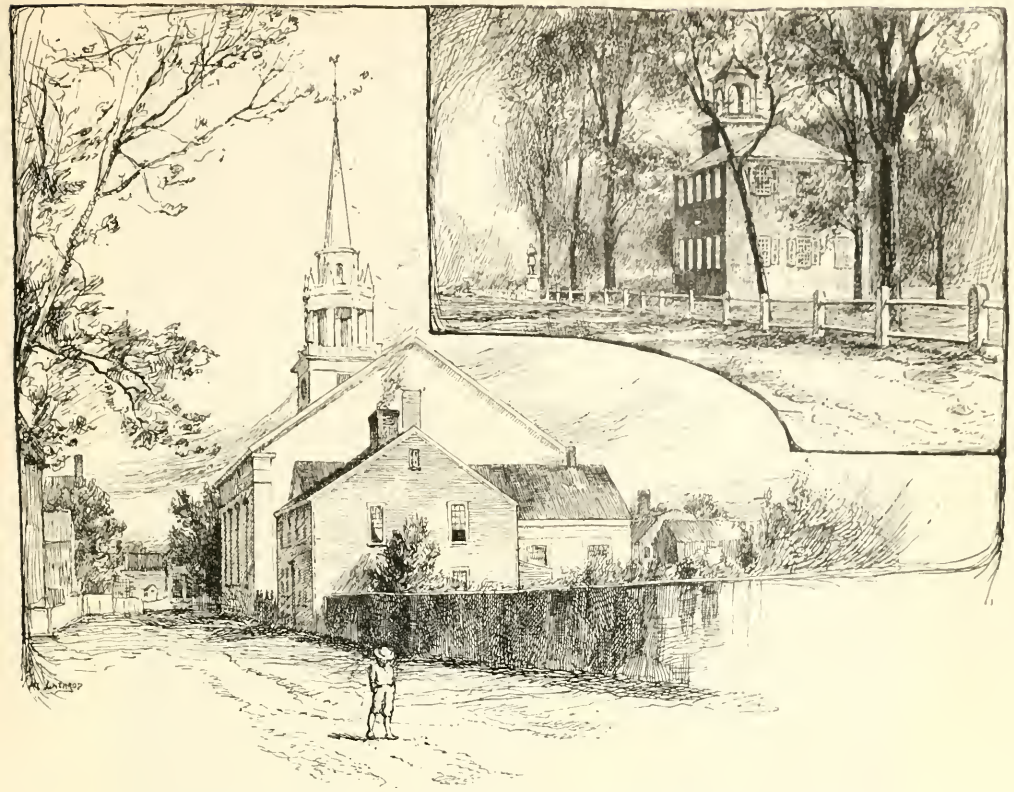
* As Mr. Garrison, on his visit to England in 1846, must have furnished Mary Howitt with these facts in regard to his mother, they are reproduced here (from the "People's Journal" of September 12, 1846) as more authentic than any later recollections could have been.

The same Providence by which slavers made their impious voyages in safety attended the ship from Nova Scotia to Newburyport in the spring-time of 1805. On the 10th of December, in a little frame house still standing on School street, between the First Presbyterian church, in which Whitefield's remains are interred, and the house in which the great preacher died,—and so in the very bosom of orthodoxy,—a man-child was born to Abijah and Fanny Garrison, and called, after an uncle who subsequently lost his life in Boston Harbor, William Lloyd Garrison.

Wendell Phillips Garrison.

THE BOYHOOD OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Few men have had a stronger attachment for their birthplace and the home of their youth than William Lloyd Garrison; and the lovely old town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, in which he spent the first twenty-one years of his life, was ever dear to him. As a boy, barefoot he rolled his hoop through its streets, played at marbles and at bat and ball, swam in the Merrimac in summer and skated on it in winter, and sometimes led the "South-end boys" against the "North-enders" in the numerous conflicts between the youngsters of the two sections. Every spot in the town had its associations for him: the little school-house on the Mall in which he obtained, in six months, all the grammar-school education he ever had; the wharves on which, with his comrades, he used to "sample" the West India molasses just landed; the modest house on School street in which he was born and spent his earliest years; the many dwellings which he was wont freely to visit, and which looked so unchanged, fifty years afterwards, that it seemed to him as if the familiar faces of their former inmates must greet him if he again entered their doors; Chain Bridge, on the road to Amesbury, which was regarded almost as an eighth wonder of the world when it was built, and was pictured in the geographies of that day, as the Brooklyn Bridge may be in the latest school-books; the suburb of Belleville, where he went to singing-school in company with "lots of boys and pretty girls," and first learned "Wicklow" and other good old hymns; and last, but not least, the "Herald" office on State street, in which he served his long seven years' apprenticeship as a printer. He seldom visited the town without climbing its stairs, and he liked to tell how it was owing



BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NEWBURYPORT.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. C. REED AND H. P. MACINTOSH. DRAWN BY WILLIAM LATHROP.)

to his fondness for Newburyport, and his insupportable homesickness on two or three occasions when he was sent elsewhere to seek a livelihood, that he ever came to learn the printing business, and to master the weapon which enabled him to carry on his thirty years' warfare against American slavery.

He was less than three years old when his mother found herself left, by the desertion of her husband, with three young children to support,—the oldest a boy of seven and the youngest an infant daughter but a few weeks old. Up to that time she had enjoyed such exuberant health that she was wont to say that "only a cannon-ball could kill Fanny Garrison"; but though she resolutely set herself to the task of maintaining herself and her little ones, the blow of this desertion was one from which she never recovered, and it shadowed the remaining years of her life. The struggle for existence became a severe and bitter one. The day of Newburyport's prosperity had passed, and the years of the embargo and of the war of 1812 brought disaster and ruin to its business and commerce. It was no easy

matter, therefore, to find the remunerative employment which would feed so many mouths. The little house in School street still afforded them shelter, thanks to the sisterly devotion of its owner and occupant, Martha Farnham, who assured them that while she had a roof to cover her they should share it. When circumstances permitted, Mrs. Garrison took up the calling of a monthly nurse, and during her necessary occasional absences from home the children were under the motherly care of their "Aunt Farnham." When Lloyd (as he was always called) was older, his mother used to send him, on election and training days, to sell the nice sticks of molasses candy which she was an adept in making, and he thus earned a few pennies towards the common support.

With all her sorrow at heart, his mother maintained her cheerful and courageous demeanor. She had a fine voice—"one of the best," her son was wont to say—and was ever singing at her work; and in the Baptist church meetings, at which she and Martha Farnham were constant and devoted attendants (some-



FROM SWAIN'S PORTRAIT OF GARRISON WHEN YOUNG.

times opening their own house for an evening gathering), she sang with fervor the soul-stirring hymns which have been the inspiration and delight of the devout for generations. She was mirthful, too, and possessed a quick sense of the ludicrous.

During the war of 1812 she went to Lynn to pursue her vocation, taking James, her favorite son, a boy of much beauty and promise, with her, that he might learn shoemaking. Little Elizabeth, the daughter, was left in Mrs. Farnham's protecting care, while Lloyd went to live with Deacon Ezekiel Bartlett and family, worthy people and faithful members of the little Baptist church. The good deacon, who was in very humble circumstances, sawed

wood, sharpened saws, made lasts, and even sold apples from a little stand at his door, to win a subsistence for his family; and Lloyd, who was an exemplary and conscientious boy, and warmly attached to his kind friends, dutifully tried to earn his board and do all he could to lighten their burden of poverty.

During their mother's absence in Lynn the children heard frequently from her by letter, and Lloyd was able to write to her in reply. Her little notes to him were full of tender affection, and earnest hope that he would be a good and dutiful boy. Already her health and strength were beginning to fail under her arduous struggle to maintain herself and her children, and her inability

now to do continuous work made it all the more imperative that they should learn trades that would enable them to become self-supporting. So Lloyd was brought to Lynn to learn shoemaking, and was apprenticed to Gamaliel W. Oliver, an excellent man and a member of the Society of Friends, who lived on Market street, and had his work-shop in the yard adjoining his house. There the little boy, who was only nine years old, and so small that his fellow-workmen called him "not much bigger than a last," toiled for several months until he could make a tolerable shoe, to his great pride and delight. He was much too young and small for his task, however, and it soon became evident that he lacked the strength to pursue the work.

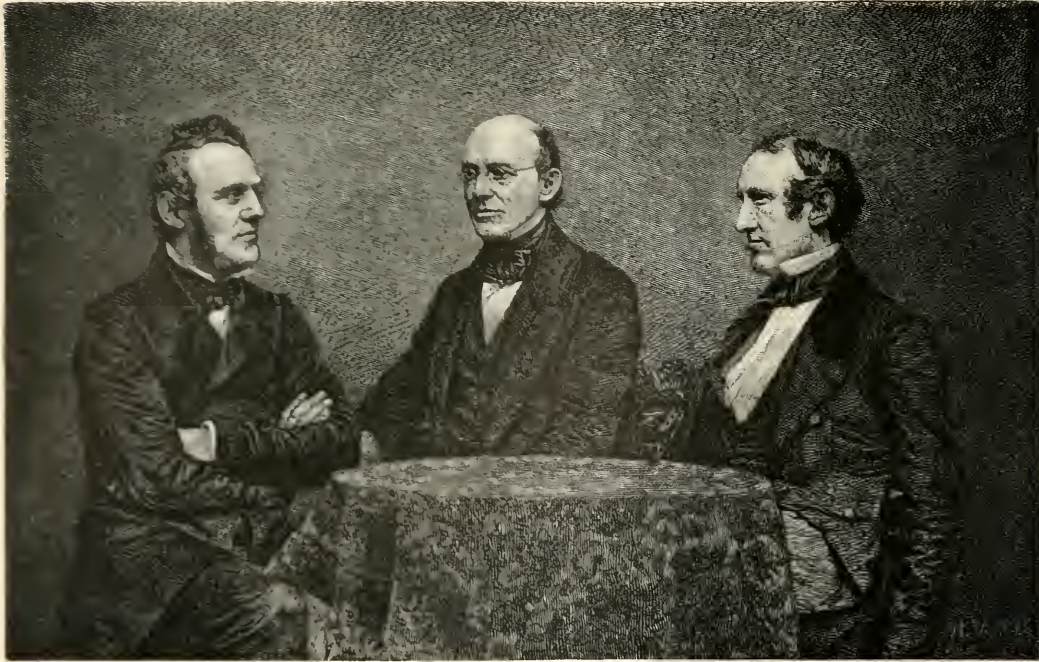
In October, 1815, Mrs. Garrison removed to Baltimore, where she spent the remaining years of her life, pursuing her calling as nurse until disabled by a painful disease, which caused her long helplessness and suffering before death brought a merciful release. Her two boys accompanied her; but James, soon tiring of the shoemaker's bench, ran away and took to the sea, and Lloyd became so homesick for Newburyport that his mother, unable to find employment for him in Baltimore, permitted him to return to Deacon Bartlett's care. He again did what a small boy of ten or eleven years could towards earning his board, and obtained a little more (and what proved to be his final) schooling at the South Grammar-school. He was very happy in this, and in returning to the only place that had ever seemed like home to him; but his poor mother missed him sorely, and as no situation could be found for him in Newburyport, she proposed, at the end of a year, that he should return to Baltimore. Her hope of securing a place for him there, however, was disappointed.

After a time Lloyd was apprenticed to Moses Short, a cabinet-maker at Haverhill, Massachusetts, who took the boy into his family and treated him with much kindness. The work was not unpleasant to him, and he soon learned to make a toy bureau and helped at veneering; but his old homesickness for Newburyport seized him, and he became so unhappy that he resolved, at the end of six weeks, to make his escape. Watching his opportunity, one morning when his employer had gone to the shop, he tied his shirt and other worldly possessions in a handkerchief, threw the bundle down among the pumpkin vines from his window, and then going down and recovering it started for home on foot. He had calculated the time it would take him to cross the long bridge, and when the stage-coach came up with him he seized

the rack behind, and ran and swung himself by turns to facilitate his progress. When the stage paused at a stopping-place, he trudged on until it again overtook him, when he repeated the operation, and in this way accomplished several miles. The passengers in the coach, meanwhile, were wondering how so small a lad could keep along with it. But the fugitive was missed at Haverhill, and, as he was wont to tell the story in after years, his employer took a "short" cut by which he saved time and distance over the stage-road, and recaptured his apprentice. He bore him no ill-will, however, and, when Lloyd confessed his homesickness, promised to release him if he would only return to Haverhill and take his leave in a regular and proper manner, that neither of them might be compromised. He kept his word, and Lloyd again took up his abode at Deacon Bartlett's.

Repeated efforts were made to find a situation for him, but without success until the autumn of 1818, when Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, editor and proprietor of the Newburyport (semi-weekly) "Herald," wishing a boy to learn the printer's trade, Lloyd was presented as a candidate for the place and accepted, and, having been duly apprenticed for the usual term of seven years, he entered the office of the "Herald" on the 18th of October, 1818.

The boy had not been many days in the printing-office before he was convinced that he had at last found his right place, but his first feeling was one of discouragement as he watched the rapidity with which the compositors set and distributed the types. "My little heart sank like lead within me," he afterwards said. "It seemed to me that I never should be able to do anything of the kind." He was so short at first that when he undertook to work off proofs, he had to stand on a "fifty-six-pound weight" in order to reach the table. He quickly grew expert and accurate as a compositor, and was much liked and trusted by his master, of whose family he now became a member, as was the custom with apprentices in those days. In course of time he became the foreman of the office, made up the pages of the "Herald," and prepared the forms for the press. He was noted for his rapidity and accuracy as a compositor, his clean proofs, and his taste in job-work, and he was also an excellent pressman on the hand-presses of those days. Throughout his life it was a delight and, as he used to express it, "a positive recreation" to him to manipulate the types; and the last time that he ever handled the composing-stick was in that same "Herald" office just sixty years from the day on which he had first entered it as an apprentice.



GEORGE THOMPSON, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.
(FROM A DAGUERRETYPE (ABOUT 1851) IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. GARRISON'S FAMILY.)

Lloyd early evinced a taste for poetry, and was fond of works of fiction and romance. His favorite poets at that time were Byron, Moore, Pope, Campbell, and Scott, and, over and above all these, Mrs. Hemans, whose writings he knew by heart; and when he subsequently published a paper of his own, there was scarcely an issue which did not contain one of her poems. It was natural that in such a stronghold of the Federalists as Newburyport still was (though the party had ceased to have a national existence), with party feeling throughout the State running so high at each annual election, he should also take an interest in politics and imbibe the prevailing sentiment of his locality, and he became an ardent Federalist. He studied the writings of Junius and Fisher Ames, and was a fervent admirer of Timothy Pickering and Harrison Gray Otis. While yet in his teens he wielded his pen in defense of the two latter when they were under fire, and their political fortunes under a cloud; but his first attempt at writing for the press was not in a political direction. In May, 1822, he wrote in a disguised hand, and sent through the post-office, his first communication to the "Herald," under the *nom de guerre* of "An Old Bachelor." It was entitled "Breach of Marriage Promise," and professed to be the reflections of a bachelor

on reading the recent verdict in a breach-of-promise case in Boston, by which a young man who had "kept company" with a girl for two years, and then refused to marry her, was fined seven hundred and fifty dollars. While freely conceding that any man who had actually broken an express promise should "feel the effects of the law in a heavy degree," he maintained that the very fact of a man's having "kept company with," or paid attention to, one of the opposite sex for a year or two, was not conclusive evidence of a promise or engagement, but rather indicated that he desired to be assured of the wisdom of his choice before taking such a momentous step as matrimony involved; and the "old bachelor" of sixteen then discoursed in this cynical fashion:

"The truth is, however, women in this country are too much idolized and flattered; therefore they are puffed up and inflated with pride and self-conceit. They make the men to crouch, beseech and supplicate, wait upon and do every menial service for them to gain their favor and approbation: they are, in fact, completely subservient to every whim and caprice of these changeable mortals. Women generally feel their importance, and they use it without mercy. For my part, notwithstanding, I am determined to lead the 'single life' and not trouble myself about the ladies."

Lloyd was at work at the case when his master received and opened this youthful

production, and he awaited anxiously the verdict as to its acceptance. It happened to strike Mr. Allen's fancy, and, after reading it aloud for the edification of others in the office, he unsuspectingly handed it to its author to put in type, and it filled nearly a column of the "Herald." Elated by this first success, the boy wrote a second communication in a similar vein, which appeared three days later; and a week after this he furnished a highly imaginative account of a shipwreck, which was so palpably the work of one innocent of the sea and of ships, that it is rather surprising that it was accepted; but the editor was probably equally innocent, if many of his seafaring patrons and readers were not.

The signature appended to this article was abbreviated to the initials A. O. B.,* over which most of his subsequent articles for the "Herald" were written. He still, and for nearly the whole of the ensuing year, concealed his authorship, although his master was so well pleased with the communications of his unknown correspondent that he wrote him through the post-office, requesting him to continue them, and expressing a desire for an interview with him!

To his mother alone did Lloyd confide his secret, and she received it with mingled pride and misgiving, as appears by the following letter, dated July 1, 1822:

"I have had my mind exercised on your account, and please to let me know the particulars in your next. You write me word that you have written some pieces for the 'Herald.' Anonymous writers generally draw the opinion of the publick on their writing, and frequently are lampoon'd by others. If Mr. Allen approves of it, why, you have nothing to fear, but I hope you consulted him on the publication of them. I am pleased, myself, with the idea, provided that nothing wrong should result from it. You must write me one of your pieces, so that I can read [it] on one side of your letter, and I will give you my opinion whether you are an old bachelor, or whether you are A. O. B., as A may stand for Ass, and O for Oaf, and B for Blockhead. Adieu, my dear. You will think your Mother is quizzing. Your dear Mother until death."

Lloyd continued his anonymous communications to the "Herald," discussing successively South American affairs, Massachusetts politics (supporting Harrison Gray Otis for Governor against Mr. Eustis, the successful Democratic candidate), and the state of Europe,—this last in three articles remarkably well written for a boy of seventeen.

In the previous month of December (1822) Mr. Allen had gone to Mobile for the winter, leaving Lloyd in charge of the office, while Caleb Cushing attended to the editorial con-

duct of the "Herald," and it was the latter who now first discovered that the author of these and previous articles under the same signature was no other than Mr. Allen's senior apprentice. He instantly commended and encouraged him, lending him books, and calling attention editorially to the papers on Europe. It is probable that the boy's interest in foreign affairs was largely due to Mr. Cushing himself, who had written at the beginning of the year a series of articles for the "Herald," giving a résumé of the political situation and outlook at home and abroad. In a letter written to his mother in May, 1823, Lloyd gives this account of his year's performances as a writer for the press:

"Since I have received your letter, my time has been swallowed up in turning author. I have written in the 'Herald' three long political pieces under the caption of 'Our Next Governor,' and the signature of 'One of the People,'—rather a great signature, to be sure, for such a small man as myself. But vain were the efforts of the friends and disciples of Washington, the true Federal Republicans of Massachusetts; Democracy has finally triumphed over correct principles, and this State may expect to see the scenes of 1811-12 revived in all their blighting influences;—may they be as short-lived as they were at that period. You will undoubtedly smile at my turning politician at the age of *eighteen*, but, 'true 'tis,' and (*perhaps*) 'pity 'tis 'tis true,' and I cannot but help smiling myself at the thought. I have likewise published another political communication under the same signature. Besides these, I have written three other communications under the head of 'A Glance at Europe'—analyzing the present state of political affairs between Spain and the Holy Alliance—and which called forth a very handsome notice of the same from Mr. Cushing, the Editor of the 'Herald.'—But I am at last discovered to be the author, notwithstanding my utmost endeavors to let it remain a secret. It is now but partially known, however, and has created no little sensation in town—so that I have concluded to write no more at present.

"Thus you perceive, my dear mother, that my leisure moments have been usefully and wisely employed;—usefully, because it is beneficial in cultivating the seeds of improvement in my breast, and expanding the intellectual powers and faculties of my mind; wisely, because it has kept me from wasting time in that dull, senseless, insipid manner, which generally characterizes giddy youths. It is now about one year since I commenced writing for the 'Herald,' and in that time I have written about fifteen communications. When I peruse them over, I feel absolutely astonished at the different subjects which I have discussed, and the style in which they are written. Indeed, it is altogether a matter of surprise that I have met with such signal success, seeing I do not understand *one single rule of grammar*, and having a very inferior education.—But enough of my scribblings, in all conscience, for the present, to something that is more important and interesting."

Circumstances now arose to prevent Lloyd's writing further for the press for a considerable period. In September, 1822, his sister Elizabeth had died in Baltimore, leaving the mother

* Experts in the tender passion will readily discern in "A. O. B.'s" pretensions of frigidity a rather susceptible temperament.

berest and desolate; and as the spring of 1823 advanced, disease had made such inroads upon her that she became conscious that she could not long survive. She accordingly sent an earnest appeal to Mr. Allen to allow her son to make her a farewell visit, and wrote to Lloyd directing him how to find her on his arrival in Baltimore. In the same letter she acknowledged the letter from him just quoted, and endeavored to conceal her pride and interest in his literary efforts by warning him of the dangers and difficulties he was liable to encounter; but her exhortation ended with a blessing, and a request that he would bring his productions for her to read. This letter, which bears date June 3, 1823, was probably the last she ever wrote to him:

"Next, your turning Author. You have no doubt read and heard the fate of such characters, that they generally starve to death in some garret or place that no one inhabits; so you may see what fortune and luck belong to you if you are of that class of people. Secondly, you think your time was wisely spent while you was writing political pieces. I cannot join with you there, for had you been searching the scriptures for truth, and praying for direction of the holy spirit to lead your mind into the path of holiness, your time would have been far more wisely spent, and your advance to the heavenly world more rapid. But instead of that you have taken the Hydra by the head, and now beware of his mouth; but as it is done, I suppose you think you had better go and seek the applause of mortals. But, my dear L., lose not the favour of God; have an eye single to his glory, and you will not lose your reward." . . .

As soon after receiving the above letter as his master would release him, Lloyd embarked for Baltimore, where he landed, after a stormy and boisterous voyage of a fortnight, on the 5th of July. "You must imagine," he wrote to Mr. Allen, "my sensations on beholding a beloved mother after an absence of seven years. I found her in tears, but, O God, so altered, so emaciated, that I should never have recognized her, had I not known that there were none else in the room."

The next two or three weeks, during which Lloyd was able to remain with his mother, were precious to both, for they had many things to talk over before their final separation: Lloyd's prospects for the future; the mystery attending his father's disappearance; the recent death of his sister; and the possible fate of his wayward brother James, from whom nothing had been heard for years, and who was destined, poor waif! to be tossed and driven about the sea, suffering incredible hardships, for a dozen years longer, before he was finally discovered and rescued by his brother. After Lloyd parted from his mother she steadily sank, and finally passed away on the 3d of September, 1823.

With three exceptions, of trifling and unim-

portant verses, Lloyd wrote nothing for the "Herald" during the next year; but in June, 1824, he was moved by the publication of Timothy Pickering's "Review of John Adams's Letters to William Cunningham," to send two long communications to the Salem "Gazette," under the signature of "Aristides." These were highly eulogistic of Mr. Pickering, whose pamphlet in defense of himself against the attacks of Mr. Adams had caused a wide sensation, and led to an acrimonious war of words between the partisans of those venerable statesmen. Walsh's "National Gazette" of Philadelphia was the mouthpiece of the Adams party, while the Salem "Gazette" was understood to speak by authority for Mr. Pickering; and such was the interest in the discussion that raged for a time, that the letters of the Newburyport apprentice attracted much notice, and were believed to have come from a maturer hand. The controversy had an indirect bearing on the impending Presidential election, in which John Quincy Adams was a candidate, and the Pickering party aimed their darts at the son, therefore, quite as much as at the father. The youthful "Aristides," who four years later ardently advocated his reelection, now joined in decrying him. His conception of the character of General Andrew Jackson was much more clear and accurate, and his next contribution to the "Gazette" was an open letter to that military chieftain, endeavoring to convince him of his utter unfitness for the office of President, and the hopelessness of his efforts to gain that position. This letter was forcible, dignified, and mature in thought and expression.

His remaining contributions to the "Gazette" were a series of six articles entitled "The Crisis," which appeared at intervals between the beginning of August and end of October, and discussed the political situation. The importance of united action on the part of the Federalists, now so largely in the minority, was emphasized, and their support of William H. Crawford for the Presidency in opposition to John Quincy Adams was strongly urged; but while "Aristides" had much to say in depreciation of the latter, he evidently knew very little of the former, and simply supported him because he was the candidate of the Pickering faction.

Aside from his great sorrow in the loss of his mother and sister, the last three years of Lloyd's apprenticeship were very happy years to him. Truſted by his master with the entire supervision of the printing-office, and with the editorial charge of the "Herald" when the former was absent; devoting his spare hours to reading and study; encouraged by the recognition of merit in his various essays at writing

for the press, and by the ready acceptance and insertion of his articles and communications; fond of social intercourse, and a universal favorite with his friends of both sexes; full of health, vigor, cheerfulness, and ambition; known and respected by all his townspeople as an exemplary and promising young man,—success in life seemed easily within his grasp. An oil portrait taken about this period by Swain, a local artist, represents him with a smooth face, abundant black hair, a standing collar, and ruffled shirt-bosom. His surviving associates, of that period speak with enthusiasm of his manly beauty and his popularity with the fair sex.

At one time Lloyd had a boyish desire to go to Greece and join the forces of the revolutionists against Turkish tyranny, and he also thought of seeking a military education at West Point. He was enthusiastic over Lafayette's visit to Newburyport, at the end of August, 1824, and was among the thousands who awaited his arrival late at night in a drenching rain. He used to narrate how Lafayette, who was deeply moved by the sight, begged the people, with tears in his eyes, not to longer expose themselves so for his sake, but to come

and shake him by the hand the next morning; and he was one of the multitude who availed themselves of that privilege.

On the 10th of December, 1825, he completed his apprenticeship of seven years and two months in the "Herald" office, and under the (as it subsequently appeared, mistaken) impression that the year of his birth was 1804, and that he had now attained his majority, he signalized the event by a fervid poem of eight stanzas, entitled "Twenty-one!"

He remained a few weeks longer in the "Herald" office, as a journeyman, and his last contribution to that paper bore, like his first, his bachelor *nom de guerre* (A. O. B.), and was devoted to a similar theme, being an "Essay on Marriage," which he discussed with the same affectation of cynicism as at first, declaring that "of all the conceits that ever entered into the brains of a wise man, that of marriage is the most ridiculous." And with this light and trivial conclusion to his boyish essays, he graduated from the office of the "Herald," and went forth to establish a paper of his own, and to see what place in the world he could now show himself able to fill.

Francis Jackson Garrison.

THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

THE modern idea of an Indian country — a scope of territory set apart for the occupancy of the aboriginal tribes — was first suggested by President Jefferson. As early as 1803, referring to the then recent Louisiana purchase, he wrote: "Above all, the best use we can make of the country for some time to come will be to give establishments in it to the Indians of the east side of the Mississippi in exchange for their present country, and open land-offices in the last, and thus make this acquisition a means of filling up the eastern side instead of drawing off the population. When we shall be full on this side, we can lay off a range of States on the western bank from the head to the mouth, and so range after range, advancing compactly, as we multiply." It will be observed that he did not recommend permanency as a feature of this movement; it was to be "for some time" only, and subject to the possible demands of the march of white population westward. And yet there is room to suspect that his prophecy of "range after range" of States beyond the Mississippi was a bit of rhetorical bombast, and that in reality he believed that if the "perishing" tribes, as they were called, could all be sent wandering into this vast indeterminate waste of "Louis-

iana," — one million one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of far-away and vague wilderness, — civilization would not be likely to overtake them, and the Indian problem would solve itself by the easy delays of time and circumstance.

It is well to reflect, also, that the public mind of 1803 had no conception of the extent and value, or even the general geographical outlines, of Mr. Jefferson's Louisiana purchase; and the prevailing opinion dismissed it as unavailable and worthless. The price paid for it was at the rate of about a hundred acres for a cent, and out of it have been carved eight strong and opulent States; but Mr. Jefferson himself did not dream what a bargain he had secured, and only a fear of Spain reconciled the people to what they regarded, so far as the land was concerned, a foolish trade. So lightly did they esteem the country that they lacked ordinary curiosity about it. In point of fact, they knew little more of the greater portion of it than we know to-day of the moon, and they manifested no desire to explore it or to be informed of its nature or quality. The Mississippi itself was an unsolved enigma to them north of St. Louis; the Missouri, the Osage, the Platte, the Ar-

kansas were guess-work and trappers' rumors; the Rocky Mountains were but the shapeless talk of a man in his sleep. It was not until 1805 that Lieutenant Pike was sent to search "if haply he might find" the source of the Father of Waters. Not until 1806-7 did the first Americans, under this same intrepid officer, venture into what is now Kansas, which Pike declared mostly unfit for settlement or cultivation, and useful only as "a restriction of our population to certain limits, and thereby a continuation of the Union"; and to-day Kansas contains over a million of happy and prosperous people, and produces enough wheat alone in a single year to exceed the Jeffersonian cost of all Louisiana.

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand that a proposal to utilize this immense and uncomprehended domain, deemed to be desert and extraneous, as an abiding-place for the Indians, met with little opposition. But negotiations to that end with the Indians progressed slowly, and the inauguration of the project was not brought about until 1830, when Congress enacted the law which has served us ever since as an excuse and a precedent in our real-estate transactions with the red man. The story from then until now is a familiar and significantly consistent one. Mr. Jefferson's lucky device can hardly be said to have operated at all times in a way to vindicate the Scriptures; but his prophecy has been amply fulfilled, after a fashion of its own; his far-reaching rhetoric, idly as he may have uttered it, has become history. The original intention of the law of 1830 applied only to the removal of tribes from the east of the Mississippi to a defined and distant portion of the Louisiana purchase; the contingency of having to disturb the occupancy of tribes already west of the Mississippi was thought of, if at all, as too remote and improbable for serious consideration. But the great river did not long check the migratory instinct of the white race. Pike's notion of restriction was soon proved to be a folly and a snare. The prairies enticed instead of repelling the restless argonauts who are forever going westward. Civilization laid claim to more and more room; the "removal" theory of extinguishing aboriginal land-titles, and at the same time smoothing the aboriginal pathway toward the setting sun, was gradually enlarged and quickened; and Mr. Jefferson's "range after range" of new States pushed the Indians on step by step, until at last, after fifty years, we find that almost the only Indian country proper is the corner first set apart in 1830, wherein are now congregated not only the wasting tribes originally sent there, but also most of the tribes, or subdued remnants of

tribes, that once held sway over the whole empire of the Louisiana purchase.

This shrunken residue of the old dominion of the native race—known on the maps as the Indian Territory—is three hundred and eighty-two miles long and two hundred and eight miles wide, embracing about seventy thousand square miles. The character of the country is pleasing and diversified, with now and then a touch of the picturesque, the general effect being suggestive of a continuation and blending of Kansas and Texas, which adjoin it on the north and south. It is well supplied with rivers, so called; but, excepting the Arkansas and the Canadian, they are of little consequence beyond their convenience as boundary lines. Timber of good quality—ash, oak, pine, walnut, hickory, and cottonwood—abounds on most of the streams, and deposits of coal, iron, copper, and lead are said to exist in places. Salt is found plentifully, in springs and on the plains, and large quantities of it were obtained by the South during the War of the Rebellion. The best of the lands lie in the "bottoms"; in fact, it is safe to say that the agricultural possibilities of the Territory are chiefly confined to those localities. The soil of the uplands is thin and hard, as a rule, and pinched by drought. A thorough survey would probably divide the country into three nearly equal parts: one of more than average value for farming; one unreliable for cultivation, but admirably adapted to stock-grazing; and one practically worthless for any purpose. The climate is delightful, and suited to the growing of both northern and southern products. Grass remains green in the valleys all winter, there is rarely any snow or severely cold weather, and spring begins in February. Wild fruits, such as plums, grapes, and berries, thrive luxuriantly, and the wild flowers are among the most beautiful known to botany. It should be, from appearances, a very pleasant and healthy region to live in, but it is said that residents not born there are more or less subject to miasmatic and tubercular affections.

The Territorial lands are apportioned to the different tribes in specified districts or reservations, each tribe having a sort of supremacy over its own domain, subject to treaty stipulations with the United States. All lands are held in common, and titles in severalty are not known or authorized. Individuals are permitted to settle and remain upon particular premises, and their heirs may inherit the privilege after them; but it is a privilege only, and confers no vested right, nor does the privilege extend to members of other tribes, nor to intruding white men. The five civilized tribes, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the

Choctaws, the Creeks, and the Seminoles,—the “first settlers” of the country,—hold and control nearly one-half of the lands, or, in round numbers, twenty million acres, including the principal share of those portions most applicable to the uses of agriculture. Other considerable tracts are possessed by the leading wild tribes, the Arapahoes, the Cheyennes, the Comanches, the Kiowas, and the Osages, amounting in all to some nine and a half million acres; and the remainder, exclusive of such as still remains unassigned, is parceled out in diminished measure to the various smaller tribes that have been “removed” to the Territory from time to time.*

For many years after their location here, the five civilized tribes, though embarrassed by internal feuds, waxed powerful and prosperous. When the civil war began, in 1861, they were a notably wealthy people. They had large farms of corn and cotton, hemp and tobacco, with comfortable buildings, and their herds of cattle and horses were incredibly numerous and profitable. It was not uncommon for a single individual to own thousands of cattle; indeed, the man who owned less than five or six hundred cattle, or two or three hundred horses, was considered poor and shiftless. Their trade was principally with New Orleans and other Southern cities, and was eagerly sought after. They owned many slaves, and drove costly carriages, and wore rich clothing and a profusion of jewelry. But the war stripped them of everything movable, and left them only their naked fields and pastures. Their

unlucky location, and their divided sympathies between the North and South, exposed them to the ravages of both armies. Worse than all, a majority of them having borne arms for the Confederacy, or otherwise given aid and comfort to the rebellion, their treaties were forfeited. But, promptly upon the close of the war, they signified an anxiety to be restored to their former relations with the Government, and accordingly, at a council held with them only six months after Lee's surrender, new treaties were negotiated by which they resumed their old position; and they at the same time abolished slavery (before any Southern State had accepted emancipation), proclaimed unqualified amnesty, and consented to the settlement of other Indians on portions of their lands. They were humbled in spirit, however, and very poor; and their progress since that time has been relatively slow and precarious. Their crops are lighter and more uncertain than they formerly were, and stock-raising has become more expensive and markets less stable and remunerative. Still, they are all self-supporting, and the thrifter among them are doing as well as average white farmers in the States. They are intelligent, too, and many of them are educated and able; their annual expenditures for school purposes closely approximate two hundred thousand dollars, or about three dollars and thirty-three cents per capita of the total population.

The aggregate membership of the five civilized tribes is, in round numbers, sixty thousand, including six thousand manumitted negro slaves.* Their form of tribal, or “national,” government is republican in theory,

* The following table shows the size, in square miles and acres, of the different tribal reservations in the territory:

Tribe.	Sq. miles.	Acres.
Cherokee	7,861	5,031,351
Cheyenne and Arapahoe	6,715	4,297,771
Chickasaw	7,267	4,650,935
Choctaw	10,450	6,688,000
Creek	5,024	3,215,495
Kaw	150½	100,137
Kiowa and Comanche	4,639	2,968,893
Modoc	6	4,040
Osage	2,297	1,470,059
Ottawa	23½	14,860
Pawnee	442	283,026
Peoria and Miami	78½	50,301
Ponca and Nez Percé	317	192,626
Pottawatomie	900	575,877
Quapaw	88½	6,685
Sac and Fox	750	479,667
Seminole	312½	200,000
Seneca	81	51,958
Shawnee	21	13,048
Wichita	1,162	743,610
Wyandotte	33½	21,406
Tribal lands outside of reservations	15,611	9,285,711
Total	64,236	41,100,915

* The total population of the Indian Territory, according to the latest accessible data, is 78,403, distributed by tribes as follows:

Brought forward	68,505
Apaches	340
Arapahoes	2,314
Caddoes	553
Cherokees	20,336
Cheyennes	4,255
Chickasaws	6,000
Choctaws	16,000
Comanches	1,407
Creeks	15,000
Delawares	80
Iowas	86
Kaws	285
Keechies	78
Kiowas	1,176
Kickapoos	418
Kaskaskias	20
Miamis	60
Modocs	97
Nez Percés	322
Osages	1,950
Otoes	274
Ottawas	115
Pawnees	1,251
Peneththkas	165
Peorias	144
Poncas	542
Pottawatomies	480
Quapaws	48
Sacs and Foxes	90
Senecas	322
Seminoles	2,700
Shawnees	793
Tocawonies	152
Wacos	49
Wichitas	214
Wyandottes	287
Carried forward	68,505
Total	78,403

There are a few Chippewas married into the Sac and Fox tribe; the Ionias and Omahas have joined the same tribe, and some Sioux are with the Pawnees, and some Utes among the Wichitas.

tempered by native traditions and certain irrelevant provincial tendencies. Each tribe has a chief, or governor, and a vice-chief, elected for a term of four years, and a legislature, composed of senate and council, chosen every two years; the judiciary is modeled after our system of State courts. The legislatures meet annually; and there is also a yearly general council, for consultation merely, and without any legislative power, to which each tribe in the Territory, civilized or otherwise, sends one delegate, and additional delegates according to population. These tribal governments, within the jurisdiction of the United States, and yet in a sense politically distinct,—exercising separate sovereignty and yet dependent upon and subject to treaties,—are anomalous of course, and in some respects ridiculous. They have no inherent and original power to levy war, or repel invasion, or contract diplomatic relations, or acquire or dispose of territory. Their lands belong to them only by sufferance and in equity, and they cannot convey an acre in fee simple; they cannot so much as transfer and exchange rights of occupancy without the approval of the United States. They have authority only over “the persons and property” of their own citizens; and though based fundamentally upon the idea that white men shall not enter their several precincts, they have no right to evict or arrest intruders, but must appeal to the Great Father at Washington. No court of their creating can try a case where an Indian is one party and a white man or corporation is the other. On the other hand, it is due and proper to say, these abnormal, rattle-and-straw governments, so far as they reach, are respectably conducted and effective; and no doubt they have contributed materially to the tribal peace, safety, and happiness.

The Cherokees are regarded as the most apt and advanced of all the Indians, and they are certainly the most adroit and ambitious. They may be said to be the governing tribe. Their leading men are exceptionally capable, and the people in general are remarkable for their vigor and alertness of intellect. They maintain admirable public schools, two seminaries, and an orphan asylum; and they have a well-conducted weekly newspaper, printed mainly in their own language, after an alphabet invented by a Cherokee genius named Sequoyah, who became so frightened at the effects of his contrivance, the Indians say, and felt so apprehensive that the “bad medicine” of reading which he had introduced would break up the old native habits and destroy his people, that he lapsed into a settled melancholy, and, wandering off to Mexico, died there of a broken heart. The Choctaws and

Chickasaws are next in the scale of enlightenment to the Cherokees. Both of these tribes support good schools, and the Chickasaws now have more high schools or seminaries, and more students in them, than any other of the five tribes. The Choctaws appear to understand trading and money-making better than any of their brethren, though the Chickasaws are also shrewd business men. The Creeks and Seminoles have not improved as much as the three other tribes, and are not considered so bright and energetic; but they are represented to be gaining every year, and their schools are excellent and well attended, and the Creeks have recently distinguished themselves by subscribing three thousand dollars toward the founding of a seminary for the ex-slaves of the tribes.

The contrast between the five civilized tribes and the numerous wild and uncivilized tribes and fragments of tribes in the Territory is wide and striking. It requires an effort of the imagination to connect them as kindred. The former are the Indians of Cooper and Longfellow, of tradition and sentiment. The latter are the Indians of current frontier experience, of the blanket and the scalping-knife. These wild tribes still cling tenaciously to their savage customs and prejudices, and yield but doggedly to civilization. Their hostility to the white race is pronounced and deadly. The arts of peace and industry seem to them a surrender of all that makes life worth living. They are born nomads. Unlike the pastoral tribes, who are predisposed to homes and soil-tilling, they have always pursued the chase, and their country has been to them only a hunting-ground and a place to pitch the flitting tents of a day. Hence their reclamation involves not simply a change of habits, but almost a reversal of nature. It is probably yet an open question whether a wild Indian of pure blood has ever been thoroughly and permanently civilized. Father Schoemaker, of the Osage Mission, said it took him fifteen years to get the blanket off of Joseph Pawneopasse, afterward chief of the Osage tribe, “and it took Joseph just fifteen minutes to get it on him again.” The five principal wild tribes,—the Arapahoes, the Cheyennes, the Comanches, the Kiowas, and the Osages,—and several of the smaller tribes, all preserve their old tribal organizations, costumes, and diversions; and their attitude toward their present surroundings is that of haughty and thinly concealed challenge.

The uncivilized tribes are governed by a system of agencies, under charge of United States civil officers, with United States soldiers in the background. That these agencies are doing a good work among the

Indians is not to be disputed; but it is a task that drags and is full of difficulties. The Indians do not care for houses, but prefer their tents and lodges of skins and blankets, and they will work only under spur of necessity and at fitful intervals. They cultivate annually an average of something over half an acre per head, and produce about one-half of the cost of their maintenance; much of the labor is performed, however, by white men, who farm the Indian land for a share of the crops. The wonder is, not that they are doing so little, but that they do so much; and these figures may fairly be called encouraging, since every forward step is a point gained. They cannot be expected to take much interest in education, and it is not surprising that several of the chiefs stoutly denounce and antagonize it; but the agents and missionaries have established schools for most of the tribes, commonly of the manual labor form, and the average annual enrollment of pupils includes about thirty per cent. of the children of school age. The immorality of the wild Indian goes without saying; and this, added to his indolence and improvidence, is a besetting and serious obstacle to any scheme for his civilization. He treats women as beasts of burden, buys and sells wives, and practices indiscriminate polygamy; he is an inveterate gambler, and a drunkard of phenomenal capacity; and his death, nine times out of ten, is the direct penalty of persistent and loathsome personal excesses.

They are not an attractive spectacle, these vanishing contingents of once famous and mighty peoples. It is hard to fit them into the history which they represent. And yet we know, and cannot be unmoved by the thought, that here are the tattered and poverty-stricken handfuls of what were, but a brief lifetime ago, the tribes that mustered their warriors by formidable thousands, and counted their possessions by months of travel beyond the great river. The proudest among them now are pensioners; the vast regions they once held and roamed over have slipped from their grasp like the rolling up of a scroll. Not all the tribes that occupied Missouri and Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska, could to-day put men enough in the field to stand against a regiment of our cavalry. The Senecas, the Delawares, the Miamis, the Sacs and Foxes, and others of heroic memory, of song and story, are now hardly sufficient in numbers to equal the euphonious names they have furnished us for our towns and streams. It is destiny, to be sure; and the nations of which these poor squads are the last lineal types and shadows have retreated before the influences of a better and fitter order of things. But, for all

that, there is a certain nameless pathos in it — a sense of rout and ruin, of trampled banners and the peace that is a settled despair — which arrests attention and compels salutation and sympathy.

And what of the future? These people can go no farther; that much is settled. Will they be permitted to retain the strip that is left of the old Indian country, and exercise over it a perpetual tribal sovereignty? It must be said that the signs do not point that way. The Territory is hemmed in on three sides by encroaching States; the eager tide of immigration has touched its borders, and is a swelling menace. One railroad already runs through it from north to south, and others are waiting just over the line to penetrate it in various directions. Several thousands of white speculators and adventurers have obtained a foothold in the Territory by sly evasions of law, and are sedulously fomenting strife and encouraging the intrusion of settlers. Powerful corporations, hungry for land-grants and increased commercial facilities, are manufacturing public opinion against the policy that keeps up this barrier to trade and intercourse. The fact is being pointed to and artfully dwelt upon, that here is an inviting tract of country, larger than all New England, from which homeless white men are excluded, while the Indians occupy nearly seven hundred acres per capita, of which they do not cultivate one acre in five hundred, but draw upon the Government for food and clothing. Finally, the Indians themselves are divided in sentiment about the course they should favor for their own safety and profit; and, altogether, the outlook is thick with complications and perplexities.

The most prolific source of disturbance and apprehension is the frail legal tenure by which the Indians hold their lands. It has been the unvarying practice of our Congress and courts to treat these titles as rights of occupancy, merely, on the part of the tribes as tribes, without privilege of division or alienation, save with the consent and coöperation of the United States. This exposes them to continual question, and invites attempts to annul or contravene them. Already, an organized movement, known as "the Oklahoma boom," has been made to seize and colonize a large body of the territorial lands, on the ground that the Seminoles, having transferred said lands to the United States "in compliance with desire to locate other Indians thereon," they became *ipso facto* public lands, subject to homestead and preëmption entries, in so far as they were not really allotted to "other Indians"; that is to say, the Seminole title of occupancy having been extinguished by this trans-



THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

fer, the lands ceased to be "Indian country," and the bulk of them, remaining unoccupied by "other Indians," became open to white settlement. This movement has embraced at one time and another several hundreds of families, encamped on the Kansas border, with stock and tools, arms and provisions, awaiting a favorable chance to elude military surveillance and push over into the Territory. In fact, small parties have several times succeeded in reaching the lands in question,—on the North Fork of the Canadian River, just west of the Sac and Fox reservation,—and have been arrested and ejected therefrom by the troops. The leader of the enterprise was tried at the May term, 1881, of the United States court for the western district of Arkansas, and convicted of having unlawfully entered the Territory, for which he was fined \$1000. In rendering this decision, the court held that in purchasing these lands for a specific purpose,— "the location of other Indians thereon," to wit,—the Government thus "set apart" and "reserved" them for such specific purpose, and that they still remain "Indian country," even if not actually allotted to or occupied by Indians. The latest and most formidable attempt to effect an occupancy of this tract

was made in the winter of 1884–85, and threatened for a time to result in bloodshed; but prudent counsels prevailed at last, and the adventurous colonists submitted to military removal, as in former cases—with the advantage of a good deal of public sympathy on their side, and the effect of securing action by Congress to authorize negotiations for the adjustment of the controversy and the opening of these particular lands to white settlement.

This series of persistent experiments in the direction of gaining possession of "Oklahoma" by abrupt and irregular means has served both to advertise the Indian country in an exaggerated way, and to weaken respect for the general Indian right of occupancy to more land than is required for ordinary farming purposes. There is, in truth, no lack of room for homeseekers in the West outside of the Indian Territory. An abundance of land of good quality is still vacant in Kansas, Nebraska, and other States. The Oklahoma "boomers," on their way to the Kansas border, passed over desirable thousands of acres, convenient to markets and schools, which they might have had at low rates and on long credits. But the pioneers of the period have a special craving for Indian lands, and lands "kept out of market";

the simple denial of their privilege to enter this Territory is sufficient to make them think it the fairest portion of the universe; the tangled and doubtful state of things there only tends to inflame their zeal, and urge them forward in season to get first choice of "claims." This is the aggressive element that has peopled and developed so much of Mr. Jefferson's Louisiana purchase, and it will not stop or turn aside. It looks with impatience upon the whole business of treating with Indians as sovereign powers, and giving over to them large tracts of land which they leave to grass and weeds; it is not tolerant of the Indians as a people, unfortunately, and believes that they are dealt with too leniently and sentimentally. This element is what we call "the vanguard of civilization," and experience has taught that it encounters obstacles only to overcome them, and marches toward forbidden areas only to grasp and dominate them. It will take the Indian Territory sooner or later, in one way or another: that is inevitable. The only question is, how it can be delayed or regulated, and how the interests of the Indians can best be guarded and promoted.

Unquestionably the first necessity of the situation is to strengthen, perfect, and make uniform the land-titles of the Territory. This can most safely and successfully be accomplished, it is believed, by allotting lands to the Indians in severalty,—at the rate, say, of one hundred and sixty acres per head,—and giving them personal titles thereto, inalienable for a stipulated number of years; and providing for the disposal, at Government prices, of the unallotted and remaining portions of their reservations, for their benefit, to white settlers. In an allotment of this kind, twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand acres would give each Indian, male and female, adult and child, one hundred and sixty acres, leaving over two-thirds of the whole Territory to be sold on their account—enough to bring them, at a low estimate, forty million dollars, or more than five hundred dollars per capita. Such allotment and issuance of individual patents would involve, of course, the dissolution of tribal relations—another desirable step in the adjustment of the general question; and the Indian would thus be put upon an even footing with the white man as to the opportunities and advantages of personal independence. At the same time, the laws common throughout the States for the punishment of crime and the enforcement of contracts should be extended over the Territory, and courts established to administer them. In short, the flimsy theory of tribal sovereignty should be extirpated, the reservation system replaced by fee-simple grants in severalty, the surplus

lands opened to white settlement, and the Indians placed under the restraint and protection of ordinary and impartial laws, with a view to making them self-reliant and self-supporting.

The adoption of a policy like that here crudely outlined could not fail, if judiciously pursued, to satisfy all parties concerned. It would insure peace, to begin with, by guaranteeing substantial rights to the Indians, and removing all cause of complaint, or incitement to unlawful land-grabbing, on the part of the whites. The provision made for permanent homes for the Indians would be ample and just; and there would be plenty left to fill any reasonable measure of demand by immigrants. Furthermore, it would redeem the Indian Territory and its inhabitants from their present anomalous and equivocal position, and put them in harmony with their environment. It will not do to contend that the whites and Indians could not live together under equal laws and with common rights and privileges. There is no valid reason why they should not do so; and the policy here advocated would make it their special interest to neighbor amicably. The five civilized tribes are already sufficiently advanced to take care of themselves in every way; and they number nearly two-thirds of all the Indians in the Territory, and would probably be the predominant class there for many years to come. The wild tribes would be at some disadvantage, on obvious accounts; but their situation, at worst, would be an improvement over the existing one, and their civilization—granting that they are capable of such an outcome—would be accelerated rather than retarded. It is fair to presume, also, that the characteristic enmity of the two races would be materially softened by such a radical change in their relations; and it is more than likely that the Territory, once made free to travel and settlement, would cease to excite the pioneer instinct except in a legitimate way and for ends entirely laudable.

This policy would be incomplete, however, unless supplemented by a rigid and vigorous system of education. The instruction of all Indian children in good schools, during a given period in each year, should be made compulsory. In that direction lies the one great hope of modifying and ameliorating the Indian character. It is uncertain, to say the most, whether the adult members of the wild tribes can ever be induced or constrained to raise themselves from their abject savagery to the level of any fixed idea of education. Some impression may be made upon them, doubtless, by patient years of experiment, and the experiment is worth pursuing; but it is manifestly idle to predict any very shining results. If they can be relegated to a pas-

toral form of life, and fitted to earn their daily bread by their own labor, it will be as much as we are justified in expecting for them. But the rising generation is plastic, and can be molded effectually, and to higher uses. The education of the children goes to the core of the problem. We must begin at the cradle if

we would conquer barbarism and lift a race to a height beyond itself. It is a slow process, but the only sure one; and the sooner we recognize and apply it, the sooner will the troublesome issue of civilizing the Indians be relieved of its clogs and doubts, and put in the way of ultimate practical settlement.

Henry King.

THE WIND UPON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

NO man comes here with bearded sickle keen,
 Amid these shining acres of gray stone,
 To reap the harvest which the wind has sown
 So many ages; in this air, I ween,
 No cornfields ever wave, no maidens glean;
 But mightier harvests from this height are blown
 Of storm and shower; here with deep organ tone
 The tempest sounds,—this is the wind's demesne.
 Like some unfettered spirit through the hills
 He wanders, shepherding his rocky fold;
 Hark, hear his voice, where far beneath he shrills
 With airy whisper round some lonesome peak,
 A sound that makes the beating heart grow cold,
 Ear-piercing, sharp as flayed Marsuas' shriek.

W. P. Foster.

A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

THE only association I have with my old home in Virginia that is not one of un-mixed happiness relates to the time immediately succeeding the execution of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Our homestead was in Fairfax, at a considerable distance from the theater of that tragic episode; and, belonging as we did to a family among the first in the State to manumit slaves — our grandfather having set free those which came to him by inheritance, and the people who served us being hired from their owners and remaining in our employ through years of kindest relations — there seemed to be no especial reason for us to share in the apprehension of an uprising by the blacks. But there was the fear — unspoken, or pooh-poohed at by the men who served as mouth-pieces for our community — dark, boding, oppressive, and altogether hateful. I can remember taking it to bed with me at night, and awaking suddenly oftentimes to confront it through a vigil of nervous terror of which it never occurred to me to speak to any one. The notes of whip-poor-wills in the sweet-gum swamp near the stable, the mutterings of a distant thunder-storm, even the rustle of the night wind in the oaks that shaded my window, filled me with nameless dread. In the day-time it seemed impossible to as-

sociate suspicion with those familiar tawny or sable faces that surrounded us. We had seen them for so many years smiling or saddening with the family joys or sorrows; they were so guileless, so patient, so satisfied. What subtle influence was at work that should transform them into tigers thirsting for our blood? The idea was preposterous. But when evening came again, and with it the hour when the colored people (who in summer and autumn weather kept astir half the night) assembled themselves together for dance or prayer-meeting, the ghost that refused to be laid was again at one's elbow. Rusty bolts were drawn and rusty fire-arms loaded. A watch was set where never before had eye or ear been lent to such a service. Peace, in short, had flown from the borders of Virginia.

I cannot remember that, as late as Christmas-time of the year 1860, although the newspapers were full of secession talk and the matter was eagerly discussed at our tables, coming events had cast any positive shadow on our homes. The people in our neighborhood, of one opinion with their dear and honored friend, Colonel Robert E. Lee, of Arlington, were slow to accept the startling suggestion of disruption of the Union. At any rate, we enjoyed the usual holiday gathering of kinsfolk in the usual fash-

ion. The old Vaucluse house, known for many years past as the center of cheerful hospitality in the county, threw wide open its doors to receive all the members who could be gathered there of a large family circle. The woods around were despoiled of holly and spruce, pine and cedar, to deck the walls and wreath the picture-frames. On Christmas Eve we had a grand rally of youths and boys belonging to the "clan," as they loved to call it, to roll in a yule log, which was deposited upon a glowing bed of coals in the big "red parlor" fire-place, and sit around it afterwards, welcoming the Christmas in with goblets of egg-nog and apple-toddy.

"Where shall we be a year hence?" some one asked at a pause in the merry chat; and, in the brief silence that followed, arose a sudden spectral thought of war. All felt its presence; no one cared to speak first of the grim possibilities it projected on the canvas of the future.

On Christmas Eve of the following year the old house lay in ruins, a sacrifice to military necessity; the forest giants that kept watch around her walls had been cut down and made to serve as breastworks for a fort erected on the Vaucluse property, but afterwards abandoned. Of the young men and boys who took part in that holiday festivity, all were in active service of the South,—one of them, alas! soon to fall under a rain of shot and shell beside his gun at Fredericksburg; the youngest of the number had left his mother's knee to fight in the battles of Manassas, and found himself, before the year was out, a midshipman aboard the Confederate steamer *Nashville*, on her cruise in distant seas!

My first vivid impression of war-days was during a ramble in the woods around our place one Sunday afternoon in spring, when the young people in a happy band set out in search of wild flowers. Pink honeysuckles, blue lupine, beds of fairy flax, anemones, and ferns in abundance sprung under the canopy of young leaves on the forest boughs, and the air was full of the song of birds and the music of running waters. We knew every mossy path far and near in these woods, every tree had been watched and cherished by those who went before us, and dearer than any other spot on earth was our tranquil, sweet Vaucluse. Suddenly the shrill whistle of a locomotive struck the ear, an unwonted sound on Sunday. "Do you know what that means?" said one of the older cousins who accompanied the party. "It is the special train carrying Alexandria volunteers to Manassas, and to-morrow I shall follow with my company." An awe-struck silence fell upon

our little band. A cloud seemed to come between us and the sun. It was the beginning of the end too soon to come.

The story of one broken circle is the story of another at the outset of such a war. Before the week was over, the scattering of our household, which no one then believed to be more than temporary, had begun. Living as we did upon ground likely to be in the track of armies gathering to confront each other, it was deemed advisable to send the children and young girls into a place more remote from chances of danger. Some weeks later the heads of the household, two widowed sisters, whose sons were at Manassas, drove in their carriage at early morning, away from their home, having spent the previous night in company with a half-grown lad digging in the cellar hasty graves for the interment of two boxes of old English silver-ware, heir-looms in the family, for which there was no time to provide otherwise. Although troops were long encamped immediately above it after the house was burnt the following year, this silver was found when the war had ended, lying loose in the earth, the boxes having rotted from around it.

The point at which our family reunited within Confederate lines was Bristoe, the station next beyond Manassas, a cheerless railway inn; a part of the premises was used as a country grocery; and there quarters were secured for us with a view to being near the army, a few miles distant. By this time all our kith and kin of fighting age had joined the volunteers. One cannot picture accommodations more forlorn than these eagerly taken for us and for other families attracted to Bristoe by the same powerful magnet. The summer sun poured its burning rays upon whitewashed walls unshaded by a tree. Our bedrooms were almost uninhabitable by day or night, our fare the plainest. From the windows we beheld only a flat, uncultivated country, crossed by red-clay roads, then knee-deep in dust. We learned to look for all excitement to the glittering lines of railway track, along which continually thundered trains bound to and from the front. It was impossible to allow such a train to pass without running out upon the platform to salute it, for in this way we greeted many an old friend or relative buttoned up in the smart gray uniform, speeding with high hope to the scene of coming conflict. Such shouts as went up from sturdy throats when the locomotive moved on after the last stop before Manassas, while we stood waving hands, handkerchiefs, or the rough woolen garments we were at work upon! Then fairly awoke the spirit that made of Southern women the inspiration of South-

ern men for the war. Most of the young fellows we were cheering onward wore the uniform of privates, and for the right to wear it had left homes of ease and luxury. To such we gave our best homage; and from that time forth, during the four years succeeding, the youth who was lukewarm in the cause or unambitious of military glory fared uncomfortably in the presence of the average Confederate maiden.

Thanks to our own carriage, we were able during those rallying days of June to drive frequently to visit our boys in camp, timing the expeditions to include battalion drill and dress parade, and taking tea afterwards in the different tents. Then were the gala days of war, and our proud hosts hastened to produce home dainties dispatched from the far-away plantations—tears and blessings interspersed amid the packing, we were sure; though I have seen a pretty girl persist in declining other fare, to make her meal upon raw biscuit and huckleberry pie compounded by the bright-eyed amateur cook of a well-beloved mess. Feminine heroism could no farther go.

And so the days wore on until the 17th of July, when a rumor from the front sent an electric shock through our circle. The enemy were moving forward! On the morning of the 18th those who had been able to sleep at all awoke early to listen for the first guns of the engagement of Blackburn's Ford. Abandoned as the women at Bristoe were by every masculine creature old enough to gather news, there was, for them, no way of knowing the progress of events during the long, long day of waiting, of watching, of weeping, of praying, of rushing out upon the railway track to walk as far as they dared in the direction whence came that intolerable booming of artillery. The cloud of dun smoke arising over Manassas became heavier in volume as the day progressed. Still, not a word of tidings, till towards afternoon there came limping up a single, very dirty soldier with his arm in a sling. What a heaven-send he was, if only as an escape-valve for our pent-up sympathies! We seized him, we washed him, we cried over him, we glorified him until the man was fairly bewildered. Our best endeavors could only develop a pin-scratch of a wound on his right hand; but when our hero had laid in a substantial meal of bread and meat, we plied him with trembling questions, each asking news of some staff or regiment or company. It has since occurred to me that this first arrival from the field was a humorist in disguise. His invariable reply, as he looked from one to the other of his satellites, was: "The — Virginia, marm? Why, of coase. They warn't no two ways o' thinkin' 'bout

that ar' r'g'ment. They just *kivered* tharselves with glory!"

A little later two wagon-loads of slightly wounded claimed our care, and with them came authentic news of the day. Most of us received notes on paper torn from a soldier's pocket-book and grimed with gunpowder, containing assurance of the safety of our own. At nightfall a train carrying more wounded to the hospitals at Culpeper made a halt at Bristoe; and, preceded by men holding lanterns, we went in among the stretchers with milk, food, and water to the sufferers. One of the first discoveries I made, bending over in that fitful light, was a young officer I knew to be a special object of solicitude with one of my fair comrades in the search; but he was badly hurt, and neither he nor she knew the other was near until the train had moved on. The next day, and the next, were full of burning excitement over the impending general engagement, which people then said would decide the fate of the young Confederacy. Fresh troops came by with every train, and we lived only to turn from one scene to another of welcome and farewell. On Saturday evening arrived a message from General Beauregard, saying that early on Sunday an engine and car would be put at our disposal, to take us to some point more remote from danger. We looked at one another, and, tacitly agreeing that the gallant general had sent not an order, but a suggestion, declined his kind proposal.

Another unspeakably long day, full of the straining anguish of suspense. Dawning bright and fair, it closed under a sky darkened by cannon-smoke. The roar of guns seemed never to cease. First, a long sullen boom; then a sharper rattling fire, painfully distinct; then stragglers from the field, with varying rumors. At last, the news of victory; and, as before, the wounded, to force our numbed faculties into service. One of our group, the mother of an only son barely fifteen years of age, heard that her boy, after being in action all the early part of the day, had through sheer fatigue fallen asleep upon the ground, where his officers had found him, resting peacefully amidst the roar of the guns, and whence they had brought him off, unharmed. A few days later we rode on horseback over the field of the momentous fight. The trampled grass had begun to spring again, and wild flowers were blooming around carelessly made graves. From one of these imperfect mounds of clay I saw a hand extended; and when, years afterwards, I visited the tomb of Rousseau beneath the Panthéon in Paris, where a sculptured hand bearing a torch protrudes from the sarcophagus, I thought of that mourn-

ful spectacle upon the field of Manassas. Fences were everywhere thrown down; the undergrowth of the woods was riddled with shot; here and there we came upon spiked guns, disabled gun-carriages, cannon-balls, blood-stained blankets, and dead horses. We were glad enough to turn away and gallop homeward.

With August heats and lack of water, Bristoe was forsaken for quarters near Culpeper, where my mother went into the soldiers' barracks, sharing soldiers' accommodations, to nurse the wounded. In September quite a party of us, upon invitation, visited the different headquarters. We stopped overnight at Manassas, five ladies, sleeping in a tent guarded by a faithful sentry, upon a couch made of rolls of cartridge-flannel. I remember the comical effect of the five bird-cages (an article without which no self-respecting female of that day would present herself in public) suspended upon a line running across the upper part of our tent, after we had reluctantly removed them in order to adjust ourselves for repose. Our progress during that memorable visit was royal; an ambulance with a picked troop of cavalymen had been placed at our service, and the convoy was "personally conducted" by a pleasing variety of distinguished officers. It was at this time, after a supper at the headquarters of the "Maryland line" at Fairfax, that the afterwards universal war-song, "My Maryland," was set afloat upon the tide of army favor. We were sitting outside a tent in the warm starlight of an early autumn night, when music was proposed. At once we struck up Randall's verses to the tune of the old college song, "Lauriger Horatius,"—a young lady of the party from Maryland, a cousin of ours, having recently set them to this music before leaving home to share the fortunes of the Confederacy. All joined in the ringing chorus, and when we finished a burst of applause came from some soldiers listening in the darkness behind a belt of trees. Next day the melody was hummed far and near through the camps, and in due time it had gained and held the place of favorite song in the army. No doubt the hand-organs would have gotten hold of it; but, from first to last during the continuance of the Confederacy, those cheerful instruments of torture were missing. (I hesitate to mention this fact, lest it prove an incentive to other nations to go to war.) Other songs sung that evening, which afterwards had a great vogue, were one beginning "By blue Patapsco's billowy dash," arranged by us to an air from "Puritani," and shouted lustily, and "The years glide slowly by, Lorena," a ditty having a queer little quavering triplet in the

heroine's name that served as a pitfall to the unwary singer. "Stonewall Jackson's Way" came on the scene afterwards, later in the war. Another incident of note, in personal experience during the autumn of '61, was that to two of my cousins and to me was intrusted the making of the first three battle-flags of the Confederacy, directly after Congress had decided upon a design for them. They were jaunty squares of scarlet crossed with dark blue, the cross bearing stars to indicate the number of the seceding States. We set our best stitches upon them, edged them with golden fringes, and when they were finished dispatched one to Johnston, another to Beauregard, and the third to Earl Van Dorn,—the latter afterwards a dashing cavalry leader, but then commanding infantry at Manassas. The banners were received with all the enthusiasm we could have hoped for; were toasted, fêted, cheered abundantly. After two years, when Van Dorn had been killed in Tennessee, mine came back to me, tattered and smoke-stained from long and honorable service in the field. But it was only a little while after it had been bestowed that there arrived one day at our lodgings in Culpeper a huge, bashful Mississippi scout,—one of the most daring in the army,—with the frame of a Hercules and the face of a child. He was bidden to come there by his general, he said, to ask if I would not give him an order to fetch some cherished object from my dear old home—something that would prove to me "how much they thought of the maker of that flag!" After some hesitation I acquiesced, although thinking it a jest. A week later I was the astonished recipient of a lamented bit of finery left "within the lines," a wrap of white and azure, brought to us by Dillon himself, with a beaming face. He had gone through the Union pickets mounted on a load of fire-wood, and while peddling poultry had presented himself at our town house, whence he carried off his prize in triumph, with a letter in its folds telling us how relatives left behind longed to be sharing the joys and sorrows of those at large in the Confederacy.

The first winter of the war was spent by our family in Richmond, where we found lodgings in a dismal rookery familiarly dubbed by its new occupants "The Castle of Otranto." It was the old-time Clifton Hotel, honeycombed by subterranean passages, and crowded to its limits by refugees like ourselves from country homes within or near the enemy's lines—or "fugees," as we were all called. For want of any common sitting-room, we took possession of what had been a doctor's office, a few steps distant down the hilly street, fitting it up to the best of our ability; and there we received

our friends, passing many merry hours. In rainy weather we reached it by an underground passageway from the hotel, an alley through the catacombs; and many a dignitary of camp or state will recall those "Clifton" evenings. Already the pinch of war was felt in the commissariat; and we had recourse occasionally to a contribution supper, or "Dutch treat," when the guests brought brandied peaches, boxes of sardines, French prunes, and bags of biscuit, while the hosts contributed only a roast turkey or a ham, with knives and forks. Democratic feasts those were, where major-generals and "high privates" met on an equal footing. The hospitable old town was crowded with the families of officers and members of the Government. One house was made to do the work of several, many of the wealthy citizens generously giving up their superfluous space to receive the new-comers. The only public event of note was the inauguration of Mr. Davis as President of the "Permanent Government" of the Confederate States, which we viewed, by the courtesy of Mr. John R. Thompson, the State Librarian, from one of the windows of the Capitol, where, while waiting for the exercises to begin, we read "Harper's Weekly" and other Northern papers, the latest per underground express. That 22d of February was a day of pouring rain, and the concourse of umbrellas in the square beneath us had the effect of an immense mushroom-bed. As the bishop and the President-elect came upon the stand, there was an almost painful hush in the crowd. All seemed to feel the gravity of the trust our chosen leader was assuming. When he kissed the Book a shout went up; but there was no elation visible as the people slowly dispersed. And it was thought ominous afterwards, when the story was repeated, that, as Mrs. Davis, who had a Virginia negro for coachman, was driven to the inauguration, she observed the carriage went at a snail's pace and was escorted by four negro men in black clothes, wearing white cotton gloves and walking solemnly, two on either side of the equipage; she asked the coachman what such a spectacle could mean, and was answered, "Well, ma'am, you tole me to arrange everything as it should be; and this is the way we do in Richmon' at funerals and sich-like." Mrs. Davis promptly ordered the outwalkers away, and with them departed all the pomp and circumstance the occasion admitted of. In the mind of a negro, everything of dignified ceremonial is always associated with a funeral!

About March 1st martial law was proclaimed in Richmond, and a fresh influx of refugees from Norfolk claimed shelter there. When the spring opened, as the spring does

open in Richmond, with a sudden glory of green leaves, magnolia blooms, and flowers among the grass, our spirits rose after the depression of the latter months. If only to shake off the atmosphere of doubts and fears engendered by the long winter of disaster and uncertainty, the coming activity of arms was welcome! Personally speaking, there was vast improvement in our situation, since we had been fortunate enough to find a real home in a pleasant brown-walled house on Franklin street, divided from the pavement by a garden full of bounteous greenery, where it was easy to forget the discomforts of our previous mode of life. I shall not attempt to describe the rapidity with which thrilling excitements succeeded each other in our experiences in this house. The gathering of many troops around the town filled the streets with a continually moving panorama of war, and we spent our time in greeting, cheering, choking with sudden emotion, and quivering in anticipation of what was yet to follow. We had now finished other battle-flags begun by way of patriotic handiwork, and one of them was bestowed upon the "Washington Artillery" of New Orleans, a body of admirable soldiers who had awakened to enthusiasm the daughters of Virginia in proportion, I dare say, to the woe they had created among the daughters of Louisiana in bidding them good-bye. One morning an orderly arrived to request that the ladies would be out upon the veranda at a given hour; and, punctual to the time fixed, the travel-stained battalion filed past our house. These were no holiday soldiers. Their gold was tarnished and their scarlet faded by sun and wind and gallant service—they were veterans now on their way to the front, where the call of duty never failed to find the flower of Louisiana. As they came in line with us, the officers saluted with their swords, the band struck up "My Maryland," the tired soldiers sitting upon the caissons that dragged heavily through the muddy street set up a rousing cheer. And there in the midst of them, taking the April wind with daring color, was our flag, dipping low until it passed us.

Well! one must grow old and cold indeed before such things are forgotten.

A few days later, on coming out of church—it is a curious fact that most of our exciting news spread over Richmond on Sunday, and just at that hour—we heard of the crushing blow of the fall of New Orleans and the destruction of our ironclads; my brother had just reported aboard one of those splendid ships, as yet unfinished. As the news came directly from our kinsman, General Randolph, the Secretary of War, there was no

doubting it; and while the rest of us broke into lamentation, Mr. Jules de St. Martin, the brother-in-law of Mr. Benjamin, merely shrugged his shoulders, with a thoroughly characteristic gesture, making no remark.

"This must affect your interests," some one said to him inquiringly.

"I am ruined, *voilà tout!*" was the rejoinder—a fact too soon confirmed.

This debonair little gentleman was one of the greatest favorites of our war society in Richmond. His cheerfulness, his wit, his exquisite courtesy, made him friends everywhere; and although his nicety of dress, after the pattern of the *boulevardier fini* of Paris, was the subject of much wonderment to the populace when he first appeared upon the streets, it did not prevent him from going promptly to join the volunteers before Richmond when occasion called, and roughing it in the trenches like a veteran. His cheerful endurance of hardship during a freezing winter of camp life became a proverb in the army later in the siege.

For a time nothing was talked of but the capture of New Orleans. Of the midshipman brother we heard that on the day previous to the taking of the forts, after several days' bombardment, by the United States fleet under Flag-Officer Farragut, he had been sent in charge of ordnance and deserters to a Confederate vessel in the river; that Lieutenant R——, a friend of his, on the way to report at Fort Jackson during the hot shelling, had invited the lad to accompany him by way of a pleasure trip; that while they were crossing the moat around Fort Jackson, in a canoe, and under heavy fire, a thirteen-inch mortar-shell had struck the water near, half filling their craft; and that, after watching the fire from this point for an hour, C—— had pulled back again alone, against the Mississippi current, under fire for a mile and a half of the way—passing an astonished alligator who had been hit on the head by a piece of shell and was dying under protest. Thus ended a trip alluded to by C—— twenty years later as an example of juvenile foolhardiness, soundly deserving punishment.

Aboard the steamship *Star of the West*, next day, he and other midshipmen in charge of millions of gold and silver coin from the mint and banks of New Orleans, and millions more of paper money, over which they were ordered to keep guard with drawn swords, hurried away from the doomed city, where the enemy's arrival was momentarily expected, and where the burning ships and steamers and bales of cotton along the levee made a huge crescent of fire. Keeping just-ahead of the enemy's fleet, they reached Vicksburg,

and thence went overland to Mobile, where their charge was given up in safety.

And now we come to the 31st of May, 1862, when the eyes of the whole continent turned to Richmond. On that day Johnston assaulted the portion of McClellan's troops which had been advanced to the south side of the Chickahominy, and had there been cut off from the main body of the army by the sudden rise of the river, occasioned by a tremendous thunder-storm. In face of recent reverses, we in Richmond had begun to feel like the prisoner of the Inquisition in Poe's story, cast into a dungeon with slowly contracting walls. With the sound of guns, therefore, in the direction of Seven Pines, every heart leaped as if deliverance were at hand. And yet there was no joy in the wild pulsation, since those to whom we looked for succor were our own flesh and blood, standing shoulder to shoulder to bar the way to a foe of superior numbers, abundantly provided as we were not with all the equipments of modern warfare, and backed by a mighty nation as determined as ourselves to win. Hardly a family in the town whose father, son, or brother was not part and parcel of the defending army.

When on the afternoon of the 31st it became known that the engagement had begun, the women of Richmond were still going about their daily vocations quietly, giving no sign of the inward anguish of apprehension. There was enough to do now in preparation for the wounded; yet, as events proved, all that was done was not enough by half. Night brought a lull in the cannonading. People lay down dressed upon their beds, but not to sleep, while their weary soldiers slept upon their arms. Early next morning the whole town was on the street. Ambulances, litters, carts, every vehicle that the city could produce, went and came with a ghastly burden; those who could walk limped painfully home, in some cases so black with gunpowder they passed unrecognized. Women with pallid faces flitted bareheaded through the streets, searching for their dead or wounded. The churches were thrown open, many people visiting them for a sad communion-service or brief time of prayer; the lecture-rooms of various places of worship were crowded with ladies volunteering to sew, as fast as fingers and machines could fly, the rough beds called for by the surgeons. Men too old or infirm to fight went on horseback or afoot to meet the returning ambulances, and in some cases served as escort to their own dying sons. By afternoon of the day following the battle, the streets were one vast hospital. To find shelter for the sufferers a number of unused buildings were thrown open. I remember, especially,

the St. Charles Hotel, a gloomy place, where two young girls went to look for a member of their family, reported wounded. We had tramped in vain over pavements burning with the intensity of the sun, from one scene of horror to another, until our feet and brains alike seemed about to serve us no further. The cool of those vast dreary rooms of the St. Charles was refreshing; but such a spectacle! Men in every stage of mutilation lying on the bare boards with perhaps a haversack or an army blanket beneath their heads,—some dying, all suffering keenly, while waiting their turn to be attended to. To be there empty-handed and impotent nearly broke our hearts. We passed from one to the other, making such slight additions to their comfort as were possible, while looking in every up-turned face in dread to find the object of our search. This sorrow, I may add, was spared, the youth arriving at home later with a slight flesh-wound. The condition of things at this and other improvised hospitals was improved next day by the offerings from many churches of pew-cushions, which, sewn together, served as comfortable beds; and for the remainder of the war their owners thanked God upon bare benches for every "misery missed" that was "mercy gained." To supply food for the hospitals the contents of larders all over town were emptied into baskets; while cellars long sealed and cobwebbed, belonging to the old Virginia gentry who knew good Port and Madeira, were opened by the Ithuriel's spear of universal sympathy. There was not much going to bed that night, either; and I remember spending the greater part of it leaning from my window to seek the cool night air, while wondering as to the fate of those near to me. There was a summons to my mother about midnight. Two soldiers came to tell her of the wounding of one close of kin; but she was already on duty elsewhere, tireless and watchful as ever. Up to that time the younger girls had been regarded as superfluities in hospital service; but on Monday two of us found a couple of rooms where fifteen wounded men lay upon pallets around the floor, and, on offering our services to the surgeons in charge, were proud to have them accepted and to be installed as responsible nurses, under direction of an older and more experienced woman. The constant activity our work entailed was a relief from the strained excitement of life after the battle of Seven Pines. When the first flurry of distress was over, the residents of those pretty houses standing back in gardens full of roses set their cooks to work, or better still, went themselves into the kitchen, to compound delicious messes for the wounded, after the appetizing old Vir-

ginia recipes. Flitting about the streets in the direction of the hospitals were smiling white-jacketed negroes, carrying silver trays with dishes of fine porcelain under napkins of thick white damask, containing soups, creams, jellies, thin biscuit, eggs à la crème, broiled chicken, etc., surmounted by clusters of freshly gathered flowers. A year later we had cause to pine after these culinary glories, when it came to measuring out, with sinking hearts, the meager portions of milk and food we could afford to give our charges.

As an instance, however, that quality in food was not always appreciated by the patients, my mother urged upon one of her sufferers (a gaunt and soft-voiced Carolinian from the "piney-woods district") a delicately served trifle from some neighboring kitchen.

"Jes ez you say, old miss," was the weary answer, "I ain't a-contradictin' you. It mout be good for me, but my stomick's kinder sot agin it. There ain't but one thing I'm sorter yarnin' arter, an' that's a dish o' greens en bacon fat, with a few molarses poured onto it."

From our patients, when they could syllable the tale, we had accounts of the fury of the fight, which were made none the less horrible by such assistance as imagination could give to the facts. I remember that they told us of shot thrown from the enemy's batteries into the advancing ranks of the Confederates, that plowed their way through lines of flesh and blood before exploding in showers of musketballs to do still further havoc. Before these awful missiles, it was said, our men had fallen in swaths, the living closing over them to press forward in the charge.

It was at the end of one of these narrations that a piping voice came from a pallet in the corner: "They fit right smart, them Yanks did, I tell *you!*" and not to laugh was as much of an effort as it had just been not to cry.

From one scene of death and suffering to another we passed during those days of June. Under a withering heat that made the hours preceding dawn the only ones of the twenty-four endurable in point of temperature, and a shower-bath the only form of diversion we had time or thought to indulge in, to go out-of-doors was sometimes worse than remaining in our wards. But one night, after several of us had been walking about town in a state of panting exhaustion, palm-leaf fans in hand, a friend persuaded us to ascend to the small platform on the summit of the Capitol, in search of fresher air. To reach it was like going through a vapor-bath, but an hour amid the cool breezes above the tree-tops of the square was a thing of joy unspeakable.

Day by day we were called to our windows by the wailing dirge of a military band preceding a soldier's funeral. One could not number those sad pageants: the coffin crowned with cap and sword and gloves, the riderless horse following with empty boots fixed in the stirrups of an army saddle; such soldiers as could be spared from the front marching after with arms reversed and crape-enfolded banners; the passers-by standing with bare, bent heads. Funerals less honored outwardly were continually occurring. Then and thereafter the green hillsides of lovely Hollywood were frequently upturned to find resting-places for the heroic dead. So much taxed for time and attendants were the funeral officials, it was not unusual to perform the last rites for the departed at night. A solemn scene was that in the July moonlight, when, with the few who valued him most gathered around the grave, we laid to rest one of my own nearest kinsmen, about whom in the old service of the United States, as in that of the Confederacy, it was said, "He was a spotless knight."

Spite of its melancholy uses, there was no more favorite walk in Richmond than Hollywood, a picturesquely beautiful spot, where high hills sink into velvet undulations, profusely shaded with holly, pine, and cedar, as well as by trees of deciduous foliage. In spring the banks of the stream that runs through the valley were enameled with wild flowers, and the thickets were full of May-blossom and dogwood. Mounting to the summit of the bluff, one may sit under the shade of some ample oak, to view the spires and roofs of the town, with the white colonnade of the distant Capitol. Richmond, thus seen beneath her verdant foliage "upon hills, girdled by hills," confirms what an old writer felt called to exclaim about it, "Verily, this city hath a pleasant seat." On the right, below this point, flows the rushing yellow river, making ceaseless turmoil around islets of rock whose rifts are full of birch and willow, or leaping impetuously over the bowlders of granite that strew its bed. Old-time Richmond folk used to say that the sound of their favorite James (or "Jeems," to be exact) went with them into foreign countries, during no matter how many years of absence, haunting them like a strain of sweetest music; nor would they permit a suggestion of superiority in the flavor of any other fluid to that of a draught of its amber waters. So blent with my own memories of war is the voice of that tireless river, that I seem to hear it yet, over the tramp of rusty battalions, the short imperious stroke of the alarm-bell, the clash of passing bands, the gallop of eager horsemen, the roar of battle or of flames leaping to devour

their prey, the moan of hospitals, the stifled note of sorrow!

During all this time President Davis was a familiar and picturesque figure on the streets, walking through the Capitol square from his residence to the executive office in the morning, not to return until late in the afternoon, or riding just before nightfall to visit one or another of the encampments near the city. He was tall, erect, slender, and of a dignified and soldierly bearing, with clear-cut and high-bred features, and of a demeanor of stately courtesy to all. He was clad always in Confederate gray cloth, and wore a soft felt hat with wide brim. Afoot, his step was brisk and firm; in the saddle he rode admirably and with a martial aspect. His early life had been spent in the Military Academy at West Point and upon the then north-western frontier in the Black Hawk War, and he afterwards greatly distinguished himself at Monterey and Buena Vista in Mexico; at the time when we knew him, everything in his appearance and manner was suggestive of such a training. He was reported to feel quite out of place in the office of President, with executive and administrative duties, in the midst of such a war; General Lee always spoke of him as the best of military advisers; his own inclination was to be with the army, and at the first tidings of sound of a gun, anywhere within reach of Richmond, he was in the saddle and off for the spot—to the dismay of his staff-officers, who were expected to act as an escort on such occasions, and who never knew at what hour of the night or of the next day they should get back to a bed or a meal. The stories we were told of his adventures on such excursions were many, and sometimes amusing. For instance, when General Lee had crossed the Chickahominy, to commence the Seven Days' battles, President Davis, with several staff-officers, overtook the column, and, accompanied by the Secretary of War and a few other non-combatants, forded the river just as the battle in the peach orchard at Mechanicsville began. General Lee, surrounded by members of his own staff and other officers, was found a few hundred yards north of the bridge, in the middle of the broad road, mounted and busily engaged in directing the attack then about to be made by a brigade sweeping in line over the fields to the east of the road and towards Ellerson's Mill, where in a few minutes a hot engagement commenced. Shot, from the enemy's guns out of sight, went whizzing overhead in quick succession, striking every moment nearer the group of horsemen in the road, as the gunners improved their range. General Lee observed the President's approach, and was evidently annoyed at what

he considered a fool-hardy expedition of needless exposure of the head of the Government, whose duties were elsewhere. He turned his back for a moment, until Col. Chilton had been dispatched at a gallop with the last direction to the commander of the attacking brigade; then, facing the cavalcade and looking like the god of war indignant, he exchanged with the President a salute, with the most frigid reserve of anything like welcome or cordiality. In an instant, and without allowance of opportunity for a word from the President, the general, looking not at him but at the assemblage at large, asked in a tone of irritation:

"Who are all this army of people, and what are they doing here?"

No one moved or spoke, but all eyes were upon the President — everybody perfectly understanding that this was only an order for him to retire to a place of safety; and the roar of the guns, the rattling fire of musketry, and the bustle of a battle in progress, with troops continually arriving across the bridge to go into action, went on. The President twisted in his saddle, quite taken aback at such a greeting — the general regarding him now with glances of growing severity. After a painful pause the President said, with a voice of deprecation:

"It is not my army, general."

"It certainly is not *my* army, Mr. President," was the prompt reply, "and this is no place for it" — in an accent of command unmistakable. Such a rebuff was a stunner to the recipient of it, who soon regained his own serenity, however, and answered:

"Well, general, if I withdraw, perhaps they will follow," and, raising his hat in another cold salute, he turned his horse's head to ride slowly towards the bridge — seeing, as he turned, a man killed immediately before him by a shot from a gun which at that moment got the range of the road. The President's own staff-officers followed him, as did various others; but he presently drew rein in the stream, where the high bank and the bushes concealed him from General Lee's repelling observation, and there remained while the battle raged. The Secretary of War had also made a show of withdrawing, but improved the opportunity afforded by rather a deep

ditch on the roadside to attempt to conceal himself and his horse there for a time from General Lee, who at that moment was more to be dreaded than the enemy's guns.

When on the 27th of June the Seven Days' strife began, there was none of the excitement attending the battle of Seven Pines. People had shaken themselves down, as it were, to the grim reality of a fight that must be fought. "Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall," was the spirit of their cry.

It is not my purpose to deal with the history of those awful Seven Days. Mine only to speak of the rear side of the canvas where heroes of two armies passed and repassed as if upon some huge Homeric frieze, in the manoeuvres of a strife that hung our land in mourning. The scars of war are healed when this is written, and the vast "pity of it" fills the heart that wakes the retrospect.

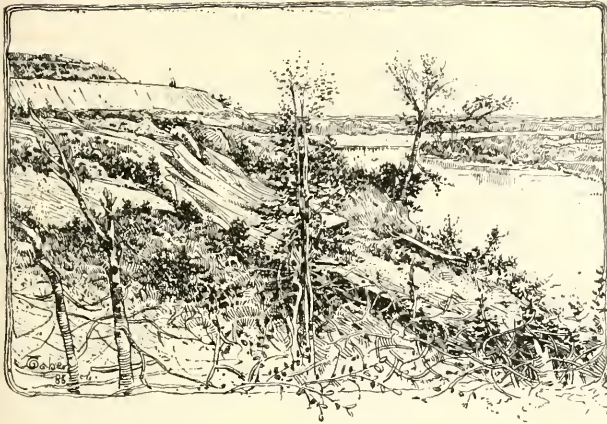
What I have said of Richmond before these battles will suffice for a picture of the summer's experience. When the tide of battle receded, what wrecked hopes it left to tell the tale of the Battle Summer! Victory was ours, but in how many homes was heard the voice of lamentation to drown the shouts of triumph! Many families, rich and poor alike, were bereaved of their dearest; and for many of the dead there was mourning by all the town. No incident of the war, for instance, made a deeper impression than the fall in battle of Colonel Munford's beautiful and brave young son Ellis, whose body, laid across his own caisson, was carried that summer to his father's house at nightfall, where the family, unconscious of their loss, were sitting in cheerful talk around the portal. Another son of Richmond whose death was keenly felt by everybody received his mortal wound while leading the first charge to break the enemy's line at Gaines's Mill. This was Lieutenant-Colonel Bradfute Warwick, a young hero who had won his spurs in service with Garibaldi. Losses like these are irreparable in any community; and so, with lamentations in nearly every household, while the spirit along the lines continued unabated, it was a chastened "Thank God" that went up from among us when Jackson's victory over Pope had raised the siege of Richmond.

C. C. Harrison.



THE LAST OF 'THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.*

MALVERN HILL, JULY 1ST, 1862.



FORT DARLING, ON THE JAMES, MIDWAY BETWEEN MALVERN HILL AND RICHMOND. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

BEFORE the battle of Gaines's Mill (already described by me in these pages), a change of base from the York to the James River had been anticipated and prepared for by General McClellan. After the battle this change became a necessity, in presence of a strong and aggressive foe, who had already turned our right, cut our connection with the York River, and was also in large force behind the intrenchments between us and Richmond. The transfer was begun the moment our position became perilous. It now involved a series of battles by day, and marches by night, which brought into relief the able talents, active foresight, and tenacity of purpose of our commander, the unity of action on the part of his subordinates, and the great bravery, firmness, and confidence in their superiors on the part of the rank and file.

These conflicts from the beginning of the Seven Days' fighting were the engagement at Fair Oaks farm, the battles of Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines's Mill, the engagements at Golding's and Garnett's farms, and at Allen's farm or Peach Orchard; the battle of Savage's Station; the artillery duel at White Oak Swamp; the battle of Glendale (or Charles City Cross-roads); the action of Turkey Creek, and the battle of Malvern Hill. Each was a success to our army, the engagement of Malvern Hill being the most decisive. The result of the movement was that on the 2d of July our army was safely established at Harrison's Landing, on the James, in accordance with

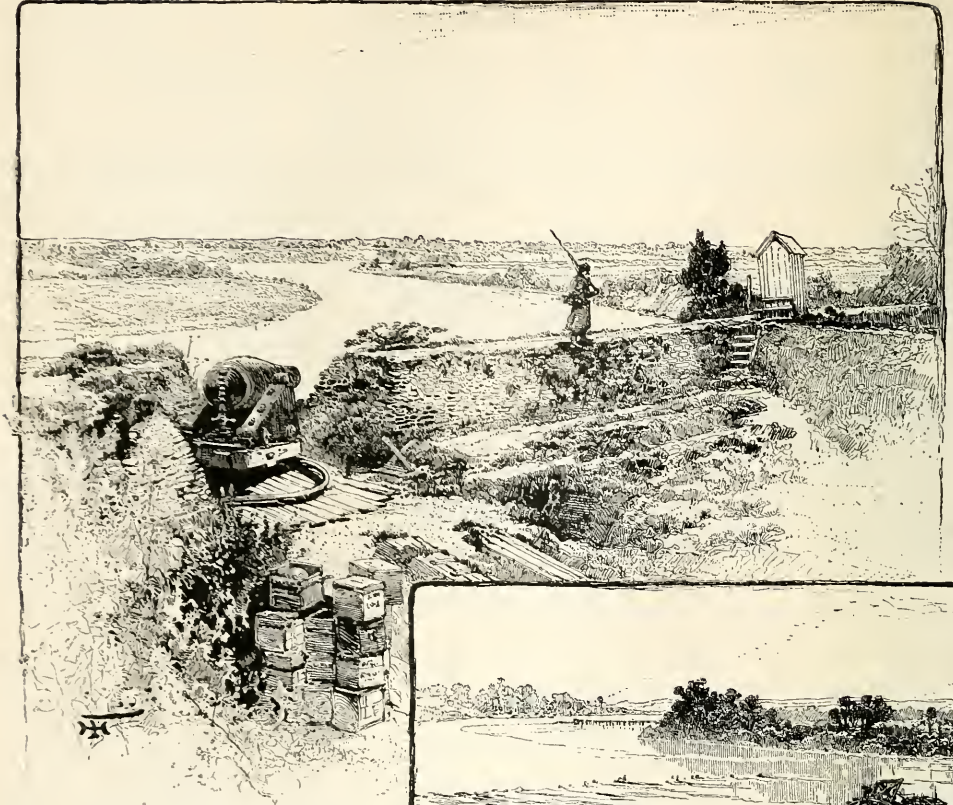
General McClellan's design. The present narrative will be confined to events coming under my own observation, and connected with my command, the Fifth Army Corps.

Saturday, June 28, 1862, the day after the battle of Gaines's Mill, my corps spent in bivouac at the Trent farm on the south bank of the Chickahominy. Artillery and infantry detachments guarded the crossings at the sites of the destroyed bridges. Our antagonists of the 27th were still north of the river, but did not molest us. We rested and recuperated as best we could, amid the noise of battle close by, at

Garnett's and Golding's farms, in which part of Franklin's corps was engaged, and the labor and bustle incident to the refilling of empty cartridge-boxes and haversacks, so as to be in readiness for immediate duty.

Our antagonists on the north bank of the river were apparently almost inactive. They seemed puzzled as to our intentions, or paralyzed by the effect of their own labors and losses, and, like ourselves, were recuperating for a renewal of the contest in the early future; though to them, as well as to us, it was difficult to conjecture where that renewal would be made. The only evidence of activity on their part was the dust rising on the road down the river, which we attributed, with the utmost unconcern, to the movements of troops seeking to interrupt our already abandoned communications with York River. The absence of any indication of our intention to maintain those communications, together with the rumble of our artillery, which that night was moving southward, opened the eyes of our opponents to the fact that we had accomplished the desired and perhaps necessary object of withdrawing to the south bank of the Chickahominy, and for the first time aroused their suspicion that we were either intending to attack Richmond or temporarily abandon the siege, during a change of base to the James River. But the active spurts on the 27th and 28th of June made by the defenders of that city against our left, created the false impression that they designed to attack the Second, Third, and

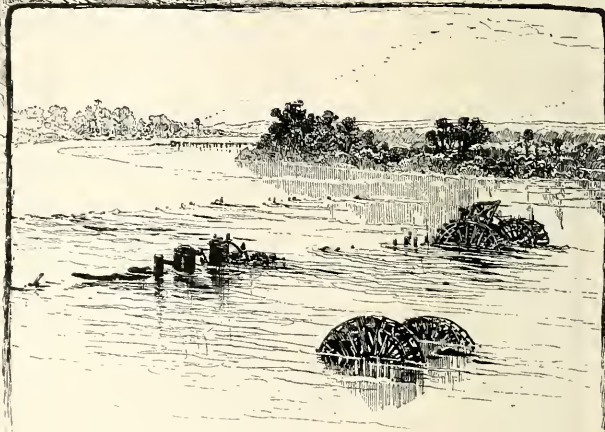
* For an account of the Confederate part of the battle, see article by General D. H. Hill, July CENTURY.—ED.



FORT DARLING, LOOKING DOWN THE JAMES.

[In a report to General McClellan of the engagement at Fort Darling, which effectually stopped the advance of the Union gun-boats upon Richmond, Commander William Smith of the *Wachusett* says, in part: "On the 15th instant [May] the *Galena*, *Monitor*, *Naugatuck*, *Port Royal*, and *Arcootook* ascended this river to within about eight miles of Richmond, when they met with obstructions in the river which prevented their farther advance. The obstructions consisted of a row of piles driven across the channel, and three rows of vessels sunk also across the channel, among them the *Yorktown* and *Jamestown*. Just below these obstructions, on the south or west side of the river, were very formidable batteries, mounting fourteen guns, among them 11-inch shell, 100-pounder rifles, and nothing less than 8-inch shell guns. The river there is very narrow, the bank some two hundred feet high, and the guns so situated that they can be pointed directly down on the decks of the vessels. The sharp-shooters can come on the banks and pick off the men on the vessels' decks. The gun-boats were engaged about four hours with the batteries, and then retired, having expended their ammunition. Our loss was twelve killed and

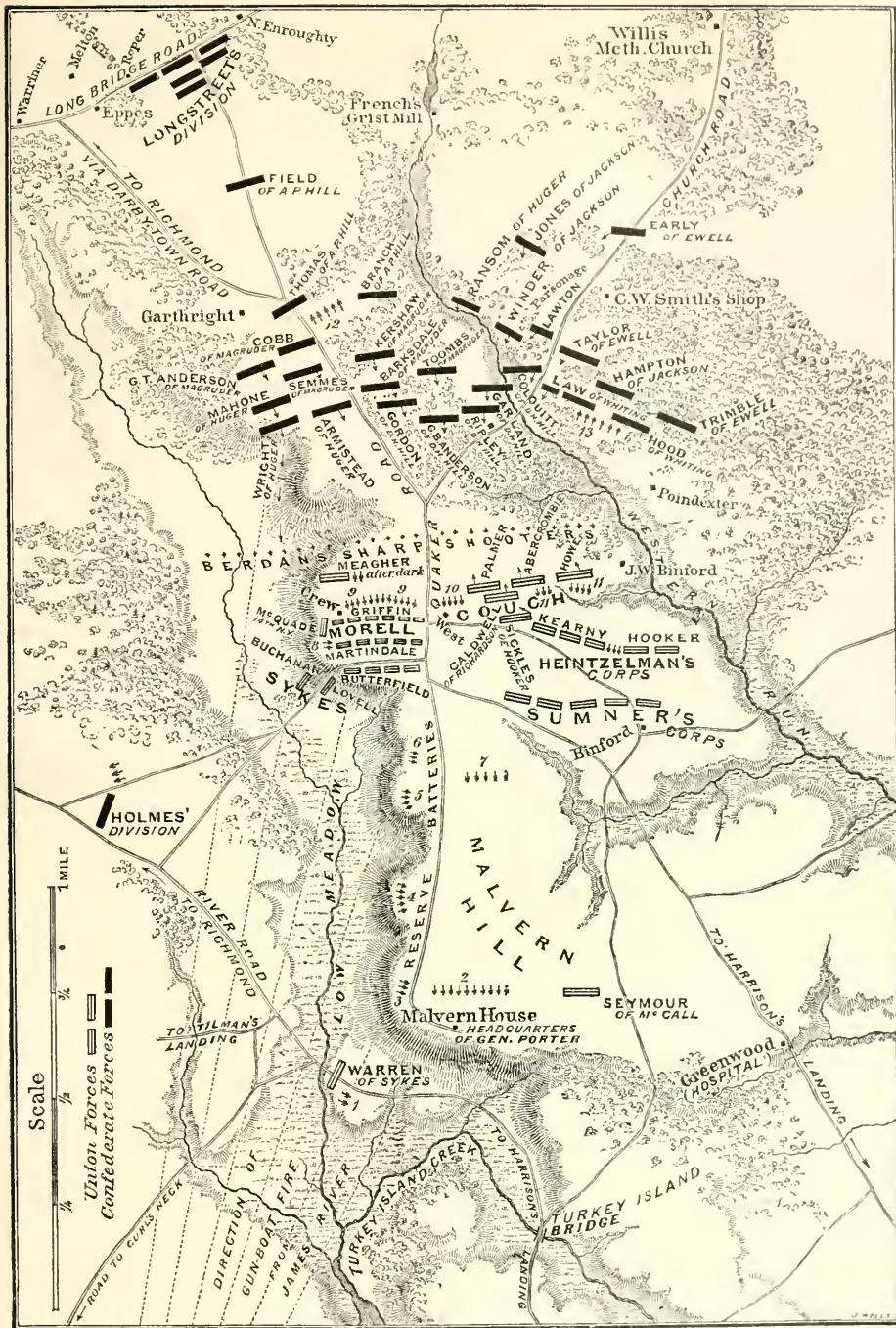
fourth corps, and thereby succeeded in preventing an attack upon them. So, in order to thwart our plans, whatever they might be, promptly on the 29th, our opponents renewed their activity by advancing from Richmond, and by recrossing to the south bank of the river all their forces, lately employed at Gaines's Mill. But at that time the main body of our army was beyond their immediate reach, taking positions to cover the passage of our trains to the new base and to be ready again to welcome our eager and earnest antagonists.



OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE JAMES RIVER, NEAR FORT DARLING, ON DREWRY'S BLUFF. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

thirteen wounded; the vessels not much injured, except the *Galena*, which had eighteen shots through her sides and deck. The river is so narrow and crooked, and the banks so high, that the gun-boats cannot take a position for shelling the batteries except within a very short distance of them and directly under their guns. A gun-boat cannot turn under steam in the river. Commodore Rodgers of the *Galena*, who commanded the expedition, is decidedly of the opinion that the works cannot be reduced without the assistance of land forces."—EDITOR.]

Between 2 and 9 P. M. on the 28th, my corps was in motion, *via* Savage's Station, to the south side of White Oak Swamp; there, at the junction (Glendale) of the roads from Richmond, to be prepared to repel attacks from the direction of that city. Morell, leading, aided General Woodbury, of the engineer corps, to build the causeways and bridges necessary for the easy passage of the trains and troops over the swamps and streams. Sykes and McCall followed at five and nine o'clock, respectively; McCall being accompanied by Hunt's reserve artillery. We expected to reach



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL, SHOWING, APPROXIMATELY, POSITIONS OF BRIGADES AND BATTERIES.

[The Union batteries, as indicated on the map, were: 1, Martin's; 2, Tyler's; 3, 4, 5, 6, batteries in reserve; 7, Hunt's reserve artillery; 8 and 11, first and second positions of Waterman's (Weeden's); 9—9, Edwards's, Livingston's, Ames's, Kingsbury's, and Hyde's; 10, Snow's, Frank's, and Allen's; 11, Kingsbury's and Seeley's.

On the Union side the chief variations from these positions were the advance of a part of Butterfield's brigade, between Griffin and Couch, and the transfer of batteries from Morell to Couch. In repulsing Hill's attack, Couch advanced to the line which indicates the position of Berdan's sharpshooters (in the morning). During the afternoon Sickles's brigade took the place of Caldwell's, which had come up to Couch's aid and had suffered severely. The advance of Meagher was made about five o'clock, and was accom-

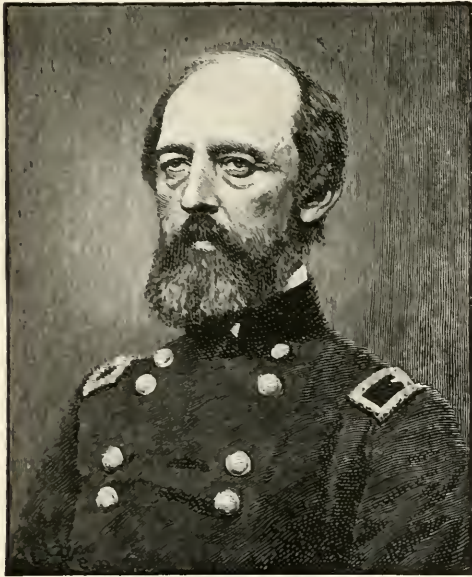
panied by 32-pounders, under General (then Colonel) Henry J. Hunt, which did terrible execution. It is said that the gun-boat fire and that of Tyler's artillery occasionally fell into Morell's lines.

On the Confederate side the brigades are placed on the map in the order of their moving to the attack; those marked with an arrow-head were actually in the charges or in the front line after dark; the arrow-head also indicates in each case the direction taken in going to the front. It is difficult to fix accurately the positions of the Confederate artillery. In general, 12 indicates Moorman's, Grimes's, and Pegram's; and 13 denotes the position of Balthis's, Poague's, and Carpenter's. In other positions, the batteries of Wooding (one section under Lieutenant Jones), Carrington, Hardaway, Boudurant, Hart, McCarthy, and the Baltimore Light Artillery were engaged to some extent—EDITOR.]

road crosses the Crew farm, to the right (between the positions held by Merrindale and Butterfield), crosses the meadow to the River road, and at Tiltman's gate turns west again to Tiltman's Landing, where, sixty years ago, there was a Quaker meeting-house.

The Quaker road (as understood by the people living there) is the one leaving the Long Bridge road at the position held by Longstreet's division (in reserve), and which receives the Church road (mistakenly called the Quaker road). Thence the Quaker

our destination, which was only ten miles distant, early on the 29th; but, in consequence of the dark night and of the narrow and muddy roads, cut up and blocked by numerous trains and herds of cattle, either of which is always attended by embarrassing delays, the head of



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. MORELL.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

the column arrived at 10 A. M., the rear not until midnight. McCall arrived latest, and all were greatly fatigued.

The enemy not having appeared at Glendale on the afternoon of the 29th, and other troops arriving to take the place of mine, General McClellan ordered me to move that night by the direct road to the elevated and cleared lands (Malvern Hill) on the north bank of Turkey Creek, there to select and hold a position behind which the army and all its trains could be withdrawn with safety. General Keyes was to move by a different road and form to my right and rear.

Again the dangers and difficulties of night marches attended us, followed by the consequent delay; which, though fortunately it was counterbalanced by the slowness of our opponents in moving to the same point, endangered the safety of our whole army. Although we started before dark, and were led by an intelligent cavalry officer who had passed over the route and professed to know it, my command was so delayed after dark that we did not reach Turkey Creek, which was only five miles distant, until 9 A. M. on the 30th. In fact, we were misled up the Long Bridge road towards Richmond until we came in contact with the enemy's pickets, when we returned

and started anew. Fortunately I was at the head of the column to give the necessary orders, so that no delay occurred in retracing our steps.

Our new field of battle embraced Malvern Hill, just north of Turkey Creek and Crew's Hill, about one mile farther north. Both hills have given name to the interesting and eventful battle which took place on July 1st, and which I shall now attempt to describe.

The forces which on this occasion came under my control, and were engaged in or held ready to enter the contest, were my own corps, consisting of Morell's, Sykes's and McCall's divisions, Hunt's reserve artillery of one hundred pieces, including Tyler's siege Connecticut artillery, Couch's division of Keyes's corps, the brigades of Caldwell and Meagher of Sumner's corps, and the brigade of Sickles of Heintzelman's corps. Though Couch was placed under my command, he was left uncontrolled by me, as will be seen hereafter. The other brigades were sent to me by their respective division commanders, in anticipation of my needs or at my request.

This new position, with its elements of great strength, was better adapted for a defensive battle than any with which we had been favored. It was elevated, and more or less protected on each flank by small streams or swamps, while the portions of woods in front through which the enemy had to pass to attack us were in places marshy, and so thick that artillery could not penetrate and even troops moved with difficulty. Slightly in rear of our line of battle on Crew's Hill, the reserve artillery and infantry were held for immediate service. The Crew Hill concealed them from the view of the enemy and largely sheltered them from fire. These hills both to the east and west were connected with the adjacent valleys by gradually sloping plains except at the Crew house, where for a little distance the slope was quite abrupt, and was easily protected by a small force. The roads from Richmond, along which the enemy would be obliged to approach, except the River road, meet in front of Crew's Hill. This hill was flanked with ravines, enfiladed by our fire. The ground in front was cleared and sloping, but not steep, and over it our artillery and infantry, themselves protected by the crest and ridges, had clear sweep for their fire. In all directions, for several hundred yards, the land over which an attacking force must advance was almost entirely cleared of forest and generally cultivated.

I reached Malvern Hill some two hours before my command on Monday, June 30th; each portion of which, as it came upon the field, was assigned to a position from which,



VIEW FROM MALVERN HILL, LOOKING TOWARD THE JAMES.
(DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

[This view is taken from near the position of Tyler's siege-guns (see map). The engagement of Malvern Cliff, or Turkey Island bridge, on the 30th of June, between Generals Warren and Holmes, took place on a road at the foot of the hill which passes near the house in the middle-ground. The bridge is to the left on this road. The winding stream is Turkey Creek. In the middle distance is the position of the three gun-boats which shelled the woods at the right both on the 30th of June and the 1st of July.—Ed.]



MALVERN HILL, FROM THE DIRECTION OF TURKEY ISLAND BRIDGE. (FROM SKETCH BY G. L. FRANKENSTEIN.)

in connection with the rest of the command, the approaches from Richmond along the River road and the debouches from the New Market, Charles City and Williamsburg roads, could be thoroughly covered. Warren, with his brigade, now of only about six hundred men, took position on the low lands to the left, to guard against the approach of the enemy along the River road, or over the low, extensive and cultivated plateau beyond and extending north along Crew's Hill. Warren's small brigade was greatly in need of rest from the fatigues of battle and constant motion for several days and nights. It was not expected that it would be called upon to perform much more than picket duty. It was large enough, however, for the purpose designed, as it was not probable that any large force would be so reckless as to advance on that road. Its diminished strength was due to the fact that it had suffered greatly at Gaines's Mill. Warren was supported by the Eleventh Infantry, under Major Floyd-Jones, and late in the afternoon was strengthened by Martin's battery of

twelve-pounders and a detachment of cavalry under Lieutenant Frank W. Hess.

On the west side of Malvern Hill, overlooking Warren, were some thirty-six guns, some of long range, having full sweep up the valley and over the cleared lands north of the River road. These batteries comprised Weed's, a New York battery, Edwards's, Carlisle's, Smead's and Voegelee's, with others in reserve. To these, later in the day, were added the siege-guns of the Connecticut Artillery, under Colonel Robert O. Tyler, which were placed on elevated ground immediately to the left of the Malvern House, so as to fire over our front line at any attacking force and to sweep the low meadow on the left.

To General (then Colonel) Henry J. Hunt, the accomplished and energetic chief of artillery, was due the excellent posting of these batteries on June 30th, and the rearrangement of all the artillery along the whole line on Tuesday (July 1st), together with the management of the reserve artillery on that day.

Major Lovell, commanding Chapman's

brigade of Sykes's division, supported some of these batteries, and, with Buchanan on his right, in a clump of pines, extended the line northward, near the Crew (sometimes called the Mellert) house.

teries as located on Tuesday, the day of the battle, were those of Edwards, Livingston, Kingsbury, Ames, part of Weeden's under Waterman, part of Allen's under Hyde, and Bramhall's. Other batteries as they arrived



THE MALVERN HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[During the engagement at Turkey Island bridge and the battle of Malvern Hill, this house was the headquarters of General Porter, and was a signal-station in communication with the gun-boats in the James River, toward which it fronts. It was

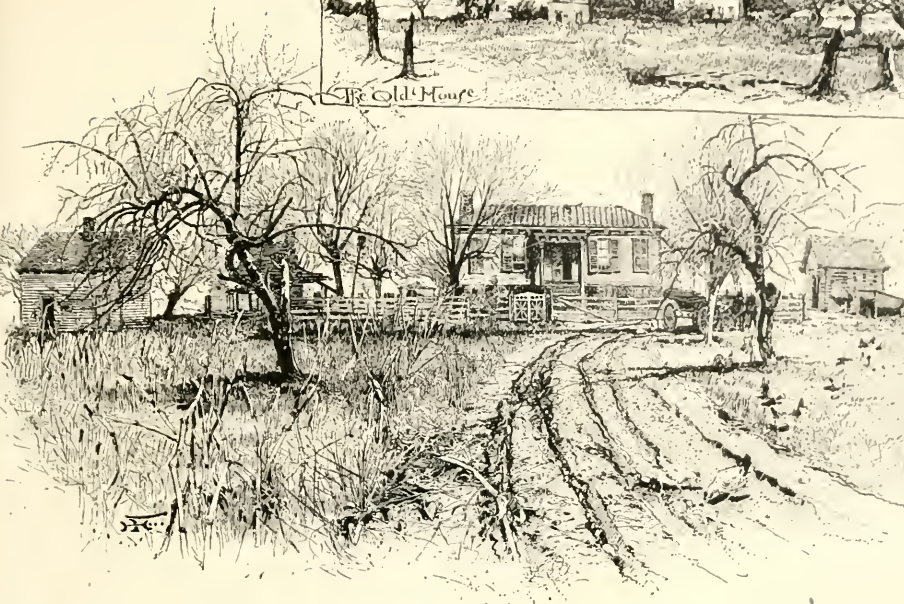
built of imported English brick, of a dark but vivid red. The main battle-field is in the direction of the trees on the right and Tyler's siege-guns were near the small trees in the left distance.—EDITOR.]

Morell, prolonging Sykes's line on Crew's Hill, with headquarters at Crew's house, occupied the right of the line extending to the Quaker road. To his left front, facing west, was the Fourteenth New York Volunteers, under Colonel McQuade, with a section of Weeden's Rhode Island Battery, both watching the Richmond road and valley and protecting our left. On their right, under cover of a narrow strip of woods, skirting the Quaker road, were the brigades of Martindale and Butterfield, while in front of these, facing north, was Griffin's brigade. All were supporting batteries of Morell's division, commanded by Captain Weeden and others, under the general supervision of General Griffin, a brave and skilled artillery officer; these bat-

were posted in reserve south of Crew's Hill, and were used to replace batteries whose ammunition was exhausted; or, were thrown forward into action to strengthen the line. The different commands as soon as they were posted prepared to pass the night in securing the rest greatly needed both by man and beast.

Later on Monday Couch's division of Keyes's corps came on the field and took its place extending Morell's line to the right of the Quaker road. The greater part of the supply trains of the army and of the reserve artillery passed safely beyond Turkey Creek through the command thus posted; the movement only ceasing about four o'clock that afternoon.

About three o'clock on Monday the enemy



THE CREW HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN: THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS THE OLD HOUSE, AND IS FROM A COLOR-SKETCH BY G. L. FRANKENSTEIN; THE NEW HOUSE SHOWN IN THE LOWER PICTURE FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[The old building, sometimes called Dr. Mellert's house, was the headquarters of General Morell; and during the firing members of the Signal Corps were at work on the roof. It was burned after, and the new structure built on the same foundations. The view in each case is from the east.

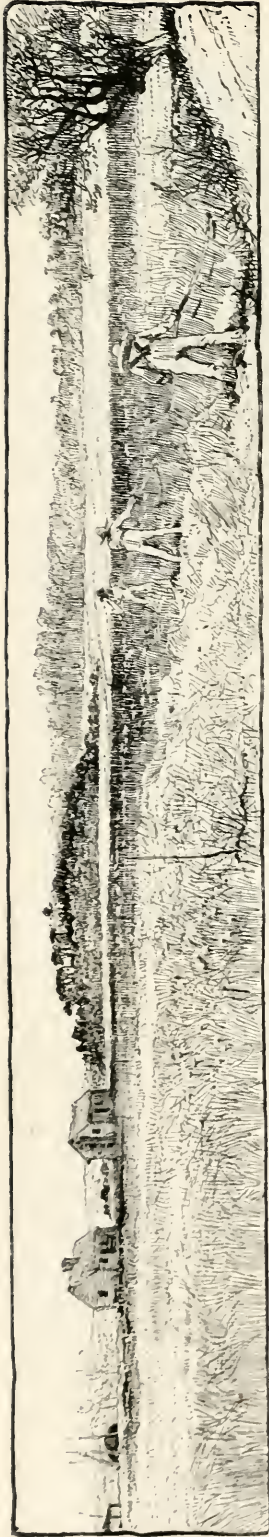
The lane, in the lower picture, from the Quaker road was the line of Griffin's guns. McQuade's repulse of the attack on the hill took place behind the cabin on the left of the picture. The Crew farm is said to be one of the most fertile on the Peninsula.—EDITOR.]

was seen approaching along the River road, and Warren and Hunt made all necessary dispositions to receive them. About four o'clock the enemy advanced and opened fire from their artillery upon Warren and Sykes and on the extreme left of Morell, causing a few casualties in Morell's division. In return for this intrusion the concentrated rapid fire of the artillery was opened upon them, soon smashing one battery to pieces, silencing another, and driving back their infantry and cavalry in rapid retreat, much to the satisfaction of thousands of men watching the result. The enemy left behind in possession of Warren a few prisoners, two guns and six caissons, the horses of which had been killed. The battery which had disturbed Morell was also silenced by this fire of our artillery. On this occasion the gun-boats in the James made apparent their welcome presence and gave good support by bringing their heavy guns to bear upon the enemy. Though their fire caused a few casualties among our men, and inflicted but little, if any, injury upon the enemy, their large shells, bursting amid the enemy's troops far beyond

the attacking force, carried great moral influence with them, and naturally tended, in addition to the effect of our artillery, to prevent any renewed attempt to cross the open valley on our left. This attacking force formed a small part of Wise's brigade of Holmes's division. They were all raw troops, which accounts for their apparently demoralized retreat. This affair is known as the action of Turkey Island bridge or Turkey Creek.

The gun-boats located near the mouth of Turkey Creek and engaged at this time and the next day were the *Galena*, *Aroostook*, and *Mahaska*, under the special charge of Commodore John Rodgers of the navy. At the request of General McClellan they had been sent up the river by Admiral Goldsborough, to protect the vessels loaded with supplies which had been ordered up in the middle of June. The crews were eager and earnest in their work and their labors gave effective warning to the enemy to keep beyond the reach of their guns at other times and places.

Some idea may be formed from the following incident of how indifferent to noises or unconscious of sudden alarms one may



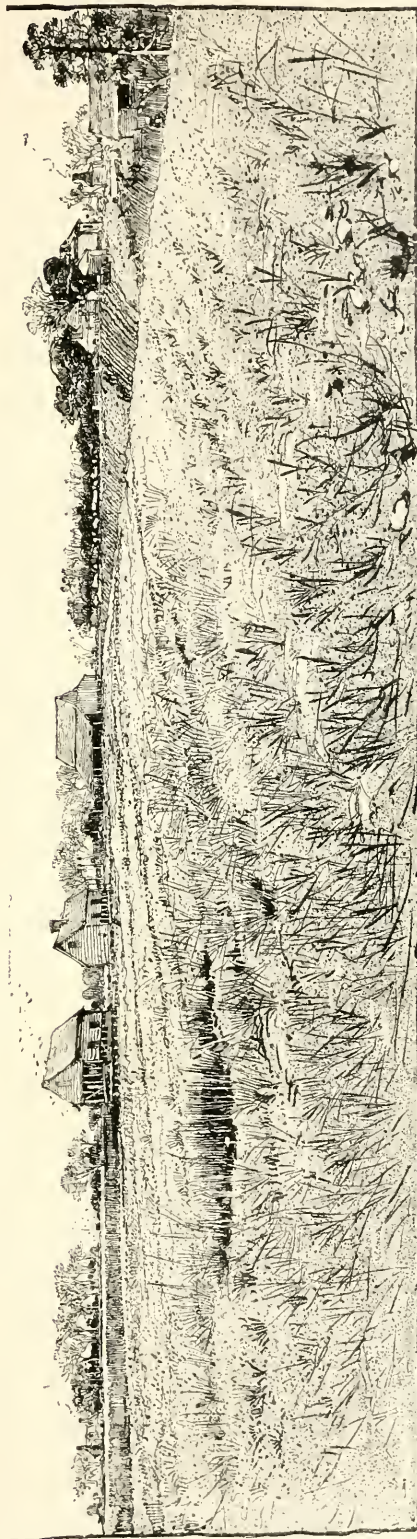
THE MAIN BATTLE-FIELD — VIEW OF THE CONFEDERATE POSITION FROM THE FEDERAL LINE NEAR THE WEST HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

The Confederate advance was from the woods in the right and center of the back-ground and from the meadow (not visible) on the left. The wooded knoll is supposed to be the point from which Generals Wright and Armistead reconnoitered the Federal position, as described by General Wright in his report. (See next page.) — EDITOR.]

become when asleep, under the sense of perfect security or from the effect of fatigue. For several days I had been able to secure but little sleep, other than such as I could catch on horseback, or while resting for a few minutes. During this heavy artillery firing I was asleep in the Malvern house. Although the guns were within one hundred yards of me, and the windows and doors were wide open, I was greatly surprised some two hours afterwards, when informed that the engagement had taken place. For weeks I had slept with senses awake to the sound of distant cannon, and even of a musket-shot, and would be instantly aroused by either. But on this occasion I had gone to sleep free from care, feeling confident that however strong an attack might be made, the result would be the repulse of the enemy without much damage to us. My staff, as much in need of rest as myself, sympathized with me and let me sleep.

Our forces lay on their arms during the night, in substantially the positions I have described, patiently awaiting the attack expected on the following day.

McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves, under General Truman Seymour, arrived during the night and was posted just in front of the Malvern house, and was held in reserve, to be called upon for service only in case of absolute necessity. This division had reached me at New Market cross-roads, at midnight of the 29th, greatly in need of rest. This fact, and the necessity that a reliable force should hold that point until the whole army had crossed the White Oak Swamp and the trains had passed to the rear, compelled the assignment of McCall to the performance of that duty. During the afternoon of the 30th he was attacked by large forces of the enemy, which he several times repulsed, but failed to enjoy the advantages of his success through the recklessness and irrepressible impetuosity of his men or forgetfulness of orders by infantry subordinates. They were strictly cautioned, unless unusual fortune favored them, not to pass through a battery for the purpose of pursuing a repulsed enemy, and under no circumstances to return in face of one, so as to check its fire. In the excitement of presumed success at repulsing a heavy attack, a brigade pushed after a rapidly fleeing foe, and was impulsively joined by its neighbors who wished not to be excelled in dash or were perhaps encouraged by injudicious orders. Passing through their own batteries as they advanced, they lost the benefit of their fire, as they did also when returning after being repulsed and pursued by the enemy's reserves. Disregard of these principles at this time caused heavy losses of men and led to the demoralization at a critical moment of one good volunteer battery and the capture, through no fault of its captain, of one of the best batteries of the regular army. This battery was commanded by Captain A. M. Randol, a brave and accomplished artillery officer of the regular army. This division had otherwise suffered heavily. At Gaines's Mill it had lost, by capture, one of the ablest generals, John F. Reynolds, with other gallant and efficient officers and men, captured, killed, and wounded. Its misfortunes culminated in the capture at New Market cross-roads of McCall, the wounding of General George G. Meade, his able assistant, and the loss of many excellent subordinates. Fortunately the brave and experienced soldier, General Seymour, with his worthy officers, escaped to lead the survivors of the division to our camp,



THE MAIN BATTLE-FIELD — VIEW OF THE FEDERAL POSITION FROM THE WOODED KNOLL SHOWN IN THE PRECEDING PAGE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[Mellor's line extended from the Crew house on the right to the West's house in the extreme left of the picture. Couch extended the line a third of a mile to the left of the West house. The ravine to the right of the barn and buildings in the middle-ground descends to the meadow; it was by this ravine and the shelter of the out-buildings that the Confederates effected a lodgment on the hill at dusk compelling Griffin to shift his guns to avoid capture. Gen. A. R. Wright, who commanded brigade in Huger's division, in his official report describes as follows the aspect of the Federal position: "I suggested to General Armstrong that we go forward to the edge of the field and, under protection of a strong force of skirmishes, ascend a high knoll or hill which abruptly sprang from the meadow below and on our right, from the summit of which we would be able to observe the enemy's movements. Having reached this position, we were enabled to get a very complete view of McClellan's army. Immediately in our front, and extending one mile stretched a field of timber, the further extremity of which contained the dwelling and farm buildings of Mr. Crew (formerly Dr. Mellor). In front and to our left the land rose gently from the edge of the woods up to the farm-yard, when it became high and rolling. Upon the right the field was broken

by a series of ridges and valleys, which ran out at right angle to a line drawn from our position to that of the enemy, and all of which terminated upon our extreme right in a precipitous bluff, which dropped suddenly down upon a low, flat meadow, covered with wheat and intersected with a number of ditches, which ran from the bluff across the meadow to a swamp or dense woods about five hundred yards farther to our right. This low, flat meadow stretched up to, and swinging around, Crew's house, extended as far as Turkey Bend, on James River. The enemy had drawn up his artillery (as well as could be ascertained about fifty pieces) in a crescent-shaped line, the convex line being next to our position, with its right (on our left) resting upon a road which passed these hundred yards to the left of Crew's house on Malvern Hill, the left of their advanced line of batteries resting upon the high bluff which overlooked the meadow to the right of our right and rear of Crew's house. Their infantry, a little in the rear of the artillery, and protected by the crest of the ridge upon which the batteries were placed, extended from the woods on our left along the crest of the hill and through a line in the meadow on our right to the dense woods there. In rear of this and beyond a narrow ravine, the sides of which were covered with timber, at d which ran parallel to their line of battle and but

a few rods in the rear of Crew's house, was another line of infantry, its right resting upon a heavy, dense woods, which covered the Malvern Hill farm on the east. The left of this line rested upon the precipitous bluff which overhung the low meadow on the west of the farm. At this point the high bluff stretched out to the west for two hundred yards in a long ridge or ledge (nearly separating the meadow from the low lands of the river), upon the extreme western terminus of which was planted a battery of heavy guns. This latter battery commanded the whole meadow in front of it, and by a direct fire was able to dispute the maneuvering of troops over any portion of the meadow. Just behind the ravine which ran in rear of Crew's house, and under cover of the timber, was planted a heavy battery in a small redoubt, whose fire swept across the meadow. These two batteries completely controlled the meadow from one extremity of it to the other, and effectually prevented the movement of troops in large masses upon it. The whole number of guns in these several batteries could not have fallen far short of one hundred. The infantry force of the enemy I estimated at least twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand from what I saw. Large numbers, as I ascertained afterward, were posted in the woods on our extreme right and left, and the line of ditches across the meadow were lined with sharpshooters." — FURTON.]

where they were welcomed by their sympathizing comrades.

Early on Tuesday our lines were re-formed and slightly advanced to take full advantage of the formation of the ground, the artillery



MAJOR-GEN. GEORGE SYKES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

of the front line being reposted in commanding positions, and placed under General Griffin's command, but under Captain Weeden's* care, just behind the crest of the hill. The infantry was arranged between the artillery to protect and be protected by its neighbors, and prepared to be thrown forward, if at any time advisable, so as not to interfere with the artillery fire.

The corps of Heintzelman and Sumner had arrived during the night, and taken position in the order named to the right and rear of Couch's division, protecting that flank effectively towards Western Run. They did not expect to be seriously engaged, but were ready to resist attack and to give assistance to the

center and left, if circumstances should require it. At an early hour in the day Sumner kindly sent me Caldwell's brigade, as he thought I might need help. This brigade I placed near Butterfield, who was directed to send it forward wherever needed or called for. He sent it to Couch at an opportune moment early in the day.

General McClellan, accompanied by his staff, visited our lines at an early hour, and approved my measures and those of General Couch, or changed them where it was deemed advisable. Though he left me in charge of that part of the field occupied by Couch, I at no time undertook to control that general, or even indicated a desire to do so, but with full confidence in his ability, which was justified by the result of his action, left him free to act in accordance with his own judgment. I cooperated with him fully, however, having Morell's batteries, under Weeden, posted so as to protect his front, and sending him help when I saw he needed it. His division, though it suffered severely in the battle of Fair Oaks, had seen less service and met with fewer losses in these "seven days' battles" than any one of my three, and was prepared with full ranks to receive an attack, seeming impatient and eager for the fight. Its conduct soon confirmed this impression. Batteries of Hunt's reserve artillery were sent to him when needed — as well as Caldwell's brigade, voluntarily sent to me early in the day by Sumner, and also Sickles's brigade, borrowed of Heintzelman for the purpose.

About ten A. M. the enemy's skirmishers and artillery began feeling for us along our line; they kept up a desultory fire until about twelve o'clock, with no severe injury to our infantry, who were well masked, and who revealed but little of our strength or position by retaliatory firing or exposure.

Up to this time and to nearly one o'clock our infantry were resting upon their arms and waiting the moment, certain to come, when the column of the enemy rashly advancing

* Captain William B. Weeden, in a recent letter (May 24, 1885), says of the battle: "It was a fine afternoon, hot but tempered by a cooling breeze. The soldiers waited; patience, not courage, kept them steady. The ranks were full now; each knew that in himself he might be a possible victor or a possible victim at nightfall. Crew's deserted house, more hospitable than its owner, had furnished a luxury seldom enjoyed on the field. Water, not warm in the canteen, but iced, in a delf pitcher, with civilized glasses, was literally 'handed round.' Ganymedes there were none and of Hebes yet fewer, but Olympus never furnished more welcome nectar. Pickets and skirmishers had kept us informed of the opposing formations and of batteries going into position. The sharpshooters' bullets began to thicken. Action might begin at any moment, and between two and three o'clock it did begin. Out of the woods, puffs of smoke from guns and nearer light wreaths from their shells lent new colors to the green of woods and fields and the deep blue sky. The musketry cracked before it loudened into a roar and whizzing bullets mingled with ragged exploding shells. The woods swarmed with butternut coats and gray. These colors were worn by a lively race of men and they stepped forward briskly, firing as they moved. The regimental formations were plainly visible, with the colors flying. It was the onset of battle with the good order of a review. In this first heavy skirmish — the prelude of the main action — Magruder's right made a deter-

mined attack by way of the meadow to pierce Griffin's line to turn Ames's Battery and to break the solid advantages of position held by the Union forces.

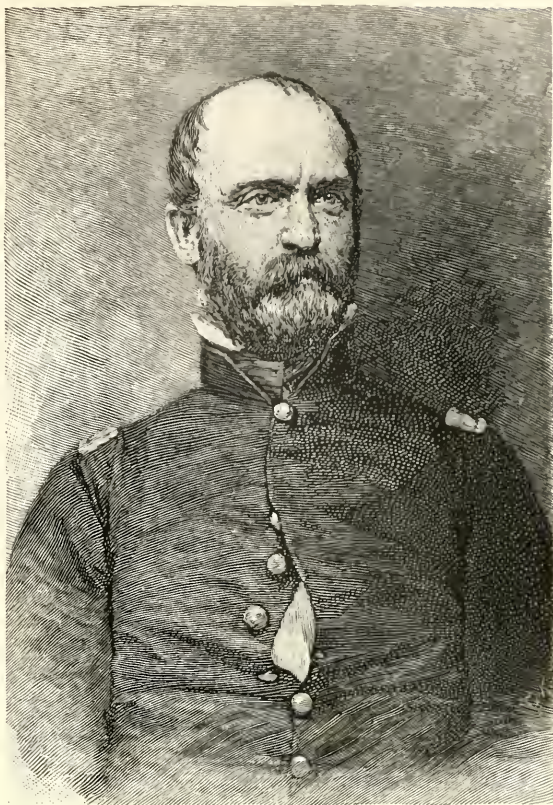
The brunt of the blow fell upon Colonel McQuade's 14th New York. This was a gallant regiment which had suffered much in the rough work at Gaines's Mill. The Confederate charge was sudden and heavy. The New Yorkers began to give ground, and it looked for a moment as if the disasters of Gaines's Mill might be repeated. But only for a moment. The men stiffened up to the color line, charged forward with a cheer, and drove back the enemy. Weeden's Rhode Island Battery of three-inch rifled ordnance guns had lost three pieces at Gaines's Mill. The remaining guns, under command of Lieutenant Waterman, were stationed south and west of Crew's, fronting left and rearward. It was the angle of our position and so far west that Tyler's heavy guns mistook it for the enemy and fired 4½-inch shells into it. One caused severe casualties. The battery was withdrawn from this dangerous range, and later in the afternoon, when the main action was raging, Waterman's three guns, with two of the same type under Lieutenant Phillips of Massachusetts, relieved Kingsbury and Hazlett's regular batteries of Parrotts on Couch's right. The service here was admirable. Waterman with only half a battery had a whole company of experienced gunners. When the ammunition gave out they were in turn relieved by a fresh battery." — EDITOR.

would render it necessary to expose themselves. Our desire was to hold the enemy where our artillery would be most destructive, and to reserve our infantry ammunition for close quarters to repel the more determined assaults of our obstinate and untiring foe. Attacks by brigade were made upon Morell, both on his left front and on his right, and also upon Couch; but our artillery, admirably handled, without exception, was generally sufficient to repel all such efforts and to drive back the assailants in confusion, after great losses.

While the enemy's artillery was firing upon us General Sumner withdrew part of his corps to the slope of Malvern Hill to the right of the Malvern house which descended into the valley of Western Run. Then, deeming it advisable to withdraw all our troops to that line, he ordered me to fall back to the Malvern house; but I protested that such a movement would be disastrous, and declined to obey the order until I could confer with General McClellan, who had approved of the disposition of our troops. Fortunately Sumner did not insist upon my complying with the order, and, as we were soon vigorously attacked, he advanced his troops to a point where he was but little disturbed by the enemy, but from which he could quickly render aid in response to calls for help or where need for help was apparent.

On one occasion, when I sent an urgent request for two brigades, Sumner read my note aloud, and, fearing he could not stand another draft on his forces, was hesitating to respond, when Heintzelman, ever prompt and generous, sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "By Jove! if Porter asks for help, I know he needs it and I will send it." The immediate result was the sending of Meagher by Sumner and Sickles by Heintzelman. This was the second time that Sumner had selected and sent me Meagher's gallant Irish brigade, and each time it rendered invaluable service. I served under General Heintzelman up to the capture of Yorktown, and learned to know him well, as he did me. I ever gratefully appreciated his act as the prompting of a thoughtful, generous, and chivalrous nature.

These spasmodic though sometimes formidable attacks of our antagonists, at different points along our whole front, up to about four o'clock, were presumably demonstrations or feelers, to ascertain our strength, preparatory to their engaging in more serious work. An



BRIG.-GENERAL LEWIS A. ARMISTEAD, C. S. ARMY. KILLED AT GETTYSBURG, FOREMOST IN THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF PICKETT'S DIVISION.

ominous silence, similar to that which had preceded the attack in force along our whole line at Gaines's Mill, now intervened, until, at about 5:30 o'clock, the enemy opened upon both Morell and Couch with artillery from nearly the whole of his front, and soon afterwards pressed forward his columns of infantry, first on one and then on the other, or on both. As if moved by a reckless disregard of life, equal to that displayed at Gaines's Mill, with a determination to capture our army, or destroy it by driving us into the river, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, rushed at our batteries; but the artillery of both Morell and Couch mowed them down with shrapnel, grape, and canister; while our infantry, withholding their fire until the enemy were within short range, scattered the remnants of their columns, sometimes following them up and capturing prisoners and colors.

As column after column advanced, only to meet the same disastrous repulse, the sight became one of the most interesting imaginable. The fearful havoc of the rapidly bursting shells from guns arranged so as to sweep any position far and near, and in any direction, was terrible to behold. The terrific hail could not be borne,



THE WEST HOUSE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CREW HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

[This house was the dividing point between Couch's division and Morell's line, the artillery fronting the fence and being nearly on the line indicated by it. The West house was occupied as headquarters by General Couch.—EDITOR.]

and such as were left of the diminished columns precipitately fled or marched rapidly to the rear, sometimes followed by our infantry, whose shots leveled many more of their brave men. Pressed to the extreme as they were, the courage of our men was fully tried. The safety of our army—the life of the Union—was felt to be at stake.

In one case the brigades of Howe, Abercrombie, and Palmer, of Couch's division, under impulse gallantly pushed after the retreating foe, captured colors, and advantageously advanced the right of the line, but at considerable loss and great risk. The brigades of Morell, cool, well disciplined, and easily controlled, let the enemy return after each repulse, but permitted few to escape their fire. Colonel McQuade, on Morell's left, with the Fourteenth New York, against orders and at the risk of defeat and disaster, yielding to impulse, gallantly dashed forward and repulsed an attacking party. Assisted by Buchanan of Sykes's division, Colonel Rice, with the Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, likewise drove a portion of the

enemy from the field, taking a flag bearing the motto "Seven Pines." Colonel Hunt, directing the artillery, was twice dismounted by having his horse shot under him, but though constantly exposed continued his labors until after dark. General Couch who was also dismounted, in like manner, took advantage of every opportunity to make his opponents feel his blows.

It is not to be supposed that our men, though concealed by the irregularities of the ground, were not sufferers from the enemy's fire. The fact is that before they exposed themselves by pursuing the enemy, the ground was literally covered with the killed and wounded from dropping bullets and bursting shells and their contents; but they bravely bore the severe trial of having to remain inactive under a damaging fire.

As Morell's ranks became thinned and ammunition was exhausted, other regiments eagerly advanced; all were stimulated by the hope of a brilliant and permanent success, and nerved by the approving shouts of their comrades and the cry of "Revenge, boys!" "Remember McLean!" "Remember Black!"



VIEW FROM THE MEADOW WEST OF THE CREW HOUSE. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

[The Crew house is in the extreme right of the picture. The hill to the left is the high ground shown on page 622. The ravine between the two is the ravine shown in the right of the picture, page 623. At the time of the battle the low ground was in wheat, partly shocked, affording protection for the Union sharpshooters

under Berdan. Farther to the left, up this valley, and in the rear of the hill, was the right of the Confederate line, which late in the evening made several assaults upon the Crew Hill, by way of the ravine and meadow.—EDITOR.]

“Remember Gove!” or “Remember Cass!” The brave and genial Black and McLean and Gove had been killed at Gaines’s Mill; Woodbury and Cass (two noble heroes) were then lying before them. Colonel McQuade was the only regimental commander of Griffin’s brigade who escaped death during the Seven Days, and he only as by a miracle, for he was constantly exposed.

During that ominous silence of which I have spoken, I determined that our opponents should reap no advantage, even if our lines yielded to attack, and therefore posted batteries, as at Gaines’s Mill, to secure against the disaster of a break in our lines, should such a misfortune be ours. For this purpose I sent Weed, Carlisle, and Smead, with their batteries, to the gorge of the roads on Crew’s Hill, from which the enemy must emerge in pursuit if he should break our lines; instructing them to join in the fight if necessary, but not to permit the advance of the foe, even if it must be arrested at the risk of firing upon friends. To these Colonel Hunt added three batteries of horse artillery. Though they were all thus posted and their guns loaded with double canister, “they were,” as Captain Smead re-

ported, “very happy to find their services not needed on that occasion.”

It was at this time, in answer to my call for aid, that Sumner sent me Meagher and Heintzelman sent Sickles; both of whom reached me in the height of battle, when, if ever, fresh troops would renew our confidence and insure our success. While riding rapidly forward to meet Meagher, who was approaching at a “double-quick” step, my horse fell, throwing me over his head, much to my discomfort both of body and mind. On rising and remounting, I was greeted with hearty cheers, which alleviated my chagrin. This incident gave rise to the report, spread through the country, that I was wounded.

Fearing that I might fall into the hands of the enemy, and if so that my diary and dispatch-book of the campaign, then on my person, would meet with the same fate and reveal information to the injury of our cause, I tore it up, scattering the pieces to the winds, as I rode rapidly forward, leading Meagher into action. I have always regretted my act as destroying interesting and valuable memoranda of our campaign.

Advancing with Meagher’s brigade, accom-

panied by my staff, I soon found that our forces had successfully driven back their assailants. Determined, if possible, satisfactorily to finish the contest, regardless of the risk of being fired upon by our artillery in case of defeat, I pushed on beyond our lines into the woods held by the enemy. About fifty yards in front of us, a large force of the enemy suddenly rose and opened with fearful volleys upon our advancing line. I turned to the brigade, which thus far had kept pace with my horse, and found it standing, "like a stone wall," and returning a fire more destructive than it received and from which the enemy fled. The brigade was planted. My presence was no longer needed, and I sought General Sickles, whom I found giving aid to Couch. I had the satisfaction of learning that night that a Confederate detachment, undertaking to turn Meagher's left, was met by a portion of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, which, advancing, repelled the attack and captured many prisoners.

After seeing that General Sickles was in a proper position, I returned to my own corps, where I was joined by Colonel Hunt with some thirty-two-pounder howitzers. Taking



GENERAL JAMES McQUADE, DIED 1885. AT MALVERN HILL, COLONEL OF THE FOURTEENTH N. Y. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)



MAJOR-GEN. WILLIAM MAHONE, C. S. ARMY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

those howitzers, we rode forward beyond our lines, and, in parting salutation to our opponents, Colonel Hunt sent a few shells, as a warning of what would be ready to welcome them on the morrow if they undertook to disturb us.

Almost at the crisis of the battle — just before the advance of Meagher and Sickles — the gun-boats on the James River opened their fire with the good intent of aiding us, but either mistook our batteries at the Malvern house for those of the enemy, or were unable to throw their projectiles beyond us. If the former was the case, their range was well estimated, for all their shot landed in or close by Tyler's battery, killing and wounding a few of his men. Fortunately members of our excellent signal-service corps were present as usual on such occasions; and the message signaled to the boats, "For God's sake, stop firing," promptly relieved us from further damage and the demoralization of a "fire in the rear." Reference is occasionally seen in Confederate accounts of this battle to the fearful sounds of the projectiles from those gun-boats. But that afternoon not one of their projectiles passed beyond my headquarters; and I have always believed and said, as has General Hunt, that the enemy mistook the explosions of shells

from Tyler's siege-guns and Kusserow's thirty-two-pounder howitzers, which Hunt had carried forward, for shells from the gun-boats.

While Colonel Hunt and I were returning from the front about nine o'clock, we were joined by Colonel Colburn, of McClellan's staff. We all rejoiced over the day's success. By these officers I sent messages to the commanding general, expressing the hope that our withdrawal had ended and that we should hold the ground we now occupied, even if we did not assume the offensive. From my stand-point I thought we could maintain our position, and perhaps in a few days could improve it by advancing. But I knew only the circumstances before me, and these were limited by controlling influences. It was now after nine o'clock at night. Within an hour of the time that Colonels Hunt and Colburn left me, and before they could have reached the commanding general, I received orders from him to withdraw, and to direct Generals Sumner and Heintzelman to move at specified hours to Harrison's Landing, and General Couch to rejoin his corps, which was then under way to the same point.

These orders were immediately sent to the proper officers, and by daybreak July 2d our troops, preceded by their trains, were well on their way to their destination, which they reached that day, greatly wearied after a hard march over muddy roads, in the midst of a heavy rain. That night, freed from care and oblivious of danger, all slept a long sleep; and they woke the next morning with the clear sun, a happier, brighter, and stronger body of men than that which all the day before, depressed and fatigued, had shivered in the rain.

The conduct of the rear-guard was intrusted to Colonel Averell, commander of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, sustained by Colonel Buchanan, with his brigade of regulars, and the Sixty-seventh New York Regiment. No trying trust was ever better bestowed or more satisfactorily fulfilled. At daybreak Colonel

Averell found himself accidentally without artillery to protect his command in its difficult task of preventing an attack before our rear was well out of range. He at once arranged his cavalry in bodies to represent horse batteries, and, manœuvring them to create the impression that they were artillery ready for



BERDAN'S SHARP-SHOOTERS (OF MORELL'S DIVISION) SKIRMISHING IN THE MEADOW WHEAT-FIELD.

action, he secured himself from attack until the rest of the army and trains had passed sufficiently to the rear to permit him to retire rapidly without molestation. His stratagem was successful, and without loss he rejoined the main body of the army that night. Thus ended the memorable "Seven Days' battles," which, for severity and for stubborn resistance and endurance of hardships by the contestants, were not surpassed during the war. Each antagonist accomplished the results for which he aimed: one insuring the temporary relief of Richmond; the other gaining security on the north bank of the James, where the Union army, if our civil and military authorities were



SCENE OF THE CONFEDERATE ATTACK ON WEST SIDE OF CREW'S HILL, LOOKING FROM THE CREW HOUSE SOUTH-WEST TOWARD THE JAMES RIVER. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.)

[The Confederates came down the valley or meadow from the right, and advanced up this slope toward the two guns of Weeden, which were supported by the Fourteenth New York. The road across the meadow leads to Holmes's position on the River road.—EDITOR.]

disposed, could be promptly reënforced, and from whence only, as subsequent events proved, it could renew the contest successfully. Preparations were commenced and dispositions were at once made under every prospect, if not direct promise, of large reënforcements for a renewal of the struggle on the south side of the James, and in the same manner as subsequently brought a successful termination of the war.

In the Fifth Corps, however, mourning was mingled with rejoicing. Greatly injured by the mishap of a cavalry blunder at Gaines's Mill,* it had at Malvern, with the brave and gallant help of Couch and the generous and chivalric assistance of Heintzelman and Sumner, successfully repulsed the foe in every quarter, and was ready to renew the contest at an opportune moment. Our killed and wounded were numbered by thousands; the loss of the Confederates may be imagined.†

* It is proper to say here that General Philip St. George Cooke who commanded this cavalry has written to deny the statement made by General Porter in his paper on the battle of Gaines's Mill, that the loss of that battle was due in part to the charge of this body of cavalry. General Cooke's communication will appear in an early number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

† It is impossible to estimate the casualties of each of these battles, so quickly did one battle follow an-

While taking Meagher's brigade to the front, I crossed a portion of the ground over which a large column had advanced to attack us, and had a fair opportunity of judging of the effect of our fire upon the ranks of the enemy. It was something fearful and sad to contemplate; few steps could be taken without trampling upon the body of a dead or wounded soldier, or without hearing a piteous cry, begging our party to be careful. In some places the bodies were in continuous lines and in heaps. In Mexico I had seen fields of battle on which our armies had been victorious, and had listened to pitiful appeals; but the pleaders were not of my countrymen then, and did not, as now, cause me to deplore the effects of a fratricidal war.

Sadder still were the trying scenes I met in and around the Malvern house, which at an early hour that day had been given up to the wounded, and was soon filled with our unfortunate men, suffering from all kinds of

other. Our total loss in these battles is recorded as 15,849 ("Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," Vol. XI., Part 2, page 37), while that of the Confederates sums up to 20,158 (*ibid.*, p. 973 to 984). The loss in the Fifth Corps was 7,601 of the 15,849 loss of the Union army. This does not include the losses of Slocum's division and Cooke's cavalry engaged with us at Gaines's Mill, nor of Couch's division and the brigades of Caldwell, Meagher, and Sickles serving with it at Malvern.—F. J. P.

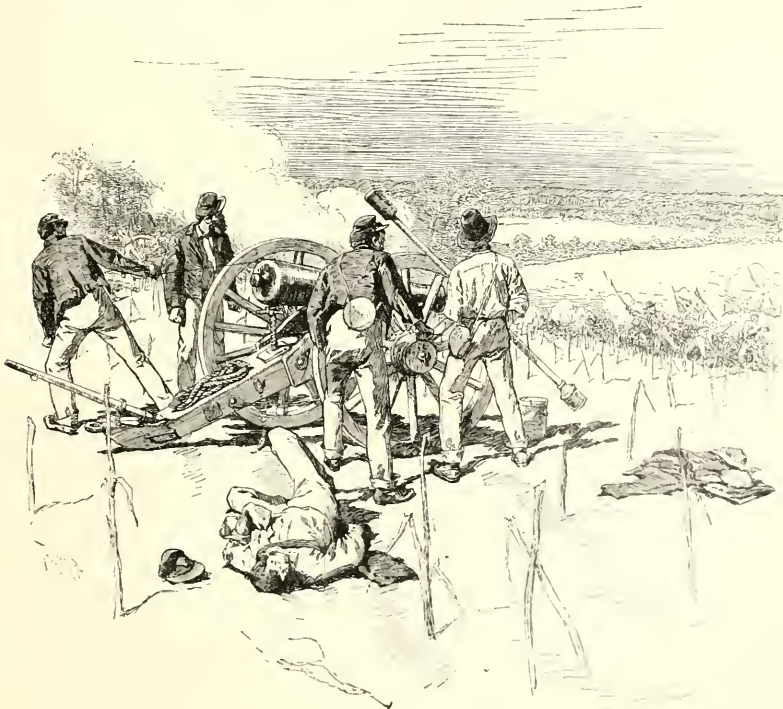
wounds. At night, after issuing orders for the withdrawal of our troops, I passed through the building and the adjoining hospitals with my senior medical officer, Colonel George H. Lyman. Our object was to inspect the actual condition of the men, to arrange for their care and comfort, and to cheer them as best we could. Here, as usual, were found men mortally wounded by necessity left unattended by the surgeons, so that prompt and proper care might be given to those in whom there was hope of recovery. It seemed as if the physician was cruel to one in doing his duty by being merciful to another whose life might be saved.

While passing through this improvised hospital I heard of many sad cases. One was that of the major of the Twelfth New York Volunteers, a brave and gallant officer, highly esteemed, who was believed to be mortally wounded. While breathing his last, as was supposed, a friend asked him if he had any message to leave. He replied, "Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended herself, my boy, and my flag." Then he asked how the battle had gone, and when told that we had been successful he said, "God bless the old fla——" and fell back apparently dead. For a long time he was mourned as dead, and it was believed that he had expired with the prayer left unfinished on his closing lips. Though still an invalid, suffering from the

wound then received, that officer recovered to renew his career in the war, and now, for recreation, engages in lively contests of political warfare.

On the occasion of this visit we frequently met with scenes which would melt the stoutest heart: bearded men piteously begging to be sent home; others requesting that a widowed mother or orphan sisters might be cared for; more sending messages to wife or children, or to others near and dear to them. We saw the amputated limbs and the bodies of the dead hurried out of the room for burial. On every side we heard the appeals of the unattended, the moans of the dying, and the shrieks of those under the knife of the surgeon. We gave what cheer we could, and left with heavy hearts. There was no room then for ambitious hopes of promotion; prayers to God for peace, speedy peace, that our days might be thereafter devoted to efforts to avert another war, and that never again should the country be afflicted with such a scourge, filled our hearts as we passed from those mournful scenes.

At noon on the 4th of July the usual national salute was fired in honor of the day, and the different corps parading in front of their respective camps were reviewed by General McClellan. As he passed from brigade to brigade, the army showed its cheerful spirit and its confidence in its commander by hearty cheers.



REPULSE OF CONFEDERATES ON THE SLOPE OF CREW'S HILL. (SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.)

General McClellan, as opportunity offered, made a few remarks full of hope and encouragement, thanking the men in most feeling terms for their uniform bravery, fortitude, and good conduct, but intimating that this was not the last of the campaign.

that he was to have command of both armies after their junction,* but he preferred, as a speedy and the only practicable mode of taking Richmond, retention on the James, and the renewal of the contest from the south bank, for which he had commenced opera-



THE PARSONAGE, NEAR MALVERN HILL.

[This house was in the rear of the Confederate line, which was formed in the woods shown in the background. It was used as a Confederate hospital after the fight. The road is the Church road, and the view is from near C. W. Smith's,

which was for a short time the headquarters of General Lee. The trees of this neighborhood were riddled with bullets and torn with shell, and this spring the corn was growing out of many a soldier's grave.—EDITOR.]

Contrary, however, to his expectations, the Peninsular campaign of the Army of the Potomac for 1862 virtually ended on the 4th of July. From that date to August 14th, when the army took up its march for Fort Monroe, its commander was engaged in the struggle to retain it on the James, as against the determination of the Secretary of War to withdraw it to the line of the Rappahannock, there to act in conjunction with the Army of Virginia.

General McClellan was assured, in writing,

* At the time, it was publicly announced that General Halleck would assume command and take the field. General Pope had reason to believe that "he would eventually supersede McClellan," and McDowell had

tions. During this struggle he intelligently labored, omitting nothing which would insure the removal of the army without loss of men and material. This movement commenced at sundown on the 14th of August.

The withdrawal of the army changed the issue from the capture of Richmond to the security of Washington, transferred to the Federals the anxiety of the Confederates for their capital, and sounded an alarm throughout the Northern States.

Fitz John Porter.

been so satisfied of his future supremacy that he confided to a friend that "he would be at the highest round of the ladder."—F. J. P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—V.*

RETIRING FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY.



THE CAMP KITCHEN. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

ON the 25th of June preparations were made for a general advance from our position at Fair Oaks. Our pickets on the left were moved forward to an open field crossed by the Williamsburg road, and our lines then pushed forward beyond a swampy belt of timber, which for several days had been contested ground. Our troops, going in with a dash, met little serious resistance. The ground was so marshy in places that our men were obliged to cluster round the roots of trees or stand knee-deep in water. On the 27th (the day of the battle of Gaines's Mill) and the 28th the enemy in our front were unusually demonstrative, if not active. Our pickets were often so near the enemy's outposts as to hear them talk. One of my comrades told me of a conversation he overheard one night between two of the "Johnnies."

"Uncle Robert," said one, "is goin' to gobble up the Yankee army and bring 'em to Richmond."

"Well," said his comrade, with a touch of incredulity in his tones, "we uns 'll have a right smart of 'em to feed; and what are we uns goin' to do with 'em when we uns catch 'em?"

"Oh," said the other, with a touch of contempt, "every one of we uns will have a Yank to tote our traps!"

On the 27th one of my comrades, while on picket, heard orders given as if to a large body

of men—"From right of companies to rear into column—right face. Don't get into a dozen ranks there. Why don't they move forward up the path?" These commands excited our vigilance. What puzzled us was that we could not hear the tramp of men, which is usual in moving large bodies of troops, when near enough to hear their voices. Later we knew that the Confederates in our front were keeping up a big show with a small number of troops. We heard the heavy booming of cannon, which told of Porter's battle on the north side of the Chickahominy, and on that day a balloon was seen over the Confederate capital. Every sign pointed to unusual activity in our front. Then Porter followed us to the south side of the Chickahominy, and the whole aspect of affairs was changed.

Details were made to destroy such stores as could not easily be removed in wagons, and some of our officers, high in rank, set an unselfish example by destroying their personal baggage. No fires were allowed to be kindled in the work of destruction. Tents were cut and slashed with knives; canteens punched with bayonets; clothing cut into shreds; sugar and whisky overturned on the ground, which absorbed it. Some of our men stealthily imitated mother earth as regards the whisky. Most of our officers appreciated the gravity of the situation, and were considerate enough to keep sober, in more senses than one. Early on the morning of the 29th the work of destruction was complete, our picket-line was relieved, and with faces that reflected the gloom of our hearts we turned our backs upon Richmond, and started upon the retreat. The gloom was rather that of surprise than of knowledge, as the movement was but slightly understood by the mass of the army, or for that matter by most of the officers.

The weather was suffocatingly hot; dust rose in clouds, completely enveloping the marching army; it was inhaled into our nostrils and throats, and covered every part of our clothing as if ashes had been sifted upon us. About nine o'clock line of battle was formed near Allen's farm. Occasionally the report of a sharp-shooter's rifle was heard in the woods. Some of the troops took advantage of

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such shade as was afforded by scattering trees and went to sleep. All were suddenly brought to their feet by a tremendous explosion of artillery. The enemy had opened from the woods south of the railroad, with great vigor and precision. This attack after some sharp fighting was repelled, and, slinging knapsacks, the march was again resumed over the dusty roads. It was scorching hot when they arrived at Savage's Station, and there again they formed line of battle.

Franklin's corps, which had fallen back from Golding's farm, joined us here, and a detail was made as at other places to destroy supplies; immense piles of flour, hard bread in boxes, clothing, arms, and ammunition were burned, smashed, and scattered. Two trains of railroad cars, loaded with ammunition and other supplies, were here fired, set in motion towards each other, and under a full head of steam came thundering down the track like flaming meteors. When they met in collision there was a terrible explosion. Other trains and locomotives were precipitated from the demolished Bottom's bridge. Clouds of smoke rose at various points north of us, showing that the work of destruction was going on in other places.

Here, awaiting the approach of the enemy, we halted, while wagons of every description passed over the road on the retreat. It was now five o'clock in the afternoon (though official reports put it as early as four), when dense clouds of dust, rising in long lines from the roads beyond, warned us of the approach of the enemy. Soon they advanced from the edge of the woods and opened fire from the whole mass of their artillery. Our guns responded. For nearly an hour not a musket was heard, but the air vibrated with the artillery explosions. Then the infantry became engaged in the woods. Even after the shadows of night covered the scene with their uncertain light, the conflict went on, until nine o'clock, when to the deep-toned Union cheers there were no answering high-pitched rebel yells.*

Our regiment occupied till after sundown a position opposite the hospital camp near the station. It was then ordered to charge the enemy, which was done under cover of the heavy smoke that hung over the field. At nine o'clock they began to care for the wounded, and to carry them to the amputating-table. Our "Little Day" was wounded through the

arm, but bandaged it himself. Wad Rider got another slight scalp-wound, which led him to remark, "Them cusses always aim for my head." Pendleton got what he called a ventilator through the side of his hat, the bullet grazing his head. One of the chaplains was indefatigable in his care of the wounded, and finally preferred to be taken prisoner rather than desert them.

Turning their backs upon the battle-field and the hospital camp of twenty-five hundred sick and wounded, who were abandoned to the enemy, the troops resumed their march. The long trains, of five thousand wagons and two thousand five hundred head of beef, had by this time crossed White Oak Swamp. The defile over which the army passed was narrow, but it possessed the compensating advantage that no attack could be made on the flank, because of the morass on either side. As fast as the rear-guard passed, trees were felled across the road to obstruct pursuit. Before daylight the Grand Army was across the swamp, with the bridge destroyed in the rear.

GLENDALE.

DURING the early morning hours of Monday, June 30th, our regiment was halted near a barn used as a temporary hospital. The boys lay down weary and footsore with fighting and marching. They were aroused about eight o'clock and resumed their march. At eleven they were halted near Nelson's farm. The country here began to change from swamp and wood to cultivated fields.

McCall's division, now numbering only about six thousand men, was formed nearly parallel to the New Market road, with his batteries in rear of the infantry. Kearny was within supporting distance on his right, guarding the space between the New Market and Charles City roads, while our corps, Sumner's with Hooker's division, were formed in the rear of McCall's advance line. To force the Union army from this key position and divide it, Longstreet gave battle. At 2:30 p. m., advancing with A. P. Hill by the Charles City road, he attacked with fury McCall's division. A heavy force of the enemy, passing through the woods, was hurled upon General Seymour's brigade, holding the left, who maintained a stubborn fight for two hours, finally causing him to fall back. Knieriem's and Diederichs' batteries were badly demoralized at this point. One of their officers blubbered outright. "Are you wounded? Are you killed?" asked Hooker's ironical jokers. "No; mine battery disgraces me worse than det," was his reply.

* At Savage's Station I had the ill-luck to be taken prisoner, and in consequence was "unavoidably absent" from our lines until August, when we were exchanged. I afterwards learned from my comrades their experiences and the gossip of the intervening half-dozen weeks, which is briefly outlined in what follows.—W. L. G.

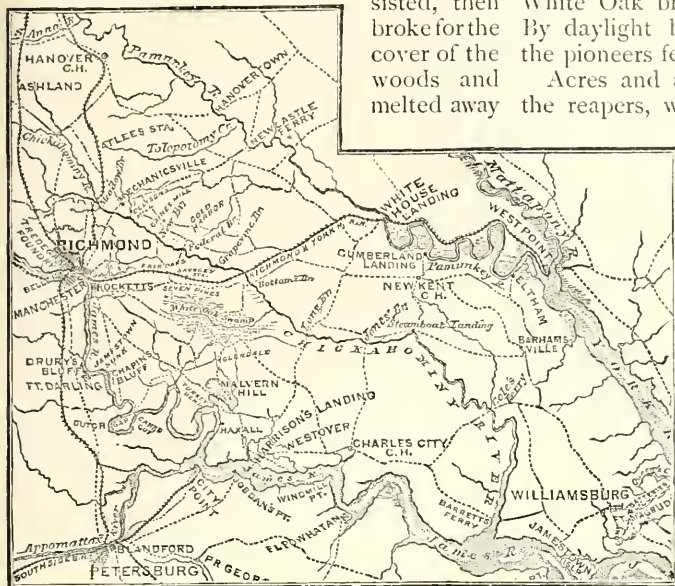
When McCall's division gave way the enemy, who had turned the left of the Union line, came down upon Sumner's troops, who soon received the order, "Forward, guide right"; and at double quick, while the batteries in the rear threw shot and shell over their heads into the ranks of the enemy, they pressed forward upon them. For a few moments the

enemy resisted, then broke for the cover of the woods and melted away

were the prevailing colors. Some of them had a strip of carpet for a blanket, but the raggedness of their outfit was no discredit to soldiers who fought as bravely as did these men.

Franklin's force, which had been disputing the passage of White Oak Swamp during the day, at dark retreated from that position, which made it prudent to retire our whole force from Glendale, for Jackson's forces at White Oak bridge would soon be upon us. By daylight began our march to Malvern. the pioneers felling trees in the rear.

Acres and acres of waving grain, ripe for the reapers, were seen on every side. The troops marched through the wheat, cutting off the tops and gathering them into their haversacks, for, except in more than ordinarily provident cases, they were out of rations and hungry, as well as lame and stiff from marching. The bands, which had been silent so long before Richmond, here began playing patriotic airs, which had a very inspiring effect. As they neared the James River and caught sight of our gun-boats, a cheer went up from each regiment. About eleven o'clock in the morning they took up position on the Malvern plateau.



THE CHANGE OF BASE FROM WHITE HOUSE TO HARRISON'S LANDING.
(SEE ALSO LARGE MAP, PAGE 453 OF THE JULY "CENTURY.")

MALVERN HILL.

THE morale of the army, notwithstanding its toilsome midnight marches and daily battles, with insufficient sleep and scanty food, was excellent. Its comparatively raw masses were now an army of veterans, tried in the fire of battle.

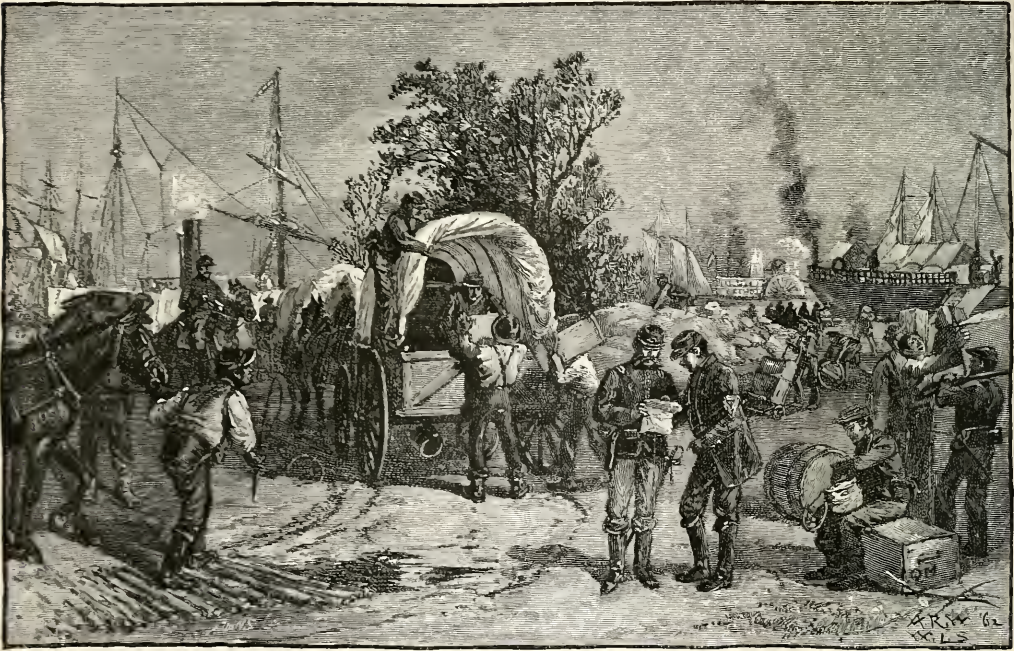
Our stragglers, their courage revived by sight of the gun-boats, came up the hill, seeking their regiments. One squad encountered half a dozen of the enemy's cavalry and charged them with empty muskets. Another squad came in with a Confederate wagon, in which were several wounded comrades rescued from the battle-field. Another squad had their haversacks filled with honey, and bore marks of a battle with bees. During the morning long lines of men with dusty garments and powder-blackened faces climbed the steep Quaker road. Footsore, hungry, and wearied, but not disheartened, these tired men took their positions and prepared for another day of conflict. The private soldiers were quick to perceive the advantages which

in the twilight shadows gathering over the field. Our artillery continued to shell the woods, and the din of musketry did not cease until long after dark. This Union victory insured the safety of the army, which until that hour had been in peril.

During the night many of the enemy's stragglers were captured. Hooker's men, who heard them in the strip of woods calling out the names of their regiments, stationed squads at different points to answer and direct them into the Union lines, where they were captured. "Here by the oak," our men would say in answer to their calls, and thus gathered in these lost children of the Confederacy. Our regiment captured five or six stragglers in much the same manner. Many of them were under the influence of stimulants. It was current talk at that time—to account for the desperate, reckless charges made during the day—that the Confederates were plied with whisky. I am not of that opinion, as whisky will not make men brave. Those captured wore a medley of garments which could hardly be called a uniform, though gray and butternut

the possession of Malvern Hill gave us, and such expressions as "How is this for Johnny Reb!" were heard on every hand. Wad Rider, complacently and keenly viewing the surroundings, said, "Satan himself couldn't whip

terrible. Soon it partly died away and was followed by roaring volleys, and then the irregular *snap, crack, crack* of firing at will of the musketry. It was the attack of G. B. Anderson's brigade of D. H. Hill's division upon



SUPPLYING THE HUNGRY ARMY AT HARRISON'S LANDING. (FROM SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD MADE AT THE TIME.)

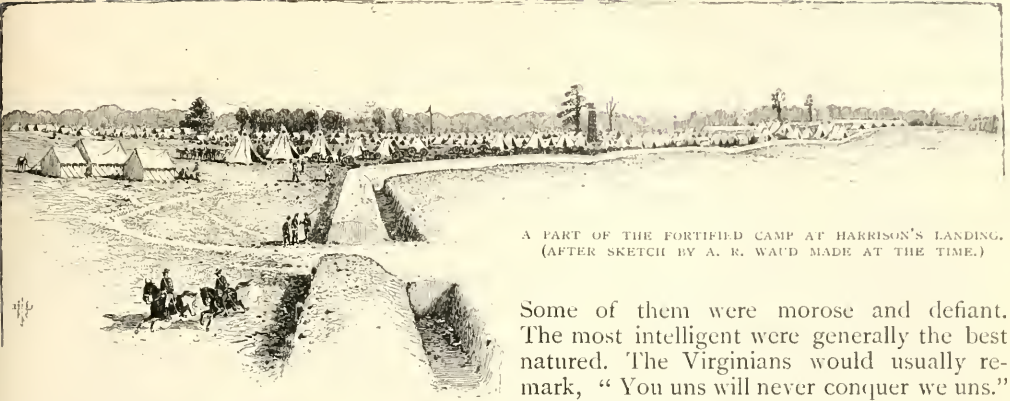
us out of this!" As soon as it was in position near the north front of the hill, our regiment was given the order, "In place—rest," and in a few minutes the men were asleep, lying upon their muskets.

Early in the forenoon skirmishing began along the new line. Some of the troops, while going up the hill to take their positions on the field, were fired upon by the enemy's batteries. Small parties advanced within musket-shot, evidently reconnoitering our position, and fired from the cover of the woods on our men. Shells from our gun-boats on the James came hoarsely spluttering over the heads of the troops. Occasionally hostile regiments appeared from the woods below the crest of the hill, and were as often driven back by our artillery.

The fighting of the day might be described as a succession of daring attacks and bloody repulses. Heavy firing began at different points soon after noon, followed by a lull. About three o'clock there was heard an explosion of artillery, with the well-known rebel yell, followed by the cheering of our men. The crash of artillery was even at this time

Couch's front. In a hand-to-hand struggle at this time, the Thirty-sixth New York captured the colors of the Fourteenth North Carolina and a number of prisoners. Couch then advanced his line to a grove, which gave a stronger position and a better range for the musketry. An assault at the same time was made along the left, but was speedily repulsed by the batteries. At four o'clock there was quiet. But the storm of battle at six o'clock burst upon Malvern cliff. Brigade after brigade came up the hill with impetuous courage, breasting the storm of canister, grape, and shell which devastated their ranks. Half-way up they would break in disorder, before the destructive cannonade and the deadly volleys of musketry. Vainly they were rallied. It was more than human courage could endure.

After D. H. Hill, Magruder made his attack. Our guns, grouped around the Crew house, opened upon the Confederates, as with fierce yells they charged up the slope. In some instances our infantry, being sheltered by the inequalities of the ground in front of the guns, withheld their fire until the charging column was within a few yards of them.



A PART OF THE FORTIFIED CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING.
(AFTER SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD MADE AT THE TIME.)

Some of them were morose and defiant. The most intelligent were generally the best natured. The Virginians would usually remark, "You uns will never conquer we uns." In general they were poorly clad.

Thus ended the Union advance on Richmond. The grand "Army of the Potomac" forced its way to within sight of the enemy's capital, only to fall back, in a desperate struggle of seven successive days, to the James River. Yet it preserved its trains, its courage, and its undaunted front, and inflicted upon the enemy heavier losses than it sustained. Though crowded back in the final movement, our army defeated the enemy on every battle-field but one during the seven days. The moral advantage was on the side of the Confederates; the physical on the side of the Federals. We had inflicted a loss of about 20,000 on the enemy, while sustaining a loss of but 15,849. The North was in humiliation over the result, while the Confederates rejoiced.

ON THE JAMES.

THE next morning at daybreak our regiment moved with its squad of prisoners down the road to Haxall's. Here, for some reason, they were halted for two or three hours while regiments, trains, and cattle moved over the narrow defile, jumbled in confusion together. There were loud discussions as to the right of way, and a deal of growling among the soldiers at retreating, after giving the "rebs" such a whipping; but most of them seemed to think "Little Mac" knew what he was about, and the enthusiasm for him grew in intensity rather than decreased. The halt gave leisure for talk with the prisoners. One of them was a good-looking, intelligent fellow about twenty-two years of age. He informed one of my comrades that he belonged to a North Carolina regiment. He was a college graduate, and the prospect of spending a summer at the North did not seem to displease him. He confidentially said that he had been a Union man just as long as he could, and finally went

Sometimes the enemy attacked from the cover of the ravine on the left, but they never reached the crest. Night came, yet the fight went on, with cheers answering to yells and gun answering to gun. The lurid flashes of artillery along the hostile lines, in the gathering darkness; the crackle of musketry, with flashes seen in the distance like fire-flies; the hoarse shriek of the huge shells from the gun-boats, thrown into the woods, made it a scene of terrible grandeur. The ground in front of Porter and Couch was literally covered with the dead and wounded. At nine o'clock the sounds of the battle died away, and cheer after cheer went up from the victors on the hill.

During the battle of Malvern Hill the infantry where my regiment was posted was not brought into active opposition to the enemy. They lay on the ground in front of the guns, which threw shot, shell, and canister over their heads. Several times after three o'clock brigades were sent from this position to act as supports where the attack was heaviest on Couch's lines. Just after three o'clock the artillery fire was heavy on our brigade, but the loss was light, owing to the protection afforded to the infantry by the inequalities of the ground. Between six and seven o'clock our company was detailed to guard prisoners; and about that time, as one of my comrades said, General Hooker rode by on his white horse, which formed a very marked contrast to his very red face. He rode leisurely and complacently, as if in no alarm or excitement, but looked very warm. Behind a bluff, not far from the Crew house, was the extemporized hospital towards which stretcher-bearers were carrying the wounded; those able to walk were hobbling, and in some instances were using a reversed musket for a crutch.

All of the prisoners were "played-out" men who had evidently seen hard service with marching, fighting, and short rations.

into the Confederate army to save his property and reputation and to avoid conscription. He added: "There are thousands in the South just like me. We didn't want the war, and resisted the sentiment of secession as long as

march and some right smart fighting, for Old Jack is powerful on prayer just before a big fight."

"Did you ever see General Lee?" I inquired of one of them.



THE WESTOVER MANSION, CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING, JULY, 1862.

we could. Now it has gone so far we've got to fight or sever all the associations with which our lives are interlinked. I know it is a desperate chance for the South. Look at your men, how they are disciplined, fed, and clothed, and then see how our men are fed and clothed. They are brave men, but they can't stand it forever. Southern men have got fight in them, and you will find them hard to conquer."

One lean "Johnny" was loud in his praise of Stonewall Jackson, saying: "He's a general, he is. If you uns had some good general like him, I reckon you uns could lick we uns. 'Old Jack' marches we uns most to death; a Confed that's under Stonewall has got to march."

"Does your general abuse you—swear at you to make you march?" inquired one of his listeners.

"Swear?" answered the Confederate; "no. Ewell he does the swearing; Stonewall does the praying. When Stonewall wants us to march he looks at us soberly, just as if he was sorry for we uns, but couldn't help it, and says, 'Men, we've got to make a long march.' We always know when there is going to be a long

"Yes, I was a sort of orderly for 'Uncle Robert' for a while. He's mighty calm-like when a fight is going on."

About ten o'clock in the morning the regiment resumed its march. It reached Harrison's Landing about four in the afternoon, just as it began to rain in torrents. Here they were relieved from guard duty and allowed the privilege of making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The level land which terminates in bluffs on the James River was covered with hundreds of acres of wheat ready for the harvest. The process of cutting for the army began without delay, and before night every blade of it was in use for bedding and forage; not a vestige remained to tell of the waving fields which had covered the plain a few hours previous. The fields whereon it stood were trampled under foot; not even a stubble stood in sight. Great fields of mud were the resting-place of the army. It was almost as muddy as if the waters of the deluge had just receded from the face of the earth. Mules, horses, and men were alike smeared and spotted with mire, and the ardor of the army was somewhat dampened thereby.



MCCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER. (FROM SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD, 1862.)

This house was the birthplace of General (afterward President) William Henry Harrison. During the month of July, 1862, it was used as a hospital and as a signal-station, the scaffolding about the chimneys having been built for that purpose.

At Harrison's Landing the army settled down to a period of rest, which was much needed. The heat during the day was intolerable, and prevented much exercise. Men lay under their shelter, smoked, told stories, discussed the scenes and battles of the previous month, and when evening came on visited each other's camps and sang the popular songs of the day. Those vampires of the army, the sutlers, charged double prices for everything they had to sell, until the soldiers began to regard them as their natural enemies. No change smaller than ten cents circulated in camp. It was the smallest price charged for anything. Sutlers' pasteboard checks were in good demand as change, and were very useful in playing the game of "bluff." Thus the army whiled away the month of July.

During August some of the prisoners captured from us on the seven days' retreat arrived in our lines for exchange. They were a sorry-looking crowd — emaciated, hungry, sick, ragged, and dirty. They did not have a high opinion of the entertainment they had received at Belle Isle and Libby prison.

During one of those quiet, still August nights, dark, and as close and muggy as only a night in "dog days" can be, some time after midnight, the whole camp was roused by the furious and rapid bursting of shells in our very midst. Imagine, if you can, a midnight shelling of a closely packed camp of fifty thousand men, without giving them one hint or thought of warning; imagine our dazed appearance as we rolled from under our canvas

coverings, and the running and dodging here and there, trying to escape from the objective point of the missiles. Of course the camp was a perfect pandemonium during the half hour that the shelling lasted. We soon discovered that the visitors came from a battery across the James River, and in twenty minutes a few of our guns silenced them completely. Most of these shells burst over and amongst us who occupied the center of the camp, near the old Harrison's Landing road. This road was lined on either side with large shade-trees, which were probably of some assistance to the enemy in training their guns.

While at Harrison's Landing there was a great deal of sickness. But, more than any other ailment, homesickness was prevalent. It made the most fearful inroads among the commissioned officers. Many sent in their resignations, which were promptly returned disapproved. One, who had not shown a disposition to face the enemy proportionate to his rank, hired two men to carry him on a stretcher to the hospital boat; and this valiant officer was absent from the army nearly a whole year. We believed at that time that some of the hospitals at the North, for the sake of the money made on each ration, sheltered and retained skulkers. In contrast with this was the noble action of men who insisted on joining their commands before their wounds were fairly healed, or while not yet recovered from their sickness.

Bathing and swimming in the James was a luxury to us soldiers, and did much, no doubt



DUMMIES AND QUAKER GUNS LEFT IN THE WORKS AT HARRISON'S LANDING ON THE EVACUATION BY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. (FROM SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

towards improving the health of the army. Boxes with goodies from home came by express in great numbers. One of my friends at one time received a whole cheese, and for a week was the envy of the company.

Hooker's brigade moved towards Malvern Hill on the second of August, and on the fourth attacked the enemy near Glendale. On the fifteenth all was bustle and confusion, getting ready for some movement—perhaps another advance on Richmond. But instead we took up our line of march down the Penin-

sula. The people on the way openly expressed hatred of us and sympathy with the rebellion. No guards were posted over the houses as heretofore, and we used the fences to cook our coffee, without reproach from our officers. At one house, near the landing, a notice was posted forbidding the burial of a Yankee on the estate. That house was very quickly and deliberately burned to the ground. Steamboats and wagons were crowded with our sick. After rapid marches we arrived at Hampton, and embarked again for Alexandria.

Warren Lee Goss.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Imboden's "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas."

THE series of War Papers now being published in THE CENTURY are of such extraordinary value as history and material for history, that it is desirable to have them as accurate as possible, and to correct even small errors of fact as they are stated. Allow me to correct two in General Imboden's article in the May CENTURY. The general could not have tossed "little Julia," the daughter and only child of Stonewall Jackson, in his arms three days after the battle of Bull Run, for she was not born until more than a year after that time. She might have been seen in "long dresses" near Fredericksburg, just before

her father was killed at Chancellorsville, for she was there making her first visit to the army, and was then only about six months old.

Again, General Jackson did not put General D. H. Hill under arrest while crossing the Potomac into Maryland at Leesburg. It was General A. P. Hill who was put under arrest on the day before we crossed the Potomac, Sept. 4th, for disobedience of orders in not moving his division as early in the morning as he was directed to do, and thereby delaying the prompt movement of the corps. I had given the order to General Hill fixing the hour for marching, and carried the order from General Jackson putting him under arrest. General Branch was in command of A. P. Hill's divis-

ion when we crossed the Potomac northward. I may add that General Jackson was seriously bruised and hurt by the falling of a vicious horse which was presented to him the day he crossed into Maryland; and being compelled to ride in an ambulance for a day, he turned the command of his corps over to General D. H. Hill for that day's march. After the battle of Sharpsburg, and while the army was encamped at Bunker Hill, the difficulty between Generals Jackson and A. P. Hill was revived, and they preferred charges against each other. Then General Lee took the matter up, and after an interview with each of them, the charges, which he had disapproved and returned, were mutually withdrawn, and that was the end of it—to all appearances.

General Imboden is right in his intimation that Major Harman was the only man who could swear before General Jackson with impunity. Jackson seemed to regard Harman's superior qualification in that line—and he was the most stalwart and stirring swearer I ever heard—as a necessary part of his equipment as quartermaster. Harman was the only quartermaster in the Confederacy who could have kept up with "Jackson's Foot Cavalry," but he and Jackson accomplished results by means and manners entirely different.

Hy. Kyd Douglas.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., May 15, 1885.

[Soon after the appearance of his article in the May CENTURY, General Imboden, in a letter which came too late for the July number, wrote to correct the two misstatements described above. He says that after the battle of Bull Run the camp was visited by the families of many officers, and that he had always supposed the child he saw at Stonewall Jackson's quarters to have been the general's daughter, Julia. In his anecdote of the arrest of General Hill, he confounded General D. H. Hill with General A. P. Hill, it having been the latter who was placed under arrest during that campaign, as explained by Colonel Douglas.—EDITOR.]

The Second Day at Seven Pines.

GENERAL D. H. HILL has called our attention to an error in General Gustavus W. Smith's paper in the May CENTURY, on "The Second Day at Seven Pines." General Smith quotes as follows from the Union general Mindil's account of the fighting on the second day (June 1):

"After Richardson's and Hooker's divisions and Birney's brigade had driven the Confederates well back from the railroad in front of the position held by Richardson during the night, Sickles' brigade united with these forces, and a general advance was made. No serious opposition was encountered, and Casey's camp was reoccupied before two o'clock P. M., the ground being covered with the rebel dead and wounded as well as our own."

The reports of both sides (Vol. XI., Part I., "War Records") show conclusively that the Confederates remained in possession of Casey's camp during the second day, and retired of their own accord the following night, their rear-guard withdrawing at sunrise of June 2.

EDITOR.

Subterranean Shells at Yorktown.

GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON, in his article "Manassas to Seven Pines," published in the May CENTURY, in referring to Jefferson Davis's statement about planting sub-terra shells in the vicinity of the citadel of Yorktown when the enemy evacuated that place says,— . . . "This event was not mentioned in General D. H. Hill's report, although General Rains belonged to his division, nor was it mentioned by our cavalry which followed Hill's division. Such an occurrence would have been known to the whole army, but it was not; so it must have been a dream of the writer."

My recollection of that circumstance is as follows: I was at that time assistant adjutant-general to General Fitz John Porter, who was director of the siege of Yorktown. On the morning of May 4th, 1862, our pickets sent in a prisoner, who said he was a Union man, had been impressed into the rebel service, and was one of a party detailed to bury some shells in the road and fields near the works. General Porter sent the man under guard to General McClellan, with a letter recommending that he and other prisoners be sent to take up the shells. A cavalry detachment passing along the road leading to Yorktown had some of its men and horses killed and wounded by these shells. Our telegraph operator was sent into Yorktown soon after our troops had got possession of the place. He trod upon one of the buried shells, which burst and terribly mangled both of his legs, from which he died soon after in great agony.

The next morning (May 5th) I rode over the road leading to Yorktown, and saw the place where the shells had exploded, and also saw several places where the location of the buried shells had been marked by small sticks inserted in the ground, with pieces of white cotton cloth tied to the sticks. In the casemates and covered ways about the fortifications I saw a number of large shells, placed so that they could easily be fired by persons unaware of their presence. It was the subject of general remark at the time, that the planting of these sub-terra shells was due to the ingenuity of General Rains. The substance of the above narrative is taken from my diary of May 4-5, 1862.

Fred T. Locke.

NEW YORK, May 16, 1885.

General Johnston's Chief of Artillery at Bull Run.

By inference, at least, General Imboden's paper in the May CENTURY, describing "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas," does injustice to the late General William N. Pendleton. General Imboden speaks of himself as the senior captain among the four captains of artillery of General Johnston's army. But, in fact, at the time of the march of the latter to reinforce Beauregard, Captain Pendleton, who was a West Pointer, had been promoted to be chief of artillery on General Johnston's staff with the rank of Colonel. General Imboden also says that up to the time he left the field with his exhausted battery, he did not see Colonel Pendleton with the latter's battery. But it is a fact that Colonel Pendleton was at times with his battery and active on the field as chief of artillery, as shown by the reports of

Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and Jackson, who comment on his services. Members of his battery have recently stated that he led them into the action.

EDITOR.

The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill.

IN the May CENTURY, page 149, referring to the retreat from Malvern Hill, July 2d, General McClellan gives Keyes's corps the credit of furnishing the entire rear-guard. You will find from the report of Colonel Averell, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, the rear-guard was made his command and consisted of his regiment of Heintzelman's corps, first brigade of Regular Infantry, consisting of the Third, Fourth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth infantry, of Porter's corps, and the New York Chasseurs, of Keyes's corps. To confirm this statement, let me refer you to "Official Records of the Rebellion," Vol. XI., Part II., page 235. In the same volume, page 193, will be found Keyes's official report, but no mention of Averell. In fact, Averell was the rear-guard to Turkey bridge and a mile beyond that point, where he found General Wessells of Keyes's corps. The official reports of Fitz John Porter, Sykes, and Buchanan all speak of Averell as having covered this retreat. The undersigned was a first lieutenant in the Twelfth Infantry, served through the Peninsula Campaign, was in command of Company D, First Battalion, at Malvern Hill, and remembers distinctly that the first brigade Regular Infantry slept on the field on the night of July 1st in line of battle. We were surprised the next morning to find that the entire army had retreated during the night, leaving Averell with his small command as a rear-guard to cover the retreat, which was done in the masterly manner stated by General McClellan, but by Averell, and not by Keyes.

Henry E. Smith.

UNITED STATES CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1885.

Notes of the Congress-Merrimac Fight.

THE editorial note, on page 750 of the March number of THE CENTURY, giving the anecdote regarding Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith's death, and the sending of his sword to his father, by flag of truce, should be supplemented by another, which gives a glimpse of a curious phase of human nature.

After Lieutenant Smith was killed, at the foot of the after ladder, on the gun-deck of the Congress, the writer took from his body his watch and chain, and one shoulder-strap, the other having been torn off by the shell which killed him. These were, in due time, sent to his father. When we abandoned the burning

ship Smith's body was placed in a cot, and lowered out of the bill-port, the men supposing that it was one of the wounded. During the following summer Admiral Smith's house in Washington was entered by burglars, and, among other things, the much valued watch of his dead son was carried off by them. The newspapers, in reporting the robbery, dwelt upon the distress occasioned to the admiral by the loss of the memento. Soon after, to the surprise of the family, they received the watch by express, with a letter from the burglars, declaring that if they had known the history of the watch they had taken, nothing would have induced them to touch it.

With regard to another matter in this connection, I note that Colonel Wood repeats the statement so often made, that the Congress was set on fire by hot shot late in the day. This is true; but she had been on fire for a long time before the hot shot of which he speaks were fired. The first broadsides exchanged on that day were from the starboard side of the Merrimac and the port side of the Congress; for the ship had not yet swung to the young flood when the Merrimac passed up. The heavy guns of the latter did fearful work. One of the eight-inch guns of the Congress, amidships on the gun-deck, was dismantled by this broadside, and all the gun's crew killed or mortally wounded,—besides very many others. This broadside must have set the Congress on fire near the after magazine. It was in my room, the third one aft, on the port side, that the smoke of burning wood soon became apparent, and it was there that the carpenter's crew cut away the berth, and then the skin of the ship, to enable them to get the hose down; but that fire was never put out, and gained from the first.

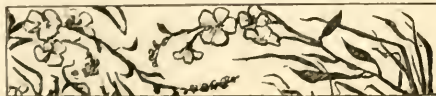
On page 742, in the same article, Colonel Wood speaks of the Congress coming within range as the Merrimac swung; and that then "he got in three raking shells" with the after pivot-gun. I can tell him what two of those shells did. The first one dismantled and knocked the muzzle off the starboard chase-gun,—a thirty-two pounder,—and killed or wounded every man at it. The second ranged through the stern-frame lower down, passed through the ward-room pantry, on the starboard side, through the ward-room and steerage, and out upon the berth-deck, killing or mortally wounding, in its passage, every one of the "full-boxes"—that is, the cooks and ward-room boys, who were the powder passers from the after magazine.

The powder division of the Congress was under the command of Purser McKean Buchanan, the brother of Captain Buchanan, of the Merrimac.

Edward Shippen,

PHILADELPHIA, March 5, 1885.

Medical Director U. S. N.



A FEW WORDS ABOUT HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY was of the sanguineous temperament. "His nature," as he said of himself, "was warm, his temper ardent, his disposition enthusiastic." He was of a light complexion with light hair. His eyes were blue, and when he was excited were singularly brilliant and attractive. His forehead was high and full of promise of intelligence. In stature he was over six feet. Spare and long-limbed, he stood erect as if full of vigor and vitality, and ever ready to command. His countenance expressed perpetual wakefulness and activity. His voice was music itself, and yet penetrating and far-reaching, enchanting the listener; his words flowed rapidly, without sing-song or mannerism, in a clear and steady stream. Neither in public nor in private did he know how to be dull. His nature was quickly sensitive; his emotions, like his thoughts, moved swiftly, and were not always under his control. He was sometimes like a sportsman who takes pleasure in pursuing his game; and sometimes could chide with petulance. I was present once when in the Senate he was provoked by what he thought the tedious opposition of a Senator of advanced old age, and in his anger he applied to him the two lines of Pope:

"Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last."

But if he was not master of the art of self-restraint and self-government, he never took home with him a feeling of resentment; never stored up in memory grievances or enmities; never harbored an approach to malice or a hidden discontent or dislike.

As a party leader he was impatient of reserve or resistance, and ever ready to crack the whip over any one that should show a disposition to hang back, sparing not even men of as much ability as himself.

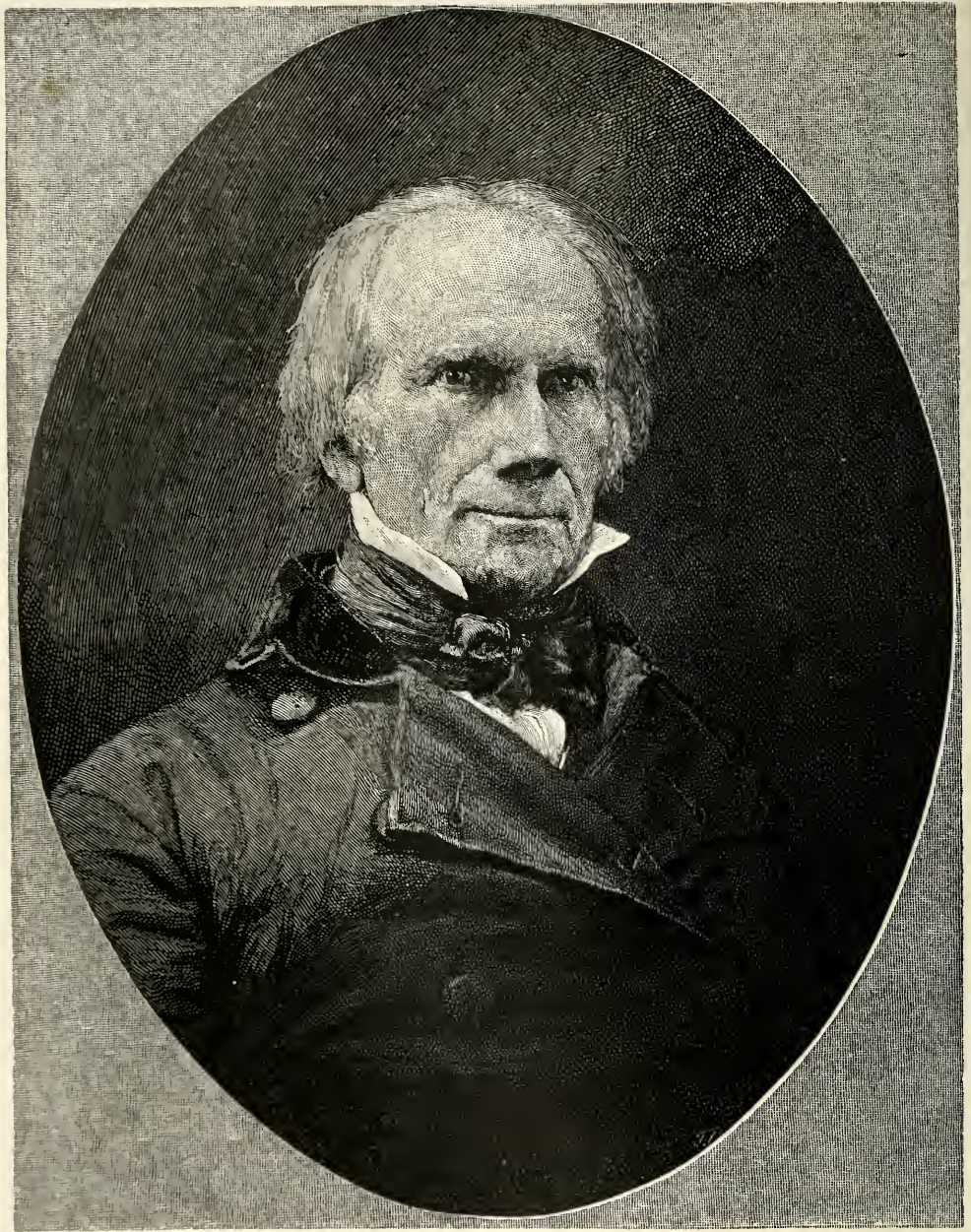
When he first became distinguished before the nation, he astonished by his seemingly inexhaustible physical strength; and the public mind made up its opinion, half fabulous, and yet in substance true, that he knew nothing of fatigue; that after a long day's service as Speaker of the House of Representatives, or as the leading debater when the House was in committee and the session continued into the night, he would at the adjournment come forth, as if watching and long and close attention to business had refreshed him and left him only more eager for the gay society of his

friends. But years flew over him, and this man of an heroic mold, of mental activity that could not be worn out, of physical forces that defied fatigue, in his seventy-fifth year could not hide from himself the symptoms of decline.

Philadelphia, seemingly by some divine right of succession, has always a constellation of men, adepts in the science of life, and alike skillful and successful in practice. At that time Samuel Jackson, one of the great physicians of his day, was in the zenith of his fame, and was well known for his genial kindness of nature as well as for consummate skill in his profession.

When Henry Clay was debating in his mind the nature of his disease, and as yet had not quite renounced the hope of a renewal of his days of action, he sought counsel of Samuel Jackson. He was greatly in earnest and wanted to know the truth, the exact and whole truth. His question was, if the evident decline in his strength was so far beyond relief that he must surely die soon. He required an explicit answer, without color or reserve, however unpleasant it might be for the physician to announce an unfavorable result. Dr. Jackson made a careful examination of his condition, found the case to be a clear one, and had the courage to make to the hero of a hundred parliamentary battles a faithful report. The great statesman received the communication that for him life was near its close, not without concern, but yet with the fortitude of resignation. He declared that he had no dread of death, but he was still troubled by one fear, which was probably suggested to him by the recollection of the magnificent constitution with which he had started in life. That fear was not of death, but of the mode of dying; he had a terrible apprehension that his last hours would be hours of anguish in a long agonizing struggle between life and death; this and this only, he said, was the thought that now lay heavily on his mind. Dr. Jackson explained to him the nature of his malady and the smooth and tranquil channel in which it was to run, and assured him with a sagacity which did not admit of question, that in his last hour he would die as quietly as an infant falls asleep in its cradle. "You give me infinite relief," answered Clay. The chief terror which death had for him vanished.

Clay left not an enemy behind him. John Caldwell Calhoun began his national career as a member of the twelfth House of Repre-



HENRY CLAY.

[ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD, FROM THE DAGUERRETYPE OWNED BY ALFRED HASSACK.]

sentatives. He took his seat in Congress in November, 1811, just two days too late to give his vote for Henry Clay as Speaker.

Calhoun was immediately drawn into the closest relations with Clay, alike from admiration of his talents and agreement with his mode of treating the great questions of that day.

He always remembered this earliest part of his public service with perfect satisfaction. It was from him I learned that he and Clay were of one mind on our foreign relations, and that for their zeal in support of the honor of the country against the long-continued aggressions of Britain, they two and others of the House, of whom he named only Bibb, were known at the time by the name of "the war mess."

Twelve years later, the two became estranged from each other, and the parts which they severally took corresponded to the differences in their character. Clay was a man by the character of his mind inclined to compromises; Calhoun was in his logic unyielding, and ever ready to push the principle which he supported to its extreme results. In 1823 each of them was put forward as a candidate for the Presidency at the ensuing election. In vain did the friends of Calhoun strive to restrain his ambition. Seaton, of the "National Intelligencer," taking a morning walk with him near the banks of the Potomac, struggled to induce him to abide his time, saying: "If you succeed now, you will be through with your two terms while you are still too young for retirement; and what occupation will you find when the eight years are over?" He answered: "I will retire and write my memoirs." Yet Calhoun, moved by very different notions from those which dictated the restraining advice of Seaton, assented to being the candidate for the second place; Andrew Jackson and many competitors being candidates for the first. It seemed that all parties were courting Calhoun, that he was the favorite of the nation; while Andrew Jackson for the moment signally failed, Calhoun was borne into the chair of

the Vice-President by the vote of more than two-thirds of the electors.

The political antagonism between Clay and Calhoun never ceased; their relations of personal amity were broken off, and remained so for about a quarter of a century. But not very long before the death of Calhoun, Clay took pains to let his own strong desire for an interview of reconciliation be made known to his old friend and hearty associate in the time of our second war for independence. The invitation was readily accepted. In the interview between the two statesmen, at which Andrew Pickens Butler, senator from South Carolina, was present, Clay showed genial self-possession and charm of manner that was remarked upon at the time and remembered; while the manner of Calhoun bore something of embarrassment and constraint.

Party records, biographies, and histories might lead to a supposition that the suspension of personal relations between Clay and Andrew Jackson raged more fiercely than in truth was the case. Jackson did full justice to Clay as a man of warm affections, which extended not to his family and friends only, but to his country.

Of our great statesmen, Madison is the one who held Henry Clay in the highest esteem; and in conversation freely applauded him, because on all occasions he manifested a fixed purpose to prevent a conflict between the States.

In the character of Clay, that which will commend him most to posterity is his love of the Union; or, to take a more comprehensive form of expression, his patriotism, his love for his country, his love for his whole country. He repeatedly declares in his letters that on crossing the ocean to serve in a foreign land, every tie of party was forgotten, and that he knew himself only as an American. At home he could be impetuous, swift in decision, unflinching, of an imperative will; and yet in his action as a guiding statesman, whenever measures came up that threatened to rend the continent in twain, he was inflexible in his resolve to uphold the Constitution and the Union.

George Bancroft.



Head-Quarters, Appomattox C. R. Va.

Apr. 9th 1865, 4.30 o'clock, P M.

Gen. Lee surrendered the Army
of Northern Va this afternoon on
terms proposed by myself. The
accompanying additional cor-
respondence will show the
condition fully.

U. S. Grant
J. Lee

By Command of

FAC-SIMILE OF GENERAL GRANT'S DISPATCH ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

At the request of the Editor, General Badeau has given the history of the dispatch in the following letter:

"On Sunday afternoon, the 9th of April, 1865, as General Grant was riding to his headquarters from the farm-house in which he had received the surrender of Lee, it occurred to him that he had made no report of the event to the Government. He halted at once and dismounted, with his staff, in a rough field, within the National lines. Sitting on a stone, he asked for paper. I happened to be

near, and offered him my memorandum-book, such as staff-officers often carry for orders or reports in the field. He laid the book on his knee and wrote the above dispatch in pencil; he handed it to me, and told me to send it to the telegraph operator. I asked him if I might copy the dispatch for the operator and retain the original. He assented and I rewrote the paper, the original of which is in the keeping of THE CENTURY magazine. "TANNERSVILLE, N. Y., July 10, 1885. Adam Badeau."

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT.*

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

THE city of Vicksburg was important to the Confederates on account of its railroad connections; the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad connecting it with all the Southern Confederacy east of the Mississippi river, and the Vicksburg and Shreveport railroad connecting it with all their country west of that great stream. It was important to the North because it commanded the river itself, the natural outlet to the sea of the commerce of all the Northwest.

The Mississippi flows through a low alluvial valley many miles in width, and is very tortuous in its course, running to all points of the compass sometimes within a few miles.

This valley is bounded on the east side by a range of high lands rising in some places more than two hundred feet above the general level of the valley. Running from side to side of the valley, the river occasionally washes the base of the high land, or even cuts into it, forming elevated and precipitous bluffs. On the first of these south of Memphis, and some four hundred miles distant by the windings of the river from that city, stands the city of Vicksburg.

On account of its importance to both North and South, Vicksburg became the objective point of the Army of the Tennessee in the fall of 1862. It is generally regarded as an axiom

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war that all great armies in an enemy's country should start from a base of supplies, which should be fortified and guarded, and to which the army should fall back in case of disaster. The first movement looking towards Vicksburg as an objective point was begun early in November, 1862, and conformed to this axiom. It followed the line of the Mississippi Central railroad, with Columbus, Kentucky, as a base; and soon after it started a cooperating column was moved down the river in transports, with Memphis as its base. In the event of these movements failing, the entire army of the Tennessee was transferred to the neighborhood of Vicksburg and landed on the opposite side of the river at Milliken's Bend. Here, after spending about three months trying to get upon the high land, and also waiting for the waters of the Mississippi, which were very high this winter, to recede, I determined to march below Vicksburg, take Grand Gulf, hold it, and operate with the aid of Banks's army against Port Hudson, using New Orleans as my base of supplies; then to turn against Vicksburg with the combined forces, retaining New Orleans as our base. In pursuance of this determination, the army was marched to a point below Vicksburg on the Louisiana side, and the batteries were run by the fleet and some of the transports.

On the 29th of April the troops were at Grand Times, and the fleet, under Admiral Porter, made an attack upon Grand Gulf, while reconnoitered the position of the enemy on the tug, to see if it was possible to make a landing. Finding that place too strong, I moved the army below Grand Gulf to De Shroon's, turning the batteries there as we had done at Vicksburg. Learning here from an old negro that there was a good road from Bruinsburg to Port Gibson, I determined to cross and move upon Grand Gulf from the rear.

April 30th was spent in transporting troops across the river. These troops were moved out towards Port Gibson as fast as they were landed. On the 1st of May the advance met the enemy under Bowen about four miles west of Port Gibson, where quite a severe battle was fought, resulting in the defeat of the enemy, who were driven from the field. On May 2d our troops moved into Port Gibson, and, finding that the bridges over Bayou Pierre were destroyed, spent the balance of the day in rebuilding and crossing them, and marching to the North Fork, where we encamped for the night. During the night we rebuilt the bridge across the North Fork, which had also been destroyed, and the next day (the 3d) pushed on, and, after considerable skirmishing, reached the Big Black,

near Hankinson's Ferry, and the Mississippi at Grand Gulf.

On the 3d I went into Grand Gulf, and spent the afternoon and until late that night in writing letters to Washington and orders for the next movement of the army. Here I also received a letter from Banks stating that he could not be at Port Hudson for some days, and then with an army of only fifteen thousand men. As I did not regard this force of as much value as the time which would be lost in waiting for it, I determined to move on to Vicksburg.

The 4th, 5th, and 6th of May were spent in reconnoitering towards Vicksburg, and also in crossing Sherman's troops over to Grand Gulf. On the 7th, Sherman having joined the main body of the army, the troops across the Big Black were withdrawn, and the movement was commenced to get in position on the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad so as to attack Vicksburg from the rear. This occupied the army from the 7th to the 12th, when our position was near Fourteen Mile creek, Raymond being our right flank, our left resting on the Big Black. To obtain this position we fought the battle of Raymond, where Logan's and Crocker's divisions of McPherson's corps defeated the Confederates under General Gregg, driving him back on Jackson; Sherman and McClernand both having some skirmishing where they crossed Fourteen Mile creek.

As the army under Pemberton was on my left flank, and that under General Joseph E. Johnston on my right at Jackson, I determined to move the army rapidly on Jackson, capturing and destroying that place as a military depot; then turn west and destroy the army under Pemberton, or drive it back into Vicksburg. The 13th was spent in making the first of these moves. On the 14th Jackson was attacked with Sherman's and McPherson's corps. The place was taken, and all supplies that could be of service to the enemy were destroyed, as well as the railroad bridge.

On the 15th the troops were faced to the west and marched towards Pemberton, who was near Edwards's Station. The next day, the 16th, we met the enemy at Champion's Hill, and, after a hard-fought battle, defeated and drove him back towards Vicksburg, capturing eighteen guns and nearly three thousand men. This was the hardest-fought battle of the campaign.

On the 17th we reached the Big Black, where we found the enemy intrenched. After a battle of two or three hours' duration we succeeded in carrying their works by storm, capturing much artillery and about twelve hundred men. In their flight the enemy de-

stroyed the bridge across the Big Black, so that the balance of the day and night was spent in building bridges across that stream.

We crossed on the morning of the 18th, and the outworks of Vicksburg were reached before night, the army taking position in their front. On the 19th there was continuous skirmishing with the enemy while we were getting into better positions. The enemy's troops had been much demoralized by their defeats at Champion's Hill and the Big Black, and I believed he would not make much of an effort to hold Vicksburg. Accordingly at two o'clock I ordered an assault. It resulted in securing more advanced positions for all our troops, where they were fully covered from the fire of the enemy, and the siege of Vicksburg began.

The 20th and 21st were spent in strengthening our position, and in making roads in rear of the army, from Yazoo river or Chickasaw bayou. Most of the army had now been for three weeks with only five days' rations issued by the commissary. They had had an abundance of food, however, but had begun to feel the want of bread. I remember that, in passing around to the left of the line on the 21st, a soldier, recognizing me, said in rather a low voice, but yet so that I heard him, "*Hard-tack.*" In a moment the cry was taken up all along the line, "*Hard-tack! hard-tack!*" I told the men nearest to me that we had been engaged ever since the arrival of the troops in building a road over which to supply them with everything they needed. The cry was instantly changed to cheers. By the night of the 21st full rations were issued to all the troops. The bread and coffee were highly appreciated.

I now determined on a second assault. Johnston was in my rear, only fifty miles away, with an army not much inferior in numbers to the one I had with me, and I knew he was being reënforced. There was danger of his coming to the assistance of Pemberton, and after all he might defeat my anticipations of capturing the garrison, if, indeed, he did not prevent the capture of the city. The immediate capture of Vicksburg would save sending me the reënforcements which were so much wanted elsewhere, and would set free the army under me to drive Johnston from the State. But the first consideration of all was that the troops believed they could carry the works in their front, and would not have worked so patiently in the trenches if they had not been allowed to try.

The attack was ordered to commence on all parts of the line at ten o'clock a. m. on the 22d with a furious cannonade from every battery in position. All the corps commanders

set their time by mine, so that all might open the engagement at the same minute. The attack was gallant, and portions of each of the three corps succeeded in getting up to the very parapets of the enemy, and in planting their battle-flags upon them; but at no place were we able to enter. General McClelland reported that he had gained the enemy's intrenchments at several points, and wanted reënforcements. I occupied a position from which I believed I could see as well as he what took place in his front, and I did not see the success he reported. But his request for reënforcements being repeated, I could not ignore it, and sent him Quinby's division of the Seventeenth Corps. Sherman and McPherson were both ordered to renew their assaults as a diversion in favor of McClelland. This last attack only served to increase our casualties, without giving any benefit whatever. As soon as it was dark our troops that had reached the enemy's line and had been obliged to remain there for security all day were withdrawn, and thus ended the last assault on Vicksburg.

A regular siege was now determined upon,—to "out-camp the enemy," as it were, and to incur no more losses. The experience of the 22d convinced officers and men that this was best, and they went to work on the defenses and approaches with a will. With the navy holding the river, the investment of Vicksburg was complete. As long as we could hold our position, the enemy was limited in supplies of food, men, and munitions of war, to what he had on hand. These could not last always.

The crossing of troops at Bruinsburg had commenced April 30th. On the 18th of May the army was in rear of Vicksburg. On the 19th, just twenty days after the movement began, the city was completely invested and an assault had been made. Five distinct battles—besides continuous skirmishing—had been fought and won by the Union forces; the capital of the State had fallen, and its arsenals, military manufactories, and everything useful for military purposes, had been destroyed; an average of about one hundred and eighty miles had been marched by the troops engaged; but five days' rations had been issued, and no forage; over 6000 prisoners had been captured, and as many more of the enemy had been killed or wounded; twenty-seven heavy cannon and sixty-one field-pieces had fallen into our hands; and four hundred miles of the river, from Vicksburg to Port Hudson, had become ours. The Union force that had crossed the Mississippi river up to this time was less than forty-three thousand men. One division of these, Blair's, only arrived in time to take part in the battle of Champion's Hill, but was not engaged

there, and one brigade, Ransom's, of McPherson's corps reached the field after the battle. The enemy had at Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Jackson, and on the roads between these places, quite sixty thousand men. They were in their own country, where no rear-guards were necessary. The country was admirable for defense, but difficult to conduct an offensive campaign in. All their troops had to be met. We were fortunate, to say the least, in meeting them in detail: at Port Gibson, seven or eight thousand; at Raymond, five thousand; at Jackson, from eight to eleven thousand; at Champion's Hill, twenty-five thousand; at the Big Black, four thousand. A part of those met at Jackson were all that was left of those encountered at Raymond. They were beaten in detail by a force smaller than their own, upon their own ground. Our losses up to this time had been:

Killed. Wounded. Missing.

Port Gibson.....	131	719	25
South Fork, Bayou Pierre..		1	
Skirmishes May 3.....	1	9	
Fourteen Mile Creek.....	6	24	
Raymond.....	66	339	37
Jackson.....	42	251	7
Champion's Hill.....	410	1844	187
Big Black.....	39	237	3
Bridgeport.....		1	
Total.....	695	3425	259

Of the wounded many were but slightly so, and continued on duty. Not half of them were disabled for any length of time.*

After the unsuccessful assault of the 22d, the work of the regular siege began. Sherman occupied the right, starting from the river above Vicksburg; McPherson the center (McArthur's division now with him); and McClelland the left, holding the road south to Warrenton. Lauman's division arrived at this time, and was placed on the extreme left of the line.

In the interval between the assaults of the 19th and 22d, roads had been constructed from the Yazoo river and Chickasaw Bayou, around the rear of the army, to enable us to bring up supplies of food and ammunition; ground had been selected and cleared on which the troops were to be encamped, and tents and cooking utensils were brought up. The troops had been without these from the time of crossing the Mississippi up to this time. All was now ready for the pick and spade. Prentiss and Hurlbut were ordered to send forward every man that could be spared. Cavalry especially was wanted to watch the fords along the Big Black, and to observe Johnston. I knew that

Johnston was receiving reënforcements from Bragg, who was confronting Rosecrans in Tennessee. Vicksburg was so important to the enemy that I believed he would make the most strenuous efforts to raise the siege, even at the risk of losing ground elsewhere.

My line was more than fifteen miles long, extending from Haines's Bluff to Vicksburg, thence to Warrenton. The line of the enemy was about seven. In addition to this, having an enemy at Canton and Jackson in our rear, who was being constantly reënforced, we required a second line of defense facing the other way. I had not troops enough under my command to man this. General Halleck appreciated the situation and, without being asked for reënforcements, forwarded them with all possible dispatch.

The ground about Vicksburg is admirable for defense. On the north it is about two hundred feet above the Mississippi river at the highest point, and is very much cut up by the washing rains; the ravines were grown up with cane and underbrush, while the sides and tops were covered with a dense forest. Farther south the ground flattens out somewhat, and was in cultivation; but here, too, it was cut by ravines and small streams. The enemy's line of defense followed the crest of a ridge, from the river north of the city, eastward, then southerly around to the Jackson road, full three miles back of the city. Deep ravines of the description given lay in front of these defenses. As there is a succession of gullies, cut out by rains, along the side of the ridge, the line was necessarily very irregular. To follow each of these spurs with intrenchments, so as to command the slopes on either side, would have lengthened their line very much. Generally, therefore, or in many places, their line would run from near the head of one gully nearly straight to the head of another, and an outer work, triangular in shape, generally open in the rear, was thrown up on the point. With a few men in this outer work, they commanded the approaches to the main line completely.

The work to be done to make our position as strong against the enemy as his was against us, was very great. The problem was also complicated by our wanting our line as near that of the enemy as possible. We had but four engineer officers with us. Captain Prime, of the Engineer Corps, was the chief, and the work at the beginning was mainly directed by him. His health, however, soon gave out, when he was succeeded by Captain Comstock, also of the Engineer Corps. To

* The official revised statements of losses soon to be published by Colonel Robert N. Scott of the War Records Office (of which the above table is a part), show that the aggregate Union losses from May 1 to July 4, were: killed, 1514; wounded, 7395; captured or missing, 453; —total, 9362—EDITOR.

provide assistants on such a long line, I directed that all officers who were graduates at West Point, where they had necessarily to study military engineering, should, in addition to their other duties, assist in the work. The chief quartermaster and the chief commissary were graduates. The chief commissary, now the commissary-general of the army, begged off, however, saying that there was nothing in engineering that he was good for, unless he would do for a sap-roller. As soldiers require rations while working in the ditches as well as when marching and fighting, and as we should be sure to lose him if he was used as a sap-roller, I let him off. The general is a large man,—weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, and is not tall.

We had no siege-guns except six thirty-two pounders, and there were none at the West to draw from. Admiral Porter, however, supplied us with a battery of navy-guns of large caliber, and with these, and the field-artillery used in the campaign, the siege began. The first thing to do was to get the artillery in batteries where they would occupy commanding positions; then, to establish the camps, under cover from the fire of the enemy, but as near up as possible; and then to construct rifle-pits and covered ways, to connect the entire command by the shortest route. The enemy did not harass us much while we were constructing our batteries. Probably their artillery ammunition was short, and their infantry was kept down by our sharpshooters, who were always on the alert and ready to fire at a head whenever it showed itself above the rebel works.

In no place were our lines more than six hundred yards from the enemy. It was necessary, therefore, to cover our men by something more than the ordinary parapet. To give additional protection, sand-bags, bullet-proof, were placed along the tops of the parapets, far enough apart to make loopholes for musketry. On top of these, logs were put. By these means the men were enabled to walk about erect when off duty, without fear of annoyance from sharpshooters. The enemy used in their defense explosive musket-balls, thinking, no doubt, that, bursting over our men in the trenches, they would do some execution. I do not remember a single case where a man was injured by a piece of one of these shells. When they were hit, and the ball exploded, the wound was terrible. In these cases a solid ball would have hit as well. Their use is barbarous, because they produce increased suffering without any corresponding advantage to those using them.

The enemy could not resort to our method to protect their men, because we had an inexhaustible supply of ammunition to draw

upon, and used it freely. Splinters from the timber would have made havoc among their men behind.

There were no mortars with the besiegers, except those that the navy had in front of the city; but wooden ones were made by taking logs of the toughest wood that could be found, boring them out for six or twelve pounder shells, and binding them with strong iron bands. These answered as coehorns, and shells were successfully thrown from them into the trenches of the enemy.

The labor of building the batteries and of intrenching was largely done by the pioneers, assisted by negroes who came within our lines and who were paid for their work; but details from the line had often to be made. The work was pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and when an advanced position was secured and covered from the fire of the enemy, the batteries were advanced. By the 30th of June there were two hundred and twenty guns in position, mostly light field-pieces, besides a battery of heavy guns belonging to, and manned and commanded by, the navy. We were now as strong for defense against the garrison of Vicksburg as they were against us; but I knew that Johnston was in our rear, and was receiving constant reinforcements from the East. He had at this time a larger force than I had had at any time prior to the battle of Champion's Hill.

As soon as the news of the arrival of the Union army behind Vicksburg reached the North, floods of visitors began to pour in. Some came to gratify curiosity; some to see sons or brothers who had passed through the terrible ordeal; members of the Christian and Sanitary commissions came to minister to the wants of the sick and the wounded. Often those coming to see a son or brother would bring a dozen or two of poultry. They did not know how little the gift would be appreciated. The soldiers had lived so much on chickens, ducks, and turkeys, without bread, during the march, that the sight of poultry, if they could get bacon, almost took away their appetite.

Among the earliest arrivals was the Governor of Illinois, with most of the State officers. I naturally wanted to show them what there was of most interest. In Sherman's front the ground was the most broken and most wooded, and more was to be seen without exposure. I therefore took them to Sherman's headquarters and presented them. Before starting out to look at the lines—possibly while Sherman's horse was being saddled—there were many questions asked about the late campaign, about which the North had been so imperfectly informed. There was a

little knot around Sherman, and another around me, and I heard Sherman repeating in the most animated manner, "Grant is entitled to every bit of the credit for the campaign. I opposed it. I wrote him a letter opposing it." But for this speech it is not likely that Sherman's opposition would have ever been heard of. His untiring energy and great efficiency during the campaign entitled him to a full share of all the credit due for its success. He could not have done more if the plan had been his own.

On the 26th of May I sent Blair's division up the Yazoo to drive out a force of the enemy supposed to be between the Big Black and the Yazoo. The country was rich, and full of supplies of both food and forage. Blair was instructed to take all of it. The cattle were to be driven in for the use of our army, and the food and forage to be consumed by our troops or by fire; all bridges were to be destroyed, and the roads rendered as nearly impassable as possible. Blair went forty-five miles, and was gone nearly a week. His work was effectually done. I requested Admiral Porter at this time to send the Marine Brigade, a floating nondescript force which had been assigned to his command, and which proved very useful, up to Haines's Bluff to hold it until reënforcements could be sent.

On the 26th I received a letter from Banks, asking me to reënforce him with ten thousand men at Port Hudson. Of course I could not comply with his request, nor did I think he needed them. He was in no danger of an attack by the garrison in his front, and there was no army organizing in his rear to raise the siege.

On the 3d of June a brigade from Hurlbut's command arrived, General Nathan Kimball commanding. It was sent to Mechanicsburg, some miles north-east of Haines's Bluff, and about midway between the Big Black and the Yazoo. A brigade of Blair's division and twelve hundred cavalry had already, on Blair's return from up the Yazoo, been sent to the same place with instructions to watch the crossings of the Big Black river, to destroy the roads in his (Blair's) front, and to gather or destroy all supplies.

On the 7th of June our little force of colored and white troops across the Mississippi, at Milliken's Bend, were attacked by about three thousand men from Richard Taylor's trans-Mississippi command. With the aid of the gun-boats the enemy were speedily repelled. I sent Mower's brigade over with instructions to drive the Confederates beyond the Tensas Bayou, and we had no further trouble in that quarter during the siege. This was the first important engagement of the war in which colored troops were under fire. These men were very raw, having all been enlisted since the beginning of the siege, but they behaved well.

On the 8th of June a full division arrived from Hurlbut's command, under General Sooy Smith. It was sent immediately to Haines's Bluff, and General C. C. Washburn was assigned to the general command at that point.

On the 11th a strong division arrived from the Department of the Missouri under General Herron, which was placed on our left. This cut off the last possible chance of communication between Pemberton and Johnston, as it enabled Lauman to close up on McClernand's left, while Herron intrenched from Lauman to the water's edge. At this point the water recedes a few hundred yards from the high land. Through this opening, no doubt, the Confederate commanders had been able to get messengers under cover of night.

On the 14th General Parke arrived with two divisions of Burnside's corps, and was immediately dispatched to Haines's Bluff. These latter troops — Herron's and Parke's — were the reënforcements, already spoken of, sent by Halleck in anticipation of their being needed. They arrived none too soon.

I now had about seventy-one thousand men. More than half were disposed across the peninsula between the Yazoo, at Haines's Bluff, and the Big Black; while the division of Osterhaus was watching the crossings of the latter river farther south, from the crossing of the Jackson road to Baldwin's Ferry, and below.

There were eight roads leading into Vicksburg, along which, and to their immediate sides, our work was specially pushed and batteries were advanced; but no commanding point within range of the enemy was neglected.

On the 17th I received letters from Generals Sherman and McPherson, saying that their respective commands had complained to them of a fulsome congratulatory order, published by General McClernand to the Thirteenth Corps, which did great injustice to the other troops engaged in the campaign. This order had been sent north and published, and now papers containing it had reached our camps. The order had not been heard of by me, and certainly not by troops outside of McClernand's command, until brought in this way. I wrote at once to McClernand, directing him to send me a copy of this order. He did so, and I immediately relieved him from the command of the Thirteenth Army Corps, and ordered him back to Springfield, Illinois. The publication of his order in the press was in violation of War Department orders and also of mine.

On the 22d of June positive information was received that Johnston had crossed the Big Black river for the purpose of attacking our rear, to raise the siege and release Pemberton. The correspondence between Johnston and

Pemberton shows that all expectation of holding Vicksburg had by this time passed from Johnston's mind. I immediately ordered Sherman to the command of all the forces from Haines's Bluff to the Big Black river. These amounted now to quite half the troops about Vicksburg. Besides these, Herron's and A. J. Smith's divisions were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to reënforce Sherman. Haines's Bluff had been strongly fortified on the land side, and on all commanding points from there to the Big Black at the railroad crossing batteries had been constructed. The work of connecting by rifle-pits, when this was not already done, was an easy task for the troops that were to defend them.

Johnston evidently took in the situation, and wisely, I think, abstained from making an assault on us, because it would simply have inflicted loss on both sides without accomplishing any result. We were strong enough to have taken the offensive against him; but I did not feel disposed to take any risk of losing our hold upon Pemberton's army, while I would have rejoiced at the opportunity of defending ourselves against an attack by Johnston.

From the 23d of May the work of fortifying, and pushing forward our position nearer to the enemy, had been steadily progressing. At the point on the Jackson road in front of Ransom's brigade a sap was run up to the enemy's parapet, and by the 25th of June we had it undermined and the mine charged. The enemy had countermined, but did not succeed in reaching our mine. At this particular point the hill on which stood the rebel work rises abruptly. Our sap ran close up to the outside of the enemy's parapet. In fact this parapet was also our protection. The soldiers of the two sides occasionally conversed pleasantly across this barrier: sometimes they would exchange the hard bread of the Union soldiers for the tobacco of the Confederates, and at other times they threw over hand-grenades, the rebels throwing them first, and our men often catching them in their hands and returning them.

Our mine had been started some distance back down the hill; consequently, when it had extended as far as the parapet, it was many feet below it. This caused the failure of the enemy in his search to find and destroy it. On the 25th of June, at 3 o'clock, all being ready, the mine was exploded. A heavy artillery fire all along the line had been ordered to open with the explosion. The effect was to blow the top of the hill off and make a crater where it stood. The breach was not sufficient to enable us to pass a column of attack through. In fact, the enemy, having failed to reach our mine, had thrown up a line farther back, where

most of the men guarding that point were placed. There were a few men, however, left at the advance line, and others were working in the counter-mine, which was still being pushed to find ours. All that were there were thrown into the air, some of them coming down on our side, still alive. I remember one colored man who, having been under-ground at work when the explosion took place, was thrown to our side. He was not much hurt, but terribly frightened. Some one asked him how high he had gone up. "Dun no, massa, but t'ink 'bout t'ree mile," was his reply. General Logan commanded at this point, and took this colored man to his quarters, where he did service to the end of the siege.

As soon as the explosion took place the crater was seized by two regiments of our troops who were near by, under cover, where they had been placed for the express purpose. The enemy made a desperate effort to expel them, but failed, and soon retired behind his new line. From here, however, they threw hand-grenades, which did some execution. The compliment was returned by our men, but not with so much effect. The enemy could lay their grenades on the parapet, which alone divided the contestants, and roll them down upon us; while from our side they had to be thrown over the parapet, which was at considerable elevation. During the night we made efforts to secure our position in the crater against the missiles of the enemy, so as to run trenches along the outer base of their parapet, right and left; but the enemy continued throwing their grenades, and brought boxes of field ammunition (shells), the fuses of which they would light with port-fires, and throw them by hand into our ranks. We found it impossible to continue this work. Another mine was consequently started, which was exploded on the 1st of July, destroying an entire redan, killing and wounding a considerable number of its occupants, and leaving an immense chasm where it stood. No attempt to charge was made this time, the experience of the 25th admonishing us. Our loss in the first affair was about thirty killed and wounded. The enemy must have lost more in the two explosions than we did in the first. We lost none in the second.

From this time forward the work of mining and pushing our position nearer to the enemy was prosecuted with vigor, and I determined to explode no more mines until we were ready to explode a number at different points and assault immediately after. We were up now at three different points, one in front of each corps, to where only the parapet of the enemy divided us.

About this time an intercepted dispatch from Johnston to Pemberton informed me that

Johnston intended to make a determined attack upon us, in order to relieve the garrison of Vicksburg. I knew the garrison would make no formidable effort to relieve itself. The picket lines were so close to each other—where there was space enough between the lines to post pickets—that the men could converse. On the 21st of June I was informed, through this means, that Pemberton was preparing to escape by crossing to the Louisiana side under cover of night; that he had employed workmen in making boats for that purpose; that the men had been canvassed to ascertain if they would make an assault on the “Yankees” to cut their way out; that they had refused, and had almost mutinied because their commander would not surrender and relieve their sufferings, and had only been pacified by the assurance that boats enough would be finished in a week to carry them all over. The rebel pickets also said that houses in the city had been pulled down to get material to build these boats with. Afterwards this story was verified. On entering the city we found a large number of very rudely constructed boats.

All necessary steps were at once taken to render such an attempt abortive. Our pickets were doubled; Admiral Porter was informed, so that the river might be more closely watched; material was collected on the west bank of the river with which to light it up if the attempt was made; and batteries were established along the levee crossing the peninsula on the Louisiana side. Had the attempt been made, the garrison of Vicksburg would have been drowned, or made prisoners on the Louisiana side. General Richard Taylor was expected on the west bank to coöperate in this movement, I believe; but he did not come, nor could he have done so with a force sufficient to be of service. The river was now in our possession, from its source to its mouth, except in the immediate front of Vicksburg and of Port Hudson. We had pretty nearly exhausted the country, from a line drawn from Lake Providence to opposite Bruinsburg. The roads west were not of a character to draw supplies over for any considerable force.

By the 1st of July our approaches had reached the enemy's ditch at a number of places. At ten points we could move under cover to within from five to one hundred yards of the enemy. Orders were given to make all preparations for assault on the 6th of July. The debouches were ordered widened, to afford easy egress, while the approaches were also to be widened to admit the troops to pass through four abreast. Plank, and bags filled with cotton packed in tightly, were ordered prepared, to enable the troops to cross the ditches.

On the night of the 1st of July Johnston was between Brownsville and the Big Black, and wrote Pemberton from there that about the 7th of the month an attempt would be made to create a diversion to enable him to cut his way out. Pemberton was a prisoner before this message reached him.

On July 1st Pemberton, seeing no hope of outside relief, addressed the following letter to each of his four division commanders:

“Unless the siege of Vicksburg is raised, or supplies are thrown in, it will become necessary very shortly to evacuate the place. I see no prospect of the former, and there are many great, if not insuperable, obstacles in the way of the latter. You are, therefore, requested to inform me with as little delay as possible as to the condition of your troops, and their ability to make the marches and undergo the fatigues necessary to accomplish a successful evacuation.”

Two of his generals suggested surrender, and the other two practically did the same. They expressed the opinion that an attempt to evacuate would fail. Pemberton had previously got a message to Johnston suggesting that he should try to negotiate with me for a release of the garrison with their arms. The latter replied that it would be a confession of weakness for him to do so; but he authorized Pemberton to use his name in making such an arrangement.

On the 3d, about ten o'clock A. M., white flags appeared on a portion of the rebel works. Hostilities along that part of the line ceased at once. Soon two persons were seen coming towards our lines bearing a white flag. They proved to be General Bowen, a division commander, and Colonel Montgomery, aide-de-camp to Pemberton, bearing the following letter to me:

“I have the honor to propose an armistice for _____ hours, with the view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners, to meet a like number to be named by yourself, at such place and hour to-day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed you, under a flag of truce, by Major-General John S. Bowen.”

It was a glorious sight to officers and soldiers on the line where these white flags were visible, and the news soon spread to all parts of the command. The troops felt that their long and weary marches, hard fighting, ceaseless watching by night and day in a hot climate, exposure to all sorts of weather, to diseases, and worst of all, to the gibes of many Northern papers that came to them saying that all their suffering was in vain—that Vicksburg would never be taken—were at

last at an end, and the Union was sure to be saved.

Bowen was received by General A. J. Smith, and asked to see me. I had been a neighbor of Bowen's in Missouri, and knew him well and favorably, before the war; but his request was refused. He then suggested that I should meet Pemberton. To this I sent a verbal message saying that, if Pemberton desired it, I would meet him in front of McPherson's corps at three o'clock that afternoon. I also sent the following written reply to Pemberton's letter:

"Your note of this date is just received, proposing an armistice for several hours, for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners, to be appointed, etc. The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course 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. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

At three o'clock Pemberton appeared at the point suggested in my verbal message, accompanied by the same officers who had borne his letter of the morning. Generals Ord, McPherson, Logan, A. J. Smith, and several officers of my staff, accompanied me. Our place of meeting was on a hillside within a few hundred feet of the rebel lines. Near by stood a stunted oak-tree, which was made historical by the event. It was but a short time before the last vestige of its body, root, and limbs had disappeared, the fragments being taken as trophies. Since then the same tree, like "the true cross," has furnished many cords of wood in the shape of trophies.

Pemberton and I had served in the same division in a part of the Mexican war. I knew him very well, therefore, and greeted him as an old acquaintance. He soon asked what terms I proposed to give his army if it surrendered. My answer was, "The same as proposed in my reply to your letter." Pemberton then said, rather snappishly, "The conference might as well end," and turned abruptly as if to leave. I said, "Very well." General Bowen, I saw, was very anxious that the surrender should be consummated. His manner and remarks while Pemberton and I were talking showed this. He now proposed that he and one of our generals should have a conference. I had no objection to this, as nothing could be made binding upon me that they might propose. Smith and Bowen accordingly had a conference, during which Pemberton and I were in conversation, moving a short distance away towards the enemy's lines.

After a while Bowen suggested that the Confederate army should be allowed to march out with the honors of war, carrying their small arms and field artillery. This was promptly and unceremoniously rejected. The interview then ended, I agreeing, however, to send a letter giving final terms by ten o'clock that night.

Word was sent to Admiral Porter soon after the correspondence with Pemberton commenced, so that hostilities might be stopped on the part of both army and navy. It was agreed on my parting with Pemberton that they should not be renewed until our correspondence ceased.

When I returned to my headquarters I sent for all the corps and division commanders who were with the army immediately confronting Vicksburg. Half the army was from eight to twelve miles off, waiting for Johnston. I informed these officers of the contents of Pemberton's letter, of my reply, and the substance of the interview, and told them I was ready to hear any suggestion, but would hold the power of deciding entirely in my own hands, even against a unanimous judgment. This was the nearest to a "council of war" I ever held. Against the general, almost unanimous, judgment of the council I sent the following letter:

"In conformity with agreement this afternoon, I will submit the following proposition for the surrender of the city of Vicksburg, public stores, etc. On your accepting the terms proposed I will march in one division as a guard, and take possession at 8 A.M. to-morrow. As soon as rolls can be made out and paroles be signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions are accepted, any amount of rations you may deem necessary can be taken from the stores you now have, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons also, counting two two-horse or mule teams as one, will be allowed to transport such articles as cannot be carried along. The same conditions will be allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they become able to travel. The paroles for these latter must be signed, however, whilst officers are present authorized to sign the roll of prisoners."

By the terms of the cartel then in force prisoners captured by either army were required to be forwarded, as soon as possible, to either Aiken's Landing below Dutch Gap, on the James river, or to Vicksburg, there to be exchanged, or paroled until they could be exchanged. There was a Confederate commissioner at Vicksburg, authorized to make the exchange. I did not propose to take him prisoner, but to leave him free to perform the functions of his office. Had I insisted upon an unconditional surrender, there would have been over thirty thousand men to trans-

port up to Cairo, very much to the inconvenience of the army on the Mississippi; thence the prisoners would have had to be transported by rail to Washington or Baltimore; thence again by steamer to Aiken's, at very great expense. At Aiken's they would have had to be paroled, because the Confederates did not have Union prisoners to give in exchange. Then again Pemberton's army was largely composed of men whose homes were in the south-west. I knew many of them were tired of the war, and would get home just as soon as they could. A large number of them had voluntarily come into our lines during the siege, and had requested to be sent north where they could get employment until the war was over and they could go to their homes.

Late at night I received the following reply to my last letter:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, proposing terms of capitulation for this garrison and post. In the main, your terms are accepted; but, in justice both to the honor and spirit of my troops, manifested in the defense of Vicksburg, I have to submit the following amendments, which, if acceded to by you, will perfect the agreement between us. At ten o'clock A.M. to-morrow, I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command, by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession. Officers to retain their side-arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected."

This was received after midnight; my reply was as follows:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of 3d July. The amendment proposed by you cannot be acceded to in full. It will be necessary to furnish every officer and man with a parole signed by himself, which, with the completion of the roll of prisoners, will necessarily take some time. Again, I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. While I do not propose to cause them any undue annoyance or loss, I cannot consent to leave myself under any restraint by stipulations. The property which officers will be allowed to take with them will be as stated in my proposition of last evening; that is, officers will be allowed their private baggage and side-arms, and mounted officers one horse each. If you mean by your proposition for each brigade to march to the front of the lines now occupied by it, and stack arms at ten o'clock A. M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objection to it. Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by nine o'clock A. M., I shall regard them as having been rejected, and shall act accordingly. Should these terms be accepted, white flags should be displayed along your lines to prevent such of my troops as may not have been notified, from firing upon your men."

These terms Pemberton promptly accepted.

During the siege there had been a good deal of friendly sparring between the soldiers of the two armies on picket and where the lines were close together. All rebels were known as "Johnnies," all Union troops as "Yanks."

Often "Johnny" would call, "Well, Yank, when are you coming into town?" The reply was sometimes, "We propose to celebrate the 4th of July there." Sometimes it would be, "We always treat our prisoners with kindness and do not want to hurt them"; or "We are holding you as prisoners of war while you are feeding yourselves," etc. The garrison, from the commanding general down, undoubtedly expected an assault on the 4th. They knew from the temper of their men that it would be successful when made, and that would be a greater humiliation than to surrender. Besides, it would be attended with severe loss to them. The Vicksburg paper (which we received regularly through the courtesy of the rebel pickets) said prior to the 4th, in speaking of the Yankee boast that they would take dinner in Vicksburg that day, that the best receipt for cooking a rabbit was, "First ketch your rabbit." The paper at this time, and for some time prior, was printed on the plain side of wall paper. The last edition was issued on the 4th, and announced that we had "caught our rabbit."

I have no doubt that Pemberton commenced his correspondence on the 3d for a twofold purpose: first, to avoid an assault, which he knew would be successful; and second, to prevent the capture taking place on the great national holiday. Holding out for better terms, as he did, defeated his aim in the latter particular.

Pemberton says in his report: "If it should be asked why the 4th of July was selected as the day for surrender, the answer is obvious. I believed that upon that day I should obtain better terms. Well aware of the vanity of our foe, I knew they would attach vast importance to the entrance on the 4th of July into the stronghold of the great river, and that, to gratify their national vanity, they would yield then what could not be extorted from them at any other time." This does not support my view of his reasons for selecting the day he did for surrendering. It must be recollected that his first letter asking terms was received about ten o'clock A. M., July 3d. It then could hardly be expected that it would take twenty-four hours to effect a surrender. He knew that Johnston was in our rear for the purpose of raising the siege, and he naturally would want to hold out as long as he could. He knew his men would not resist an assault, and one was expected on the 4th. In our interview he told me he had rations enough to hold out for some time—my recollection is two weeks. It was this statement that induced me to insert in the terms that he was to draw rations for his men from his own supplies.

On the 3d, as soon as negotiations were commenced, I notified Sherman, and directed him to be ready to take the offensive against John-

ston, drive him out of the State, and destroy his army if he could. Steele and Ord were directed at the same time to be in readiness to join Sherman as soon as the surrender should take place, and of this Sherman was notified.

On the 4th, at the appointed hour, the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of their works, formed line in front, stacked arms, and marched back in good order. Our whole army present witnessed this scene without cheering, and without a single offensive remark that I ever heard of. Logan's division, which had approached nearest the rebel works, was the first to march in, and the flag of one of the regiments of his division was soon floating over the court-house. Our men were no sooner inside the lines than the two armies began to fraternize. We had had full rations from the time the siege commenced to the close. The enemy had been suffering, particularly towards the last. I myself saw our men taking bread from their haversacks and giving it to those whom they had so recently been engaged in *starving out*. It was accepted with avidity and with thanks.

I rode into Vicksburg with the troops, and went to the river to exchange congratulations with the navy upon our joint victory. At that time I found that many of the citizens had been living under-ground. The ridges upon which Vicksburg is built, and those back to the Big Black, are composed of a deep-yellow clay, of great tenacity. When roads and streets are cut through, perpendicular banks are left, and stand as well as if composed of stone. The magazines of the enemy were made by mining passageways into this clay, at places where there were deep cuts. Many citizens secured places of safety for their families by carving out rooms in these embankments. A doorway, in these cases, would be cut in a high bank, starting from the level of the road or street, and after running it in a few feet, a room of the size required would be carved out of the clay, the dirt being removed by the doorway. In some instances I saw where two rooms were cut out for a single family, with a doorway in the clay wall separating them. Some of these were carpeted and furnished with considerable elaboration. In these the occupants were fully secure from the shells of their enemy, which were dropped into the city night and day, without intermission.

In the afternoon I returned to my old headquarters outside, and did not move them into the town until the 6th. My dispatch announcing our victory to the Government was started for Cairo, by a dispatch boat (to be telegraphed from there), on the evening of the 4th. It was as follows:

"The enemy surrendered this morning. The only terms allowed is their parole as prisoners of war. This I regard as a great advantage to us at this moment. It saves, probably, several days in the capture, and leaves troops and transports ready for immediate service. Sherman, with a large force, moves immediately on Johnston, to drive him from the State. I will send troops to the relief of Banks, and return the Ninth Army Corps to Burnside."

At the same time I notified Banks, now before Port Hudson, of the capture and terms, and offered to send him all the troops he wanted. Banks had my letter printed, and through the kind offices of the pickets got several copies into the rebel lines. A copy getting into the hands of the commanding officer, General Gardner, he asked to have it authenticated and its reliability substantiated; this being done, he would deem it useless to hold out longer. Banks assured him that the surrender had taken place, and Gardner capitulated unconditionally.

Pemberton and his army were kept in Vicksburg until the whole could be paroled. The paroles were in duplicate, by organization, one copy for each, Nationals and Confederates, signed by the commanding officers of the companies or regiments. Duplicates were also made for each soldier, and signed by each individually, one to be retained by the soldier signing, and one to be retained by us. Several hundred refused to sign their paroles, preferring to be sent to the North as prisoners to be sent back to fight again. Others again kept out of the way, hoping to escape both alternatives.

Pemberton appealed to me in person to compel these men to sign their paroles, but I declined. It also leaked out that many of the men who had signed their paroles intended to desert and go to their homes as soon as they were out of our lines. Pemberton, hearing this, again appealed to me to assist him. He wanted arms for a battalion, to act as guards in keeping his men together while being marched to a camp of instruction, where he expected to keep them until exchanged. This request was also declined. It was precisely what I had expected and hoped that they would do. I told him, however, that I would see that they marched beyond our lines in good order. By the 11th, just one week after the surrender, the paroles were completed, and the rebel garrison marched out. Many deserted, and fewer of them were ever returned to the ranks to fight again than would have been the case had the surrender been unconditional and had the prisoners been sent to the James river to be paroled.

As soon as our troops took possession of the city, guards were established along the whole line of parapet, from the river above to

the river below. The prisoners were allowed to occupy their old camps behind the intrenchments. No restraint was put upon them, except by their own commanders. They were rationed about the same as our own men, and from our supplies. The men of the two armies fraternized as if they had been fighting for the same cause. When they passed out of the works they had so long and so gallantly defended, between lines of their late antagonists, not a cheer went up, not a retort was made that would give pain. Really, I believe there was a feeling of sadness just then in the breasts of most of the Union soldiers, at seeing the dejection of their late antagonists.

The day before the departure the following order was issued :

“Paroled prisoners will be sent out here to-morrow. They will be authorized to cross at the railroad-bridge and move from there to Edwards Ferry, and on by way of Raymond. Instruct the commands to be orderly and quiet as these prisoners pass, to make no offensive remarks, and not to harbor any who fall out of ranks after they have passed.”

On the 8th a dispatch was sent from Washington by General Halleck, saying :

“I fear your paroling the prisoners at Vicksburg without actual delivery to a proper agent, as required by the seventh article of the cartel, may be construed into an absolute release, and that the men will immediately be placed in the ranks of the enemy. Such has been the case elsewhere. If these prisoners have not been allowed to depart, you will detain them until further orders.”

Halleck did not know that they had already been delivered into the hands of Major Watts, Confederate commissioner for the exchange of prisoners.

At Vicksburg thirty-one thousand six hundred prisoners were surrendered, together with one hundred and seventy-two cannon, sixty thousand muskets, and a large amount of ammunition. The small arms of the enemy were far superior to the bulk of ours. Up to this time our troops at the West had been limited to the old United States flint-lock changed into percussion, the Belgian musket imported early in the war—almost as dangerous to the person firing it as to the one aimed at—and a few new and improved arms. These were of many different calibers, thus causing much trouble in distributing ammunition during an engagement. The enemy had generally new arms, which had run the blockade, and were of uniform caliber. After the surrender I authorized all colonels whose regiments were armed with inferior muskets to place them in the stack of captured arms, and to replace them with the latter. A large number of arms,

turned in to the Ordnance Department as captured, were arms that had really been used by the Union army in the capture of Vicksburg.

In this narration I have not made the mention I should of officers, dead and alive, whose services entitle them to special mention. Neither have I made that mention of the navy which its services deserve. I could not do justice to both in the limits of a magazine article. But suffice it to say, the close of the siege of Vicksburg found us with an army unsurpassed, in proportion to its numbers, taken as a whole, officers and men. A military education was acquired which no other school could have given. Men who thought a company was quite enough for them to command properly at the beginning, would have made good regimental or brigade commanders; most of the brigade commanders were equal to the command of a division, and one, Ransom, would have been equal to the command of a corps at least. Logan and Crocker ended the campaign fitted for independent commands.

General F. P. Blair, who commanded a division in the campaign, joined me at Milliken's Bend a full-fledged general, without having served in a lower grade. I had known Blair in Missouri, where I had voted against him for Congress in 1858. I knew him as a frank, positive, and generous man, true to his friends even to a fault, but always a leader. I dreaded his coming; I knew from experience that it is more difficult to command two generals desiring to be leaders than to command an army officered intelligently and with subordination. It affords me the greatest pleasure to record now my agreeable disappointment in his character. There was no man braver than he, nor was there any who obeyed all orders of his superior in rank with more unquestioning alacrity. He was one man as a soldier, another as a politician.

The navy, under Porter, was all it could be during the entire campaign. Without its assistance the campaign could not have been successfully made with twice the number of men engaged. It could not have been made at all, in the way it was, with any number of men without such assistance. The most perfect harmony reigned between the two arms of the service. There never was a request made, that I am aware of, either of the flag-officer or any of his subordinates, that was not promptly complied with.

The campaign of Vicksburg was suggested and developed by circumstances; and it now looks as though Providence had directed its course, while the Army of the Tennessee executed the decree.

U. S. Grant.

98th Ills, Army in the Field

Camp near Shiloh, July 16th 1862

Gen. A. B. Buckner,

Confed. Army

Sir, Yours of this date proposing
Amistice, and appointment of Commissioners
to settle terms of Capitulation is just received.
No terms except an unconditional and immediate
surrender can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately upon
your works. I am sir, very respectfully

your obt. Servt.

A. S. Grant

Brig. Gen.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL "UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" DISPATCH.

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1884, was printed a facsimile of a copy of the famous "Unconditional Surrender" dispatch. That copy was written by General Grant for reproduction in the magazine, and bore the additional words, "copied by me October 29, 1884.—U. S. G.," so that it might not be mistaken for the original, which was supposed to be lost. But the publication of the copy called out information of the original, which is owned by the publishers of the "Memoirs." They obtained it from Dr. James K. Wallace, of Litchfield, Conn., who received it November 22, 1868, from his relative by marriage,

General John A. Rawlins, who, as chief of staff to General Grant, had the custody, after the capture, of General Buckner's papers. General Rawlins told Dr. Wallace that he was receiving the original dispatch, and advised him to take good care of it, as it might become valuable. The above is an exact reproduction of the original dispatch in every particular, except that, in order to adapt it to the width of the page, the word, "Sir," has been lowered to the line beneath, and the words, "I am, sir, very respectfully," have been raised to the line above.—EDITOR.



GENERAL GRANT AND HIS STAFF ENTERING JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.



GUNBOATS RUNNING PAST WICKSBURG AT NIGHT.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

JUST a quarter of a century ago a young lady of New Orleans found herself an alien and an enemy to the sentiments of the community about her. Surrounded by friends and social companions, she was nevertheless painfully alone. In her enforced silence she began a diary intended solely for her own eye. A betrothed lover came suddenly from a neighboring State, claimed her hand in haste, and bore her away, a happy bride. Happy, yet anxious. The war was now fairly upon the land, and her husband, like herself, cherished sympathies whose discovery would have brought jeopardy of life, ruin, and exile. In the South, those days, all life was romantic. Theirs was full of adventure. At length they were shut up in Vicksburg. I hope some day to publish the whole diary; but the following portion is specially appropriate to the great panorama of battle in which a nation of readers is just now so interested. I shall not delay the reader to tell how I came by the manuscript, but only to say that I have not molested its original text. The name of the writer is withheld at her own request.

Geo. W. Cable.

UNDER FIRE FROM THE GUNBOATS.

WE reached Vicksburg that night and went to H——'s room. Next morning the cook he had engaged arrived, and we moved into this house. Martha's ignorance keeps me busy, and H—— is kept close at his office.

January 7th, 1863.—I have had little to record here recently, for we have lived to ourselves, not visiting or visited. Every one H—— knows is absent, and I know no one but the family we staid with at first, and they are now absent. H—— tells me of the added triumph since the repulse of Sherman in December, and the one paper published here, shouts victory as much as its gradually diminishing size will allow. Paper is a serious want. There is a great demand for envelopes in the office where H—— is. He found and bought a lot of *thick and smooth colored paper*, cut a tin pattern, and we have whiled away some long evenings cutting envelopes and making them up. I have put away a package of the best to look at when we are old. The books I brought from Arkansas have proved a treasure, but we can get no more. I went to the only book-store open; there were none but Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." The clerk said I could have that cheap, because he couldn't sell her books, so

I got it and am reading it now. The monotony has only been broken by letters from friends here and there in the Confederacy. One of these letters tells of a Federal raid to their place, and says, "But the worst thing was, they would take every tooth-brush in the house, because we can't buy any more; and one cavalryman put my sister's new bonnet on his horse, and said 'Get up, Jack,' and her bonnet was gone."

February 25th.—A long gap in my journal, because H—— has been ill unto death with typhoid fever, and I nearly broke down from loss of sleep, there being no one to relieve me. I never understood before how terrible it was to be alone at night with a patient in delirium, and no one within call. To wake Martha was simply impossible. I got the best doctor here, but when convalescence began the question of food was a trial. I got with great difficulty two chickens. The doctor made the drug-store sell two of their six bottles of port; he said his patient's life depended on it. An egg is a rare and precious thing. Meanwhile the Federal fleet has been gathering, has anchored at the bend, and shells are thrown in at intervals.

March 20th.—The slow shelling of Vicksburg goes on all the time, and we have grown indifferent. It does not at present interrupt or interfere with daily avocations, but I suspect they are only getting the range of different points; and when they have them all complete, showers of shot will rain on us all at once. Non-combatants have been ordered to leave or prepare accordingly. Those who are to stay are having caves built. Cave-digging has become a regular business; prices range from twenty to fifty dollars, according to size of cave. Two diggers worked at ours a week and charged thirty dollars. It is well made in the hill that slopes just in the rear of the house, and well propped with thick posts, as they all are. It has a shelf, also, for holding a light or water. When we went in this evening and sat down, the earthy, suffocating feeling, as of a living tomb, was dreadful to me. I fear I shall risk death outside rather than melt in that dark furnace. The hills are so honeycombed with caves that the streets look like avenues in a cemetery. The hill called the Sky-parlor has become quite a fashionable resort for the few upper-circle families left here. Some officers are quartered there, and there is a band and a field-glass. Last evening we also climbed the hill to watch the shelling, but found the view

not so good as on a quiet hill nearer home. Soon a lady began to talk to one of the officers: "It is such folly for them to waste their ammunition like that. How can they ever take a town that has such advantages for defense and protection as this? We'll just burrow into these hills and let them batter away as hard as they please."

"You are right, madam; and besides, when our women are so willing to brave death and endure discomfort, how can we ever be conquered?"

Soon she looked over with significant glances to where we stood, and began to talk at H——.

"The only drawback," she said, "are the contemptible men who are staying at home in comfort, when they ought to be in the army if they had a spark of honor."

I cannot repeat all, but it was the usual tirade. It is strange I have met no one yet who seems to comprehend an honest difference of opinion, and stranger yet that the ordinary rules of good breeding are now so entirely ignored. As the spring comes one has the craving for fresh, green food that a monotonous diet produces. There was a bed of radishes and onions in the garden, that were a real blessing. An onion salad, dressed only with salt, vinegar, and pepper, seemed a dish fit for a king, but last night the soldiers quartered near made a raid on the garden and took them all.

April 2d.—We have had to move, and thus lost our cave. The owner of the house suddenly returned and notified us that he intended to bring his family back; didn't think there'd be any siege. The cost of the cave could go for the rent. That means he has got tired of the Confederacy and means to stay here and thus get out of it. This house was the only one to be had. It was built by ex-Senator G——, and is so large our tiny household is lost in it. We only use the lower floor. The bell is often rung by persons who take it for a hotel and come beseeching food at any price. To-day one came who would not be denied. "We do not keep a hotel, but would willingly feed hungry soldiers if we had the food." "I have been traveling all night and am starving; will pay any price for just bread." I went to the dining-room and found some biscuits, and set out two, with a large piece of corn-bread, a small piece of bacon, some nice sirup, and a pitcher of water. I locked the door of the safe and left him to enjoy his lunch. After he left I found he had broken open the safe and taken the remaining biscuits.

April 28th.—I never understood before the full force of those questions—What shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? We have no prophet of the Lord at whose prayer the meal and oil

will not waste. Such minute attention must be given the wardrobe to preserve it that I have learned to darn like an artist. Making shoes is now another accomplishment. Mine were in tatters. H—— came across a moth-eaten pair that he bought me, giving ten dollars, I think, and they fell into rags when I tried to wear them; but the soles were good, and that has helped me to shoes. A pair of old coat-sleeves saved—nothing is thrown away now—was in my trunk. I cut an exact pattern from my old shoes, laid it on the sleeves, and cut out thus good uppers and sewed them carefully; then soaked the soles and sewed the cloth to them. I am so proud of these home-made shoes, think I'll put them in a glass case when the war is over, as an heirloom. H—— says he has come to have an abiding faith that everything he needs to wear will come out of that trunk while the war lasts. It is like a fairy-casket. I have but a dozen pins remaining, so many I gave away. Every time these are used they are straightened and kept from rust. All these curious labors are performed while the shells are leisurely screaming through the air; but as long as we are out of range we don't worry. For many nights we have had but little sleep, because the Federal gun-boats have been running past the batteries. The uproar when this is happening is phenomenal. The first night the thundering artillery burst the bars of sleep, we thought it an attack by the river. To get into garments and rush upstairs was the work of a moment. From the upper gallery we have a fine view of the river, and soon a red glare lit up the scene and showed a small boat towing two large barges, gliding by. The Confederates had set fire to a house near the bank. Another night, eight boats ran by, throwing a shower of shot, and two burning houses made the river clear as day. One of the batteries has a remarkable gun they call "Whistling Dick," because of the screeching, whistling sound it gives, and certainly it does sound like a tortured thing. Added to all this is the indescribable Confederate yell, which is a soul-harrowing sound to hear. I have gained respect for the mechanism of the human ear, which stands it all without injury. The streets are seldom quiet at night; even the dragging about of cannon makes a din in these echoing gullies. The other night we were on the gallery till the last of the eight boats got by. Next day a friend said to H——, "It was a wonder you didn't have your heads taken off last night. I passed and saw them stretched over the gallery, and grape-shot were whizzing up the street just on a level with you." The double roar of batteries and boats was so great, we never noticed the whizzing. Yesterday the *Cincinnati* attempted to go by in daylight,

but was disabled and sunk. It was a pitiful sight; we could not see the finale, though we saw her rendered helpless.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE.

Vicksburg, May 1st, 1863.—It is settled at last that we shall spend the time of siege in Vicksburg. Ever since we were deprived of our cave, I had been dreading that H—— would suggest sending me to the country, where his relatives lived. As he could not leave his position and go also without being conscripted, and as I felt certain an army would get between us, it was no part of my plan to be obedient. A shell from one of the practicing mortars brought the point to an issue yesterday and settled it. Sitting at work as usual, listening to the distant sound of bursting shells, apparently aimed at the court-house, there suddenly came a nearer explosion; the house shook, and a tearing sound was followed by terrified screams from the kitchen. I rushed thither, but met in the hall the cook's little girl America, bleeding from a wound in the forehead, and fairly dancing with fright and pain, while she uttered fearful yells. I stopped to examine the wound, and her mother bounded in, her black face ashy from terror. "Oh! Miss V——, my child is killed and the kitchen tore up." Seeing America was too lively to be a killed subject, I consoled Martha and hastened to the kitchen. Evidently a shell had exploded just outside, sending three or four pieces through. When order was restored I endeavored to impress on Martha's mind the necessity for calmness and the uselessness of such excitement. Looking round at the close of the lecture, there stood a group of Confederate soldiers laughing heartily at my sermon and the promising audience I had. They chimed in with a parting chorus:

"Yes, it's no use hollerin, old lady."

"Oh! H——," I exclaimed, as he entered soon after, "America is wounded."

"That is no news; she has been wounded by traitors long ago."

"Oh, this is real, living, little, black America; I am not talking in symbols. Here are the pieces of shell, the first bolt of the coming siege."

"Now you see," he replied, "that this house will be but paper to mortar-shells. You must go in the country."

The argument was long, but when a woman is obstinate and eloquent, she generally conquers. I came off victorious, and we finished preparations for the siege to-day. Hiring a man to assist, we descended to the wine-cellar, where the accumulated bottles told of the "banquet-hall deserted," the spirit and glow of the festive hours whose lights and garlands were dead, and the last guest long since de-

parted. To empty this cellar was the work of many hours. Then in the safest corner a platform was laid for our bed, and in another portion one arranged for Martha. The dungeon, as I call it, is lighted only by a trap-door, and is so damp it will be necessary to remove the bedding and mosquito-bars every day. The next question was of supplies. I had nothing left but a sack of rice-flour, and no manner of cooking I had heard or invented contrived to make it eatable. A column of recipes for making delicious preparations of it had been going the rounds of Confederate papers. I tried them all; they resulted only in brick-bats, or sticky paste. H—— sallied out on a hunt for provisions, and when he returned the disproportionate quantity of the different articles obtained provoked a smile. There was a *hog'shead* of sugar, a barrel of sirup, ten pounds of bacon and peas, four pounds of wheat-flour, and a small sack of corn-meal, a little vinegar, and actually some spice! The wheat-flour he purchased for ten dollars as a special favor from the sole remaining barrel for sale. We decided that must be kept for sickness. The sack of meal, he said, was a case of corruption, through a special providence to us. There is no more for sale at any price, but, said he, "a soldier who was hauling some of the Government sacks to the hospital offered me this for five dollars, if I could keep a secret. When the meal is exhausted perhaps we can keep alive on sugar. Here are some wax candles; hoard them like gold." He handed me a parcel containing about two pounds of candles, and left me to arrange my treasures. It would be hard for me to picture the memories those candles called up. The long years melted away, and I

"Trod again my childhood's track
And felt its very gladness."

In those childish days, whenever came dreams of household splendor or festal rooms or gay illuminations, the lights in my vision were always wax candles burning with a soft radiance that enchanted every scene. * * * And, lo! here on this spring day of '63, with war raging through the land, I was in a fine house, and had my wax candles sure enough, but, alas! they were neither cerulean blue nor rose-tinted, but dirty brown; and when I lighted one, it spluttered and wasted like any vulgar tallow thing, and lighted only a desolate scene in the vast handsome room. They were not so good as the waxen rope we had made in Arkansas. So, with a long sigh for the dreams of youth, I return to the stern present in this besieged town, my only consolation to remember the old axiom, "A city besieged is a city taken,"—so if we live through it we shall be out of the Confederacy. H—— is

very tired of having to carry a pass around in his pocket and go every now and then to have it renewed. We have been so very free in America, these restrictions are irksome.

May 9th.— This morning the door-bell rang a startling peal. Martha being busy, I answered it. An orderly in gray stood with an official envelope in his hand.

"Who lives here?"

"Mr. L——."

Very imperiously — "Which Mr. L——?"

"Mr. H—— L——."

"Is he here?"

"No."

"Where can he be found?"

"At the office of Deputy ——."

"I'm not going there. This is an order from General Pemberton for you to move out of this house in two hours. He has selected it for headquarters. He will furnish you with wagons."

"Will he furnish another house also?"

"Of course not."

"Has the owner been consulted?"

"He has not; that is of no consequence; it has been taken. Take this order."

"I shall not take it, and I shall not move, as there is no place to move to but the street."

"Then I'll take it to Mr. L——."

"Very well, do so."

As soon as Mr. Impertine walked off I locked, bolted, and barred every door and window. In ten minutes H—— came home.

"Hold the fort till I've seen the owner and the general," he said, as I locked him out.

Then Dr. B——'s remark in New Orleans about the effect of Dr. C——'s fine presence on the Confederate officials there came to mind. They are just the people to be influenced in that way, I thought. I look rather shabby now; I will dress. I made an elaborate toilet, put on the best and most becoming dress I had, the richest lace, the handsomest ornaments, taking care that all should be appropriate to a morning visit; dressed my hair in the stateliest braids, and took a seat in the parlor ready for the fray. H—— came to the window and said:

"Landlord says, 'Keep them out. Wouldn't let them have his house at any price.' He is just riding off to the country and can't help us now. Now I'm going to see Major C——, who sent the order."

Next came an officer, banged at the door till tired, and walked away. Then the orderly came again and beat the door — same result. Next, four officers with bundles and lunch-baskets, followed by a wagon-load of furniture. They went round the house, tried every door, peeped in the windows, pounded and rapped, while I watched them through the blind-slats. Presently the fattest one, a real Falstaffian man,

came back to the front door and rung a thundering peal. I saw the chance for fun and for putting on their own grandiloquent style. Stealing on tiptoe to the door, I turned the key and bolt noiselessly, and suddenly threw wide back the door and appeared behind it. He had been leaning on it, and nearly pitched forward with an "Oh! what's this!" Then seeing me as he straightened up, "Ah, madam!" almost stuttering from surprise and anger, "are you aware I had the right to break down this door if you hadn't opened it?"

"That would make no difference to me. I'm not the owner. You or the landlord would pay the bill for the repairs."

"Why didn't you open the door?"

"Have I not done so as soon as you rung? A lady does not open the door to men who beat on it. Gentlemen usually ring; I thought it might be stragglers pounding."

"Well," growing much blander, "we are going to send you some wagons to move; you must get ready."

"With pleasure, if you have selected a house for me. This is too large; it does not suit me."

"No, I didn't find a house for you."

"You surely don't expect *me* to run about in the dust and shelling to look for it, and Mr. L—— is too busy."

"Well, madam, then we must share the house. We will take the lower floor."

"I prefer to keep the lower floor myself; you surely don't expect *me* to go up and down stairs when you are so light and more able to do it."

He walked through the hall, trying the doors. "What room is that?" — "The parlor." "And this?" — "My bedroom." "And this?" — "The dining-room."

"Well, madam, we'll find you a house and then come and take this."

"Thank you, colonel; I shall be ready when you find the house. Good-morning, sir."

I heard him say as he ran down the steps, "We must go back, captain; you see I didn't know they were this kind of people."

Of course the orderly had lied in the beginning to scare me, for General P—— is too far away from Vicksburg to send an order. He is looking about for General Grant. We are told he has gone out to meet Johnston; and together they expect to annihilate Grant's army and free Vicksburg forever. There is now a general hospital opposite this house and a small-pox hospital next door. War, famine, pestilence, and fire surround us. Every day the band plays in front of the small-pox hospital. I wonder if it is to keep up their spirits? One would suppose quiet would be more cheering.

May 17th.— Hardly was our scanty breakfast over this morning when a hurried ring drew

us both to the door. Mr. J——, one of H——'s assistants, stood there in high excitement.

"Well, Mr. L——, they are upon us; the Yankees will be here by this evening."

"What do you mean?"

"That Pemberton has been whipped at Baker's Creek and Big Black, and his army are running back here as fast as they can come and the Yanks after them, in such numbers nothing can stop them. Hasn't Pemberton acted like a fool?"

"He may not be the only one to blame," replied H——.

"They're coming along the Big B. road, and my folks went down there to be safe, you know; now they're right in it. I hear you can't see the armies for the dust; never was anything else known like it. But I must go and try to bring my folks back here."

What struck us both was the absence of that concern to be expected, and a sort of relief or suppressed pleasure. After twelve some worn-out-looking men sat down under the window.

"What is the news?" I inquired.

"Ritreat, ritreat!" they said, in broken English — they were Louisiana Acadians.

About three o'clock the rush began. I shall never forget that woful sight of a beaten, demoralized army that came rushing back,—humanity in the last throes of endurance. Wan, hollow-eyed, ragged, footsore, bloody, the men limped along unarmed, but followed by siege-guns, ambulances, gun-carriages, and wagons in aimless confusion. At twilight two or three bands on the court-house hill and other points began playing Dixie, Bonnie Blue Flag, and so on, and drums began to beat all about; I suppose they were rallying the scattered army.

May 28th.—Since that day the regular siege has continued. We are utterly cut off from the world, surrounded by a circle of fire. Would it be wise like the scorpion to sting ourselves to death? The fiery shower of shells goes on day and night. H——'s occupation, of course, is gone, his office closed. Every man has to carry a pass in his pocket. People do nothing but eat what they can get, sleep when they can, and dodge the shells. There are three intervals when the shelling stops, either for the guns to cool or for the gunners' meals, I suppose,—about eight in the morning, the same in the evening, and at noon. In that time we have both to prepare and eat ours. Clothing cannot be washed or anything else done. On the 19th and 22d. when the assaults were made on the lines, I watched the soldiers cooking on the green opposite. The half-spent balls coming all the way from those lines were flying so thick that they were obliged to dodge at every turn. At all the caves I

could see from my high perch, people were sitting, eating their poor suppers at the cave doors, ready to plunge in again. As the first shell again flew they dived, and not a human being was visible. The sharp crackle of the musketry-firing was a strong contrast to the scream of the bombs. I think all the dogs and cats must be killed or starved, we don't see any more pitiful animals prowling around.

* * * The cellar is so damp and musty the bedding has to be carried out and laid in the sun every day, with the forecast that it may be demolished at any moment. The confinement is dreadful. To sit and listen as if waiting for death in a horrible manner would drive me insane. I don't know what others do, but we read when I am not scribbling in this. H—— borrowed somewhere a lot of Dickens's novels, and we reread them by the dim light in the cellar. When the shelling abates H—— goes to walk about a little or get the "Daily Citizen," which is still issuing a tiny sheet at twenty-five and fifty cents a copy. It is, of course, but a rehash of speculations which amuses a half hour. To-day he heard while out that expert swimmers are crossing the Mississippi on logs at night to bring and carry news to Johnston. I am so tired of corn-bread, which I never liked, that I eat it with tears in my eyes. We are lucky to get a quart of milk daily from a family near who have a cow they hourly expect to be killed. I send five dollars to market each morning, and it buys a small piece of mule-meat. Rice and milk is my main food; I can't eat the mule-meat. We boil the rice and eat it cold with milk for supper. Martha runs the gauntlet to buy the meat and milk once a day in a perfect terror. The shells seem to have many different names; I hear the soldiers say, "That's a mortar-shell. There goes a Parrott. That's a rifle-shell." They are all equally terrible. A pair of chimney-swallows have built in the parlor chimney. The concussion of the house often sends down parts of their nest, which they patiently pick up and reascend with.

Friday, June 5th. In the cellar.—Wednesday evening H—— said he must take a little walk, and went while the shelling had stopped. He never leaves me alone for long, and when an hour had passed without his return I grew anxious: and when two hours, and the shelling had grown terrific, I momentarily expected to see his mangled body. All sorts of horrors fill the mind now, and I am so desolate here; not a friend. When he came he said that passing a cave where there were no others near, he heard groans, and found a shell had struck above and caused the cave to fall in on the man within. He could not extricate him alone, and had to get help and dig him

out. He was badly hurt, but not mortally, and I felt fairly sick from the suspense.

Yesterday morning a note was brought H—— from a bachelor uncle out in the trenches, saying he had been taken ill with fever, and could we receive him if he came? H—— sent to tell him to come, and I arranged one of the parlors as a dressing-room for him, and laid a pallet that he could move back and forth to the cellar. He did not arrive, however. It is our custom in the evening to sit in the front room a little while in the dark, with matches and candle held ready in hand, and watch the shells, whose course at night is shown by the fuse. H—— was at the window and suddenly sprang up, crying, "Run!"—"Where?"—"Back!"

I started through the back room, H—— after me. I was just within the door when the crash came that threw me to the floor. It was the most appalling sensation I'd ever known. Worse than an earthquake, which I've also experienced. Shaken and deafened I picked myself up; H—— had struck a light to find me. I lighted mine, and the smoke guided us to the parlor I had fixed for Uncle J——. The candles were useless in the dense smoke, and it was many minutes before we could see. Then we found the entire side of the room torn out. The soldiers who had rushed in said, "This is an eighty-pound Parrott." It had entered through the front, burst on the pallet-bed, which was in tatters; the toilet service and everything else in the room smashed. The soldiers assisted H—— to board up the break with planks to keep out prowlers, and we went to bed in the cellar as usual. This morning the yard is partially plowed by a couple that fell there in the night. I think this house, so large and prominent from the river, is perhaps taken for headquarters and specially shelled. As we descend at night to the lower regions, I think of the evening hymn that grandmother taught me when a child:

"Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears."

Surely, if there are heavenly guardians we need them now.

June 7th. In the cellar.—There is one thing I feel especially grateful for, that amid these horrors we have been spared that of suffering for water. The weather has been dry a long time, and we hear of others dipping up the water from ditches and mud-holes. This place has two large underground cisterns of good cool water, and every night in my subterranean dressing-room a tub of cold water is the nerve-calmer that sends me to sleep in spite of the roar. One cistern I had to give

up to the soldiers, who swarm about like hungry animals seeking something to devour. Poor fellows! my heart bleeds for them. They have nothing but spoiled, greasy bacon, and bread made of musty pea-flour, and but little of that. The sick ones can't bolt it. They come into the kitchen when Martha puts the pan of corn-bread in the stove, and beg for the bowl she mixed it in. They shake up the scrapings with water, put in their bacon, and boil the mixture into a kind of soup, which is easier to swallow than pea-bread. When I happen in, they look so ashamed of their poor clothes. I know we saved the lives of two by giving a few meals. To-day one crawled on the gallery to lie in the breeze. He looked as if shells had lost their terrors for his dumb and famished misery. I've taught Martha to make first-rate corn-meal gruel, because I can eat meal easier that way than in hoe-cake, and I fixed him a saucerful, put milk and sugar and nutmeg — I've actually got a nutmeg. When he ate it the tears ran from his eyes. "Oh, madam, there was never anything so good! I shall get better."

June 9th.—The churches are a great resort for those who have no caves. People fancy they are not shelled so much, and they are substantial and the pews good to sleep in. We had to leave this house last night, they were shelling our quarter so heavily. The night before, Martha forsook the cellar for a church. We went to H——'s office, which was comparatively quiet last night. H—— carried the bank box; I the case of matches; Martha the blankets and pillows, keeping an eye on the shells. We slept on piles of old newspapers. In the streets the roar seems so much more confusing, I feel sure I shall run right in the way of a shell. They seem to have five different sounds from the second of throwing them to the hollow echo wandering among the hills, and that sounds the most blood-curdling of all.

June 13th.—Shell burst just over the roof this morning. Pieces tore through both floors down into the dining-room. The entire ceiling of that room fell in a mass. We had just left it. Every piece of crockery on the table was smashed up. The "Daily Citizen" to-day is a foot and a half long and six inches wide. It has a long letter from a Federal officer, P. P. Hill, who was on the gun-boat *Cincinnati*, that was sunk May 27th. Says it was found in his floating trunk. The editorial says, "The utmost confidence is felt that we can maintain our position until succor comes from outside. The undaunted Johnston is at hand."

June 18th.—To-day the "Citizen" is printed on wall paper; therefore has grown a little in size. It says, "But a few days more and Johnston will be here"; also that "Kirby Smith has

driven Banks from Port Hudson," and that "the enemy are throwing incendiary shells in."

June 20th.—The gentleman who took our cave came yesterday to invite us to come to it, because, he said, "it's going to be very bad to-day." I don't know why he thought so. We went, and found his own and another family in it; sat outside and watched the shells till we concluded the cellar was as good a place as that hill-side. I fear the want of good food is breaking down H——. I know from my own feelings of weakness, but mine is not an American constitution and has a recuperative power that his has not.

June 21st.—I had gone upstairs to-day during the interregnum to enjoy a rest on my bed and read the reliable items in the "Citizen," when a shell burst right outside the window in front of me. Pieces flew in, striking all round me, tearing down masses of plaster that came tumbling over me. When H—— rushed in I was crawling out of the plaster, digging it out of my eyes and hair. When he picked up a piece large as a saucer beside my pillow, I realized my narrow escape. The window-frame began to smoke, and we saw the house was on fire. H—— ran for a hatchet and I for water, and we put it out. Another [shell] came crashing near, and I snatched up my comb and brush and ran down here. It has taken all the afternoon to get the plaster out of my hair, for my hands were rather shaky.

June 25th.—A horrible day. The most horrible yet to me, because I've lost my nerve. We were all in the cellar, when a shell came tearing through the roof, burst upstairs, tore up that room, and the pieces coming through both floors down into the cellar. One of them tore open the leg of H——'s pantaloons. This was tangible proof the cellar was no place of protection from them. On the heels of this came Mr. J——, to tell us that young Mrs. P—— had had her thigh-bone crushed. When Martha went for the milk she came back horror-stricken to tell us the black girl there had her arm taken off by a shell. For the first time I quailed. I do not think people who are physically brave deserve much credit for it; it is a matter of nerves. In this way I am constitutionally brave, and seldom think of danger till it is over; and death has not the terrors for me it has for some others. Every night I had lain down expecting death, and every morning rose to the same prospect, without being unnerved. It was for H—— I trembled. But now I first seemed to realize that something worse than death might come; I might be crippled, and not killed. Life, without all one's powers and limbs, was a thought that broke down my courage. I said to H——, "You must get me out of this horrible place; I

cannot stay; I know I shall be crippled." Now the regret comes that I lost control, because H—— is worried, and has lost his composure, because my coolness has broken down.

July 1st.—Some months ago, thinking it might be useful, I obtained from the consul of my birthplace, by sending to another town, a passport for foreign parts. H—— said if we went out to the lines we might be permitted to get through on that. So we packed the trunks, got a carriage, and on the 30th drove out there. General V—— offered us seats in his tent. The rifle-bullets were whizzing so *zip, zip* from the sharp-shooters on the Federal lines that involuntarily I moved on my chair. He said, "Don't be alarmed; you are out of range. They are firing at our mules yonder." His horse, tied by the tent door, was quivering all over, the most intense exhibition of fear I'd ever seen in an animal. General V—— sent out a flag of truce to the Federal headquarters, and while we waited wrote on a piece of silk paper a few words. Then he said, "My wife is in Tennessee. If you get through the lines, send her this. They will search you, so I will put it in this toothpick." He crammed the silk paper into a quill toothpick, and handed it to H——. It was completely concealed. The flag-of-truce officer came back flushed and angry. "General Grant says no human being shall pass out of Vicksburg; but the lady may feel sure danger will soon be over. Vicksburg will surrender on the 4th."

"Is that so, general?" inquired H——. "Are arrangements for surrender made?"

"We know nothing of the kind. Vicksburg will not surrender."

"Those were General Grant's exact words, sir," said the flag-officer. "Of course it is nothing but their brag."

We went back sadly enough, but to-day H—— says he will cross the river to General Porter's lines and try there; I shall not be disappointed.

July 3d.—H—— was going to headquarters for the requisite pass, and he saw General Pemberton crawling out of a cave, for the shelling has been as hot as ever. He got the pass, but did not act with his usual caution, for the boat he secured was a miserable, leaky one—a mere trough. Leaving Martha in charge, we went to the river, had our trunks put in the boat, and embarked; but the boat became utterly unmanageable, and began to fill with water rapidly. H—— saw that we could not cross in it and turned to come back; yet in spite of that the pickets at the battery fired on us. H—— raised the white flag he had, yet they fired again, and I gave a cry of horror that none of these dreadful things had wrung from me. I thought H—— was struck. When we

landed H—— showed the pass, and said that the officer had told him the battery would be notified we were to cross. The officer apologized and said they were not notified. He furnished a cart to get home, and to-day we are down in the cellar again, shells flying as thick as ever. Provisions so nearly gone, except the hogshead of sugar, that a few more days will bring us to starvation indeed. Martha says rats are hanging dressed in the market for sale with mule meat,—there is nothing else. The officer at the battery told me he had eaten one yesterday. We have tried to leave this Tophet and failed, and if the siege continues I must summon that higher kind of courage—moral bravery—to subdue my fears of possible mutilation.

July 4th.—It is evening. All is still. Silence and night are once more united. I can sit at the table in the parlor and write. Two candles are lighted. I would like a dozen. We have had wheat supper and wheat bread once more. H—— is leaning back in the rocking-chair; he says:

"G——, it seems to me I can hear the silence, and feel it, too. It wraps me like a soft garment; how else can I express this peace?"

But I must write the history of the last twenty-four hours. About five yesterday afternoon, Mr. J——, H——'s assistant, who, having no wife to keep him in, dodges about at every change and brings us the news, came to H—— and said:

"Mr. L——, you must both come to our cave to-night. I hear that to-night the shelling is to surpass everything yet. An assault will be made in front and rear. You know we have a double cave; there is room for you in mine, and mother and sister will make a place for Mrs. L——. Come right up; the ball will open about seven."

We got ready, shut up the house, told Martha to go to the church again if she preferred it to the cellar, and walked up to Mr. J——'s. When supper was eaten, all secure, and ladies in their cave night toilet, it was just six, and we crossed the street to the cave opposite. As I crossed a mighty shell flew screaming right over my head. It was the last thrown into Vicksburg. We lay on our pallets waiting for the expected roar, but no sound came except the chatter from neighboring caves, and at last we dropped asleep. I woke at dawn stiff. A draught from the funnel-shaped opening had been blowing on me all night. Every one was expressing surprise at the quiet. We started for home and met the editor of the "Daily Citizen." H—— said:

"This is strangely quiet, Mr. L——."

"Ah, sir," shaking his head gloomily, "I'm

afraid (?) the last shell has been thrown into Vicksburg."

"Why do you fear so?"

"It is surrender. At six last evening a man went down to the river and blew a truce signal; the shelling stopped at once."

When I entered the kitchen a soldier was there waiting for the bowl of scrapings (they took turns for it).

"Good-morning, madam," he said; "we won't bother you much longer. We can't thank you enough for letting us come, for getting this soup boiled has helped some of us to keep alive, but now all this is over."

"Is it true about the surrender?"

"Yes; we have had no official notice, but they are paroling out at the lines now, and the men in Vicksburg will never forgive Pemberton. An old granny! A child would have known better than to shut men up in this cursed trap to starve to death like useless vermin." His eyes flashed with an insane fire as he spoke. "Haven't I seen my friends carted out three or four in a box, that had died of starvation! Nothing else, madam! Starved to death because we had a fool for a general."

"Don't you think you're rather hard on Pemberton? He thought it his duty to wait for Johnston."

"Some people may excuse him, ma'am, but we'll curse him to our dying day. Anyhow, you'll see the blue-coats directly."

Breakfast dispatched, we went on the upper gallery. What I expected to see was files of soldiers marching in, but it was very different. The street was deserted, save by a few people carrying home bedding from their caves. Among these was a group taking home a little creature, born in a cave a few days previous, and its wan-looking mother. About eleven o'clock a man in blue came sauntering along, looking about curiously. Then two followed him, then another.

"H——, do you think these can be the Federal soldiers?"

"Why, yes; here come more up the street."

Soon a group appeared on the court-house hill, and the flag began slowly to rise to the top of the staff. As the breeze caught it, and it sprang out like a live thing exultant, H—— drew a long breath of contentment.

"Now I feel once more at home in mine own country."

In an hour more a grand rush of people setting toward the river began,—foremost among them the gentleman who took our cave; all were flying as if for life.

"What can this mean, H——? Are the populace turning out to greet the despised conquerors?"

"Oh," said H——, springing up, "look! It is the boats coming around the bend."

'Truly, it was a fine spectacle to see that fleet of transports sweep around the curve and anchor in the teeth of the batteries so lately vomiting fire. Presently Mr. J—— passed and called:

"Aren't you coming, Mr. L——? There's provisions on those boats: coffee and flour. 'First come, first served,' you know."

"Yes, I'll be there pretty soon," replied H——.

But now the new-comers began to swarm into our yard, asking H—— if he had coin to sell for greenbacks. He had some, and a little bartering went on with the new greenbacks. H—— went out to get provisions. When he returned a Confederate officer came with him. H—— went to the box of Confederate money and took out four hundred dollars, and the officer took off his watch, a plain gold one, and laid it on the table, saying, "We have not been paid, and I must get home to my family." H—— added a five-dollar greenback to the pile, and wished him a happy meeting. The townsfolk continued to dash through the streets with their arms full, canned goods predominating. Towards five Mr. J—— passed again. "Keep on the lookout," he said; "the army of occupation is coming along," and in a few minutes the head of the column appeared. What a contrast to the suffering creatures we had seen so long were these stalwart, well-fed men, so splendidly set up and accoutered. Sleek horses, polished arms, bright plumes,—this was the pride and panoply of war. Civilization, discipline, and order seemed to enter with the measured tramp of those marching columns; and the heart turned with throbs of added pity to the worn men in gray, who were being blindly dashed against this embodiment of modern power. And now this "silence that is golden" indeed is over all, and my limbs are unhurt, and I suppose if I were Catholic, in my fervent gratitude, I would hie me with a rich offering to the shrine of "our Lady of Mercy."

July 7th.—I did not enjoy quiet long. First came Martha, who announced her intention of going to search for her sons, as she was free now. I was hardly able to stand since the severe cold taken in the cave that night, but she would not wait a day. A colored woman came in and said she had asked her mistress for wages and she had turned her out (wanting a place). I was in no condition to stand upon ceremony then, and engaged her at once, but hear to-day that I am thoroughly pulled to pieces in Vicksburg circles; there is no more salvation for me. Next came two Federal officers and wanted rooms and board. To have some protection was a necessity; both armies were still in town, and for the past three days

every Confederate soldier I see has a cracker in his hand. There is hardly any water in town, no prospect of rain, and the soldiers have emptied one cistern in the yard already and begun on the other. The colonel put a guard at the gate to limit the water given. Next came the owner of the house and said we must move; he wanted the house, but it was so big he'd just bring his family in; we could stay till we got one. They brought boarders with them too, and children. Men are at work all over the house shoveling up the plaster before repairing. Upstairs they are pouring it by bucketfuls through the windows. Colonel D—— brought work for H—— to help with from headquarters. Making out the paroles and copying them has taken so long they wanted help. I am surprised and mortified to find that two-thirds of all the men who have signed made their mark; they cannot write. I never thought there was so much ignorance in the South. One of the men at headquarters took a fancy to H—— and presented him with a portfolio, that he said he had captured when the Confederates evacuated their headquarters at Jackson. It contained mostly family letters written in French, and a few official papers. Among them was the following note, which I will copy here, and file away the original as a curiosity when the war is over.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF TENN.

TUPELO, Aug. 6, 1862.

CAPT: The Major-General Commanding directs me to say that he submits it altogether to your own discretion whether you make the attempt to capture General Grant or not. While the exploit would be very brilliant if successful, you must remember that failure might be disastrous to you and your men. The General commends your activity and energy and expects you to continue to show these qualities.

I am, very respectfully, yr. obt. svt.

Thomas L. Snead, A. A. G.

CAPT. GEO. L. BAXTER,
Commanding Bearegard Scouts.

I would like to know if he tried it and came to grief or abandoned the project. As letters can now get through to New Orleans I wrote there.

July 14th.—Moved yesterday into a house I call "Fair Rosamond's bower" because it would take a clue of thread to go through it without getting lost. One room has five doors opening into the house, and no windows. The stairs are like ladders, and the colonel's contraband valet won't risk his neck taking down water, but pours it through the windows on people's heads. We sha'n't stay in it. Men are at work closing up the caves; they had become hiding-places for trash. Vicksburg is now like one vast hospital—every one is getting sick or is sick. My cook was taken to-day with bilious fever, and nothing but will keeps me up.

July 23d.—We moved again two days ago.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Lew Wallace and General McCook at Shiloh.

SINCE the publication in THE CENTURY of my article on "The Battle of Shiloh" I have received from Mrs. W. H. L. Wallace, widow of the gallant general who was killed in the first day's fight at that battle, a letter from General Lew Wallace to him, dated the morning of the 5th. At the date of this letter it was well known that the Confederates had troops out along the Mobile & Ohio railroad west of Crump's landing and Pittsburg landing, and were also collecting near Shiloh. This letter shows that at that time General Lew Wallace was making preparations for the emergency that might happen for the passing of reinforcements between Shiloh and his position, extending from Crump's landing westward; and he sends the letter over the road running from Adamsville to the Pittsburg landing and Purdy road. These two roads intersect nearly a mile west of the crossing of the latter over Owl creek, where our right rested. In this letter General Lew Wallace advises General W. H. L. Wallace that he will send "to-morrow" (and his letter also says "April 5th," which is the same day the letter was dated and which, therefore, must have been written on the 4th) some cavalry to report to him at his headquarters, and suggesting the propriety of General W. H. L. Wallace's sending a company back with them for the purpose of having the cavalry at the two landings familiarize themselves with the road, so that they could "act promptly in case of emergency as guides to and from the different camps."

This modifies very materially what I have said, and what has been said by others, of the conduct of General Lew Wallace at the battle of Shiloh. It shows that he naturally, with no more experience than he had at the time in the profession of arms, would take the particular road that he did start upon in the absence of orders to move by a different road.

The mistake he made, and which probably caused his apparent dilatoriness, was that of having advanced some distance after he had found that the firing, which would be at first directly to his front and then off to the left, had fallen back until it had got very much in rear of the position of his advance. This falling back had taken place before I sent General Wallace orders to move up to Pittsburg landing, and, naturally, my order was to follow the road nearest the river. But my order was verbal, and to a staff-officer who was to deliver it to General Wallace, so that I am not competent to say just what order the general actually received.

General Wallace's division was stationed, the First brigade at Crump's landing, the Second out two miles, and the Third two and a half miles out. Hearing the sounds of battle, General Wallace early ordered his First and Third brigades to concentrate on the Second. If the position of our front had not changed, the road which Wallace took would have been somewhat shorter to our right than the River road.

In this article I state that General McCook, who commanded a division of Buell's army, expressed

some unwillingness to pursue the enemy on Monday, April 7th, because of the condition of his troops. General Badeau, in his history, also makes the same statement, on my authority. Out of justice to General McCook and his command, I must say that they left a point twenty-two miles east of Savannah on the morning of the 6th. From the heavy rains of a few days previous and the passage of trains and artillery, the roads were necessarily deep in mud, which made marching slow. The division had not only marched through this mud the day before, but it had been in the rain all night without rest. It was engaged in the battle of the second day, and did as good service as its position allowed. In fact an opportunity occurred for it to perform a conspicuous act of gallantry which elicited the highest commendation from division commanders in the army of the Tennessee. General Sherman in both his memoirs and reports makes mention of this fact. General McCook himself belongs to a family which furnished many volunteers to the army. I refer to these circumstances with minuteness because I did General McCook injustice in the article, though not to the extent one would suppose from the public press. I am not willing to do any one an injustice, and if convinced that I have done one, I am always willing to make the fullest admission.

U. S. Grant.

MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., June 22, 1885.

Who Projected the Canal at Island Number Ten?

IN THE CENTURY for June, 1885, I have read Colonel J. W. Bissell's article on the "Sawing out a Channel above Island Number Ten." I desire to call attention to what he says:

"Some officer present making some suggestion about a 'canal,' I immediately pulled out my memorandum-book, and showing the sketch, said the whole thing was provided for."

This on the evening of March 19, 1862, which is the date of General Pope's letter to which Colonel Bissell refers in a foot-note, saying he did not receive the letter because he (Colonel Bissell) was on his return from the reconnaissance he had been ordered to make. To the public this reads as though the plan originated with Colonel Bissell, while I am ready to show that while the colonel directed the work, "some officer," as he says,—or, to be exact, I myself,—was the sole inventor of the project. My own official report, dated Headquarters Second Division Army of the Mississippi, Pittsburg Landing, April 22, 1862 (See "Rebellion Records," Vol. VIII., pages 101-105), reads as follows:

"Transports having reached us through a channel cut with enormous labor under the direction of Colonel Bissell, on a suggestion advanced by the subscriber, March 17, 1862, the Second Division embarked on them, April 7, to cross the Mississippi, which was accomplished in gallant style, but without opposition, the gun-boats *Carondelet* and *Pittsburgh*, under Captain Walke, having in dashing style silenced the enemy's shore batteries."

In the same volume, pages 78, 79, General Pope wrote to General Halleck, under date New Madrid, Mo., April 9, 1862:

"The canal across the peninsula opposite Island Number Ten, and for the idea of which I am indebted to General Schuyler Hamilton, was completed by Colonel Bissell's Engineer Regiment, and four steamers brought through on the night of the 6th."

General Pope again, in his official report to General Halleck (same volume, pages 85-87), dated "Head-quarters Army of the Mississippi, camp five miles from Corinth, Mississippi, May 2, 1862," writes:

"On the 16th of March I received your dispatch, directing me, if possible, to construct a road through the swamps to a point on the Missouri shore opposite Island No. 10, and transfer a portion of my force sufficient to erect batteries at that point to assist in the artillery practice on the enemy's batteries. I accordingly dispatched Col. J. W. Bissell, Engineer Regiment, to examine the country with this view, directing him at the same time, if he found it impracticable to build a road through the swamps and overflow of the river, to ascertain whether it were possible to dig a canal across the peninsula from some point above Island No. 10 to New Madrid, in order that steam transports might be brought to me, which would enable my command to cross the river. The idea of the canal was suggested to me by General Schuyler Hamilton in a conversation upon the necessity of crossing the river and assailing the enemy's batteries near Island No. 10 in the rear.

The New York "Herald," in its issue of April 13, 1862, published an article in reference to this channel, entitled "The Schuyler Hamilton Canal."

Schuyler Hamilton,
Late Major-General of Volunteers.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1885.

The Charge of Cooke's Cavalry at Gaines's Mill.

IN THE CENTURY for June there is an article on the battle of Gaines's Mill, signed by Fitz John Porter, in which appear singular errors of statement regarding the action of the "Cavalry Reserve," affecting also the conduct and reputation of its commander. They are chiefly found at pp. 322-3:

"We lost in all twenty-two cannon; some of these broke down while we were withdrawing, and some ran off the bridges at night while we were crossing to the south bank of the Chickahominy. The loss of the guns* was due to the fact that some of Cooke's cavalry which had been directed to be kept, under all circumstances, in the valley of the Chickahominy, had been sent to resist an attack of the enemy upon our left. The charge, executed in the face of a withering fire of infantry, and in the midst of our heavy cannonading, as well as that of the enemy, resulted, as should have been expected, in confusion. The bewildered and uncontrollable horses wheeled about, and dashing through the batteries, satisfied the gunners that they were charged by the enemy. To this alone I always attributed the failure on our part to longer hold the battle-field, and to bring off all our guns in an orderly retreat. Most unaccountably this cavalry was not used to cover our retreat or gather the stragglers, but was peremptorily ordered to cross to the south bank of the river." [Foot-note: * See 'War of the Rebellion—Official Records,' Vol. XI., Part II., pp. 43, 223, 273, 272.—F. J. P.]

To silence forever the injurious statements and insinuation of the last sentence, I give here evidence of two witnesses who were present, and whose high character is known to all. Major General W. Merritt, colonel Fifth Cavalry, superintendent United States Military Academy, writes me. April 8, 1885:

"The cavalry remained, with you in immediate command, on that portion of the field, until after midnight on the 27th of June, 1862. It provided litter-bearers and

"One is reminded of the mournful fate of the famous skaters,—“It so fell out they all fell in—the rest, they ran away” “We lost in all twenty-two cannon”; “the loss of the guns was due” “to Cooke's cavalry”; “the rest” ran off the bridges,” or “broke down.”—P. ST. G. C.

lantern-bearers for our surgeons who went over the field of battle, succoring and attending the wounded. . . . The cavalry was the last force to leave the field and to cross the Chickahominy, and the bridge on which it crossed, between 12 midnight on the 27th and 2 A. M. on the 28th of June, was, I think, rendered impassable by your order."

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Martin, assistant adjutant-general United States Army, wrote me from Fort Leavenworth, April 30, 1885:

"The artillery did not drive the enemy from his front; the enemy was not driven from his front, but the charge of your cavalry did *stop the advance* of the enemy, and this enabled Porter's troops to get off the field. I am by no means alone in the belief that the charge of the cavalry at Gaines's Mill, on June 27, 1862, saved Fitz John Porter's corps from destruction. . . . You did not direct your command at once to cross the river. There were no frightened men in your vicinity. All the frightened men were far to your right; you could not have reached the retiring crowd; and if you could have stopped them, you could have done more than Porter himself did do, and he was amidst them, for I saw him. Your command, at least a part of it, was the very last to cross the river. . . . Your reputation is made, and the afterthought of a defeated commander can never smirch it."

It should be observed that in the short extract from THE CENTURY, above, General Porter repeats the assertion that the cavalry caused the loss of the (22) guns,—emphasizes, makes plainer the meaning of the opening sentence: to the charge "*alone* I always attributed the failure on our part to longer hold the battle-field, and to bring off *all* our guns in an orderly retreat."

Captain Weeden, commanding battery C., Rhode Island Artillery, reports, page 282, "Rebellion Records," the loss of a section by stress of the enemy's attacks; the two other sections "held in support in rear of Griffin's brigade" opened fire; "the smoke had filled the whole field to the woods, and it was impossible to direct the fire. The batteries were limbering to the rear in good order" when, he says, the cavalry fugitives ran through them, but he only lost one more piece "mired in the woods." But General Griffin reports that the artillery "opened fire upon the enemy advancing upon our left; but it was too late; our infantry had already commenced to fall back, and nothing being left to give confidence to the artillerymen, it was impossible to make them stand to their work." And that was just when the cavalry did go in and give confidence to the three batteries on the left, and the saving work was done.

I have examined the "Official Records" and found reports of about twenty batteries engaged in the battle, and the above is the only mention of the cavalry fugitives to be found in them; their losses are attributed to other causes. Here I will give the account of the loss of whole batteries:

General Seymour reports, p. 402, of Captain Easton. "This gallant gentleman fell and his battery was lost with him."

Captain Mark Kerns was wounded, but "loaded and fired the last shots himself, and brought *four* of the guns off the field." Of another battery he reports. "No efforts could now repel the rush of a successful foe, under whose fire rider and horse went down and guns lay immovable on the field."

Captain I. H. Cooper, battery B., Pennsylvania Artillery, reports, p. 410:

"The remaining infantry falling back, we were compelled to retire from our guns. The charge being too sudden and overpowering, it was impossible to remove them, many of the horses being killed by the enemy's fire."

Was General Porter prevented from bringing off *all these guns* by the cavalry charge?

General Porter says, p. 322:

"Just preceding this break" (in Morell's line) "I saw cavalry, which I recognized as ours, rushing in numbers through our lines on the left."

All the evidence goes to disprove this very deliberate statement, and that all the infantry on the left had broken and was fast disappearing before the first advance of the cavalry. Again he says:

"General Cooke was instructed to take position, with cavalry, under the hills in the valley of the Chickahominy — there with the aid of artillery to guard our left flank. He was especially enjoined to intercept, gather, and hold all stragglers, and under no circumstances to leave the valley for the purpose of coming upon the hill held by our infantry, or pass in front of our line on the left."

What strange folly of self-contradiction is betrayed between this order "to guard our left flank" and the violent condemnation in the first extract, which we have been considering, of the march "to resist an attack of the enemy on our left . . ." in a "charge executed in the face of a withering fire of infantry, and in the midst of our heavy cannonading as well as that of the enemy." Could a poet laureate say more?

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them
Volley'd and thundered —
Then they rode back —"

Ay, there's the rub.

When I reported to General Porter before the battle, I remember that he proposed that I should take post in the narrow open meadow on the extreme left. I urged that that flank of the army was virtually covered by the Chickahominy; that, moreover, it was covered by three reserve batteries, and three twenty-pounder batteries on the opposite side of the river; while the position I had taken on the hill-slope was within view, and also within cavalry striking distance. If I had gone there, I should not have been able, when the time came, to *face*, and, with artillery aid, to stop the enemy in the flush of his success. To some such objections which I made General Porter evidently yielded, instead of "enjoining" me; for the cavalry *remained* quite near his first station, Adams's house; and I was there with him repeatedly. An order "under no circumstances to leave the valley for the purpose of coming on the hill" would have been to a general officer not only unprecedented, but insulting.

How strange, to military ears, would sound an order "to intercept, gather, and hold all stragglers," on the extreme front and flank! — and the warning not to "pass in front of our line on the left!" Such extravagance of action — marching with no earthly object, between two lines of fire — is seldom thus forestalled! Seriously, this passes the bounds of sanity. But it is emphasized by his map which represents my cavalry as actually making a flank march between the lines of battle, — Morell's and Longstreet's.

It seems necessary to add the statements of eyewitnesses, from different points of view, — men of well-known high character, — to corroborate my assertions and my corrections of the misrepresentations of the

part played by the cavalry and myself in the battle, as found in THE CENTURY article.

Next morning at Savage's Station the Prince de Joinville approached me with both hands extended, saying with *empressment*, "I saw you make your charge, yesterday"; and next day he wrote to the Duc d'Aumale [see "New York Times," August 13, 1862:]

. . . "Those fresh troops rush in good order upon our left, which falters, flies, and passing through the artillery draws on in disorder the troops of our center. The enemy advances rapidly. The fusillade and cannonade are so violent that the projectiles striking the ground raise a permanent cloud of dust. At that moment General Cooke charged at the head of his cavalry; but that movement does not succeed, and his horsemen on their return only increase the disorder. He makes every effort, aided by all who felt a little courage, to stop the panic, but in vain."

The Comte de Paris wrote to me, February 2, 1877:

. . . "I was with De Hart's battery on the crest of the hill when you advanced on our left. . . . The sacrifice of some of the bravest of the cavalry certainly saved a part of our artillery; as did, on a larger scale, the Austrian cavalry on the evening of Sadowa. . . . The main fact is, that with your cavalry you did all that cavalry could do to stop the rout."

General W. Merritt wrote me, February 2, 1877:

"I thought at the time, and subsequent experience has convinced me, that your cavalry and the audacity of its conduct at that time, together with the rapid firing of canister at short range by the battery mentioned, did much, if not everything, towards preventing the entire destruction of the Union army at Gaines's Mill. The circumstances were these:

"The enemy had emerged from a wood, where his ranks were more or less disorganized, into an open field. Instead of finding the way clear before him he was met by a determined charge of cavalry and a heavy artillery fire. In his mind a new line of fresh troops were before him. It was but natural, at that stage of our military experience, that he should hesitate and halt, to prepare for a new emergency. He did so; and that night the cavalry bivouacked as near the scene of these events as the enemy did."

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Martin wrote to me, March 24, 1870:

"It is my opinion that but for the charge of the Fifth Cavalry on that day, the loss in the command of General Fitz John Porter would have been immensely greater than it was; indeed, I believe that the charge, more than any other thing, was instrumental in saving that part of the army on the north bank of the Chickahominy.

"You were the last general officer of General Porter's command on the field on the left, General Porter himself leaving before you did; you had, therefore, an excellent opportunity of seeing what was going on."

Colonel G. A. H. Blake, United States Army, wrote me, June 16, 1879:

"About sundown you advanced the brigade under a warm fire and I deployed the Fifth and First cavalry in two lines, and a little to the rear of (the interval of) reserve batteries of artillery, which had opened a rapid fire. The infantry of the left wing had then disappeared from the top of the hill. You then rode off to a battery further to the left, where Rush's lancers had been ordered. The Fifth Cavalry soon charged, and I saw no more of them. You had ordered me to support them; there was a warm fire, and the smoke and dust made everything obscure. I saw none of the Fifth after it was broken, pass through the battery, which was very near. It was soon forced to retire, and was followed by the First in its rear."

Finally, General William N. Grier, United States Army, wrote me, July 19, 1879:

"The reserve was stationed on the hill . . . in full view of the slopes of the hill, down to the timber through which the enemy debouched in large numbers. The

United States batteries were on the slope of the hill, a little to our right front. You ordered the Fifth to make a charge, directing me to make a second charge after the Fifth would rally. I never saw that regiment again on that day, after it was enveloped in a cloud of dust, making the charge — but soon after saw a battery or two emerge from the dust . . . withdrawing from the contest. I then wheeled my squadrons into column of fours, at a trot along the top of the hill, until getting in rear of the batteries — receiving the enemy's fire at a loss of an officer and many men and horses — and, as I then supposed, saving the batteries from further loss."

The orders actually given were to support the batteries to the last moment, and then charge, if necessary, to save them.

P. St. George Cooke.

Brigadier and Brevet Major-General.
United States Army, Retired.

DETROIT, June, 1885.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARTICIPANT IN THE CHARGE.

Remembering clearly the incidents connected with the cavalry charge, I wish to clear up a point in regard to that charge, so far as the regiment (the Fifth Regular Cavalry) with which I had the honor of being connected was concerned.

The battle did not begin till noon. We were stationed on the left of our position. As the hours of the day passed by, the battle became more and more furious. At about five o'clock in the afternoon we were moved up near to the crest of the hill on our left, and within some twenty rods of the five or six batteries planted on the crest of the hill.

It was something marvelous to watch those brave men handle their guns; never a man flinched or was dismayed, though a most withering fire of musketry and artillery was poured upon them.

Just before dark, when we could tell by the sound of the musketry fire, and by the constantly advancing yells of the charging foe, that he was getting near the guns in our front, General Philip St. George Cooke, commanding the cavalry, rode to our front. I was on the right of the front line of the first squadron, and I heard his order to Captain Whiting, commanding the five companies of our regiment that were present on the field. He said, "Captain, as soon as you see the advancing line of the enemy, rising the crest of the hill, charge at once, without any further orders, to enable the artillery to bring off their guns." General Cooke then rode back around the right of our squadron.

Captain Whiting turned to us and said, "Cavalry! Attention! Draw saber!" then added something to the effect, "Boys, we must charge in five minutes." Almost immediately the bayonets of the advancing foe were seen, just beyond our cannon, probably not fifty rods from us. Captain Whiting at once gave the order, "Trot! March!" and as soon as we were fully under way he shouted, "Charge!"

We dashed forward with a wild cheer, in solid column of squadron front; but our formation was almost instantly broken by the necessity of opening to right and left to pass our guns. So furiously were our brave gunners fighting that I noticed this incident: The gun directly in my front had just been loaded; every man had fallen before it could be fired. As I bore to the right to pass this gun, I saw the man at the breech, who was evidently shot through the body, drawing himself up by the spokes of the wheel, and reaching for the lanyard, and I said, "He will fire that gun," and so

kept to the right, and almost immediately felt the shock of the explosion. Then I closed in to re-form the line, but could find no one at my left, so completely had our line been shattered by the musketry fire in front and the artillery fire in our rear. I rushed on, and almost instantly my horse reared upright in front of a line of bayonets, held by a few men upon whom I had dashed. My horse came down in front of the line, and ran away partly to our rear, perfectly uncontrollable. I dropped my saber, which hung to my waist by the saber-knot, and so fiercely tugged at my horse's bit as to cause the blood to flow from her mouth, yet could not check her. The gun I had passed, now limbered up, was being hauled off at a gallop. I could direct my horse a little to right or left, and so directed her toward the gun. As she did not attempt to leap the gun, I gained control of her, and at once turned about and started back upon my charge. After riding a short distance I paused. The firing of artillery and infantry behind and of infantry in front was terrific. None but the dead and wounded were around me. It hardly seemed that I could drive Lee's battle-scarred veterans alone, and so I rode slowly off the field. My regiment had only about two hundred and fifty men in action. Our commissioned officer was the only one not wounded, except some who were captured. Only about one hundred returned from that bloody field for duty the next day. Some were captured, but a large number fell in that terrible charge, and sleep with the many heroes who on that day gave their lives for the Union. So far as those of the Fifth Regular Cavalry present in this charge were concerned, we certainly did our whole duty, just as we were ordered. We saved *some* guns, and tried to save all.

Rev. W. H. Hitchcock.

FAIRVIEW, ILL., June 13, 1885.

"General Beauregard's Courier at Bull Run."

THE effort of Mr. Robert R. Hemphill (in the July CENTURY) to clear up the obscurity surrounding the fate of General Beauregard's missing courier at the First Battle of Manassas, only deepens the mystery which attaches to that now interesting person.

Mr. Hemphill thinks that he saw this courier, disabled by a fall from his horse, "lying helpless in rear of the (Confederate) line at Mitchell's Ford, badly used up and bleeding."

How is this possible? General Beauregard says that the courier started about 8 A. M. from "Camp Pickens, the headquarters," to go first to Holmes, then to Ewell. To seek either Holmes or Ewell by way of Mitchell's Ford would be nearly like going from New York to Brazil by way of London.

At a later hour General Beauregard rode from his headquarters to a hill in rear of Mitchell's Ford, and thence, near noon, a staff officer, accompanied by a courier, set out to go to Ewell with an order to move to the support of our left. Meeting with some accident, he sent the courier ahead to deliver the order. It was perhaps this officer whom Mr. Hemphill saw.

Campbell Brown.

SPRING HILL, TENN., July 5, 1885.

CONNECTICUT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

IN the third week of January, 1833, the editor of the Boston "Liberator" received the following letter from a village in Windham County, Connecticut:

CANTERBURY, January 18th, 1833.

MR. GARRISON:

I am to you, sir, I presume, an entire stranger, and you are indeed so to me save through the medium of the public print. I am by no means fond of egotism, but the circumstances under which I labor forbid my asking a friend to write for me; therefore I will tell you who I am, and for what purpose I write. I am, sir, through the blessing of Divine Providence, permitted to be the Principal of the Canterbury (Conn.) Female Boarding School. I received a considerable part of my education at the Friends' Boarding School, Providence, R. I. In 1831 I purchased a large dwelling-house in the center of this village, and opened the school above mentioned. Since I commenced I have met with all the encouragement I ever anticipated, and now have a flourishing school.

Now I will tell you why I write you, and the object is this: I wish to know your opinion respecting changing white scholars for colored ones. I have been for some months past determined if possible during the remaining part of my life to benefit the people of color. I do not dare tell any one of my neighbors anything about the contemplated change in my school, and I beg of you, sir, that you will not expose it to any one; for if it was known, I have no reason to expect but it would ruin my present school. Will you be so kind as to write by the next mail, and give me your opinion on the subject; and if you consider it possible to obtain twenty or twenty-five young ladies of color to enter the school for the term of one year at the rate of \$25 per quarter, including board, washing, and tuition, I will come to Boston in a few days and make some arrangements about it. I do not suppose that number can be obtained in Boston alone; but from all the large cities in the several States I thought perhaps they might be gathered.

I must once more beg you not to expose this matter until we see how the case will be determined.

Yours, with the greatest respect,
PRUDENCE CRANDALL.

The response must have been favorable, for, ten days later, a note was placed in Mr. Garrison's hands, which ran thus:

BOSTON, January 29th, 1833.

MR. GARRISON:

The lady that wrote you a short time since would inform you that she is now in town, and should be very thankful if you would call at Mr. Barker's Hotel and see her a few moments this evening at 6 o'clock.

Yours, with the greatest respect,
P. CRANDALL.

The nature of this interview may be inferred from a third letter:

CANTERBURY, February 12th, 1833.

MR. GARRISON:

I can inform you that I had a very pleasant passage

* The extract is from a private letter dated May 15, 1869, addressed to Miss Larned, author of the "History of Windham County, Connecticut." Mrs. Prudence Crandall Philleo is still living, in the full vigor of her faculties, at Elk Falls, Kansas.

home. Arrived here Saturday evening about 8 o'clock; saw Mr. Packer on Monday; told him the object of my visit to Boston.

He said he thought the object to be praiseworthy, but he was very much troubled about the result. He is fearful that I cannot be supplied with scholars at the close of one year, and therefore he thinks I shall injure myself in the undertaking.

If you have not yet sent on to New York the information you intend, I would thank you if you would do it immediately, for I am expecting to take the next boat for New York, and shall be in the city early on Friday morning. I have not the least acquaintance there, but a friend of mine will give me an introductory letter to Mr. Miller, one of the colored ministers in the city.

The evening after I left Boston I called on Mrs. Hammond, who soon collected some of her friends, among whom were Mr. George W. Benson and a brother of his, who appeared to possess hearts warmed with fellow-feeling and awake to the cause of humanity. They engaged to do all for me in their power, and I have no doubt they will. Saturday morning, called on Mrs. H. again, and she walked with me to the residence of three families of color, with whom I was much pleased. They seemed to feel much for the education of their children, and I think I shall be able to obtain six scholars from Providence. When I return from N. Y., I think I shall be able to lay the subject before the public.

Yours, etc.,
P. CRANDALL.

Why did Miss Crandall contemplate so revolutionary a step, and why did she seek counsel, before all others, of William Lloyd Garrison? Her own account is as follows: *

"The reason for changing my school of white pupils for a school for colored pupils is as follows: I had a nice colored girl, now Mrs. Charles Harris, as help in my family, and her intended husband regularly received the 'Liberator.' The girl took the paper from the office and loaned it to me. In that the condition of the colored people, both slaves and free, was truthfully portrayed, the double-dealing and manifest deception of the Colonization Society were faithfully exposed, and the question of Immediate Emancipation of the millions of slaves in the United States boldly advocated. Having been taught from early childhood the sin of slavery, my sympathies were greatly aroused. Sarah Harris, a respectable young woman and a member of the church (now Mrs. Fairweather, and sister to the before-named intended husband), called often to see her friend Marcia, my family assistant. In some of her calls I ascertained that she wished to attend my school, and board at her own father's house at some little distance from the village. I allowed her to enter as one of my pupils. By this act I gave great offense. The wife of an Episcopal clergyman who lived in the village told me that if I continued that colored girl in my school, it could not be sustained. I replied to her, *That it might sink, then, for I should not turn her out!* I very soon found that some of my school would leave not to return if the colored girl was retained. Under these circumstances I made up my mind that if it were possible I would teach colored girls exclusively."



PRUDENCE CRANDALL. FROM THE OIL-PAINTING, BY F. ALEXANDER (1833), IN THE LIBRARY OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

[In the latter part of March, 1838, at the suggestion of William Lloyd Garrison, the managers of the New England Anti-Slavery Society voted to request Miss Crandall to sit for her likeness. This she did in April, the painter being F. Alexander. A very inadequate steel engraving was afterwards made from the canvas by W. L. Ormsby, of which the plate is now in the possession of Mr. F. J. Garrison. The oil-portrait ultimately passed into the possession of the late Rev. Samuel J. May. Concerning its transfer to Cornell University, where it now is, President White kindly furnishes the following particulars:

"I first knew the portrait, as perhaps you did, when it hung in the parlor of Mr. May's old house at the top of James street hill in Syracuse. He had an especial affection for it, and told me the story of it, I being then in my boyhood. * * * On the last afternoon of Mr. May's life I called upon him. He was very cheerful, insisting that he had but a short time to live, that he was very glad of it, that he had seen slavery abolished, that his work was done, and that he would confess to some curiosity as to 'the beyond.' I insisted that we could not spare him for ten years yet, and in a jocose way he asked me if I could not compromise on from three to five years. He then called his daughter, and pointing to the picture above

him, told her that when he was gone that picture must be sent to me at Cornell University. The next morning, to my great surprise, news came that he was no longer living. * * *

"When Professor von Holst, of the University of Freiburg, the author of the well-known history of the United States, was in this country, I invited some gentlemen to meet him at dinner in New York, and next him sat the Honorable Lafayette S. Foster, formerly President of the United States Senate, and at one time, I think, Governor of Connecticut,—a man, as you will remember, very much respected throughout the country for his character and ability. In the course of our conversation he said something about Windsor in Connecticut, whereupon I asked him if he had ever known anything about the Prudence Crandall case. He smiled as he answered that he was her junior counsel, and gave me some interesting details regarding the matter. Thereupon I turned to von Holst and said, 'There is one point in American history which, I dare say, you never heard of,' when to my great surprise he showed me that he knew the whole case thoroughly in its details and bearings. I never realized till then how minute the knowledge of a German professor in his chosen department could be made.

— W. P. G.]

PRUDENCE CRANDALL,
PRINCIPAL OF THE CANTERBURY, (CONN.) FEMALE
BOARDING SCHOOL.

RETURNS her most sincere thanks to those who have patronized her School, and would give information that on the first Monday of April next, her School will be opened for the reception of young Ladies and little Misses of color. The branches taught are as follows:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, History, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Drawing and Painting, Music on the Piano, together with the French language.

☞ The terms, including board, washing, and tuition, are \$25 per quarter, one half paid in advance.

☞ Books and Stationary will be furnished on the most reasonable terms.

For information respecting the School, reference may be made to the following gentlemen, viz.—

ARTHUR TAPPAN, Esq.	} N. YORK CITY.
Rev. PETER WILLIAMS,	
Rev. THEODORE RAYMOND	
Rev. THEODORE WRIGHT,	
Rev. SAMUEL C. CORNISH,	
Rev. GEORGE BOURNE,	} PHILADELPHIA.
Rev. Mr HAYBORN,	
Mr JAMES FORTEN,	} BOSTON, MASS.
Mr JOSEPH CASSEY,	
Rev. S. J. MAY,—BROOKLYN, CT.	} PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Rev. Mr BEMAN,—MIDDLETOWN, CT.	
Rev. S. S. JOCELYN,—NEW-HAVEN, CT.	
Wm. LLOYD GARRISON	
ARNOLD BUFFUM,	
GEORGE BENSON,—PROVIDENCE, R. I.	

Canterbury, Ct. Feb. 25, 1833.

The first publication of the intended change was made in the "Liberator" of March 2, 1833, when the editor announced, "with a rush of pleasurable emotions," the insertion of "the advertisement of Miss P. Crandall (a white lady), of Canterbury, Conn., for a High School for young colored Ladies and Misses. This is," he continued, "a seasonable auxiliary to the contemplated Manual Labor School for Colored Youth. An interview with Miss C. has satisfied us that she richly deserves the patronage and confidence of the people of color; and we doubt not they will give her both."

Already, however, the town of Canterbury had been thrown into an uproar by the news not only that Miss Crandall would not dismiss Sarah Harris, but would practically dismiss her white pupils instead, and make Canterbury the seat of the higher education of "niggers." "The good people of Canterbury," wrote Arnold Buffum from Providence, on March 4, "I learn, have had three town meetings last week, to devise ways and means to suppress P. Crandall's school, and I am informed that the excitement is so great that it would not be safe for me to appear there. George W. Benson, however, has ventured and gone there on Saturday afternoon last, to see what can be done in the case." Mr. Benson found that Miss Crandall had already been visited by a committee of gentle-

men, who represented "that by putting her design into execution she would bring disgrace upon them all." They "professed to feel a real regard for the colored people, and were perfectly willing they should be educated, provided it could be effected *in some other place!*—a sentiment," adds Mr. Benson, "you will say, worthy of a true colonizationist." He also learned of the calling of another town meeting for the 9th instant, at which the Rev. Samuel J. May, of the adjacent village of Brooklyn, had promised to be present as Miss Crandall's attorney, and his own services in the same capacity were gladly accepted. They were subsequently reënforced by Arnold Buffum. On the eve of the meeting Mr. Garrison wrote from Boston to Mr. Benson:

"Although distracted with cares, I must seize my pen to express my admiration of your generous and prompt defense of Miss Crandall from her pitiful assailants. In view of their outrageous conduct, my indignation kindles intensely. What will be the result? If possible, Miss C. must be sustained at all hazards. If we suffer the school to be put down in Canterbury, other places will partake of the panic, and also prevent its introduction

in their vicinity. We may as well, 'first as last,' meet this proscriptive spirit, *and conquer it.* We—*i. e.*, all true friends of the cause—must make this a common concern. The New Haven excitement has furnished a bad precedent; a second must not be given, or I know not what we can do to raise up the colored population in a manner which their intellectual and moral necessities demand. In Boston we are all excited at the Canterbury affair. Colonizationists are rejoicing, and abolitionists looking sternly.



ARNOLD BUFFUM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN GAY'S GALLERY OF ART FROM A PAINTING MADE IN ENGLAND IN 1824.

"The result of the meeting to be held in C. to-morrow will be waited for by us with great anxiety. Our brother May deserves much credit for venturing to expostulate with the conspirators. If any one can make them ashamed of their conduct, he is the man. May the Lord give him courage, wisdom, and success!"

The result of the meeting was reported to the "Liberator" of March 16 by Henry E. Benson, in a letter to which Mr. Garrison gave the caption, "Heathenism Outdone," and prefixed a brief comment, saying:

"We put the names of the principal disturbers in black letters — black as the infamy which will attach to them as long as there exists any recollection of the colored race. To colonize these shameless enemies of their species in some desert country would be a relief and blessing to society. This scandalous excitement is one of the genuine flowers of the colonization garden."

The meeting, refusing to allow Messrs. May and Buffum to be heard on Miss Crandall's behalf, on the ground of their being foreigners and interlopers, voted unanimously their disapprobation of the school, and pledged the town to oppose it at all hazards.

The story of this remarkable case cannot be pursued here except in brief. It has been fully related in easily accessible works, and from this point Mr. Garrison's connection with the progress of events ceased from force of circumstances. It will be enough to say that the struggle between the modest and heroic young Quaker woman and the town lasted for nearly two years; that the school was opened in April; that attempts were immediately made under the law to frighten the pupils away, and to fine Miss Crandall for harboring them; that in May an act prohibiting private schools for non-resident colored persons, and providing for the expulsion of the latter, was procured from the Legislature, amid the greatest rejoicing in Canterbury (even to the ringing of church bells); that, under this act, Miss Crandall was in June arrested and temporarily imprisoned in the county jail, twice tried (August and October) and convicted; that her case was carried up to the Supreme Court of Errors, and her persecutors defeated on a technicality (July, 1834); and that pending this litigation the most vindictive and inhuman measures were taken to isolate the school from the countenance and even the physical support of the townspeople. The shops and the meeting-house were closed against teacher and pupils; carriage in the public conveyances was denied them; physicians would not wait upon them; Miss Cran-



REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF MISS LUCY THAXTER, BOSTON.

dall's own family and friends were forbidden under penalty of heavy fines to visit her; the well was filled with manure, and water from other sources refused; the house itself was smeared with filth, assailed with rotten eggs and stones, and finally set on fire.

Such conduct on the part of a civilized and Christian community — the most respectable coöperating with the vilest citizens — was, after all, faintly described by Mr. Garrison's phrase, "heathenism outdone," applied, and justly applied, only to the initial proceedings. It was his last comment upon the affair, and very short, but the severity of it touched the Canterbury persecutors to the quick, particularly the five men whose names were printed in black letters — the magnates of the little village. "Your remarks in the last 'Liberator' were awfully cutting," wrote Henry Benson; and Miss Crandall herself interposed with a prudential consideration:

"Permit me to entreat you to handle the prejudices of the people of Canterbury with all the *mildness* possible, as everything severe tends merely to heighten the flame of malignity amongst them. 'Soft words turn away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.' Mr. May and many others of your warm-hearted friends feel very much on this subject, and it is our opinion that you and the cause will gain many friends in this town and vicinity if you treat the matter with perfect mildness."

Mr. Garrison was, however, making war on the common enemy, and his "harsh language" was still in order. He had also put his finger



PRUDENCE CRANDALL PHILLO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE (1882) BY WILLIAM HADDOCK.

on the right spot when he declared the Canterbury mania to be "one of the genuine flowers of the colonization garden." "Be it so," cried Andrew T. Judson, one of the five, and then or shortly afterwards a life member of the American Colonization Society, as was also Dr. Andrew Harris, of the same black list. "Be it so," said Squire Judson, in an address to the Colonization Society signed by the civil authority and selectmen under date of March 22, 1833. "We appeal to the American Colonization Society, to which our statement is addressed—we appeal to every philanthropist, to every Christian—we appeal to the enlightened citizens of our native State and the friends of our country; and in making that appeal we assure them all that they may rely upon the facts here stated, and we ask them to apply to these facts those wholesome principles which we believe are unanimously cherished in New England, and the issue we will abide." He declared that the "school was to become an auxiliary in the work of *immediate abolition*," with the "Liberator" for its mouth-piece; that Miss Crandall had denounced colonization as a fraud; and that "once open this door, and New England will become the Liberia of America." As town clerk he recorded the vote of the town meeting on April 1 to petition for a law against the bringing of colored people from other towns and States for any purpose, "and more especially for the purpose of disseminating the principles and doctrines opposed to the benevolent colonization scheme;" and as one

of the committee he drew up the petition. He was, in fact, the soul of the persecution, for which he boldly invoked and secured the complicity of a Society whose hostility to any attempt to raise the condition of the colored people in the land of their nativity was once more shamingly demonstrated. It was his mission, also, in the pursuit of professional and political advancement, to illustrate the malevolence towards Mr. Garrison which now began, on the part of the Colonization managers, to assume a murderous intensity.

In February the Colonization agent, Danforth, in the midst of a public debate with Arnold Buffum at Lyceum Hall, Salem, taunted Mr. Garrison with not going South to preach to the slaveholders, and, recalling the handsome rewards offered for him, pointed him out in the audience, "with a significant gesture," as "this same William Lloyd Garrison" for whom he himself had been offered ten thousand dollars by an individual. This incentive to kidnapping was not a harmless device to throw odium on an adversary. Mr. Amasa Walker reported, at the annual meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, that "he had lately heard all abolitionists denounced in State Street as mischievous men, and one had lately said to him that he wished he had the editor of the 'Liberator' in an iron cage—he would send him to the Governor of Georgia, who would know what to do with him." Nor did Danforth's malice end there. In a letter written from Boston under date of March 28, 1833, to Colonel William L. Stone, editor of the New York "Commercial Advertiser," and chairman of the executive committee of the Colonization Society in that city, he used the following still more "significant" language:

"In the midst of all these successful endeavors [to found Liberia and people it], there appears a young man within the last two years, of the name of Garrison, whose pen is so venomous that the laws enacted for the peace of the community and the protection of private character have, in one instance, actually confined him in jail, as they would a lunatic. This man, who, according to his own account, has only since 1830 turned against the Colonization cause, in favor of which he delivered his sentiments in public twelve years after the Society was formed; this man, who is considered such a disturber of the tranquillity of Southern society that \$10,000 reward have been offered me for his person, and the most touching appeals as well as official demands made to us in this region that he should be publicly discountenanced and even given up to justice; who is, in fact, this moment in danger of being surrendered to the civil authorities of some one of the Southern States; this man, in

connection with a few like-minded spirits, has been engaged in forming what they call 'The New England Anti-Slavery Society,' one object of which is, 'to effect the abolition of slavery in the United States.' . . .

"I have conversed freely with the Governor of this Commonwealth, and other leading men, on this subject, and they express a decided disapprobation of Garrison's course. For a while he tried the effect of his 'Liberator' upon the Governor by sending it to him. His Excellency, however, did not think it worth the postage, and ordered it stopped. Garrison is now preparing to go to England, doubtless to repeat *vis à voce* the defamations of the South and the Colonization Society which has been already sent over in print, and reëchoed in this country as authentic British opinions."

The sequel will show that this clerical instigation to a forcible detention of Mr. Garrison, if nothing worse, was kept in mind by the colonizationists. The mission to England had been talked of during his tour in Maine the previous year, and hastily concluded upon, but was perforce postponed till the following spring. On Friday, April 5, Mr. Garrison set out from Boston to take ship in New York. His journey proved a sort of hegira. Henry Benson writes from Providence, on April 9, to Mr. Garrison's partner, Isaac Knapp:

"We had a very short but delightful visit from Mr. Garrison last week, though for the life of me I could not help feeling sorrowful on reflecting he was about to leave us for so long a period. On Friday evening he delivered a most excellent address before a large and highly respectable audience of our colored inhabitants, in which he took an affecting leave of them all. After the meeting the poor creatures wept and sobbed like children; they gathered round him anxious to express their gratitude for what he had done for them, and tell him how well they loved him. . . .

"On Saturday morning your partner and my brother started for Brooklyn, from whence he probably departed on Monday for Hartford. . . .

"P. S. My brother has returned; says our friend delivered a highly satisfactory address in Mr. May's meeting-house on Saturday evening, and has removed a mountain of prejudice. After he left Brooklyn on Monday noon, a sheriff came up from Canterbury with a writ. Do not know whether they proceeded to Hartford after him or not; whether said he could not ascertain. Believe they are going to take him up for the heading put to the letter of March 12th, respecting the town meeting, on the ground that it is libellous. My father says he will see that he has bonds (if necessary) to any amount required. Miss Crandall was at Brooklyn, and is in excellent spirits."

On April 11 Mr. Garrison writes from New Haven to Isaac Knapp:

"On Saturday friend G. W. Benson took me to Brooklyn in a chaise, where I tarried until Monday under the hospitable roof of his parents. My excellent brother May was delighted to see me, and my pleasure was equally great in taking him by the hand. I did not expect to deliver an address in B., but could not easily avoid a compliance with the wishes of my friends. Accordingly, I occupied Mr. May's pulpit on Saturday evening last. . . .

"Miss Crandall, having obtained information that I was to hold forth, came up from Canterbury with her sister (a beautiful girl, by the way). She is a wonderful

woman, as undaunted as if she had the whole world on her side. She has opened her school, and is resolved to persevere. I wish brother [Oliver] Johnson to state this fact, particularly, in the next 'Liberator,' and urge all those who intend to send their children thither to do so without delay.

"The stage for Hartford on Monday morning neglected to call for me; and half an hour had elapsed, after its departure, before I was aware of the fact. As time was precious, I took a common wagon, and followed on in pursuit, and at the end of the seventh mile overtook the stage. I was in a wretched plight, covered over with mud, and wet — for it rained heavily. I arrived in Hartford late that evening, and the next morning thought of starting for New Haven; but, at the urgent solicitations of the colored friends, I gave them an address in the evening in their church."

From Philadelphia, six days later, but on the same sheet, Mr. Garrison continues:

"I saw brother [Simeon S.] Jocelyn in New York. He showed me a letter which he had just received from Miss Crandall, in which she stated that I had not left Brooklyn more than half an hour before a sheriff from Canterbury drove up to the door of Mr. Benson at full speed, having five writs against me from Andrew T. Judson and company; and, finding that I had gone, he pursued after me for several miles, but had to give up the chase. No doubt the Colonization party will resort to some base measures to prevent, if possible, my departure for England. . . ."

To Miss Harriet Minot, on April 22, also from Philadelphia, Mr. Garrison wrote:

"On Friday afternoon I arrived in New York from this city, and had the pleasure of receiving your favor of the 9th inst. I was immediately told that the enemies of the abolition cause had formed a conspiracy to seize my body by legal writs on some false pretenses, with the sole intention to convey me South and deliver me up to the authorities of Georgia,—or, in other words, to abduct and destroy me. The agent who was to carry this murderous design into operation had been in New York several days, waiting my appearance. As a packet was to sail the next day for Liverpool from Philadelphia, my friends advised me to start early the next morning for this city, in the steam-boat, hoping I might arrive in season to take passage therein, and thus baffle the vigilance of the enemy — but the ship sailed in the morning, and I did not get here till the afternoon; consequently, I failed to accomplish my purpose. My only alternative, therefore, is to return to New York to-morrow evening, and stealthily get away, if possible, in the Liverpool packet that sails the next morning. Probably I shall not start in the ship, but go down the river in a pilot-boat and overtake her.

"My friends are full of apprehension and disquietude, but I *cannot* know fear. I feel that it is impossible for danger to awe me. I tremble at nothing but my own delinquencies, as one who is bound to be perfect, even as my heavenly Father is perfect."

Returning to New York with some time still on his hands before sailing, Mr. Garrison passed to New Haven, where he sat for his portrait during three days to Nathaniel Jocelyn. All this time he was kept shut up by the artist in a room adjoining the studio, so arranged that in case of an attempt to seize him he could make a safe exit. Without such

precautions, in a city swarming with colonizationists and where his person was known to many, it would have been foolhardy to venture within reach of the truculent Judson, whom he may well have passed on the way thither. "I hope," writes Almira Crandall to Henry Benson from Canterbury, on April 30, "that our friend Garrison will be enabled to escape the fury of his pursuers. Our anxieties for him were very great at the time Judson went to New York, as we expected his business was to take Mr. G." Despite this and all other dangers, the time was consumed without molestation until the packet was ready to be boarded. On May 1, from New York harbor, Mr. Garrison wrote again to Miss Harriet Minot:

"I am now fairly embarked for Liverpool, on board the ship *Hibernia*, Captain Maxwell. We lie about ten miles below the city, at anchor; and here we must remain twenty-four hours. . . .

"Since the transmission of my last letter, I have been journeying from place to place, rather for the purpose of defeating the designs of my enemies than from choice. I expected to have sailed in the packet of the 24th ult., but applied too late, as every berth had been previously engaged. I do not now regret the detention, as it enabled the artist at New Haven to complete my portrait: and I think he has succeeded in making a very tolerable likeness. To be sure, those who imagine that I am a monster, on seeing it, will doubt or deny its accuracy, seeing no horns about the head; but my friends, I think, will recognize it easily. . . .

"Last evening I had a large audience of colored persons in the Methodist African Church in New York, who came to hear my farewell address. Alas, that the value of my labors in their behalf bears so small a proportion to their unbounded gratitude and love! — Mr. Finley, the General Agent of the Colonization Society, was present, and witnessed a tremendous assault upon his darling scheme."

The pursuit was not given over till the last moment. "About two and a half hours after friend Garrison went on board the ship," reports Arnold Buffum, who had gone to New York to see him off, "inquiry was made for him by a lad from a lawyer's office, from which we conclude that the distinguished gentlemen of Canterbury were in pursuit of him; but they happened to be a little too late."

For the moment, Mr. Garrison was safe from his persecutors; but on his return to his native land in the autumn, having ventured to revisit Brooklyn and Canterbury, he was overtaken. What befell him he thus reported in the "Liberator":

"ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Just before midnight, on Sabbath evening last, in Brooklyn, Connecticut, the Deputy Sheriff of Windham County, in behalf of those zealous patrons of colored schools, those plain, independent republicans, those high-minded patriots, those practical Christians,

**ANDREW T. JUDSON,
RUFUS ADAMS,
SOLOMON PAINE,
CAPT. RICHARD FENNER,
DR. HARRIS,**

presented me with five indictments for a panegyric upon their virtuous and magnanimous actions, in relation to Miss Crandall's *nigger school* in Canterbury, inserted in the 'Liberator' of March 16, 1833. I shall readily comply with their polite and urgent invitation to appear at the Windham County Court on the second Tuesday of December, to show cause why, &c., &c. As they have generously given me *precept upon precept*, I shall give them in return *line upon line* — here (in the 'Liberator') a little, and *there* (in the court-room) a great deal."

These suits were never brought to trial.

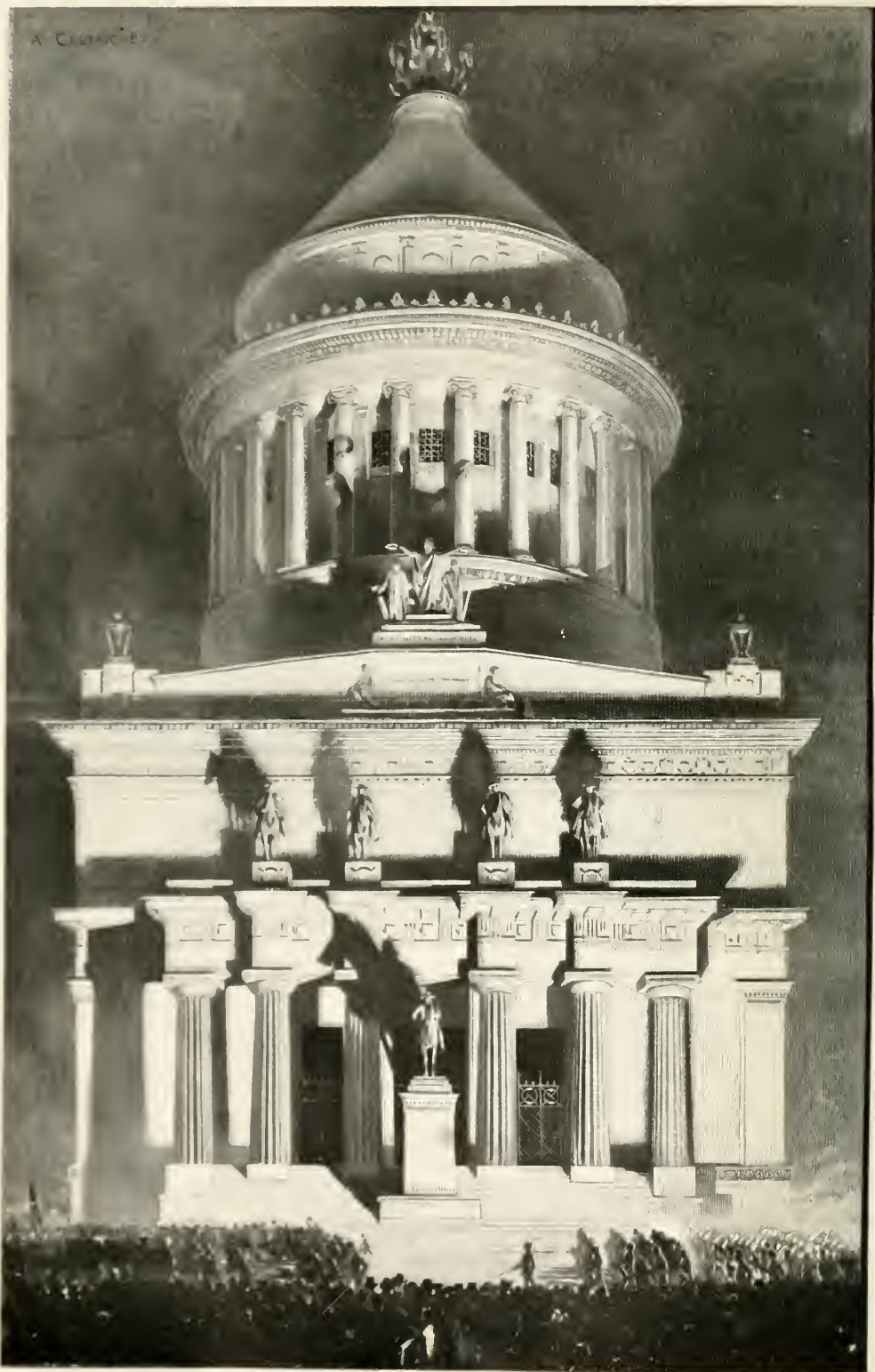
Wendell Phillips Garrison.

NEW WINE.

A GAIN my hill-side reddens with the Fall:
Where woodland ivy swings to every breeze,
From the rude trellis of encroaching trees,
The ruddy grapes are bursting on the wall.
Those fertile vines hang heavy to my hand;
A wild aroma makes the morning sweet,
As, slowly purpling in the kindly heat,
Their fruity bunches crown the temperate land.

Give me no wine, for pleasure mixed with pains,—
A draught of fire that brings a thousand fears —
Too hot a cup for woman's earliest years,
When passion never played upon her veins.
I dare not drink to such a dangerous end:
A little yet the dizzy hour delay!
Give me no love to sweep my pride away,
But give me happy friendship, O my friend!

Dora Read Goodale.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT—RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY.
MOST OF THE DETAILS OF SCULPTURE ARE MERELY SUGGESTIVE.

RIVERSIDE PARK.

IN the current discussion of questions relating to public pleasure grounds "the city's breathing places" has come to be the phrase used oftentimes to designate urban parks as a class. From this it would seem that the primary purpose of a city park, according to the popular conception, is to furnish a free bath of fresh air for lungs doomed to inhale some fluid which is not always fresh nor over cleanly. Analysis proves that the air in densely peopled quarters of a great city is heavy with noxious exhalations and impoverished in the elements which promote the processes of life; while that which is sifted through masses of foliage and quickened by sunlight is at once disinfected by the subtle chemistry of nature and enriched with elements of tonic vigor. Among the people crowded together in every compactly built city, no doubt there are too many to whom a breath of pure and fragrant air, wafted across broad stretches of cool herbage or flowing water, and screened through the leaves of lusty trees, would prove a novel and surprising refreshment; and therefore in this one particular it would be difficult to overstate the sanitary importance of accessible and spacious city or suburban parks.

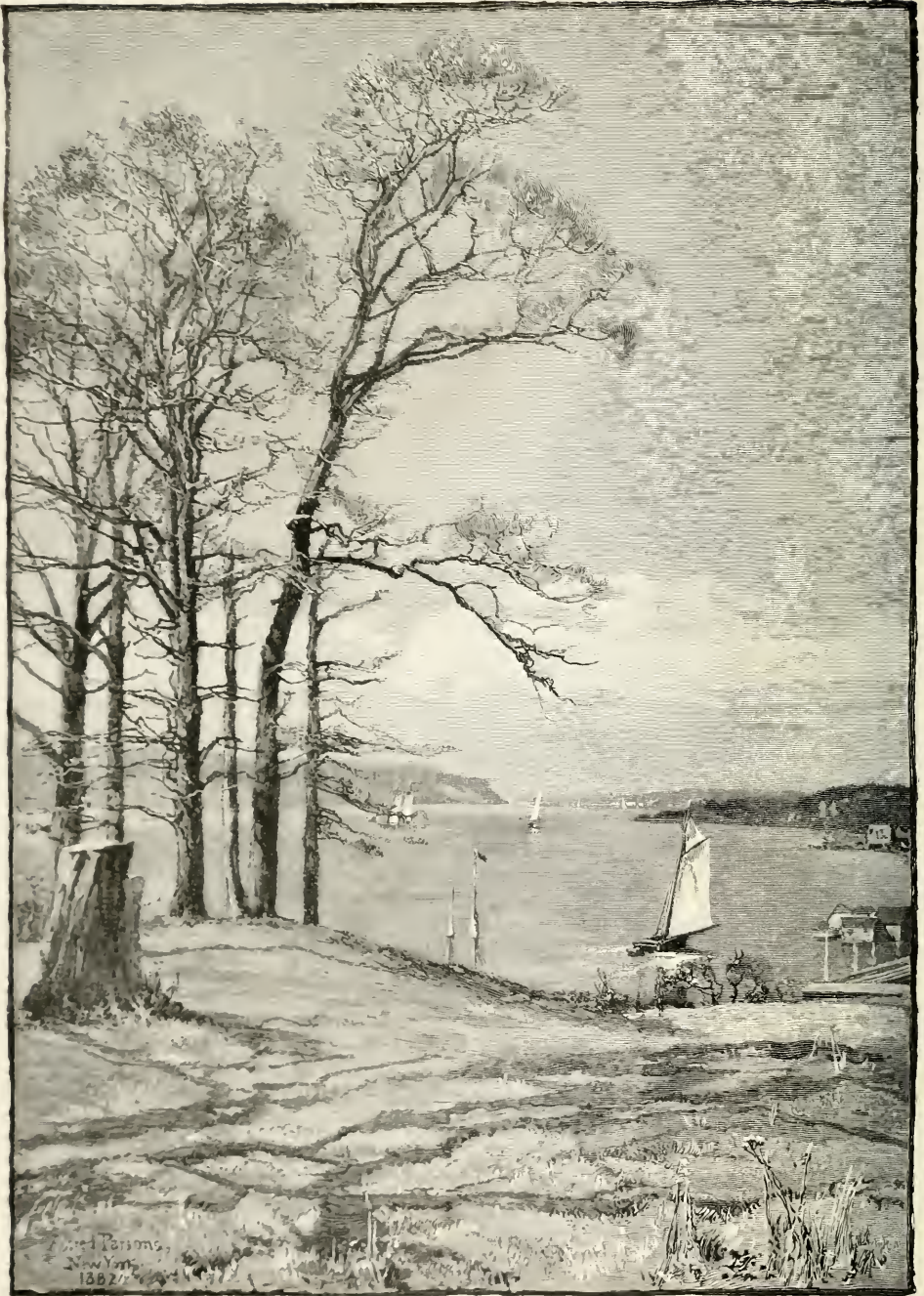
But after all, the ideal park is something more than a fresh-air preserve or a fresh-air factory. Its influence must reach the nobler part of man's nature. It must make a direct appeal to the imagination through the senses, and all its elements and accompaniments must helpfully unite to make that appeal distinct and impressive. Fortunately there is no select class whose minds alone respond sensitively to the sights and sounds and odors of the outdoor world, for what we vaguely term the love of nature is a deep-seated and universal instinct which is never stifled outright even under the most depressing conditions. One who has given a handful of flowers to a street child, and watched the sudden sunshine overspread the little face and chase away the prematurely hard and wary expression, will feel that it is a genuine heart-hunger which has been for the moment allayed. It is the same hunger which the driving man of business feels and promises himself that he will satisfy with a country home, where in the evening of life he can enjoy the brief leisure he has toiled so many years to earn. In fact the mind of man was never haunted by a day-dream of possible earthly felicity unclouded and secure without its vision of fair fields and shining skies. And this instinct is no less persistent than it is spontaneous and universal. It is constantly benumbed by the stupefying discipline of schools,

but it survives even the paralysis of a liberal education. It is one original impulse which is not quite choked to death by the cultured formalisms and insincerities of an artificial world. It is a profounder feeling than the mere relish for natural beauty. It means more than a sensuous delight in color or form or melody or fragrance; and this not only because in nature always, as in the noblest art, sensuous beauty is substantiated, transfigured, and vitalized by some indwelling truth, but because it includes an element of affection, a strange feeling of kinship with material things as if they were informed with conscious life. In the poetry of every language, and wherever else the elemental passions of the soul find spontaneous expression, this affection never lacks recognition. Any instinct which sends its roots so deeply into the constitution of the mind cannot safely be denied all gratification. In so far, then, as the conditions of a city life forbid its enjoyment, they deprive the mind of its natural food; and a city park serves no unworthy purpose if it does no more than offer to intellect and affections the nourishment they crave.

A discriminating interest in various kinds of natural scenery is the specific development of this general inclination to commune with nature which first demands recognition. Whether it is owing to association of ideas, or to some deeper reason in the constitution of things, like the law in accordance with which every phase of the mystery and passion of human life is visibly symbolized somewhere and at some time in the appearances and processes of nature, certain it is that particular kinds of scenery excite definite trains of thought and feeling, as, for example, in the direction of wistfulness, aspiration, or hope, just as the minor music of the autumn wind produces the sentiment of melancholy. Green pastures and still waters are to-day and to every one the essential elements of the typical picture of peace, just as they were in the sacred poetry of Palestine. A reach of gently rolling meadow,

"Whereon the nibbling flocks do stray."

sloping to the cool border of a brook which loiters here and there to catch the sunlight as it falls through openings in the overhanging foliage, its mantle of closely cropped verdure fitting it so smoothly as to reveal every undulation, and offering a surface texture upon which the very shadows of the trees delight to rest, is always a revelation of innocent contentment. It always brings a sense of restfulness and peace. It is a picture which not only excludes



LOOKING UP THE HUDSON FROM CLAREMONT.

every suggestion of the want and wretchedness, the cruelty, oppression, and strife which society acknowledges as its shame, but its motive is in refreshing contrast to the devouring ambition, the strenuous energy, the eagerness, the adventure, the spirit of progress which the same civilization boasts of as its distinguish- ing glory. To the imagination it suggests the simplicity, the dignity, the innocence, the conservatism, the freedom, the quietness, the contemplative leisure of the ideal pastoral life; and while it possesses the mind it is a signal relief from the wear and weariness, the strain and pressure, the turbulence and discontent,



VIEW OF CLAREMONT FROM THE SOUTH.

“The fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities.”

The restful charm of Central Park has a deeper reason than the marked antithesis to physical conditions of rigid confinement between walls of stone and upon streets of stone, which is offered by its broad rural views, its openness and airiness and spacious skies. In spite of the salient scenery about it, its narrow limits and originally rugged surface, it embodies with rare success the tranquilizing pastoral idea. Its scant meadow-land is not fenced off by well-defined boundaries to advertise its meagerness, but is allowed to flow around wooded knolls and lose itself in grassy alcoves which wind among the trees and lead the fancy onward with fair promise of broader fields beyond. Even the bolder features of the park and its passages of sylvan picturesqueness are all subordinate to its central purpose, which they emphasize by shading and contrast. The rising tide of population will soon sweep quite around it, but there will remain one spot in the heart of the city which may not be bounded by a sky-line of roofs and chimneys, for the city is forever walled out of sight by woodside banks of foliage. The time is coming when Central Park will be as unfashionable as the Battery is to-day; but so long as men delight in seclusion and sigh for repose, its tranquil graces will not cease to allure, for its fair prospects, tuneful woods, and scented air, which soothe every sense, bring with them an inward rest and peace which are no less real because their presence is not consciously recognized by those who enjoy them. Indeed, the rest will be more refreshing and the peace more profound because they flow in upon the spirit so quietly and never challenge observation.

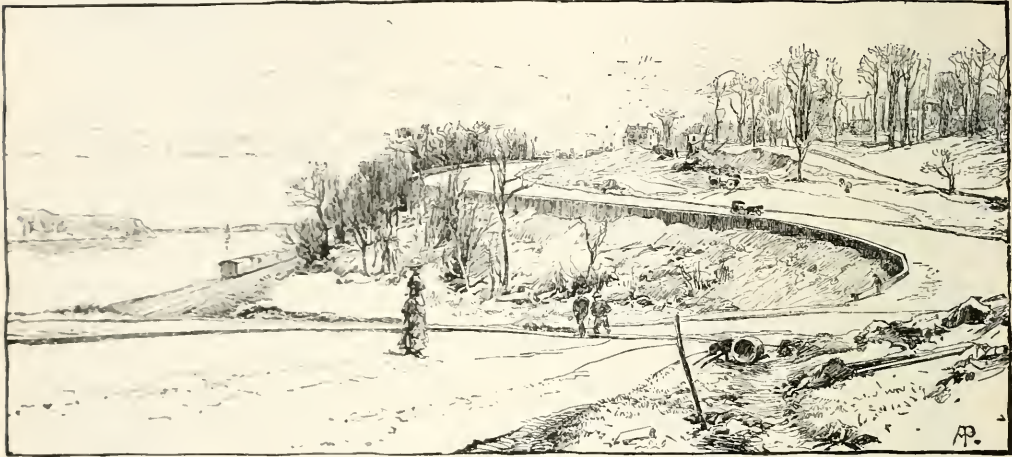
But all the possibilities in the way of recreation grounds on Manhattan Island were

not exhausted by a single success in one direction. Besides the placid prospects whose interest lies wholly in the foreground or in the range immediately beyond, there are grand and inspiring landscapes which embrace the blue distance in their sweep. New York, too, from her peerless position as the maritime capital of a continent, looks out upon bright waters on every hand, and from all her breezy shores the sparkling surface of river; bay, or sound can be seen stretching away in endless diversity of cheerful prospect. And questions of scenery apart, there are certain wants which Central Park was never designed to meet and to which it never can be adapted. It is a difficult matter to reconcile the ideas of seclusion and festivity. Pastoral simplicity vanishes as the equipage and bravery of fashion become obtrusive. Even now, with the city half grown, there are times when the roadways of the park are thronged with carriages to the limit of their capacity. The ratio between the grass and gravel of the park is such that any sacrifice of its verdurous elements to the extent which a widening of its wheelways would necessitate is not to be thought of, even if such a change would not be a flagrant violation of the spirit of the work. The roads were laid to command the same quieting scenery which is enjoyed from the walks, and they will suffice for all who drive to find these reposeful landscapes. The carriages driven in gay procession for social pleasure must soon go somewhere else.

To think of Riverside Park simply as a relief from the thronged wheelways of Central

Park is to form a most inadequate and incomplete conception of that work, and yet it is essentially the aggrandizement of a road. The road itself — a cluster of ample ways for pleasure riding, driving, and walking, separated by strips of turf from which stately trees are to rise, and extending for three miles — would have a dignity of its own wherever it might lead through the city. But its position overlooking the broad Hudson gives it an added importance and an individual character which are not repeated nor paralleled in any of the famous avenues of the world. From Seventy-second street to the hollow known in the old maps as "Marritje David's Vly," at what is now One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, the river banks are bold, rising steeply at one point to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. Down at the river level lies Twelfth

ing and completing the dignified structure. The outer walk follows this bold terrace, although at one point it drops below the level of the drive, allowing carriages to wheel out upon a spacious balcony. Occasionally too, where the grade demands it, the drive breaks from the walk and side road which skirts the property line on the eastern boundary of the park, leaving wide slopes of turf between the ways. Notwithstanding these devices to give variety to the plan of the road proper, one can hardly comprehend how so long a terrace can escape being unpleasantly formal; but in this instance the constant change of level and direction excludes any impression of sameness, and at times the upward sweeping of the parapet curve produces a pleasant effect by its harmony with the skyline of tree-tops beyond. Even now, before

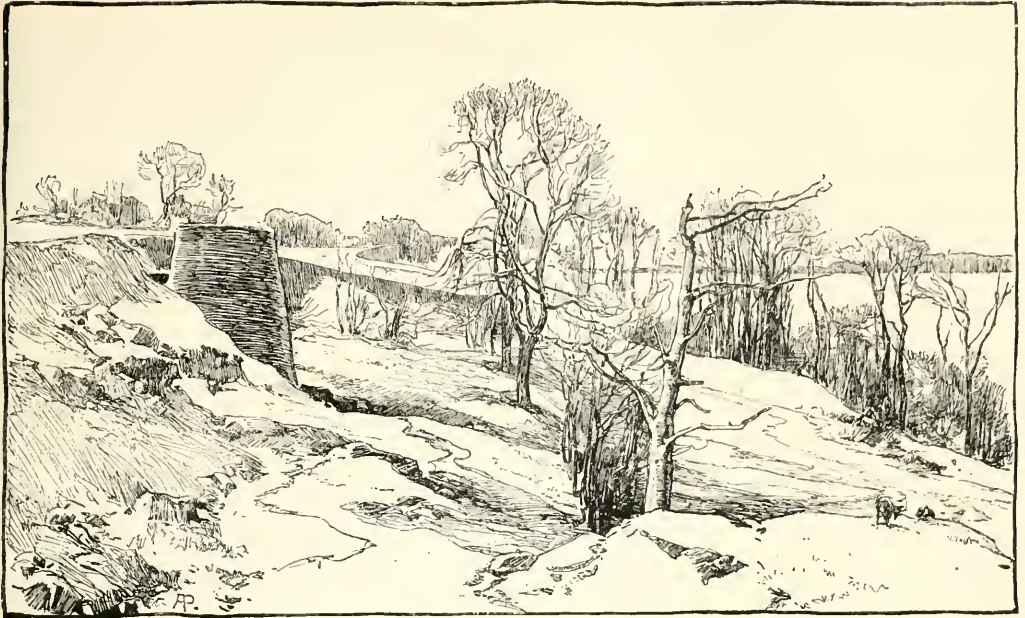


RIVERSIDE DRIVE AT NINETY-SIXTH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

Avenue, while upon the high ground, eight hundred feet inland and parallel with the pier-line, Eleventh Avenue cuts its way square across the long series of side streets in accordance with the orthodox rectangular block system. Between these two avenues, now approaching one and now the other, winds Riverside Drive, following mainly the brow of the bluff, but rising and falling at easy grades, curving about the bolder projections, and everywhere adapting its course so graciously to the contour of the land, that it does not look to have been laboriously "laid out," but to have developed rather as a part of the natural order of things. The broad shelf against the sloping bank formed by the associated ways is supported on the lower side by a massive retaining wall, at some points nearly forty feet in height, and this rises above the drive in a low, heavy parapet which extends throughout its entire length, fitly crown-

ing its trees are grown or its retaining wall mantled with vines, the road itself, as its gray stretches disappear behind some hill and beckon the visitor onward, delights the eye and kindles the imagination.

West of the wall is a strip of land varying in width as the avenue approaches or recedes from the river. It is generally lower than the drive, and falls away to the water with a rapid inclination. In one of its wider portions, however, near Eighty-second street, the granite basement of the island rises in a pair of abrupt hillocks above the road level, bursting through its thin covering of turf here and there, and nursing in its crevices two or three stunted and picturesque honey-locusts. Glimpses of the river and the Jersey shore beyond, caught between these hills, furnish pictures worth remembering even among the many glorious prospects from the drive. This strip of land is too narrow to afford any park-



RIVERSIDE DRIVE NEAR CLAREMONT, LOOKING SOUTH.

like range; and while nothing has been done to adapt it to the purposes of a pleasure-ground, it has unfortunately been hideously scarified to furnish "filling" for the railroad and other improvements. Descending from the drive by stone steps to some points where it is accessible, as at One Hundred and Sixth street, we find an open wood of fine trees with grassy intervals extending for a long distance as a sort of intermediate terrace, which drops suddenly to the river level in a steep bank covered with a wild tangle of trees, shrubs, and vines. Some of the trees have a size and dignity of expression which invest them with an individual interest. The white pines at the northern end of the park, the chestnut oaks in some of the upper groves, the tulip-trees and sycamores at Ninety-sixth street, all wear that venerable look which trees rarely attain in the first century of their history. It is a matter of record, however, that General Robertson stripped the island of all its trees in the cold winter of 1779-80, to furnish fuel for his freezing redcoats. This was the winter when New York was reported by the British officer to be no longer on an island, so solid was the ice which bound it to the land beyond both rivers. Across the bay even, from the Battery to Staten Island, heavy pieces of artillery were driven. The trees were not cut, however, until old houses and the hulks of unseaworthy vessels had been broken up for firewood. No doubt the British axes found trees in plenty remaining, although one hun-

dred and fifty years of felling had gone on since Hendrik Hudson, looking on the island from the deck of his galiot, pronounced it "a pleasant land as one need to tread upon, and abundant in all kinds of timber." It was one of his landing parties who reported here "an abundance of magnificent oaks of a height and thickness one seldom beholds, together with poplars and linden-trees and various other kinds of wood." A remarkable variety of arborescent growth is yet seen wherever the land is left to cover its nakedness. There is hardly a half-mile on the bank at Riverside where one cannot look over from the walk and count forty tree-species. The record of General Robertson's exploit may be put in evidence against any claim for reverence as primeval settlers which our oaks and pines may set up; but they are trees of stately stature, none the less.

The real value of this belt of land below the drive is not, however, to be estimated by any attractions of its own, but is derived from the fact that it secures the water-view and furnishes it with a foreground. It is the impressive presence of the strong and silent river which invests this parkway with its unique interest. No treatment of its shores, however insolent or feeble, can make the Hudson tame or trivial or commonplace. So long as the broad current bears its burden of stately ships so lightly between mountain barriers worthy to contain it and direct its flow, the river and its banks will never fail to

fill the mind and eye with pictures of majesty and might. From the drive the views of the river and the wood-crowned heights beyond are most characteristic. The full expanse of water is not at all times visible. Now it is quite obscured by some headland or cluster of trees, and again barely enough of it is revealed through leafy vistas to provoke the fancy. Here again its full light gleams over the flattened top of some pepperidge, or is softened and sobered as it filters through the spray of birches and willows; while from occasional high levels the eye has free range to the north or south along the bright waterway, and over prospects of great extent and the most varied interest. The crowning view of the whole series is that from Claremont looking up the river. This is at the northern end of the park, where the grounds are widest and where they reach their greatest elevation. As the high ground here abruptly falls away, the road naturally ends, sweeping around in a loop on the brow of the bluff where the interest in the scenery culminates in this commanding prospect. Here, half hidden in a grove, stood the historic mansion once occupied by Lord Churchill, but the oaks and tulip-trees which surrounded it are dead or dying one by one, as destructive "improvements" have gashed the hill-side with deep cuts and drained away the water which fed their roots. But a few months ago a giant pine which had survived the cruelties of the city engineer and at least one lightning stroke was chopped down when the old house which it sheltered was "restored" for victualing purposes beyond all hope of recognition. Other trees were swept away



ACROSS THE HUDSON FROM CLAREMONT, FORT LEE IN THE DISTANCE.

at the same period, when there was much digging out and heaping up of earth hereabout in accordance with some unrevealed plan. But in spite of the desolation of the foreground, the distant prospect remains. Below the bluff the Hudson still broadens out to hold the light of all the sky. The Palisades frown along the left, and seem to end in a bold promontory, around which the river flows from the mysterious distances beyond, while on the island side a rocky arm is thrust out from Washington Heights, to protect the deep and quiet bay.

Of course it is to be understood that the Riverside Park of to-day is little better than a promise, or rather, it is but the foundation and frame of what it is to be. The road-bed is laid, and this establishes the plan beyond any possible abandonment. Of the hundred miles of frontage upon navigable water, possessed by the cities which cluster about this harbor, three miles are thus rescued from commerce and dedicated to recreation. At only two points, and these near its southern extremity, do cross streets extend through the park to the river, so that traffic is forbidden here, and the character of the territory which fronts the drive as a residence quarter is fixed. This land as yet is largely vacant, but its advantages will be plainly squandered if it is not occupied by a line of villas whose deep lawns, while giving them more perfect domestic seclusion, will add to the amplitude and dignity of the parkway. A short space in the life of a city can work this transformation, for a city grows, alas! more swiftly than a tree, and the villas could be built and rebuilt before the lindens, elms, and maples will cover the drive with cooling shadows.

Not until the expanding city has brought a large population within easy reach of the work can it completely fulfil its purpose as a grand promenade, where people in great numbers come together for that stimulating recreation which forms so important a feature in the social life of Old World cities. It is a heart-hardening and mind-depressing process to come into daily contact with throngs of people with whom we have no sympathy. This is an irritating influence to which the city business man is constantly subjected, and it is one cause of wear and exhaustion from which he needs relief. If the same persons, with the hardening struggles of the business day behind them, can meet for the common purpose of recreation, the pervading holiday sympathy contrasts as refreshingly with the jostle and scramble of the exchange and market-place as does the quieting charm which lingers about the secluded borders of a tree-flecked meadow. No one who has ob-

served a multitude of happy people on the Champs Élysées in pleasant weather, or similar gatherings which on occasions assemble in our own parks, can doubt that this inclination to associated recreation is a natural and healthful one, which deserves to be provided for. At such times the joyous light which beams from every face helps to illumine all the rest. There is a manifest contagion of light-heartedness. The source of this peculiar pleasure is plainly in the social instinct. It is abounding human life in its most cheerful aspect which gives so keen a relish to the general enjoyment.

It is plain that the charm of scenery, and especially of quieting scenery, is not essential to a stimulating recreation, whose controlling element is congregated human life. The freedom and exhilaration of fresh open air; rows of full-foliaged trees, greensward and birds; wheelways ample, smooth, clean, a springy bridle-track adjoining the road, so that occupants of carriages can readily turn to converse with friends on horseback; shaded footpaths and cozy resting-places,—these are the essential physical features of a grand promenade. To them can be added the most elaborate decoration, for it will not be out of harmony with the formal colonnades of trees, and the artificial character of the whole structure. Monuments, statues, fountains, tropical plants, and floral embroidery so barbarously misplaced amid quiet rural surroundings, will here help to heighten the brilliant effect, where

“With stately progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow,”

and numbers of spirited horses and well-dressed people meet and mingle in a spirit of animated gaiety. As a field for such festal assemblages the Riverside Terrace offers a unique opportunity; for besides all the best features of an extended and spacious Spanish Alameda the riverflows by to cool and freshen every breeze, even if we count for naught its glorious scenery among the exhilarating sights and sounds of the promenade. But festivity will be at flood-tide for only a fraction of each day, while the river never fails. And even when the scene upon the terrace is in full glitter, there may be one who will turn for refreshment to the sun-glints on the water or to a bit of hazy distance as his friend grows tiresome. A noble horizon may not be essential to social enjoyment, but a more delightful incident to such enjoyment can hardly be imagined, and at times it might prove a wholesome corrective of the inanities of fashionable walk and conversation. Fortunately an elaborately decorative treatment of the terrace will not dissipate attention from the spacious prospect beyond, for the

parapet furnishes such a marked and decisive line of foreground limitation that well-chosen, decorative objects held within it will rather emphasize by contrast the grand effect of the distant scenery. We may lament that the planting of the trees was so long delayed and that such inadequate preparation was made in the original construction for giving them deep root-hold and rich feeding-ground, especially since so much depends upon their vigor and amplitude of shade; but if the place which the work is designed to fill in the social economy of the city comes to be appreciated civic pride will hardly tolerate any further mistakes. No single park centrally situated in a great city can be large enough to furnish space at once for stimulating social recreation and the quieting charm of secluded scenery. Indeed any attempt to mingle the two forms of recreation will be to the disadvantage of both. If New York had prepared twenty-five years ago for a grand promenade from Madison Square to Central Park the trees would now have attained some maturity of stature and expression, and this parkway would already be famous as one of the striking features of the city and the object of its noblest pride. Twenty-five years hence as dense a population will have sprung up on the heights which overlook the river as that now found along the line of Fifth Avenue. One opportunity lost should be a warning. Riverside, as the true complement of Central Park, should be made ready to welcome the expanding city as it sweeps by to the north.

SINCE the foregoing description of Riverside and its possibilities was written an element of the most serious significance has been introduced by the selection of Claremont Heights for the Grant mausoleum. A structure fitly commemorative of the high achievement and patriotic devotion of the nation's foremost soldier might well consist with the spirit and purpose of the park; but the actual sepulture of the hero at this key-point necessitates some

compromise with the prevalent idea of festa assemblage. A certain isolation must be granted to the tomb in deference to the sentiment of reverence, and yet in view of the limitations of the ground at this point of focal and culminating interest it is not desirable that the surrounding space should be considerably encroached upon. The adjustment of conflicting claims of this sort is one phase of the complex problem presented, and obviously a satisfactory result can only be reached after the closest study and the most judicious treatment. On the other hand it should be remembered that Riverside would possess a monument to Grant if his dust were not laid to rest beneath it, and that this presence will add an impressiveness to the monument which belongs to none of the memorial works reared elsewhere. The spot will henceforth be invested with a national and historic interest which will lend new consequence and dignity to the park. [This increased importance will encourage such maintenance as the work merits and help to preserve it from being turned over to traffic or perverted to alien use.] Riverside, until yesterday unheard of, is already a familiar word the world over. It was the solemnities at Claremont that first introduced thousands of people who live within the city limits to a public ground of whose existence they had been hardly aware. But a few months ago one might traverse the drive from end to end without encountering more people than would be met in the same distance on a lonely country road. The memorial grounds have even now proved helpful to the park, and the interest kindled will not fail. The Heights of Claremont offer many artistic advantages as the site of an imposing structure, and these advantages will remain. The idea of mortality suggested by the tomb is not congenial with the motive of the recreational ground, but this idea will gradually fade on as years roll on, and the man of heroic stature assumes his rightful place in history among the world's leaders who live for evermore.

William A. Stiles.



THE LAST DAYS OF GENERAL GRANT.

ON Christmas Eve, 1883, General Grant seemed to himself and to the world a healthy and prosperous man. He was sixty-one years of age, full of mental vigor, and physically as strong, if not as active, as he had ever been. He was engaged in business that brought him in an ample income, and he told his intimate friends that he was worth a million of dollars. He passed that evening at the house of an acquaintance and went home in a cab about midnight. As he alighted he turned to hand the driver a fare, and in doing this his foot slipped on the ice, for the weather was cold and wet, and the rain froze on the pavement. He fell to the ground and was unable to rise. The driver got down from the box to assist him, but the General was suffering acutely, and the man was obliged to call for help from within doors. A servant came out, and General Grant was carried up the steps to his house, which he was never to leave again a well man.

The family at the time consisted only of Mrs. Grant and a young niece, with the servants. Mrs. Grant was naturally very much alarmed, but the General declared that the injury was not serious, and although he was almost senseless from pain he refused to allow a medical man to be summoned. In the morning his son Ulysses, who lived near, was brought, and he at once sent for Dr. Fordyce Barker, the family physician, who pronounced the case one that required surgical treatment, and called in Dr. Lewis A. Stimson. The injury was thought to be the rupture of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh, and although after the first few days the suffering was less, any quick or sudden movement of the limb was so painful that the General was unable to move in his bed without assistance; he did not leave it for weeks. A few days after the fall he suffered an attack of pleurisy, which also at first occasioned excruciating pain, but was not absolutely dangerous.

The effects of this accident detained General Grant in the house many weeks, but after a while he was able to hobble about on crutches, and in March he went, by the advice of his physicians, to Washington and Fortress Monroe. By this time his general health was greatly improved, but the weakness in his leg and hip continued, and the unusual confinement somewhat affected his spirits, though not his temper or his intellect. He was the most patient of sufferers, the most equable of

prisoners. Hosts of friends among the most distinguished people of the country gathered around him wherever he went, and their society, always one of his greatest delights, now cheered the tedium and allayed the suffering of the invalid. In April he returned to New York and was able to drive his own horse and to attend army reunions. He went, however, to no private entertainments. His affairs seemed still very prosperous, and he hoped soon to recover entirely from the effects of his fall.

I had been absent from the country during the winter, but returned late in April, and at once saw much of my old chief. I found him cheerful and uncomplaining, going to his office daily on business, interested in politics and affairs. The Presidential election was approaching, and although he never spoke of such a possibility, many of his political friends thought the prospect of his nomination very bright. Every day revealed apparently irreconcilable differences among the adherents of other candidates, and the party and the country, not a few believed, were turning again to him who had twice been the head of the State. He, however, responded to no such intimations, and never said even to his family that he desired or expected a return to public station. Any expression that ever fell from him on the subject was to repress or repel the suggestion. He was resting from national cares, and in the unwonted enjoyment of a private competence. He told me that in December for the first time in his life he had a bank account from which he could draw as freely as he desired. He was generous in gifts to his children, but never luxurious in his personal habits. He had only two expenses of his own,—his horses and his cigars.

When General Grant returned from Europe in 1879 his entire fortune amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, and the income of this sum just paid his expenses at the hotel where he and Mrs. Grant occupied two rooms. He kept no carriage. Finding that he could not live in New York suitably to his position, he began to consider what other residence he should select or what means of support. His son Ulysses was engaged in the banking business with Ferdinand Ward and James D. Fish, and supposed he had accumulated four hundred thousand dollars. He offered to receive his father as a partner in his profits. General Grant would not consent to this, but

proposed to invest his hundred thousand dollars in the business and become an actual partner. Ward and Fish concurred, and in 1880 General Grant was admitted as a special partner in the firm of "Grant and Ward."

He was never, however, actively engaged in its affairs. His name was used and he gave his money, but others did the business. Ward in reality acted for the firm, made the investments, drew the cheques, received the deposits, and disposed of them. General Grant was assured that the investments were proper, and, utterly unaccustomed as he was to business, he inquired little further. Once or twice he thought he had reason to say that the firm must have no dealings in Government contracts, and he said so promptly. He declared that his position as ex-President made it improper and impossible for a firm of which he was a member to have such dealings; and Ward assured him that there were none. The apparent returns from the business were enormous, but General Grant knew that scores of bankers and brokers around him had made as rapid fortunes as he, and was not surprised. He put all his available capital into the bank, and many of his friends and relatives invested or deposited with it. One of his sons was a partner, another had become an agent of the firm, and their father had all confidence in their integrity and capacity.

But suddenly out of the clear sky came the thunderbolt. On Tuesday morning, the 6th of May, 1884, General Grant went from his house in Sixty-sixth street, supposing himself a millionaire. When he arrived at his place of business in Wall street he found he was ruined. As he entered his office he was met by his son Ulysses, who said at once: "Father, you had better go home. The bank has failed"; but the General went in and waited awhile. I happened to visit him that day about noon, and found him alone. After a moment he said to me gravely enough, but calmly: "We are all ruined here." I was astounded at the news, and he continued: "The bank has failed. Mr. Ward cannot be found. The securities are locked up in the safe, and he has the key. No one knows where he is."

He could not at that time have known the event more than half an hour. In a few moments he got into a carriage and was driven home. He never returned to Wall street.

The world knows that he gave up all that was his. The story of the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt into which he was inveigled is pitiful. Ferdinand Ward had come to him on Sunday the 4th of May and represented that the

Marine Bank, where Grant and Ward had large deposits, was in danger, but that speedy assistance would enable it to overcome the difficulty. The assistance, however, must be immediate if they would save themselves. He urged General Grant to obtain at once a loan of \$150,000 for this purpose; and Sunday though it was, the old warrior sallied out at the instance of the partner, who knew at that moment that all the fortunes of General Grant had been lost through his means. He went first to Mr. Victor Newcomb, who was not at home, and then to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who at once agreed to let General Grant have his cheque for \$150,000 without security. He said that he had never done such a thing before, but he would do it for General Grant. The General expected to return the money immediately; he wanted it only to enable the Marine Bank to find time to collect its loans. Ward had assured him, and he repeated to Mr. Vanderbilt, that there were securities for more than a million of dollars in the vaults of Grant and Ward.

The first thing General Grant did when the failure was known was to make over all his individual property to Mr. Vanderbilt. In this act Mrs. Grant afterwards joined, waiving her right of dower. The house in which they lived belonged to Mrs. Grant. Three years before a hundred thousand dollars had been subscribed to purchase her a home, and the building in Sixty-sixth street was selected; but there was a mortgage on the property which the holders refused to cancel. It was a good investment, and they preferred to retain it. The price of the house was \$98,000, and the mortgage was for \$50,000; so \$48,000 only was paid, and the remainder of the sum subscribed was deposited with Grant and Ward, to be applied to the purchase of bonds. Ward, as the active member of the firm, was commissioned to make the purchase. He reported having done so, received the money, and the interest was regularly paid. But after the failure it was discovered that the purchase had never been made. There was therefore a mortgage on the property which could not be redeemed. The library and the rare contents of the house were, however, made over to Mr. Vanderbilt.

But this was not all. The Trust Fund of \$250,000 raised for General Grant, the interest of which was devoted to his benefit, had been invested in the bonds of a company which at this juncture suspended payment. The fund was guaranteed by the E. D. Morgan estate, but from some technicality of the law the guarantors could not pay the deficient interest until the company had been six months in default; this

resource therefore failed entirely for the time. The last payment had been deposited with Grant and Ward, and of course was lost.

General Grant was as brave, however, as under all circumstances, and though regretting the loss of fortune for himself and his sons, as well as for those who had suffered through their means, he was as yet free from any acute humiliation. He himself was ruined; one son was a partner in the wreck and the liabilities; another, the agent of the firm, was bankrupt for half a million; his youngest son on the 3d of May had deposited all his means, about \$80,000, in the bank of his father and brother, and the bank suspended payment on the 6th; his daughter had made a little investment of \$12,000 with the firm; one sister had put in \$5,000, another \$25,000; a nephew had invested a few thousands, the savings of a clerkship; and other personal friends invested more largely. It was painful and mortifying that all these should lose in this way, but still there was no thought of personal disgrace.

But after a day or two came out the shameful story of craft and guile in all its horrible proportions, and it was seen that his honored name had been used to entice and decoy hosts of friends and acquaintances, to their own injury and General Grant's discredit. Imputations were even cast on the fame that belonged to the country; and this blow was the most terrible that General Grant ever endured. The shock of battle was less tremendous, the mortal agony was less acute.

There seemed, too, under the circumstances, to be nothing to do, nothing to say. He was indeed through life always able to remain silent, but the task was harder now than amid the abuse directed against him during the war, or the detraction and calumnies of political campaigns. His own fair fame, his honor as a man, the honor of his children,—all were assailed; all discussed, doubted, defiled by the tongues of a careless and censorious world. The glory which had been likened to that of Washington was obscured. He never spoke of this even to those closest and dearest, but none the less they knew that the wound was eating into his soul. This sorrow was a cancer indeed.

After a time the clouds were lifted a little, and the world seemed satisfied, at least in part, that his honor was untarnished. He breathed freer now; but still the accusations were hurled against his children; and for him, for whom the family relations were absolutely the profoundest and most intimate of his nature, this was anguish intolerable.

His bodily health was soon affected, though not yet conspicuously. He did not grow openly

worse, but he ceased to grow better. His lameness did not mend. His strength did not increase. He was not morose, but hardly so cheerful as was his wont, although too brave to be willing to seem cast down. But he was indignant to the core at those who had injured him and his fame and his sons.

At first he was distressed even for money for household expenses. Eighty dollars in his pocket-book and one hundred and thirty dollars in cash belonging to Mrs. Grant were all he had to live on. If two friends, one a man he had never seen and the other a foreigner, had not come to his relief, General Grant must have suffered actual want for a while. The very cheques paid out to tradesmen a few days before the failure were dishonored. He was penniless in the house that was crowded with his trophies.

But, four days after the 6th of May an unknown countryman, Mr. Charles Wood, of Lansingburg, New York, wrote to General Grant and offered to lend him \$1000 on his note for twelve months, without interest, with the option of renewal at the same rate. He inclosed a cheque for \$500, "on account," he said, "of my share for services ending April, 1865," and General Grant gratefully accepted the offer.

About the same time Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, who had been a valued friend from the period when the French were driven from Mexico, came on from Washington, and insisted on lending him \$1000. At first the General declined the offer, but Mr. Romero suddenly quitted the room, leaving his cheque for \$1000 on the table. But for these succors the man who had dined with half the kings of the earth would have wanted money to buy bread for himself and his children.

For it was not only himself and Mrs. Grant who were to be supported, but two of his sons and their families. Ulysses went to live with his father-in-law, the Hon. J. B. Chaffee, who was a man of means; but General Grant must maintain the others, for, until released by their creditors, they could not even go into business. Mrs. Grant, however, owned two little houses in Washington, and she wrote at once to Mr. W. McLean, of Cincinnati, who she knew was buying property at the capital. Mr. McLean was a staunch personal friend of General Grant, although a political opponent, and Mrs. Grant asked him at this crisis to purchase her houses, telling him that she needed money for the absolute living expenses of the family. Mr. McLean at once directed his agent to purchase the houses, whether they were needed or not, and to pay the market price. This timely act relieved the

family from their immediate anxieties. The generous loan of Mr. Romero was repaid; the dishonored cheques for household expenses were redeemed, and enough was left to live on during the summer.

As early as December, 1883, the editors of *THE CENTURY* magazine had inquired of me whether General Grant could not be induced to write about one or two of his battles for their series of papers on the war, mentioning Shiloh and the Wilderness. I laid the matter before him, but he was disinclined to attempt the unfamiliar task. The editors, however, renewed their solicitations. After the failure of Grant and Ward they addressed me a letter, saying: "The country looks with so much regret and sympathy upon General Grant's misfortune that it would gladly welcome the announcement and especially the publication of material relating to him or by him, concerning a part of his honored career in which every one takes pride. It would be glad," they said, "to have its attention diverted from his present troubles, and no doubt such diversion of his own mind would be welcome to him."

He was touched by the tone of the communication, but shrank at first from presenting himself to the public at this juncture, preferring absolute withdrawal and retirement. When I conveyed his reply, I spoke of the complete financial ruin that had overtaken him. The editors at once inquired whether a pecuniary inducement might not have weight, and made an offer to him for two articles on any of his battles which he might select. His necessities decided him. The modern Belisarius did not mean to beg.

In June he went to Long Branch for the summer, and soon afterwards sent for me and showed me a few pages he had written, and called an article. The fragment was terse and clear, of course, like almost everything he wrote, but too laconic and compact, I knew, to suit the editorial purpose; it would not have filled three pages of the magazine. I urged him to expand it.

"But why write more?" he asked. "I have told the story. What more is there to say?"

I begged him to go into detail, to explain his purposes and movements, to describe the commanders, to give pictures of the country; and he seized the idea, and developed the sketch into a more protracted effort. It was copied by his eldest son, who carried it to the editors, one of whom at once came to see him, and asked him to still further extend his article by including topics covered by him in the interview. He consented again, and the paper became the elaborate one—elaborate for its author—which appeared in *THE CENTURY*

for February, 1885. This was General Grant's first attempt at anything like literary or historical composition.

He at once became interested in the work. The occupation had, indeed, distracted him from the contemplation of his misfortunes, and the thoughts of his old companions and campaigns brought back pleasanter recollections. He agreed to prepare still another article. His first theme had been the battle of Shiloh; the second was the Vicksburg Campaign and Siege. If he had been too concise at the start, he was now inclined to be more than full, and covered two hundred pages of manuscript in a few weeks. As soon as it became known that he had begun to write, the story spread that he was preparing his memoirs, and half the prominent publishers in the country made him offers. Again he sent for me, and said he felt inclined to write a book; but that as my own history of his campaigns had been composed with his concurrence, and with the expectation that it would take the place of all he would have to say on the subject, he thought it right to consult me. He wanted also to employ the material I had collected and arranged in it, and to use the work as authority for figures and for such facts as his own memory would not supply. Besides this, he wanted my assistance in various ways; all of which was arranged. In October I went to live at his house.

At this time he seemed in very fair health. He was crippled and unable to move without crutches, but he walked out alone, and he had driven me once or twice at Long Branch behind his own horse. He gave up driving, however, after his return to town. But he was cheerful; his children and grandchildren were a great solace to him; many friends came in to see him and to testify their undiminished respect. His evenings were spent in their society at his own house, for he never visited again; and his days were devoted to his literary labor. He worked often five and six, and sometimes even seven hours a day, and he was a man not inclined to sedentary occupation. The four papers which he had promised to *THE CENTURY*, he intended to incorporate afterwards, with some modifications, into his memoirs. To this the editors agreed. Thus General Grant's book grew out of his articles for *THE CENTURY*.

In October he complained constantly of pains in his throat. He had suffered during the summer from the same cause, but paid no attention to the symptoms until towards the end of his stay at Long Branch, when Dr. De Costa, of Philadelphia, who was paying him a call, examined his throat. That gentle-

man urged General Grant to consult the most eminent physicians immediately on his return to New York. But General Grant never nursed himself, and it was nearly a month before he acted on this advice.' His pains finally became so frequent and so acute that Mrs. Grant persuaded him to see Dr. Fordyce Barker, who instantly said if the case were his own or that of one of his family, he should consult Dr. J. H. Douglas; and General Grant went the same day to Dr. Douglas. This was on the 22d of October.

When he returned he said the physician had told him that his throat was affected by a complaint with a cancerous tendency. He seemed serious but not alarmed, though it was afterwards learned that he had pressed Dr. Douglas for close information, and had detected a greater apprehension on the part of the physician than the family at first discovered. Still there was disquietude and even alarm,—the terrible word cancer was itself almost a knell.

It was now November, and all through this month he went regularly to the physician's house, about two miles from his own, taking the street-car. At first he went alone, but after a while he was persuaded to take a man-servant with him. One or two of the family called on Dr. Douglas to make further inquiry, and the response awakened further solicitude. The pains did not decrease, and the extraction of four teeth greatly aggravated the nervous condition. He went to a dentist to have one tooth taken out, but his fortitude was such that the operator was doubtless deceived, and proposed the extraction of three others, and the shock to the General's system was one from which he did not recover for weeks.

As the weather became colder the disease was further aggravated by the exposure to which he was subjected in the street-car; yet for a long time he refused to go by the carriage. It required much urging to induce him to take this precaution, but he was finally persuaded. In December his pains became still more excruciating; he could not swallow without torture, and his sufferings at table were intense. He was obliged to use liquid food and to avoid acids altogether. I shall always recall his figure as he sat at the head of the table, his head bowed over his plate, his mouth set grimly, his features clinched in the endeavor to conceal the expression of pain, especially from Mrs. Grant, who sat at the other end. He no longer carved or helped the family, and at last was often obliged to leave before the meal was over, pacing the hall or the adjoining library in his agony.

At this time he said to me that he had no

desire to live if he was not to recover. He preferred death at once to lingering, hopeless disease. He made the same remark to several of his family. For a while he seemed to lose, not courage, yet a little of his hope, almost of his grip on life. He did not care to write, nor even to talk; he made little physical effort, and often sat for hours propped up in his chair, with his hands clasped, looking at the blank wall before him, silent, contemplating the future; not alarmed, but solemn, at the prospect of pain and disease, and only death at the end. It was like a man gazing into his open grave. He was in no way dismayed, but the sight was to me the most appalling I have ever witnessed: the conqueror looking at his inevitable conqueror; the stern soldier, to whom armies had surrendered, watching the approach of that enemy to whom even he must yield.

But the apathy was not long-lived; the indifference to his book was soon over. Before long he went to work with renewed vigor. He enjoyed his labors now, and quite got the literary fever for a while. He liked to have his pages read aloud to the family in the evening, so that he might hear how they sounded and receive their comments. He worked, however, for the most part from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning until two or three in the afternoon, and sometimes again later in the day. Once in a while General Tower, a comrade in the Mexican War, came in and discussed the chapters describing the capture of Vera Cruz or the march on Mexico. Sometimes Mr. Chaffee listened to the political passages, and begged the General not to emasculate them, but to say all he thought without fear or favor.

Daily about one o'clock he was interrupted by his grandchildren, who stopped as they passed to their lunch, and looked in at the open door, not entering till he saw them and summoned them. Their prattle and kisses were always welcome, and made me think that the very misfortune which brought them to his house had its compensations. He took a positive pleasure in their society, and when at one time it was thought that they disturbed his labors, and they were told not to visit him, he was distressed at the omission and revoked the order. They came, indeed, like a burst of light into the sick man's study, three of them, dancing, gamboling, laughing — as pretty a brood of merry, graceful grandchildren as ever a conqueror claimed for descendants, or looked upon to perpetuate his name. Those were happy months, at times, despite the anxiety, until the anxiety became despair. For although the doctors had warned the family, there was yet hope of arresting, if not of curing, the disease, and a possibility of arresting it for years. His constitution was good; he

came of a long-lived stock; his nerve and will were what all the world knows. So there was hope; not with so much foundation as could have been desired, but still there was hope.

I shall never forget the frolic with the little ones on Christmas Day. They all came to dinner, and the two youngest sat one on each side of him. He was comparatively free from pain at that time; indeed, for a month or more the excruciating tortures came only at intervals; and on this day he took his own place at the head of the table. The babies were allowed to talk as much as they pleased, and they pleased a great deal. They monopolized the conversation, and when their mammas endeavored to check them, the General interposed and declared that this was their day. So they prattled across their grandpapa, and made preposterous attempts at jokes in their broken English, at which everybody laughed, and no one more heartily than the great warrior, their progenitor. It was a delicious morsel of sweet in the midst of so much bitter care, a gleam of satisfaction in the gloom of that sad winter, with its fears, and certainties and sorrows.

No one, indeed, can understand the character of General Grant who does not know the strength of his regard for his children. It was like the passion of a wild beast for its cubs, or the love of a mother for her sucking child,—instinctive, unreasoning, overweening; yet, what everyone can comprehend and appreciate, natural, and in this grim veteran touching in the extreme. He not only thought his sons able, wise, and pure; he had a trust in them that was absolute and child-like; his affection even clouded his judgment and turned appreciation into admiration. For them he would have sacrificed fortune, or ease, or even *his* fame; for them he did endure criticism and censure, and underwent physical fatigue and pain. He rose from his death-bed to work for them, and when he thought he was dying his utterances were about his "boys." This feeling, lavished on his own children, reached over to theirs. No parent ever enveloped his entire progeny in a more comprehensive or closer regard; none ever felt them more absolutely a part of himself, his own offspring, the issue of his reins.

By the last of the year the editors of THE CENTURY had received three of his papers for their magazine and announced all four articles for publication. The announcement of the series had been followed by a large increase in their sales. The editors, thinking at least a part of this due to his name, sent him in December a cheque for one thousand dollars more than they had stipulated. General Grant at first intended to divide this sum

between his two daughters-in-law living in the house with him, as a Christmas present. The amount would have been very acceptable to those ladies, but almost immediately he remembered his debt to Mr. Wood, his benefactor of the 10th of May, and inclosed his cheque for the thousand dollars to that gentleman, stating that the money was the result of his first earnings in literature. Still later General Grant received from the CENTURY another thousand dollars in addition to the sum stipulated for the fourth article. This cheque was the last he ever indorsed, and the payment, beyond his expectations, gave him in the last week of his life the satisfaction of knowing that his literary efforts had a high market value.

About Christmas the pecuniary troubles became more complicated. There was a possibility of some small creditors of Grant and Ward attempting to levy on the famous swords and presents he had received from Congress and the States and foreign potentates and cities. In order to save them Mr. Vanderbilt proposed to enforce his prior claim. Talk of this got abroad and was misunderstood.

At this juncture General Sherman was in New York, and of course visited his old chief and comrade. I went to call on him the next day, and he asked me about the possibility of any annoyance to General Grant on this score. He was extremely anxious, and declared: "Grant must not be allowed to suffer this new disgrace." He would share his own income rather. I did not feel at liberty to say what I knew, even to him, and General Sherman's talk in New York, Philadelphia and Washington excited a great and general sympathy. The result was that a number of General Grant's friends, with Mr. Cyrus W. Field at their head, began to raise a fund to save the hero from this last indignity. A hundred thousand dollars were to be subscribed to pay off the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, who it was supposed would compromise his claim for that amount.

But General Grant was weary of the repeated efforts to aid him. Congress had failed to place him on the retired list. A bill for this purpose had indeed passed the Senate at the preceding session, but President Arthur, it was known, would veto it, in order to preserve his consistency, having vetoed another intended to restore General Fitz John Porter to the army. He forgot, apparently, that the cases were different. General Grant himself said, "I have not been court-martialed." Mr. Arthur proposed, it is true, a pension, but this General Grant indignantly declined to receive. He disliked to appear to apply for public or private charity, and wrote now to Mr. Vanderbilt, informing him of the well-meant efforts

in his behalf, but declaring that he preferred not to avail himself of them. He requested Mr. Vanderbilt to exercise his legal rights and offer for sale the whole of General Grant's property in his hands, including the presents and trophies of peace and war. He did not feel at liberty to thwart the intentions of his other friends without the sanction of Mr. Vanderbilt, as their efforts would enable him to cancel his debt to Mr. Vanderbilt, but he pre-

guile of a monster in craft, who selected the people's hero as his victim and his decoy; the abandonment of the property, and the surrender—harder still—of those monuments to his fame which his deeds had won; surrendered, it is true, to the nation, which will guard them sacredly, as it will the fame of which they are the symbol and the seal.

All this wore on the frame torn by disease and the spirit racked by imputations, thrown



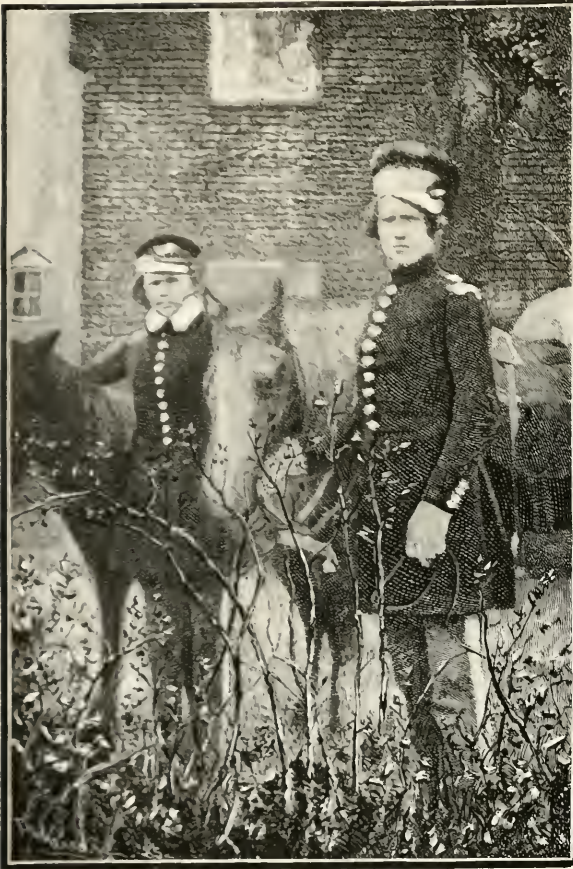
GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO. (1885.) THE HOUSE LOOKS UPON THE OHIO RIVER.

ferred that the debt should be paid by the sale of the property, not by a new subscription.

Then came the correspondence which has been given to the world: first the munificent offer of Mr. Vanderbilt to make over all the property to Mrs. Grant, only providing that the presents should be held in trust during her life and that of the General, to be afterwards transferred to the Government, as souvenirs of the glory which is national; then the letter from General Grant, accepting the offer so far as it concerned the disposition of the presents, but declining to receive the return of the property; the persistent pressure of the great millionaire; the acceptance of General Grant under this pressure; Mrs. Grant's letter of an hour afterwards recalling the acceptance, written, of course, with General Grant's sanction, but signed by Mrs. Grant to save the General from the appearance of discourtesy; and the final abandonment of every particle of property he had in the world to satisfy a debt incurred at the instance and through the outrageous falsity and

off, it is true, but some of which still rankled, like poisoned arrows, that wound though they are extracted; all this told on that body which had endured so many sleepless nights and prolonged marches, which had suffered fatigue and hunger and watchings, and that soul which had withstood cares and responsibilities and torturing anxieties such as have fallen to the lot of no other man in our time; for no other bore on his single shoulders the weight of the destiny of a great nation at the very crisis of its history; no other stood before the enemy and the country and the world as the incarnation of the hopes and fears and efforts of a people waiting to be saved. These labors, endured long before, told now, and made him less able to withstand the shocks of fortune and of nature, and he gradually succumbed.

When the extent of General Grant's humiliation became a common story, when it was disclosed to the world that the house in which he lived was no longer his own, that his books and furniture were held on sufferance, that he was stripped even of the insignia of his



LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT AND GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE.)

fame, while he seemed neglected and forgotten in his adversity by the nation he had done so much to save, then even his stout heart gave way. All his symptoms were aggravated; his pains increased, the appalling depression of spirit returned, and more than all, the exhaustion of his strength—far greater than the disease alone could at that stage have produced—occasioned the physicians as well as the family the most painful solicitude. Dr. Barker and Dr. Douglas had as yet retained the case exclusively in their own hands. They had never deceived the family, but said from the beginning that the disease was epithelial cancer; that it might be arrested, but they had never known it cured. Neither Mrs. Grant nor the General had been told so much, although both of course knew that the case was critical, and both were undoubtedly anxious. What General Grant in his heart feared or expected he said to no human being; not his wife nor his children penetrated to the inner sanctuary where his soul contemplated its fate and balanced the

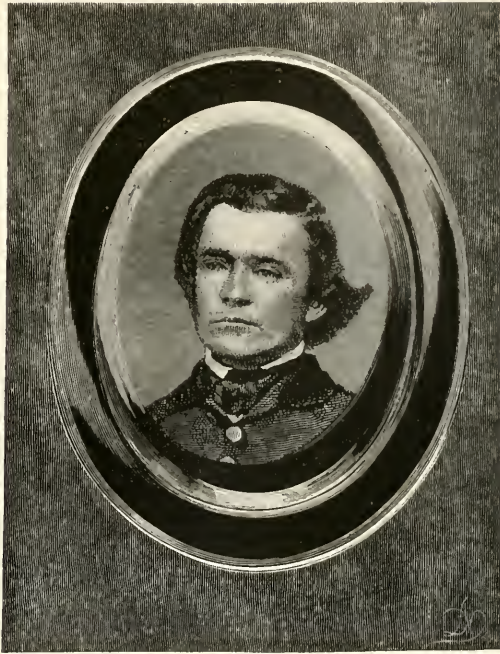
chances of life and death alone. But the gravity of his manner and the dejection of his nevertheless intrepid spirit indicated too plainly that he felt how great was his danger.

In January he ceased to visit his physician. Dr. Douglas now came to the patient daily, and after a while twice in the twenty-four hours. The visits of Dr. Barker were twice a week. The physicians had always agreed perfectly as to the nature of the malady and its treatment, and now were agreed in their alarm at its progress. In fact the earlier stages were past. The phases followed each other with ominous rapidity. The pains in the throat had become lancinating and sharp, the infiltration extended further and further, the cancer was eating into the delicate and vital tissues, and the end seemed in sight. This relapse could be traced directly to its cause,—it was the fresh revelation of his misfortunes, the loss of his honors, the publicity of his humiliation that kindled anew the fatal fires of the disease.

At this juncture the physicians determined to call in other eminent men in their profession. Dr. H. B. Sands and Dr. T. M. Markoe were requested to make a minute examination with the others, after which a general consultation was held. The conclusion was not immediately communicated to the family, but

enough was said to confirm their gravest apprehensions, and no announcement whatever was made either to the General or to Mrs. Grant. At the same time a piece of the affected tissue was submitted to Dr. G. R. Elliott, an expert with the microscope, who, after careful preparation and examination, not knowing the name of the patient on whose case he was to pronounce, declared, as all the others had done, that the indications of the fatal disease were unmistakable. The verdict of science was that a malignant cancer had seized on the system and was hopelessly ravaging the strength and vitality of the sufferer. General Grant was doomed. All that could be done was, not to stay the progress of the destroyer, but to alleviate the tortures that were imminent. This apprehension of approaching and inevitable agony was keener with the physicians than they were willing to betray; but their gloomy manner and guarded words told in spite of them what they were anxious to conceal.

Immediately after this consultation a state-



CAPTAIN U. S. GRANT.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE (ONE-FOURTH OF THE ABOVE SIZE) GIVEN BY HIM TO MRS. GRANT, AND WORN BY HER ON A WRISTLET.

ment was made in a medical journal, apparently by authority, that General Grant was improving, that the disease was not unquestionably cancer, and that care and good fortune might even yet bring about recovery. Mrs. Grant first saw this statement, and naturally supposed it to be the official report of the consultation. She read it to the General, who, like herself, was greatly relieved. The effect upon his spirits was immediate and evident. He spoke of the report to the family as if it was decisive, and even mentioned it to the physicians. But this publication was a version of what had been said long before, at a time when a peculiar phase of the complaint gave ground for favorable vaticinations, and when it was thought wise not to alarm the public mind for fear of the reaction upon the patient. The delusion was cruel, for it was destined to be dissipated. No utterances of the press, even appearing to emanate from his immediate medical attendants, could conceal from General Grant for more than a day or two the fact that he was rapidly failing. His own sufferings, his extreme prostration, the redoubled care and attention of his physicians,—all combined to disclose to him the reality.

Immediately after this publication a second announcement was made in the newspapers, this one divulging the exact truth, which the family had not yet communicated in its fullness to their most intimate friends, or hardly

admitted in words to themselves. How this statement became public was not discovered, but it mattered little now, for the bitter verity could no longer be withheld. When friends and reporters came instantly to inquire, the sons admitted the danger of their father, as well as the anxieties and distress of the family. These utterances were at once published, and were read by General Grant. He doubtless then for the first time became convinced of his condition, and of the extent of the solicitude of his children. Mrs. Grant also at this time first realized what were the fears of the family. Her disappointment was sharp, coming after the elation of the last few hours, and General Grant himself, it was evident, felt the shock profoundly. No one spoke to him on the subject, nor did he mention it to any one, but he acted like a condemned man. He had no thought before, I believe, that he might not live years, although ill, and with a terrible shadow hanging over him. That his days were numbered was an intimation for which he was not prepared.

He was, I am sure, unwilling to die covered with the cloud of misfortune. On this subject also he was silent to every human being, but the thought added bitterness to his agony. I know it, as well as if he had told me. It could not indeed but be hard for him who had led the armies of his country to repeated victory, who had received more surrenders than any

other conqueror in history, who for eight years had sat in the chair of Washington, and whose greatness had been sealed by the verdict of the world, to leave his children bankrupt, their faith questioned, their name, which was

dred letters and telegrams arrived each day, with pity and affection in every line. The soldiers all over the country were conspicuous in their manifestations of sympathy — Southerners as well as Northerners. Army clubs



GENERAL GRANT'S CABIN, FORMERLY HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT; REMOVED IN 1865 TO EAST PARK, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE IT NOW STANDS.

his, tarnished — that name which must live forever. The blur on his reputation, even with the taint of dishonor entirely removed, the wreck of his fortune, the neglect of the Government, the humiliations of his poverty,— these stern images hovered around his couch by night and day, and goaded and galled him till the moment when physical torture crowded out even mental pain.

The country received the news of his condition with grief and consternation. Whatever had been said or thought injurious to him was instantly ignored, revoked, stamped out of mind; under the black shadow of Death the memory of his great services became vivid once more, like writing in sympathetic ink before a fire. All the admiration and love of the days immediately after the war returned. The house was thronged with visitors, old friends, army comrades, former cabinet ministers, senators, generals, diplomatists, on errands of inquiry or commiseration. A hun-

and loyal leagues sent messages incessantly. Meetings of former Confederates were held to signify their sorrow. The sons of Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston were among the first to proffer good wishes to him whom their fathers had fought. Political opponents were as outspoken as partisan friends, and the bitterest enemies of General Grant in the daily press were generous and constant in the expression of their interest. Rivals in the army like Buell and Rosecrans made known that the calamity which impended over the nation was a sorrow for them, because they were Americans. Mr. Jefferson Davis more than once uttered kind words which were conveyed to the sufferer. The new Secretary of War of the Democratic administration called in person; the new Secretary of State sent remedies and good wishes. The new President dispatched the Marshal of the District of Columbia from Washington to make inquiries. Ex-President Hayes and



GENERAL GRANT, MRS. GRANT, AND MASTER JESSE AT HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. AND H. T. ANTHONY.)

ex-Secretary Lincoln had called long before. State legislatures voted their commiseration; the Queen of England telegraphed her condolences, and little children from all parts of the country sent constant messages of affection and tributes of flowers.

But no sympathy could check the progress of the pale rider who bears his summons with impartial footsteps to the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the great. The

malady made incessant advance. The terrible darting pains increased in intensity. Another medical attendant, Dr. G. F. Shrady, was called in to assist and relieve Dr. Douglas. The great fear of the physicians now was of the horrible cancerous pains. They said repeatedly that a speedy termination of the disease was to be desired. If pneumonia or some other quick-ending complaint could carry off the patient in a week, it would be

cause for gratitude. This sickening apprehension of coming physical torment aggravated the expectation of bereavement and left nothing lacking to the intensity of the calamity.

Yet it seemed to me after the first shock that General Grant still had not given up. His unconquerable nature rebounded. He looked at the physicians with an anxiety that could not have been so acute unless the possibility of hope had been mingled. He submitted to every operation, he carefully attended to every injunction, and sustained the long siege of disease with the same determination and tenacity he had displayed in other sieges and campaigns with other enemies. But now he was on the defensive,—it was the first time.

Meanwhile his article on Shiloh had appeared in *THE CENTURY* Magazine, and the influx of letters and criticisms from friends and opponents excited his interest for a while. The greeting offered to his first contribution to written history showed that the world stood ready to receive his story from himself, but even this thought could not arrest the rapid concentration of his attention on bodily ailings and failing powers. The strifes of battle and the contests of history sounded distant and dull to ears that were deadened with the ever present sense of pain, and even the imposing fabric of his fame looked shadowy and unsubstantial to eyes about to close forever on the glories and honors of this world.

As soon as General Grant's condition became known an attempt was made in Congress to revive the measure for restoring him to the army. Since the bill which had already passed the Senate and was actually before the House of Representatives would be vetoed, Senator Edmunds introduced another, with the view of obviating Mr. Arthur's objections. This was rapidly passed by the Senate and sent to the other House. There it was taken up by Mr. Randall, the Democratic leader, who in conjunction with General Grant's personal and political friends, and many Democrats and Southern soldiers, made every effort to secure its success. Most of the Democrats, however, opposed it. They were anxious to pass the earlier bill, and thus force the President either to reverse his previous action in the Porter case or to veto the bill in favor of General Grant. The President allowed it to be known that he would not recede from his position; Congress must pass the bill that he wished, for he would veto the other.

On Sunday morning, the 15th of February, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who had been incessant in his efforts in the press and in private to secure the passage of the bill, came to General Grant's house and asked for me. He said if a determined effort were made by General

Grant's friends, he thought the bill might be passed the next day; and asked me to go to see whoever I thought would have influence. I told the General of the visit. He was gratified at the interest of his friends, but would give me no advice, and I sallied out and spent the day in his service. I found Mr. Hamilton Fish, General Grant's old Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, who had just been elected Senator, and General Horace Porter, my former comrade on General Grant's staff. All were willing and earnest; all wrote letters at once to reach members of Congress the next day, and General Porter went with me to visit others who we thought might help us. But Monday came and the bill was called up and lost.

General Grant felt the rebuff acutely. Though he had made no demonstration of anxiety in advance, those who saw most of him and had learned to interpret the few and faint indications he ever gave of his personal preferences and desires, knew how eagerly he had hoped, how cruelly he was disappointed. He had indeed looked to this bill as in some sort a reparation of the injury his reputation had sustained; as an official vindication, an intimation that the country still believed in him and regarded his fame, had not forgotten his services. When the reparation was withheld he suffered proportionally.

But he refused to reveal his emotion. A day or two before the decision he declared that he did not expect the passage of the bill; and when the defeat was announced he made no remark. That evening he played cards with his family and displayed unusual spirit and gaiety; but all saw through the mask. All joined, however, in the deception that deceived no one. None spoke of the disappointment; and a grim interest in whist apparently absorbed the party that was heart-broken for him who permitted neither wife nor child to come beneath the cloak that concealed his wound. All he said was that the bill had failed on the 16th of February, the anniversary of the fall of Fort Donelson.

The next day he was worse, and in a week the gravest fears seemed near realization. He himself appeared conscious of the approach of the end. He had all winter been considering and discussing the choice of a publisher for his book, but had made no decision. Now he came to a conclusion, and in the first week in March the agreement was signed with his present publishers, Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co.

At the same time the family thought they could no longer withhold from his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, the knowledge of her father's condition. She was in England, and they had, of course, notified her of his illness, but, in the hope of amelioration or respite, had deferred

the announcement of its critical character. But at last they wrote and urged her to hasten to him. After his second relapse they telegraphed, and she started for his bedside. They were still unwilling to inform General Grant that she had been summoned, lest he should be depressed by the certainty that they believed the end to be near; they only told him she had written to say that she was coming; but the amiable concealment hardly deceived him. Though his spirit was broken, his exhaustion extreme, his mind depressed, and certainly at this time weakened, he knew too well why she was coming; but he asked nothing and said nothing.

The decay of his energy was to me more distressing than any other symptom. For the inroads extended beyond physical strength; they reached at last mental power, and even that nerve and force which made the great character that the world has recognized. To one who had studied him for half a lifetime, it was acute pain to watch his strength give way, the light of his intellect flicker and fade, the great qualities all apparently crumble. To see General Grant listless, incapable of effort, indifferent to work, absorbed in physical needs and pains,—a sick man in soul as well as in body,—was hardest of all.

The interest of the country still followed him, and, as the disease proceeded, became still more intense. The physicians now sent out daily bulletins, and crowds of people watched the boards where these were published. His friends determined that still another effort should be made in Congress to pass some bill for his retirement; but he felt little interest in the measure now,—the languor had reached his heart.

For many weeks he had been unable to go downstairs to his meals, or to receive a friend, and had spent his days in the room which, before his illness became so acute, he had used as a study. Here his papers still remained, and once in a great while he even yet attempted to write a page; but alas! it was not like what he had once been able to write. Sometimes I tried to catch an idea and took it down from his lips, reading it afterwards to him to verify it. But these opportunities became rarer and rarer; he had no longer strength for the effort, no longer interest in his work, and at last abandoned all idea of being able to finish it.

Then his sleeping-room was changed. Mrs. Grant gave up hers at the front of the house to him, and took that which he had occupied at the rear, so that his bedchamber might be next to his sitting-room. At first he objected to the change, but soon his strength was so

far gone that he recognized the need. The two great chairs in which for months he had sat, leaning back in one with his feet in the other, were taken into that room, in which all now thought he would die. Still, he walked almost daily into the apartment where he had spent so many hours during the winter.

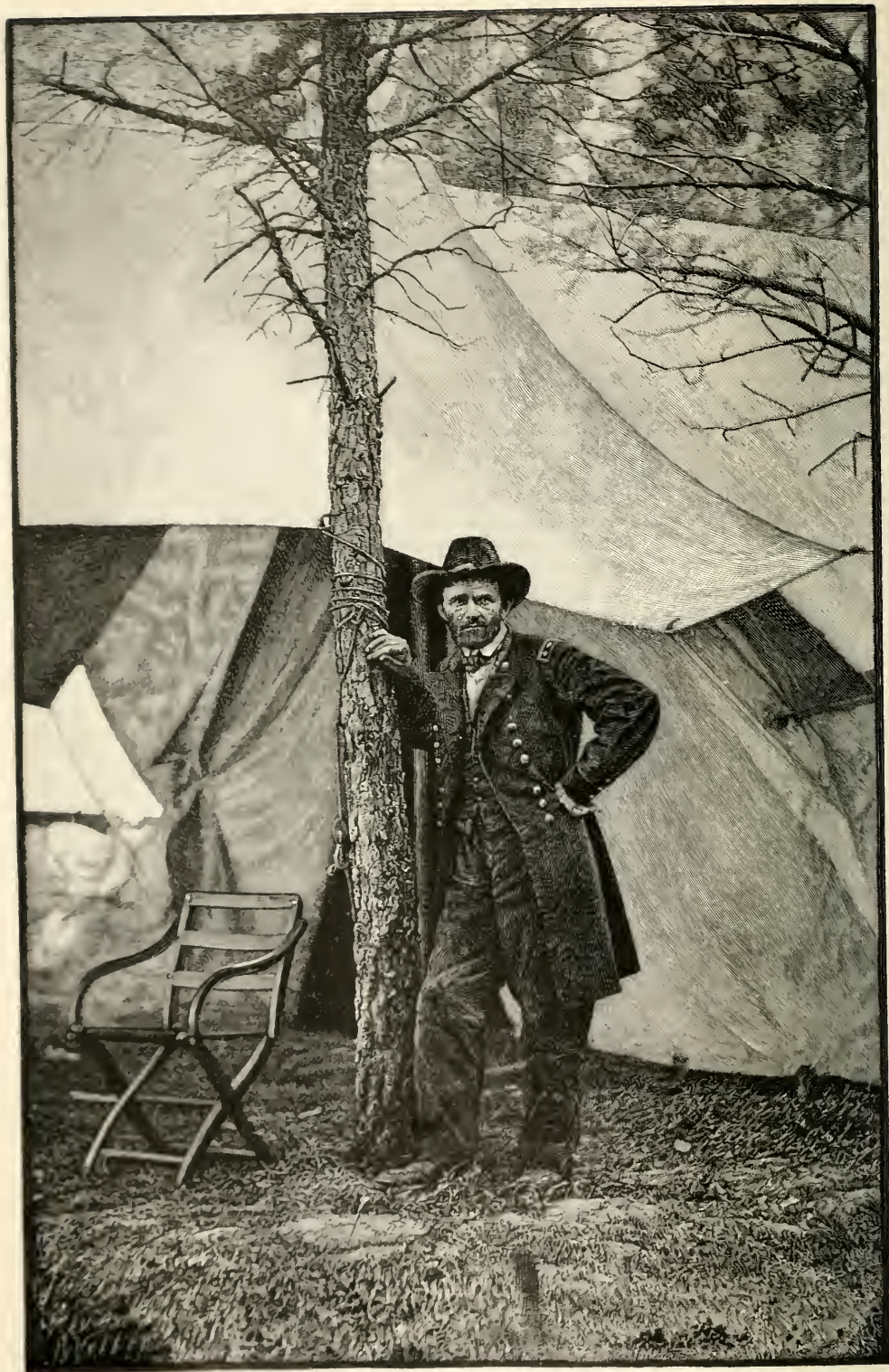
Meanwhile the efforts to pass the bill for his retirement continued. This one Mr. Arthur would sign. It had passed the Senate, and Mr. Randall, General Slocum, and other prominent Democrats wrote to General Grant's family and friends that the final result would be favorable. Mr. Randall had greater power in the matter than any one else, his party being in the majority, and no one was more earnest than he. But General Grant remained indifferent, and this time his indifference was real. He was absorbed in his sufferings, and believed the bill would be of no use to him now. His family, too, cared little for success, save as it might soothe or possibly brighten his last hours. The doctors thought it might possibly revive his spirits and prolong his days; but why, some thought, prolong his sufferings?

Finally, on the morning of the 4th of March, almost in the last moments of the expiring Congress, the bill was taken up by unanimous consent in the House of Representatives, and passed at once amid great cheering. The President, as usual at the close of the session, was in a chamber at the Capitol, waiting to sign such bills as had been left to the last moment, and must fail unless they instantly received his signature. He signed the bill. A nomination had been made out in advance and was sent at once to the Senate. There lacked but a few moments of the hour when Congress would cease to exist; but Senator Edmunds, the presiding officer, announced a message from the President; all other business was suspended, and the nomination was confirmed amid tumultuous applause from the galleries.

President Cleveland signed the commission; it was the second act of his administration.* The news was telegraphed to General Grant by numerous friends, and the same day the adjutant-general of the army notified him officially of his appointment. General Grant wrote the telegram of acceptance in his own hand. He was again in the army which he had so often led to victory. It did seem preposterous that any difficulty should have been made about admitting him to that army of which he had been the most illustrious member.

But the recognition came too late. He was gratified and cheered, but the hand of fate had fallen, and could not be removed. There was no revival of his strength, no reaction

* The nomination of the Cabinet was the first.—EDITOR.



GENERAL GRANT AT HEADQUARTERS DURING THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

from his depression, no cessation of his pain. The exhaustion went on.

Nevertheless his restoration to the army, though it could neither bring back his health nor prolong his days, made a deeper impression on him than he was willing to betray. When the end of the month came this was apparent. All officers of the army are required to make a monthly report of their post-office address to the adjutant-general. I do not remember that this report was ever made by him as general-in-chief, after his headquarters were removed from the field; but now he was extremely anxious to make it, and filled out the form himself, though with extreme difficulty. It was a question at the time whether he would live through the day, and it was strange to read the language required by the regulations: "My post-office address for the ensuing month will be"—3 East Sixty-sixth street, New York.

He was still more eager to draw his pay. It seemed as if he looked upon these two circumstances as the seal of his return to the army. No young lieutenant expecting his stipend for the first time could have been more anxious. He sent for his pay-accounts before the time, and when signed they were forwarded to the paymaster, so that on the day when the first month's pay was due the cheque was handed him. At first he insisted that one of his sons should go at once to the bank to have the cheque cashed; he wanted to handle the money. But at this juncture his sons were unwilling to leave the house even for an hour, and he finally consented that Mr. Chaffee should draw the money. When it was handed him he divided it among Mrs. Grant and his children; saying it was all he had to leave them. This was on the 31st of March, when he was expecting to die within forty-eight hours.

During the month of March his daughter arrived, and although, of course, her coming was a solace, yet he knew too well by this time that she had come to see him die. The gathering of other friends also had significance. He ceased now to leave his room, except at rarest intervals. One physician always slept in the house.

His suffering at last grew so acute that anodynes, the use of which had long been postponed, became indispensable. The pain was not of that violent character which had been so sorely dreaded, and which the progress of the disease did not even yet induce; it was rather an intolerable nervousness, as unlike as possible the ordinary phlegmatic calm of General Grant,—a physical excitement and an excessive sleeplessness, combined with a weakness that was spasmodic.

These sensations were the cause of a consuming wretchedness, but they were not cancerous pains. The physicians constantly declared that although the cancer was making irresistible advance, it was not the cancer that produced the exhaustion and the nervousness, which, unless arrested, would bring about death very soon. It was only too plain that the mental, moral disease was killing General Grant,—it was the blow which had struck him to the dust and humiliated him before the world from which he could not recover. He who was thought so stolid, so strong, so undemonstrative, was dying for a sentiment—because of the injury to his fame, the aspersions on his honor.

This, now, every one recognized. Every one now admitted his purity, contended for his honor, which it was said was the country's. If the universal affection and regard which were showered on him could have salved his wounds he might have been cured, but the recognition and reparation were in vain. He who had passed unscathed through Shiloh and the Wilderness was stricken by a weapon more fatal than the rebels ever wielded; he who had recovered from the attacks of political assailants and resisted the calumnies of partisan campaigns was succumbing under the result of the machinations of one man.

Still, the sympathy soothed his mortal anguish and cast a gleam of consolation into his dying chamber. It seemed to change and soften his spirit. His indignation at former enemies was mollified by their protestations of pity; the bitterness he had once felt for them was converted into gratitude for their compassionate utterings. The very fire of his nature seemed quenched by the cold shadows of impending dissolution. Now, also, an unfamiliar tenderness appeared, which had been long concealed. The depths of his affection were disclosed; he was willing to express more of his intimate feeling than ever before. It was a new man, a new Grant in these matters that was revealed, as if the husks were torn aside and the sweet kernel given to those from whom it had been so long withheld. All who approached him intimately at this time recognized this uncloaking of certain parts of his nature which hitherto had been so carefully veiled.

But one more struggle, one more fierce battle remained. He had yet to justify himself, to say in person what he had never yet said to the world, of his relations with "Grant and Ward," to tell himself the story of the deceit which had brought him low. James D. Fish, one of the partners in the firm, was on trial, and General Grant's testimony was desirable. He was now so feeble that it was almost dangerous

to subject him to the ordeal of an examination; but yet to vindicate his fame, to allow him in his dying moments to utter his own defense, it was worth while incurring whatever danger. His sons, especially, were anxious that he should say what no one else could ever say for him, and for them; and although in his weak condition he did not appear to share their anxiety, he consented for their sake to make the effort.

The examination was held in his bedchamber. The lawyers and the stenographer and one or two others were present. The ceremony of an oath was waived, with the consent of the opposing counsel, and the dying man answered all questions and told how he had been betrayed. As the inquiry went on the old spirit of battle revived; he felt all the importance of the occasion, roused himself for the effort, and made a definite declaration, damning in its evidence of the guilt of one man's action, absolute in the assertion of the purity of his own.

In his testimony he spared neither Fish nor Ward; he felt that this was his last blow, and he dealt it hard. If he had died then, as it was almost feared he might, it would have been, not only like the old warrior of story, standing, but fighting to the last. He never relented in his bitterness to these two men. The harshest words I ever heard him speak were his frequent utterances, after he knew that he was doomed, in regard to them who had been the cause of his ruin, and, as he doubtless felt, of his end.

The examination lasted nearly an hour. When it was over he did not at first appear more than usually exhausted. He never showed immediately the effects of any intense physical or mental strain. Not after his great disappointment in February did his strength or spirit at once give way; so now for a day or two he seemed no weaker than before.

But in forty-eight hours he began to fail. He recognized himself the decrease of vital force, and believed it was the beginning of the end. The physicians shared the belief. Two now remained constantly in the house. Anodynes were doubled, to control the excessive nervousness and to prevent the occurrence of the anticipated agonies. One of his sons was in his room continuously and the family were summoned more than once when he seemed in mortal peril.

At this time General Grant had not lain in his bed for more than a few moments at a time in months; a sensation of choking invariably attacked him in that position, and although the physicians assured him that there was no danger of suffocation, the symptoms were so distressing that he could not be persuaded to

take to his bed. He sat in one great chair, with his feet in another, propped up by pillows, usually wearing a dressing-gown, and his legs swathed in blankets.

Very early in April I was obliged to give up my room; after Mrs. Sartoris arrived, there was no other where the faithful medical attendants could rest in the intervals of their watchings. I still spent my days at the house and often remained for the night, lying where I could, or snatching sleep in a chair, with Mr. Chaffee or other intimate friends.

One morning General Grant himself thought he was dying. The family were all summoned. He kissed each of them in turn, and when Mrs. Grant asked him to bless her he replied: "I bless you. I bless you all!" After this he went lower and nearer death than ever before. The pulse was flickering like a candle, and the physicians said: "He is going." But there had been an injection of brandy prepared some days before, for just such emergencies, and one physician whispered to the other: "Now! the brandy." "Where is it?" "On the table." "Shall we use it? Is it worth while to bring him back to pain?" "Yes." And Dr. Shrady administered the brandy, which Dr. Douglas had prepared. It stimulated the nerves, it produced another pulsation. The throbbings went on, and General Grant returned to the world he had almost quitted forever.

Another morning I was at my hotel, having left the house after midnight. At about four o'clock I was wakened, and a note was handed me from Colonel Grant. It contained only the word, "Come." I knew too well what this must mean, and hurried to the house. A hemorrhage had occurred. This was one of the contingencies that had always been foreseen, and it was supposed certainly would be fatal. Every one had been summoned. "What shall I say?" asked Colonel Grant, as he wrote the notes. "It makes no difference," said the doctor; "all will be over before they get here." But General Grant walked to the basin and helped to wash his throat, and the hemorrhage proved favorable instead of fatal. It was caused by the loosening of a slough that had formed over a part of the throat, and the slough in a day or two came entirely away, after which the cancer itself was eased, and indeed for a while arrested. The weakness, for some cause or by some means which I have never been able to understand, was to a certain extent overcome. The anodynes were lessened in quantity, and their injurious effects passed away. For several days General Grant seemed to hover between life and death, and then came a marvelous change. To the amazement of all, his strength returned and

his spirits revived. At first he disbelieved in the amelioration. He had perhaps for one moment a glimmer of hope, but then the conviction overwhelmed him that recovery was impossible.

At this crisis he did not wish to live. "The doctors are responsible three times," he said, "for my being alive, and — unless they can cure me — I don't thank them." He had no desire to go through the agony again. For, he had suffered death; he had parted with his family; he had undergone every physical pang that could have come had he died before the brandy was administered.

It seemed to me then cruel to bring him back only to renew his torture; for I had no idea, nor had any one else, that he would live more than a week, if so long. He had said more than once: "I have no regrets, except for leaving my family." But he was recalled, and from that time the apparent improvement went on.

He still, however, for a few days remained unwilling to live—in pain; though always eager to be cured. He was never afraid to die. Having disposed of his book and his affairs, these matters he considered settled; just as in battle, after giving an order, he never doubted, or wished to recall it. But the fighting spirit, the unconquerable nature, made him struggle still. The dejection which marks the disease, and which had been so appalling in January and February, did not return. In its stead a new phase came on. He was battling again, and this time harder than before, for the enemy was closer. He fairly grappled and wrestled now with Death. The terrible calm of the fight was exactly like the determination in the Wilderness or before Richmond, where I once heard him say: "I feel as sure of taking Richmond as I do of dying." There was no excitement, no hysterical grief or fear, but a steady effort of vital power, an impossibility for his spirit to be subdued. He was not resigned; neither was he hopeful. He simply, because he could not help himself, made every effort to conquer. After every paroxysm of mortal faintness the indomitable soul revived, and aroused the physical part.

I may not be thought to lift too far the veil from a dying chamber if I mention one circumstance which had for me a peculiar interest. During all of General Grant's illness, down to the hour when his partial recovery began, Mrs. Grant never could bring herself to believe that she was about to lose him. A woman with many of those singular premonitions and presentiments that amount almost to superstition, but which yet affect some of the strongest minds, and from which General

Grant himself was certainly not entirely free, she declared always, even at the moment which every one else thought would prove the last, that she could not realize the imminence of the end. Her behavior was a mystery and a wonder to those who knew the depth of the tenderness and the abundance of the affection that she lavished on her great husband. Her calmness and self-control almost seemed coldness, only we knew that this was impossible. I did not presume, of course, to comment on this apparent stoicism, but once or twice she told me she could not despair; that there was a feeling constantly that this was not to be the last; and even when she wept at the gifts and the words that were thought to be farewells, she was putting up prayers that were full of confidence, and after which the wonderful and unexpected recuperation occurred.

All this while, the public interest was painful. So much of it penetrated into that house under the shadow of Death, that it seemed to us within as if the whole world were partaking of our sorrow. All day through the half-closed shutters we could see the crowds waiting silently and solemnly for news of the beloved sufferer. Every one who left the house was instantly accosted, not only by professional reporters, but by earnest and often weeping men and women, who had never known General Grant personally, but shared the feeling of the country in his behalf.

To me there chanced to come peculiar indications of this feeling. Known to be an inmate of the house, and yet not so near as the nearest relatives, I could be approached by others on subjects which they shrank from broaching to the sons. General Grant belonged to the country as well as to his family, and the country would insist on doing him every honor when the final occasion came. Many public men endeavored to ascertain through me what would be the wishes of the family in regard to the disposition of the great dead; and letters were sent to me to present at the fitting time, offering worthy sepulture. The people of the District of Columbia, through their representatives, declared their desire that the revered ashes should rest at the Capital of the country, and the general-in-chief of the army, the friend and follower of General Grant, sent proffers of a place for him at the Soldiers' Home,—a fitting name for the last habitation of a soldier. The President of the United States sent a messenger from Washington to say that he would attend in person the august obsequies, and I was to communicate in time the probabilities and arrangements. All these sad secrets were to me especial signs of the universal grief that

kept pace with the still more sacred sorrow which I saw; but I was requested not to intrude prematurely upon the family the preparations for what seemed then inevitably at hand, and I bore about with me for weeks the knowledge, undisclosed, that armies and Presidents were waiting to pay General Grant those honors which to himself would be forever unknown.

On Easter Sunday he seemed a little easier, though there was still no hope. I went into his room and found him able to listen and even to utter a few words without too much effort. I had been greatly struck by the universal watching of a nation, almost of a world, at his bedside, and especially by the sympathy from former rivals and political and even personal adversaries; and I recounted to him instances of this magnanimous forgetfulness of old-time enmities. When I told him of the utterances of General Rosecrans and Jefferson Davis he replied: "I am very glad to hear this. I would much rather have their good-will than their ill-will. I would rather have the good-will of any man than his ill-will."

On the 3d of April several newspapers which had followed General Grant with a persistent animosity down to the very beginning of his illness, recalled in touching and even eloquent words that twenty years before he had captured Richmond on that day. I told this to my chief, for I had been with him on that other 3d of April. I said the nation was looking on now, watching his battle as it did then, and that his fight with disease was as good a one as that he had made with the rebels twenty years before. "Ah," he answered, "twenty years ago I had more to say. I was in command then." "But even then," I replied, "it took a year to win; perhaps you may win still." He brightened up at this and told the physicians the story of General Ingalls's dog. Ingalls was the chief quartermaster of the armies operating against Richmond, and had been a classmate with General Grant at West Point; they were always on intimate terms. He had a peculiar dog that often came about the camp-fire at headquarters. One day during the long siege General Grant said, "Ingalls, do you mean to take that dog into Richmond?" "I think I shall," said Ingalls; "he belongs to a long-lived breed."

After this Dr. Shrady sat down to write the bulletin for the morning.

"What shall I say, General?" he asked. "How shall I tell them you are this morning?"

"More comfortable," replied the General.

And the doctor wrote a line about the physical condition of his patient, and read it

to General Grant, who approved. I was still greatly impressed by the public emotion, and I interrupted:

"General, why not say something about the sympathy of all the world, something to thank the people?"

"Yes," he exclaimed willingly, and dictated these words: "I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends, and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Towards the last he stammered and hesitated, evidently unwilling at this moment to call any one an enemy; and finally made use of the circumlocution, "Those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

Dr. Shrady wrote out the bulletin, and read it aloud, when the General added: "I desire the good-will of all, whether heretofore friends or not."

I urged the Doctor to stop just there, to say nothing about physical details, but give this Easter message from General Grant to the world in his own language. Mrs. Grant, however, wished the word "prayerful" to be used before sympathy, and General Grant consented to the change.

Another morning, only a day or two after his improvement began, he said to me, evidently with a purpose, that it was strange how undisturbed a man could be when so near death. He supposed he had been as near the other world as one could be and survive. His feeling had been at the time that every moment might be his last; but he had not suffered one particle of apprehension, or fear, or even discomposure. He evidently wished me to know this, for we had once or twice in the winter talked of religious beliefs. "Yet," he said, "at such a time it hurt no one to have lived a good life." He had been undisturbed,—he repeated this emphatically—but he believed any one would be more comfortable at such a moment with a conscience that could not reproach him. A good life would certainly contribute to composure at the end.

The 9th of April came, the anniversary of Appomattox, and recovery was still not assured. One of the sons had a presentiment that his father would not survive that day, but it would have been hard to have General Grant surrender on the anniversary of his greatest victory. Then came another jubilee. His birthday was the 27th of April, and by this time he was so far restored as to be able to join the family for a while at dinner. There were sixty-three lighted candles on the table to celebrate the sixty-three years, which a month before no one had hoped would ever

be completed, and the house was crowded with flowers, the gifts of thankful friends. By the 1st of May he was so well that he sent for a stenographer and began to dictate matter for his book.

His strength, however, was intermittent, and the cancer soon began to make progress again. Nevertheless, one crisis was past. A new chapter in the disease was begun. He was able now to drive out, and dictated, and sometimes wrote, at intervals during the month of May and the earlier days of June. His interest in his work seemed keener than ever. It doubtless gave him strength to make a new fight—a hopeless one, he felt before long, so far as recovery was concerned. Still there was a respite, and this period, with his usual determination, he employed in the effort to complete his memoirs.

The secret of this partial recovery is not far to find. It was after the great expression of public sympathy that General Grant began to improve, after his place in the affections of the people was restored or resumed that his whole nature, moral and physical, became inspired and renovated. For this it was almost worth while to have suffered—to have the world recognize his sensitiveness, and to receive himself its appreciation in return. Few men indeed have known in advance so nearly the verdict of posthumous fame. No death-bed was ever so illumined by the light of universal affection and admiration. Garfield had not the same claims on his countrymen, and the feeling for him was pity and indignant grief rather than gratitude or lofty enthusiasm; Lincoln knew nothing of the shock that went round the world at his assassination; Washington lived before the telegraph; and no European monarch or patriot was ever so universally recognized in his last moments as a savior and hero as Grant. All this was borne in to him as he sat struggling with Death, and like the giant of old he received new strength from his contact with earth. The consciousness of a world for spectators might indeed nerve any combatant, and when he found that the attacks on his fame were parried, the reproaches forgotten, his very mistakes lost sight of in the halo that enveloped him, he gathered himself up for a further contest. The physicians, doubtless, did their part, and nothing that science or devotion could suggest was withheld; but neither science nor devotion expected or produced the resurrection and return of him whose very tomb had been prepared. It was the sense of humiliation that had stricken him, and had more to do with his prostration than disease; and when this was removed, he rose from the embrace of the

King of Terrors, and flung himself for a while into new toils and battles, and though wounded and bleeding, refused to die.

On the 9th of June he was removed to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where a cottage had been offered him by its owner, Mr. Joseph W. Drexel. His strength had so far lapsed that the physicians afterwards declared he could not have lived a week longer in the heats and sultriness of New York. When the fatigues of the journey were over, however, and there was time for the fresh and reviving air of his new situation to affect him, his spirits rallied, and he resumed his literary labor with extraordinary energy for a man in his condition.

I was not with him at Mount McGregor, but I know that his effort there must have been prodigious. He dictated or composed more matter in the eight weeks after the 1st of May than in any other eight weeks of his life; while in the eight weeks immediately preceding that date he did not compose as many pages. But the dying General seemed to summon back his receding powers; and expression, memory, will, all revived and returned at his command. His voice failed him, however, after a while, and he was obliged to desist from dictation and to use a pencil, not only in composition, but even in communicating with his family and friends. This was doubtless a hardship at the moment, but was fortunate in the end for his fame; for the sentences jotted down from time to time were preserved exactly as they were written, and many of them are significant. They especially indicate his recognition of the magnanimous sympathy offered him by Southerners. This recognition was manifest in a score of instances. He had determined in the winter to dedicate his book to the American Volunteers,—in both armies,—and now he repeated and emphasized the declaration. He was visited at Mount McGregor by General Buckner, the Confederate commander who had surrendered to him at Fort Donelson, and he declared to his former foe: "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections." To Dr. Douglas he expressed the same sentiment in nearly the same words: "I am thankful for the providential extension of my time, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict." These utterances were not left to a fading or faulty memory to gather up, but remain legible in the handwriting of their author. They form a fitting sequel to the acts of Donelson and Vicksburg and Appomattox. Certainly it never hap-

pened to a conqueror before to reap such a harvest of appreciation and even affection from the men that he subdued; to accomplish in his death more of the aim of his life than even the victories of his life had achieved.

He saw few friends at this time, and did little besides write, and obey the directions of his physicians, or submit to the attentions of his family and nurses. His suffering, fortunately, was not greater than that of a patient in any ordinary lingering illness; it proceeded principally from weakness, for the opiates always controlled the excruciating pains. These he was spared to the last. He perhaps once or twice had a glimmer of hope, but the rays were faint, and quickly faded back into the obscurity of despair. He felt that he was working only to finish his self-appointed task.

For he had an intense desire to complete his memoirs. It was upon the sale of his book that he counted for the future fortune of his family. It was indeed for his family, not for his fame, that he was laboring now; his fame he felt was secure. But at his death his army pay would cease. There would remain to Mrs. Grant and his children, it is true, the Trust Fund, the income of which he had authority to dispose of by will; but besides this and the mortgaged house in Sixty-sixth street, and one or two inconsiderable properties elsewhere, there was nothing; and three families depended on him. His "Personal Memoirs," it was hoped, would bring in half a million of dollars; but when he had ceased work in the winter, this was little more than half completed, and the monetary value of the book would be greatly depreciated, if it must be concluded by any hand but his own. This was the consideration that strengthened the sinking soldier, that gave him courage to contend with fate and despair, and, stricken as he was by one of the most terrible of maladies, to check the advance of Death himself, while he made his preparations under the very shadow of the wing and the glare of the scythe of the Destroyer, to secure a competence for his family after he himself should have left this world. The spectacle of the hero who had earned and worn the highest earthly honors, working amid the miseries of a sick-chamber to glean the gains that he knew he could never enjoy,—the fainting warrior propped up on that mountain-top to stammer out utterances to sell for the benefit of his children,—is a picture to which history in all her annals can find no parallel.

Indeed, this simple, plain, and undramatic man, who never strove for effect, and disliked the demonstration of feeling as much as the parade of circumstance and power, was performing the most dramatic part before the

world. His whole life had been a drama, in spite of him, full of surprises and startling results and violent contrasts, but nothing in it all was more unexpected than this last scene, this eager haste, not in business nor in battle, but in literary labor: this race with Death, this effort to finish a book in order to secure a fortune for his family.

But there was a key to the mystery, a solution of the riddle, and it is the explanation of every apparent mystery in the character of General Grant. His character at bottom was like that of other men. He loved and hated; he suffered and enjoyed; he appreciated what was done for and against him; he relished his fame and his elevation, he felt his disappointments and his downfall; his susceptibilities were keen, his passions strong; but he had the great faculty of concealing them so that those closest and acutest could seldom detect their existence. Isometimes wondered whether he was conscious of his own emotions, they were so completely under control; but they were all there, all alive, all active, only enveloped in a cloak of obstinate reserve and majestic silence which only at the rarest intervals was torn aside by misfortune or lifted for a moment to a friend.

And now he may himself have been but half aware of the sentiment that inspired him; but since he had discovered that his personal honor was as clean, and his military fame as brilliant in the eyes of men as they had ever been, he determined that his reputation for worldly sense and shrewdness should also be redeemed. He would not die without regaining a fortune equal to that which had been wrung from him by fraud. No man should say that after all General Grant left his children penniless. Away down in the depths of his nature where neither affection nor friendship ever penetrated, except by the intuitions of a life-long intimacy,—this was the incentive that poured oil on the flames which the disease was quenching, this was the fuel that kept the worn-out machine still in motion, to the amazement of a world.

When the work was over, the energy expired; when the motive was withdrawn, the effort ceased; when the influence that was the impetus of the machine was exhausted, will and strength alike failed. Immediately after the end of the book was reached, the other end was seen to be at hand. One or two spasmodic bursts of life flared up, like gusts of an expiring fire, but they probably deceived not even himself, and certainly no one besides. His former indifference to life returned as soon as his task was accomplished.

The country too had no wish that he should linger on in agony. If he could have been re-

stored to health and strength, nothing that the nation could have done to secure that end would have been lacking, or been thought too costly; but now that he could never be more than a sufferer, prostrate and hopeless, there was no desire to retain him. Reverent sorrow and sympathy had long ascended from every quarter of the land towards the cottage on that mountain-top, but there were no prayers uttered for protracted days.

The final crisis was neither long nor painful. On the 21st of July the country was informed that he was failing again. For two days his symptoms indicated increasing depression and exhaustion, and on the 23d came

the end. There was no renewed struggle, no distinct consciousness on his part that his feet were wet with the waters of that river which we all must cross; he made no formal parting again with his family; he endured no pangs of dissolution, but passed away quietly without a groan or a shudder, with no one but his wife and children and his medical attendants by his side. He had done most of the great things of his life with calmness and composure, and in the same way he entered the long procession in which Alexander and Cæsar and Wellington and Napoleon had preceded him.

Adam Badeau.

A. A. Grant
Georgetown
Ohio

AUTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT WRITTEN WHILE AT WEST POINT, IN THE ALBUM OF A CLASSMATE.

[General Grant was christened Hiram Ulysses, and is said to have reversed the initials to avoid the humorous conjunction of them. In his commission as cadet the name was by mistake written Ulysses S., and as it could not be changed officially, he afterward adopted it, taking Simpson, a family name, for the second initial.—EDITOR.]

LINCOLN AND GRANT.

THE names of Lincoln and Grant will always be inseparably associated in connection with the events of the War of the Rebellion. At first thought they present two characters in American history entirely dissimilar. Their careers seem in striking contrast. One led the life of a civilian, and made his reputation as a statesman; the other was essentially a soldier, and is naturally classed amongst the great military captains of history. But upon a closer study of their lives, it will be found that the two men had many traits in common, and that there were many points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin, and had been compelled to struggle with adverse fortune, and learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them, and always retained a deep hold upon their affection. Each remembered that though clothed in the robes of a master he was still the servant of the people. Both entered the public service from the same State, rose in life without the help of wealthy or influential friends, and owed every success to individual merit. Each might have said, to any who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin, what a marshal of France, who had risen from the ranks to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who snubbed him in Vienna: "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants." Each was conspicuous for the possession of that most uncommon of all the virtues—common sense.

Both despised the arts of the demagogue, shrank from attitudinizing in public or posing before the world for effect, and looked upon the exercise of mawkish sentimentality and the indulgence in mock heroics with a righteous contempt. With them there was none of the puppyism which is bred by power, and none of that dogmatism which has been well described as puppyism grown to maturity. Each was endowed with talents especially bestowed upon him by Providence to meet the trying emergencies in which he was placed; each bore a patriot's part in securing the integrity of the Union; and each received from the people a second election to the highest office in their gift. Each had qualities which commanded the respect and admiration of the other, and where their characteristics were unlike, they only served to supplement each other, and to add to the strength which their combined powers exercised in the great cause in which they labored.

The acquaintance between the two men began by official correspondence, which afterwards became more personal in its tone, and when they finally met an intimacy sprang up between them which soon ripened into a genuine friendship. The writer of this article witnessed much of their intercourse; was often a listener to the estimates which each placed upon the other, and could not help being profoundly impressed with the extent to which these two historic characters became attached to each other.

They did not meet till March, 1864, and previous to that time had had but little personal correspondence. Most of the communications which the General received from the President had been in the form of executive orders sent through the War Department. Lincoln had early formed a high opinion of the Western general, in consequence of his victories at Donelson and Shiloh, and because he did not spend his time in calling for troops, but made the best use of those that were sent him. In other words, he was a man who asked for nothing, and gave the executive no trouble.

Grant's successes brought with them the usual number of jealousies and rivalries. Political generals had their advocates in Washington to plead their cause, while Grant stood without friends at court. His detractors gathered at times a great deal of strength in their efforts to supplant him with a general of their own choosing, and Lincoln was beset by many a delegation who insisted that nothing would harmonize matters in the West but Grant's removal. This nagging continued even after his great triumph at Vicksburg.

Lincoln always enjoyed telling the General, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant: "After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing. So one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half an hour in trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the rebels would violate their paroles and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog. 'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a

fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Sykes came bounding out of the house, and yelled:

"'What's up! Anything busted?'"

"'There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over he said, 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—as a dog.'" And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again—as an army.'

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

About nine days after Vicksburg had fallen the President sent the following letter to General Grant, who was deeply touched by its frank and manly character, and the sincerity of its tone:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

A. LINCOLN.

The first time the two men saw each other was about one o'clock on the 9th of March, 1864, when General Grant called upon the President at the White House to receive the commission constituting him lieutenant-general of the armies. The General had arrived in Washington from the West the day before, and was on his way to establish his headquarters in Virginia. The interview took place in the Cabinet room. There were present, besides the members of the Cabinet, General Halleck, a member of Congress, two of General Grant's staff-officers, his eldest son,

Frederick D. Grant, and the President's private secretary. Lincoln, in handing the General his commission, read with much feeling a few words which he had written for the occasion, ending with the remark, "As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence." The General took the commission very much as a graduate steps up and takes his diploma from the president of his college. He had written a brief reply on a sheet of paper, which he drew from his pocket and read. It closed as follows: "I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

In a subsequent conference the President talked very freely to General Grant about the conduct of the armies in the field. He said he did not pretend to know anything about the art of war, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders, but he did know that celerity was absolutely necessary, that while armies were sitting down, waiting for opportunities which might perhaps be more favorable from a military point of view, the Government was spending millions of dollars every day, that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and there would come a time when the spirits and the resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations must be taken into account, as well as the purely military questions, and he adopted the plan of issuing his executive orders, principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals. He said nothing pleased him more than the fact that the grade of lieutenant-general had been revived by Congress, and that a general-in-chief of the armies had been put at their head, who he felt would appreciate the value of minutes. He told the General he was not going to interfere in any way with his movements, and all he had to do was to call on him for whatever he required, and it would be supplied if the resources of the nation could furnish it.

General Grant soon after entered upon the Wilderness campaign. Cheering messages were frequently sent him by the President, and a number of suggestions were made, but no orders were given for the movement of troops. Many characteristic telegrams were received from the President while the armies were in front of Richmond and Petersburg. One of them afforded Grant great amusement. It closed with the words, "Hold on with a

bull-dog grip and chew and choke as much as possible. A. LINCOLN."

Each tried to anticipate the desires of the other even in matters somewhat out of his particular sphere of action. At the first meeting they had in the field after actual operations had commenced in Virginia, Lincoln said to the General that there was a man who had got a permit at Washington to visit the armies and had abused his privilege by going around using seditious language and trying to stir up trouble among the loyal Virginians in that section of country. He asked the General whether he had heard of the fellow, saying he would have arrested him if he had known just where to catch him. The General replied that he had not heard of him; that if he had he should have arrested him and sent him to Fort Monroe without troubling the President with the matter or letting him know anything about it.

"I see," said the President, "you would have served me like the Irishman wanted the doctor to serve him. The doctor told him he would have to take a quinine tonic. The Irishman asked whether he would let him put some whisky in it, and the doctor said, not a drop; if he expected to be cured he must give up the use of whisky entirely. The Irishman thought a minute, and then remarked to the doctor in a sort of confidential way, 'I say, dochtor, when ye git yer medicine all ready couldn't ye jist put in a little whesky unbeknownce to me?' So when you got your man all ready I suppose you would have put him into Fort Monroe 'unbeknownce' to me."

The nearest Mr. Lincoln ever came to giving General Grant an order for the movement of troops was during Early's raid upon Washington. On July 10, 1864, the President telegraphed a long dispatch from Washington, which contained the following language: "What I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to defeat the enemy's force in this vicinity. I think there is really a fair chance to do this, if the movement is prompt. This is what I think—upon your suggestion, and is not an order." Grant replied that on reflection he thought it would have a bad effect for him to leave City Point, then his headquarters, in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and the President was satisfied with the dispositions which the General made for the repulse of Early without taking command against him in person.

It will be seen that the President did not call for assistance to protect Washington, but for troops and a competent leader to go after Early and defeat him. The President was

undoubtedly possessed of more courage than any of his advisers. There is not an instance in which he seemed to take counsel of his fears. He was always more anxious to have the troops around Washington sent to the field than kept in the fortifications about the capital. He sent a remarkable dispatch to the General on August 4, 1862, which shows his eagerness to have the troops in his vicinity placed "south of the enemy" instead of being kept between the enemy and Washington. It referred to an order which General Grant had sent to General Halleck, chief of staff at Washington, and was as follows :

"I have seen your dispatch in which you say, 'I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy, and follow him to the death; wherever the enemy goes, let our troops go also.' This, I think, is exactly right as to how our forces should move; but please look over the dispatches you may have received from here since you made that order, and discover, if you can, that there is any idea in the head of any one here of 'putting our army south of the enemy,' or of 'following him to the death' in any direction. I repeat to you it will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour and force it.

"A. LINCOLN."

This is the language of a man of courage, who felt a consciousness that he was bolder than those who counseled him at Washington, and wanted a man of Grant's aggressiveness to force the fighting, and send the troops about the capital after Early to get south of him, and follow him to the death, even if the capital had to go without defense.

On the 23d of November, when matters looked a little quiet along the lines, Grant visited the President in Washington, and spent most of the day with him and the Secretary of War conferring upon the military situation and the carrying out of some recommendations which the General had made regarding the armies in the field. His principal demand was to have eight useless major-generals and thirty brigadiers mustered out of the service to make room for the promotion of men who had won their spurs in the field. The President pointed to a number of names on the list and remarked that they were the General's own personal friends; but Grant urged the matter still more strenuously, saying that the emergency was too great to stop to consider personal feelings, and that those whose services could not be made available must give way to the rising men at the front. He succeeded in securing many vacancies in the list of generals, and the promotions which followed for meritorious services in the field did much for the *morale* of the armies.

On March 20, 1864, the General invited the President to visit him at City Point. The

invitation was accepted the next day, and the President arrived at the headquarters of the armies on the 22d, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and their youngest son "Tad." They had come down the Potomac and the Chesapeake Bay and up the James River on the *River Queen*, a comfortable little side-wheel steam-boat, which was convoyed by the United States gun-boat *Bat*, acting as an escort. This vessel had been a blockade-runner and had been captured by the navy and fitted up as a gun-boat. It was commanded by Captain J. S. Barnes, U. S. N. Upon the arrival of the steam-boat at the wharf at City Point General Grant and several members of his staff went aboard to welcome the presidential party. The President gave each one a hearty greeting, and in his frank and cordial way said many complimentary things about the hard work that had been done during the long winter's siege, and how fully the country appreciated it. When asked how he was he said,

"I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it yet."

"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff-officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for seasickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the President, "I've seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

The party had gathered in the after-cabin of the steam-boat, and in the course of the conversation the President said: "This cabin is the one in which I met the peace commissioners from Richmond,—Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter,—when they came down to Hampton Roads." The meeting referred to had occurred the month before. Alexander H. Stephens was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. He will be remembered as being a mite of a man in stature and having a complexion as yellow as an ear of ripe corn. Mr. Lincoln went on to say: "Stephens sat where I am sitting now, Hunter sat over there, and Campbell lolled on the sofa to the right. Stephens had on an overcoat about three sizes too big for him, with an old-fashioned high collar. The cabin soon began to get pretty warm and after a while he stood up and pulled off his big coat. He slipped it off just about as you would husk an ear of corn. I couldn't help thinking as I looked first at the overcoat and then at the man, 'Well, that's the biggest shuck and the smallest nubbin I ever laid eyes on.'"

During his stay the President spent much of his time riding about with Grant among the

troops during the day, and sitting around the camp-fire at headquarters in the evening. The fire always had a fresh pile of dry rails thrown upon it, in his honor, and as he sat in a camp-chair with his long legs doubled up in grotesque attitudes, and the smoke of the fire curling around him, he looked the picture of comfort and good-nature. He always seemed to feel how much happier were the men who had only to meet Lee's troops in Virginia, and were never compelled to encounter that more formidable army of office-seekers in Washington. The stories he told on these occasions will never be forgotten, and the kindly face of the Chief Magistrate, with its varying expressions of mirth and sadness, will never be effaced from the memory of the men who watched it in those trying times. In the way of story-telling, those City Point nights gave promise of becoming as famous as the Arabian Nights.

Lincoln's stories were not mere anecdotes, they were illustrations. No one ever heard him relate anything simply for the amusement afforded by the story; it was always to illustrate the subject under discussion, or to give point to his statement. Whether he had treasured up in his memory an inexhaustible supply of stories to draw from, or whether he invented them as he went along, to illustrate his views, no one could tell. Perhaps both methods were employed. However this may be, there was hardly a remark made or an object shown to him which did not call to mind some story so pertinent to the subject that the dullest never failed to see the point of it. Nothing appeared to escape his recollection. A soldier once struck the idea when he said of him: "He's got a mighty fine memory, but an awful poor forgetery."

One evening the writer showed him a specimen of the new powder made for the fifteen-inch gun. The piece was about the size of an English walnut.

"What is this?" he asked.

"A grain of mammoth powder, the kind they are using in the fifteen-inch gun at Fort Monroe," was the reply.

"Well," said he, turning it over in his hand, "it is rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. This reminds me of what once occurred in a country meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country store-keepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer-meeting of an evening, the shop-keepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying

them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods.

"One evening a man rose up in the meeting and said:

"Brethren, let me take occasion to say while we're a-waitin' that I have just received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the nakid eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front of one o' them grains jes like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the cross-roads, and examine that powder for yourselves."

"When he had got about this far a rival powder merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, rose up and said:

"Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word, brethren, that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile, and any one of you, brethren, in your future state could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march squar' through the sulphurous flames of the world below without the least danger of an explosion."

We thought that grain of powder had served a better purpose in drawing out this story than it could ever serve in being fired from a fifteen-inch gun.

On the 27th Sherman arrived at City Point, fresh from his triumphant march to the sea. Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet, and had contributed so largely to the success of the operations by his brilliant services at Fort Fisher, was sent for, and he, with Grant and Sherman, went to pay their respects to the President on board his steamer. The meeting presented a historical scene which is one of the most memorable of the whole war. It was not a council of war, or even a formal military conference. It was an interchange of views between the four great representative men who at that moment seemed to hold the destinies of the republic in their hands. All were eager to hear more details of his march from the man who had cut so broad a swath through the heart of the Confederacy. Sherman's recital of the event was told with all his vividness of style and crispness of expression. The subject was a grand one and the narrative was a whole epic in itself. The President made no particular suggestions as to the campaign, but at the breaking up of the conference said good-bye to the distinguished company, with buoyant hopes of the future and renewed confidence in his commanders. He was always

willing that they should reap all the glory of the victories in the field. He was like the workmen employed upon the Gobelin tapestries who stand behind the cloth, and are content to work there, knowing they are contributing their full share to the beauties of the front.

General Grant now confided to the President his determination to move against Lee as soon as the roads were dry enough, and to make what he intended should be the final campaign. The President resolved to remain at headquarters until the army moved, and seemed glad of the opportunity of continuing some days longer the pleasant intercourse with the General-in-chief. Sitting by the camp-fire one evening he spoke very feelingly of the hopes and fears he had experienced at different times during the rebellion. The patriotism of the people, the devotion of the loyal North, the courage and superb fighting qualities of the troops on the one hand; on the other, the financial difficulties, the terrible losses in men, the disloyal element in the rear, and the threatening attitude of England and France. When asked if he ever doubted the final success of the cause, he said, "Never for a moment." Mr. Seward, he told us, had often said that there was always just enough virtue in this republic to save it; sometimes none to spare, but still enough to meet the emergency, and he agreed with Mr. Seward in this view. He said the capture of Mason and Slidell on board the English vessel, and the complications with Great Britain, which resulted at so critical a period of the war, had given him great uneasiness. When asked whether it was not a great trial to surrender them he said:

"Yes, that was a pretty bitter pill to swallow, but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after ending our war successfully we should be so powerful that we could call England to account for all the embarrassments she had inflicted upon us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he probably hadn't many days longer to live and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated worst of all was a fellow named Brown, in the next village, and he guessed he had better commence on him first. So Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say, in a voice as meek as Moses', that he wanted to die at peace with all his fellow-creatures, and hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming altogether too pathetic for Brown, who had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the gathering tears from his eyes. It wasn't long before he melted

and gave his hand to his neighbor, and they had a regular love-feast. After a parting that would have softened the heart of a grindstone, Brown had about reached the room door, when the sick man rose up on his elbow and said, 'But see here, Brown, if I *should* happen to get well, mind that old grudge stands!' So I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge against England to stand."

As Mr. Lincoln abstained from interfering in purely military matters, so General Grant refrained from taking any action in political affairs. On the 2d of March, 1865, Lee wrote a very significant letter to Grant. From some remarks made in an interview which had occurred between General Longstreet and General Ord under a flag of truce, Lee conceived the idea that a military convention might be made the means of a satisfactory adjustment of the existing difficulties. He wrote General Grant a note in which the following language occurs:

"Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of views it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned."

General Grant looked upon this as referring to a subject entirely outside of his province, and forwarded it to the President. After some correspondence with him regarding it the General replied to Lee as follows:

"In regard to meeting you on the 6th inst. I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as is purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges, which has been intrusted to me."

So the interview never took place. General Grant's spirit of subordination was such that nothing ever led him into an act which might be construed as transcending his powers as a purely military officer. If the General had not had implicit confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the President he might not have restrained himself so easily from endeavoring to impress his views upon the Government in questions of general policy, but he had an abiding faith in the prudence and sagacity of the executive.

General Grant used to say of Lincoln, "I regard him as one of the greatest of men. He is unquestionably the greatest man I have ever encountered. The more I see of him

and exchange views with him, the more he impresses me. I admire his courage, and respect the firmness he always displays. Many think from the gentleness of his character that he has a yielding nature; but while he has the courage to change his mind when convinced that he is wrong, he has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman. His quickness of perception often astonishes me. Long before the statement of a complicated question is finished his mind will grasp the main points, and he will seem to comprehend the whole subject better than the person who is stating it. He will take rank in history alongside of Washington."

Lincoln made many visits with Grant to the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. On such occasions he usually rode one of the General's fine bay horses, called "Cincinnati." He was a good horseman, and made his way through swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him and greeted him, wherever he appeared amongst them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from the depth of their hearts. He always had a pleasant salute or a friendly word for the men in the ranks. His son, Robert T. Lincoln, had joined the General's staff some time before, with the rank of captain and aide-de-camp, and was doing good service at headquarters, where he made an excellent record. The practical experience acquired at that time in the field was of important service to him in after years in administering the affairs of the War Department.

One evening, upon return to camp after a ride among the soldiers, Mr. Lincoln said:

"General, you don't seem to have your horse decked out in as gay trappings as some of our generals, or to give yourself any particular trouble about the elegance of your uniform."

"No," said the General; "I once learned a lesson on that subject when I was serving under General Taylor in Mexico. He used to wear about the same kind of clothes and shoes as those issued to the privates, and generally rode a horse that looked as if it had just come off a farm. On the march he often rested himself by sitting woman-fashion on his saddle with both feet on the same side, and no one in the army gave less thought to his style of dress. One day, while in camp near Corpus Christi, he received a very formal note from the commodore in command of the naval squadron in the Gulf, saying he would go ashore the next day for the purpose of paying his respects in person to the commander of the army. General Taylor had a conviction that naval officers were great sticklers for etiquette, and on occasions of ceremony always looked as fine

as if they had just come out of a band-box; and not willing to be outdone by his web-footed visitor, the general set his servant at work to overhaul his wardrobe and burnish up his full-dress uniform, which had probably not been out of his chest since the war began.

"The commodore, it appeared, was a man who had as great a contempt for fine dressing as Taylor, but he had an idea that the commanding general of the army would expect a commodore of the navy to display no end of style in paying a visit of ceremony, and he was determined to exhibit a proper degree of respect in this regard, no matter what it cost in the way of inconvenience; so he ransacked the bottom of his locker for his best toggery, and the next day appeared on shore resplendent in white gloves, blue cloth, and gold lace. There was a broiling Southern sun pouring down, and by the time the commodore had walked from the landing to the general's quarters he was reeking with perspiration and looking as red as a boiled lobster. He found the general sitting in his tent, buttoned up to the chin in a well-wrinkled uniform coat, mopping his head with a handkerchief and swinging a big palm-leaf fan to help catch a breath of air. After these distinguished representatives of the sister services had indulged in profound bows, shaken hands, and exchanged compliments in a very formal and dignified manner, they sat down on opposite sides of a table, looked at each other for some minutes, and then a smile began to steal over their faces, which soon widened into a broad grin, and showed that they were both beginning to take in the absurdity of the situation.

"Oh! this is all nonsense!" said Taylor, pulling off his coat and throwing it to the other side of the tent.

"Infernal nonsense!" cried the commodore, jerking off everything but his shirt and trousers. Then they lighted a couple of pipes and had a good sensible talk over the military situation."

Mr. Lincoln was as good at listening as he was at story-telling; and as he gradually took in the absurdity of the scene described he became so convulsed with laughter that his sides fairly shook.

The President remained at headquarters till the armies moved out on the Appomattox campaign. General Grant and staff started about nine o'clock on the morning of March 29, 1865. They went by the military railroad as far as its terminus south of Petersburg and there took their horses. As the party mounted the car the President went through a cordial hand-shaking with each one, speaking many words of cheer and good wishes. As the train was about to move the party collected on the rear platform of the car and respectfully raised

their hats. The President waved a farewell with his long right arm and said, in a voice broken with emotion, "Good-bye, gentlemen. God bless you all. Remember your success is my success."

A few days after, when the lines around Petersburg had been carried and we were closing in about the city, the General telegraphed to City Point :

" . . . The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery. . . All seems well with us and everything quiet just now. I think the President might come out and pay us a visit to-morrow."

Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply :

" Allow me to tender to you and all with you the nation's grateful thanks for the additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion I think I will meet you to-morrow."

The next day Petersburg had fallen, and about noon the President, accompanied by his son "Tad," joined General Grant in the city. They sat together for nearly two hours upon the porch of a comfortable little house with a small yard in front, and crowds of citizens soon gathered at the fence to gaze upon these remarkable men of whom they had heard so much. The President's heart was filled with joy, for he felt that this was "the beginning of the end." He revealed to the General many of his plans for the rehabilitation of the South, and it could easily be seen that a spirit of magnanimity was uppermost in his heart. They were anxiously awaiting dispatches from General Weitzel, in the hopes that he had already captured Richmond, but General Grant had to take up his march with the columns that had started in pursuit of Lee, before getting the much-coveted news. He had ridden only a short distance when he received a dispatch from Weitzel saying that Richmond had been taken several hours before.

Immediately after the surrender at Appomattox Court House General Grant hurried to Washington, not even stopping to visit Richmond. His first thought was to take prompt measures for disbanding the armies and saving expenses. He arrived at the capital on the morning of the 13th of April. During that day he spent much of his time with the President, and took a drive through the city with Mrs. Lincoln. The people were wild with enthusiasm, and wherever the General appeared he was greeted with cheers, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and every possible demonstration of delight. The next day Lincoln invited the General to accompany him to Ford's Theater in the evening, and take a seat in his box to see the play of "Our American Cousin." The General

begged to be excused, saying Mrs. Grant was anxious to have him go to Burlington, New Jersey, where their children were at school, and he wanted to start as soon as possible. The President was somewhat urgent, and said the people would expect to see the General at the theater, and would be so much delighted to get a sight of him. While they were talking a note came from Mrs. Grant giving reasons for wanting to start that afternoon, and this afforded the General an excuse for declining the invitation to the play. When he bade the President good-bye, he little thought it would be the last time that he would ever see him alive. At lunch at Willard's Hotel, the General noticed a man who sat near him at table, and was apparently trying to overhear his conversation. As he drove to the railway station in the afternoon a man on horseback followed the carriage, and seemed to be the same person who had attracted his attention at lunch. This man was unquestionably John Wilkes Booth. Some time afterwards the General received an anonymous letter from a person who said he had been selected to kill him, and had boarded the train and ridden as far as the Delaware River with the intention of carrying out his purpose, but the car-door was locked, so he could not get in. He expressed himself as very thankful he had failed. The General had a special car, and it is a fact that the conductor locked it, so that there was this much to corroborate the man's story. Besides, it was shown upon the trial of the assassins that General Grant was one of the men marked for assassination. At the Walnut street wharf in Philadelphia, just as he was about to go on board the ferry-boat, he was handed a telegram conveying the appalling announcement that the chief he so much honored, the friend for whom he had conceived so warm an affection, had fallen, the victim of an assassin's bullet. The General returned at once to Washington. He often said that this was the saddest day of his whole life.

Twenty years later when he too had reached the full measure of his greatness his own death plunged the country again into a profound grief, the nation was called upon to put on the mourning it had worn for Lincoln, and the people suffered another loss which was felt by every one in the land with a sense of personal bereavement. The ashes of these two great central figures of the war now lie entombed in the soil their efforts saved; their names have passed into history.

Their devoted loyalty, steadfast courage, pure patriotism, and manly personal virtues will forever command the admiration of all who make a study of their lives. Between them the jealousy which springs from narrow minds

was absent; the rivalry which is born of selfishness had no place in their souls. They taught the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk abreast. With them the safety of the nation was above all personal aims; and like the men in the Roman phalanx of old they stood shoulder to shoulder, and

linked their shields against a common foe. It was a priceless blessing to the Republic that the era of the Rebellion did not breed a Marius and a Sulla, a Cæsar and a Pompey, or a Charles the First and a Cromwell, but that the power to which its destinies were intrusted was wielded by a Lincoln and a Grant.

Horace Porter.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

I WAS with General Sherman the night before he began his march to the sea, in camp near Gaylesville, in the north-eastern corner of Alabama, to which point he had followed Hood from Atlanta in his counter movement towards Tennessee. I had recently arrived from the Valley of Virginia, whence I had been sent by General Grant to reorganize and command the Western cavalry. After disposing of the business of the day we spent the evening, indeed most of the night, in front of a comfortable camp-fire, chatting about the incidents of the recent campaigns and considering the details of those yet to come. One by one the staff-officers had withdrawn to their tents, for Sherman was "an owl" always ready to make a night of it, and they saw that he was well under way towards it upon that occasion. A dark and solemn forest surrounded us, and a dead silence had fallen upon the sleeping army; not a sound except that of the measured tread of the sentinel in front of the general's tent disturbed the quiet of the night. Twelve o'clock had come and gone, and one o'clock was at hand, when there came a pause in the conversation; then a moment of reflection on the part of Sherman, whose deeply lined face and brilliant, sleepless eyes I see now as plainly as I did then, turned towards and lighted up by the red glare of the blazing logs, and bright with intelligent and energetic life. Then came a quick, nervous upward glance at me, and then the following remark: "Wilson, I am a great deal smarter man than Grant; I see things more quickly than he does. I know more about law, and history, and war, and nearly everything else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me and where he beats the world. He don't care a d—— for what he can't see the enemy doing, and it scares me like h——!" And this vigorous and graphic speech is the best description of the fundamental characteristics and differences of the two men I have ever heard. It shows not only a profound self-knowledge on the part of Sherman, but a profound, comprehensive, and discriminating esti-

mate of the personal peculiarities of General Grant; for it is true that the latter was never scared by what the enemy might be doing beyond his sight. He gave his best attention to learning the position, strength, and probable plans of his adversary, and then made his own plans as best he might to foil or overthrow him, modifying or changing them only after it became clearly necessary to do so, but never lying awake of nights trying to make plans for the enemy as well as for himself; never countermanding his orders, never countermarching his troops, and never annoying or harassing his subordinate commanders by orders evolved from his imagination. He never worried over what he could not help, but was always cool, level-headed, and reasonable, never in the least excitable or imaginative. He always had the nerve to play his game through calmly and without any external exhibition of uneasiness or anxiety; and this was constitutional with him, not the result of training nor altogether of reflection. It was his nature, and he could not help it. The sanguine and nervous elements were so happily modified, blended, and held in check by the lymphatic element of his temperament that he could do nothing in a hurry or a heat, and, above all, it was impossible for him to borrow trouble from what he did not know to be certain, or could not change. While this equable temper guided him smoothly through many dangers, it also kept him out of many difficulties of a personal as well as of an official nature. It made it easy for him to command an army of discordant elements, filled with jealousies, and led by generals mostly from civil life, quite ready to quarrel with each other, or with any one else, for that matter, excepting himself, while another commander less happily organized would have been constantly in hot water. The value of such a temperament in war can scarcely be estimated by one not acquainted with the troubles which come from a vivid and excitable imagination. It was this temperament, together with a modest reasonableness and capability, an openness to

good counsels, and a freedom from offensive obstinacy of opinion, in reference to what should be done in a campaign, which caused so many experienced and judicious officers to say, as they frequently did, that they would rather take their chances in a great war or in a desperate campaign with Grant, even in his old age, than with any of his great subordinates.

But Grant had another noticeable characteristic, in a measure flowing from his temperament, which was of immense value, and ultimately gave the greatest confidence to the armies commanded by him. I refer, of course, to his constancy or steadfastness,—that quality which was blood of his blood and bone of his bone, which came to him perhaps from generations of wild and warlike ancestry, and which caused him to fight all his campaigns and battles through to the end, whether it took three days, three weeks, “all summer,” or a whole year. It was that quality which made it natural and easy for him to say at Belmont, when his little army was surrounded, “We must fight our way out as we fought our way in”; which made him exclaim, on seeing the well-filled haversack of a dead rebel at Donelson, “They are trying to escape; if we attack first and vigorously we shall win”; which made him try every possible way of reaching a solid footing for his army in the Vicksburg campaign, and finally run the batteries with his transports, ferry his army across the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, cut loose from his line of communications, swing out into the Confederacy, beat and disperse the army confronting him, break up the railroads and sit down calmly and resolutely behind the fortifications of Vicksburg, resolved to take it by siege or starvation if not by assault. It was that quality which carried him through the perils and difficulties of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, and which finally brought him the rank of lieutenant-general, and gave him command of all the loyal armies. And finally it was that quality which caused him to fight his way, inch by inch, through the Wilderness and to continue the fighting day after day, from the morning of May 5th till the evening of the 12th, holding on to all the ground he gained, never halting, never yielding, but inexorably pressing forward, no matter what the discouragements nor what the difficulties to be overcome. Such persistency was never before shown by an American general. The Army of the Potomac had never before been compelled to fight more than two days consecutively. Its commanders had always hesitated even in the full tide of victory, as at Antietam or Gettysburg, or had fallen back as at Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, after the second day’s fighting, and before any de-

cisive advantage had been gained by either side. It had never been compelled to fight its battles through before, but now all this was changed. And there is no sort of doubt that this change marked the final epoch of the war, inasmuch as it convinced both the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac, and indeed of all the Union armies, that there would be no more yielding, no more retreating, no more rest from fighting and marching till the national cause had everywhere triumphed over its enemies! Neither is there any sort of doubt that Lee and his valiant army also recognized the advent of Grant as the beginning of the end. They were from the first amazed at the unshakable steadiness and persistency with which he held his army to its work, and they saw at once the doom of the Confederacy and the end of all their hopes. This is plainly shown by the defensive attitude which they maintained thenceforth to the end of the war. The only *riposte* Lee ever made against Grant was on the evening of the second day’s fighting in the Wilderness, when the rebels by a happy stroke turned the right flank of the Sixth Corps and threw it into great confusion. There is reason for supposing, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, that Grant’s nerves were severely shaken by this unexpected and untoward reverse. He was in a strange army, surrounded almost entirely by strangers, and naturally enough for a short time amidst the darkness and confusion felt uncertain as to the purposes of the enemy, the extent of the disaster, and the capacity of his own army to recover from it. In all that host there were only three general officers who had served with him in the West,—Rawlins, his able and courageous chief-of-staff, Sheridan, and myself. Meade, whose headquarters were near by, and all the infantry corps and division commanders, were comparatively unknown to him, and what is worse, precedent, so far as there was any precedent, in that army, seemed to require them under such circumstances to retire, and not advance. I was with Sheridan and Forsyth, his chief-of-staff, that night, near Old Chancellorsville. Forsyth and I lay till dawn listening to what seemed to us to be the roar of distant musketry; orders had been received during the night by the cavalry “to cover the trains,” and from our position, and what we knew of the precedents, as well as of the temper of the army, we feared that the next day would find us on the way to the north side of the Rappahannock, instead of on the road to Richmond. Sheridan shared this apprehension. Before dawn he gave me orders to move as soon as I could see with my division towards Germanna Ford, and ascertain if the enemy, after

turning the right flank of the Sixth Corps, had interposed between the army and the river or penetrated towards the rear. By sunrise I had covered the whole region in the direction indicated, and having ascertained that the noise of the night before was the rumbling of the trains on the Fredericksburg turnpike, and that the enemy had withdrawn without discovering the magnitude of his advantage, I rode rapidly to General Grant's headquarters, for the twofold purpose of reporting the result of my reconnoissance and of ascertaining how the General had stood the alarm and trials of the night and day before. I felt that the Army of the Potomac had not been beaten and that it would be fatal for it to withdraw at that stage of the campaign, and yet I feared that the pressure upon General Grant might be so great as to induce him to yield to it. I found him at his camp on a knoll covered with scrub pine, where he had spent the day and night, just ready to mount and move out. I dismounted at the foot of the knoll, and throwing my bridle to my orderly, started rapidly towards the General, who not only saw me coming, but saw also the look of anxious inquiry in my face, and, without waiting to receive my report or to question or be questioned, called out in cheerful and reassuring tones: "It's all right, Wilson; the army is already on the move for Richmond! It is not going back, but forward, until we beat Lee or he beats us." I saw at a glance that, however severely tried, Grant had recovered his equilibrium, and that his courage was steadfast and unshaken. My anxieties were relieved, and after expressing my gratification at the orders he had given, and saying what I could in support of the policy announced, I remounted my horse and galloped back to my division. I imparted the result of my reconnoissance and of my interview with General Grant promptly to Forsyth and Sheridan, both of whom received it with unmistakable delight and satisfaction. It is not too much to say that a great load was lifted from our minds. We saw that the gravest crisis of Grant's life was safely past, and we felt that our success was now solely a question of pluck and persistency on the part of the army. We knew that the commanding general would do his duty to the bitter end, and we could not doubt what the end would be.

Grant has been severely criticised for the rude and disjointed battles fought by the Army of the Potomac during this memorable campaign, and much of this criticism is well founded, though not so well directed. If Grant had been a great tactician, which he was not, or had more closely supervised the car-

rying out of his own orders, instead of depending upon Meade and his corps and division commanders for all the details and their execution, it is probable that many valuable lives would have been spared; but it must not be forgotten, after all, that whenever everything else fails and the resources of strategy and tactics are exhausted, the fundamental fact remains that that army or that nation generally prevails, or has the greatest capacity for war, which stands killing best. In the words of the rebel General Forrest, "War means fight, and fight means kill." Lee and his army of veterans had to be taught that there was nothing left for them but to fight it out; that no matter how many Union soldiers they killed, their places would be promptly filled; that no matter how many assaults they might repulse, new assaults would follow, until finally there would be no safety left for their steadily decreasing numbers except in flight or surrender. And this was the result which followed! Even the unsuccessful and unnecessary assaults at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg contributed to this result, for they taught the rebels to beware of meeting in the open field soldiers who could make such assaults and withstand such bloody repulses without being disgraced or seriously discouraged thereby.

But General Grant's temperament gave him other good qualities besides the one so graphically described by Sherman. It made him modest, patient and slow to anger, and these virtues contributed to his earlier successes almost as much as the rapid and sturdy blows which he dealt the enemy confronting him. They kept him from putting on airs, assuming superiority, or otherwise offending the sensibilities and self-respect of either the officers or men who constituted the rank and file of the army, and while these were negative virtues, they were unfortunately not possessed by all the regular army officers who found themselves in command of volunteers at the outbreak of the rebellion. Notwithstanding Grant's extraordinary success at Donelson and his excellent behavior at Shiloh, there was a great outcry against him not only in the army, but throughout the North-west. He was charged with leaving his command without authority, neglect of duty, and incompetence, and there is no doubt that the Administration not only lent ear to these charges, but authorized Halleck to supersede Grant in the field, and assured General McClelland that he should have command of an expedition for the purpose of opening the Mississippi River.

I joined the staff of General Grant as an officer of engineers, in October, 1862, and found him just starting on the Tallahatchee or Gren-

ada (Mississippi) campaign. Before leaving Washington I became satisfied that the chief honors of his command would be given to McClelland, if the President and Secretary of War could manage it without a public scandal; and I lost no time, after returning from a short tour of duty with McPherson, then commanding the left wing of Grant's army, in making known to Major Rawlins the information upon which I had reached my conclusion. Grant had gone to Memphis, but Rawlins and I followed him shortly, and when fitting opportunity presented itself the former laid my information before the General, and considered it with him. At that time Vicksburg had come to be regarded as the great strategic point in the Western theater of war, and consequently its capture was looked upon as of the first importance to the Union cause. It also became abundantly evident that McClelland had not only been promised the command of the expedition for that purpose, but there was reason for believing that he and his friends were using all the means in their power to foster and spread the discontent with Grant, and if possible to relegate him to a subordinate position. Grant's conduct at this juncture was cautious and prudent. Rawlins and others urged him to make short work of it, and relieve McClelland, or at least to assert his own authority, and rebuke the pretensions of his lieutenant in a manner which could not be misunderstood, but he declined, contenting himself with modestly asking General Halleck if there was any reason why he should not himself go in chief command of that part of the army to be employed in the movement against Vicksburg. Later on, when McClelland showed his resentment and bad temper, and indirectly claimed independence of Grant's control, Rawlins again urged a decided rebuke of his insubordination, but Grant still declined, saying, quietly but firmly: "I can't afford to quarrel with a man whom I have to command." McClelland, it will be remembered, was a politician of influence and distinction, had been a leading and influential member of Congress, was a townsman of Mr. Lincoln, a war Democrat of pronounced and ardent loyalty to the Government, and above all he had shown himself to be a brave, energetic, and fairly skillful division commander, and, notwithstanding his extraordinary vanity and captiousness, was of entirely too much consideration to admit of being relieved for any light or trivial or uncertain cause; and so Grant bore with him modestly and patiently till, in his estimation, forbearance was no longer possible. In this I encouraged him whenever occasion offered, and appreciating my motives, it was his custom to intrust me

with nearly all of the orders and instructions for McClelland's corps. At the battle near Port Gibson, where the enemy was first met after our passage of the Mississippi, McClelland behaved with his accustomed gallantry and sound judgment, and as I had been near him throughout the action, I thought I saw an opportunity in it for bringing about a better understanding between him and General Grant. Accordingly, when the latter arrived upon the field I explained the situation to him, and suggested that he should congratulate and thank McClelland in person for his good management and success. But much to my surprise he declined to do this, merely remarking that McClelland had done no more than his duty, and that it would be time enough to thank and congratulate him when the action was over and good conduct and subordination had become habitual with him. From that day forward the breach between them widened, notwithstanding the bravery of McClelland's corps at the battle of Champion's Hill, and of Lawler's brigade of the same corps at Big Black. McClelland's temper seemed to grow worse and worse. He alienated the only friends he had at headquarters by violent language and threatened insubordination. Finally, "for falsely reporting the capture of the enemy's works in his front," for the publication of a bombastic order of congratulation to his corps, and for failing to send a copy of the same to army headquarters, Grant relieved him from command, while in the trenches before Vicksburg, and ordered him to proceed to such point in Illinois as he might select, reporting thence to the War Department for orders. I mention this circumstance with no intention of passing censure upon McClelland, nor even of judging between him and his commanding general, but merely for the purpose of illustrating Grant's patience and forbearance, and calling attention to the fact that when he was ready to act, his action was vigorous and effective; and that notwithstanding his patience he was inexorable and unrelenting towards one who he thought had intended to do him official and personal injury. In this he was not unlike the most of mankind so far as the feeling of resentment was concerned, but it will be observed that he acted even in this case with caution and prudence, inasmuch as he took no action and raised no questions to be settled by the President or Secretary of War till substantial success had so strengthened him in the popular mind that his position was unassailable. And so it was throughout his military career. He never quarreled with those he had to command, but bore with their shortcomings long and patiently. Such as

proved themselves incompetent or inefficient from any cause were quietly but surely eliminated, while those who were so imprudent as to criticise him or his generalship in such a way as to attract his notice were more summarily and promptly disposed of as his power increased and as his own supremacy became assured. In reference to all official matters he was a man of but few words, either in speech or writing, hence whatever he did in this direction was done decently and in order, and apparently upon the theory that "He who offends by silence offends wisely; by speech rashly." While it is certainly true, as a general rule, that Grant was impatient of even friendly criticism from subordinates, and did not like unfriendly criticism from any quarter, it would give an entirely erroneous impression of him and his peculiarities, if the foregoing statement were not qualified by a brief explanation of his relations with Rawlins, Sherman, and McPherson.

When I reported at his headquarters at Grand Junction, I found Major (afterwards Major-General) John A. Rawlins in charge as assistant adjutant-general. He received me warmly and cordially, explained frankly but impressively the character of General Grant, including its defects as well as its strong array of virtues, described the staff by whom he was surrounded, and gave me a brief account of the army and its subordinate commanders, concluding the conversation by proposing that we should form an "alliance offensive and defensive" in the performance of our duties towards General Grant and the cause in which we were all engaged. We soon became fast friends, with no reserve or concealments of any kind between us. Shortly afterwards the forces serving in that region were organized into "the Army of the Tennessee," and divided into corps; whereupon Rawlins was designated as adjutant-general and I as inspector-general of the army, each with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The duties of these positions brought us still more closely together, and if possible established our relations on a still firmer footing with each other and with General Grant. I mention this fact merely to show that I was in a position to know all that took place at headquarters, and especially to learn the characteristics and influence of the men by whom Grant was surrounded and with whom I was thrown in daily contact.

Rawlins was a man of extraordinary ability and force of character, entirely self-made and self-educated. When he was twenty-three years of age he was burning charcoal for a living. By the meager gains from this humble calling he had paid his way through the Academy, where he had acquired most of his edu-

cation. He had studied and practiced law, rising rapidly in his profession and acquiring a solid reputation for ability as a pleader and as a public speaker. He had come to be a leader of the Douglas wing of the Democratic party, and was a candidate for the Electoral College on that ticket in 1860, before he had reached his thirtieth year. Immediately after the rebels fired upon Sumter, he made an impassioned and eloquent speech at Galena, in which he declared for the doctrine of coercion, and closed with the following stirring peroration: "I have been a Democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of politics. It is simply union or disunion, country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise, but the day for compromise is past. Only one course is left for us. We will stand by the flag of our country and appeal to the God of Battles!" Amongst the audience was Ulysses S. Grant, late captain Fourth United States Infantry, but then a clerk in his father's Galena leather store. He was not a politician, still less a partisan, but he had hitherto called himself a Democrat, and had cast his only presidential vote four years before for James Buchanan. He had listened attentively to Rawlins's speech, and had been deeply impressed by it and by the manly bearing of the orator, with whom he had already formed an acquaintance, and that night on his way home he declared himself in favor of the doctrine of coercion, telling a friend that he should at once offer his services to the Government through the adjutant-general of the army. The story of his fruitless efforts to secure recognition at first, and of his final success in getting into the volunteer army through Governor Yates, who appointed him colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and also of his appointment to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers through the recommendation of the Hon. E. B. Washburne and his colleagues of the Illinois delegation in Congress, is well known, and needs no repetition here; but it is not so well known that the very first day after Grant's assignment by seniority to the command of a brigade, he wrote to Mr. Rawlins and offered him the place of aide-de-camp on his staff, or that with equal promptitude after receiving notice, only a few days later, of his appointment as brigadier-general, he wrote again to Rawlins, offering him the position of assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain. When it is remembered that Rawlins was at that time not only entirely ignorant of everything pertaining to military affairs, but had never even seen a company of artillery, cavalry, or infantry, it will be admitted at once that he must have had other very marked qualities to commend

him so strongly to a professional soldier, and this was indeed the case. Having been a politician himself, he knew many of the leading public men from Illinois and the north-west; being a lawyer, he had carefully studied the relations between the States and the General Government, and had arrived at clear and decided notions in reference to the duties of the citizen towards both. He was a man of the most ardent patriotism, with prodigious energy of both mind and body, of severe, upright conduct, rigid morals, and most correct principles. He was not long in learning either the duties of his own station or the general principles of army organizations; and what is still more important, he also learned, with the promptitude of one having a true genius for war, the essential rules of the military art, so that he became from the start an important factor in all matters concerning his chief, whether personal or official, and was recognized as such by Grant, as well as by all the leading officers in the army with which he was connected. He did not hesitate when occasion seemed to call for it to express his opinion upon all questions concerning Grant, the army he was commanding, or the public welfare; and this he did in language so forcible and with arguments so sound that he never failed to command attention and respect, and rarely ever failed in the end to see his views adopted. It cannot be said that Grant was accustomed to taking formal counsel with Rawlins, but owing to circumstances of a personal nature, and to the fearless and independent character of the latter, this made but little difference to him. Grant himself was a stickler neither for etiquette nor ceremony, while Rawlins never permitted either to stand between him and the performance of what he conceived to be a duty. Grant was always willing to listen, and even if he had not been he could not well have failed to hear the stentorian tones in which Rawlins occasionally thought it necessary to impart his views to a staff or general officer, so that all within ear-shot might profit thereby. I never knew Grant to resent the liberties taken by Rawlins, and they were many, but to the contrary their personal intimacy, although strained at times and perhaps finally in some degree irksome to Grant, remained unbroken to the end of the war, and indeed up to the date of Rawlins's death, in 1869. When the history of the Great Rebellion shall have been fully written, it will appear that this friendship was alike creditable to both and beneficial to the country, and that Rawlins was, as stated by Grant himself, "more nearly indispensable to him than any other man in the army." Indeed nothing is more

certain than that he was altogether indispensable; and that he was a constant and most important factor in all that concerned Grant, either personally or officially, and contributed more to his success at every stage of his military career than any or all other officers or influences combined.

Both Sherman and McPherson were very intimate with Grant, and were held in the highest estimation by him; both were fully trusted, and both acted towards him with the most perfect loyalty; and yet neither of them, although both were men of extraordinary brilliancy, ever exerted a tittle of the influence that was exerted by Rawlins. Sherman was especially open and outspoken in giving his views, whether asked for or not; but having once freed his mind, verbally, or by letter, as in the case of the Vicksburg campaign in opposition to the turning movement as it was finally made, he dropped his contention there, and loyally and cheerfully, without hesitation or delay, and equally without grumbling or criticism, set vigorously about performing the duty assigned to him. It is but fair to add that Sherman always had decided views. He was then, as now, a man of great abilities and great attainments, not only in the art of war, but in nearly everything else. In short, to use his own words, he was "a great deal smarter man than Grant," and knew it, and perhaps Grant knew it also, and yet there was never any rivalry or jealousy between them. In view of all this, and especially in view of the marked differences and idiosyncrasies of the two men, it must be admitted that there is nothing in the life of either which reflects more honor upon him than his friendship for and confidence in the other.

McPherson, who was also serving with Grant when I joined him, and enjoyed his confidence and affectionate regard, was also an officer of rare merit. Like Sherman, he was a graduate of the Military Academy, and was justly noted for the brilliancy of his intellect and his high standing and attainments in the military profession. He was much younger than Sherman, but, unlike him, had never been in civil life since his original entry into the service at West Point. He was cheerful, modest and unassuming, but vigorous and active in the performance of every duty, and while he was justly regarded by all as a general of excellent judgment and great promise, and while it is also certain that he enjoyed Grant's confidence and esteem to the highest degree, it is equally certain that Grant rarely if ever consulted him on questions of policy, or even as to the details of the movements or dispositions of the army. It is still more certain that McPherson

did not, during the Vicksburg campaign nor at any time subsequent, volunteer his opinions. He neither furnished brains nor plans, as was at one time so commonly supposed in army circles to be the case, but confined himself strictly to the duty of commanding his corps, and doing cheerfully and ably whatever he was ordered to do by those in authority over him. He made no protests, wrote no letters of advice, and indulged in no criticisms whatever. He was an ideal subordinate, with a commanding figure and a lofty and patriotic character, and endeared himself, by his frank and open nature and his chivalric bearing and behavior, to his superiors and equals as well as to his subordinates. Grant loved him as a brother, and lost no opportunity to secure his promotion or to advance his fortunes, but never leant upon him for either advice or plans. He sent orders as occasion required, never doubting that they would be understood, and loyally and intelligently carried out according to the requirements of the case and the best interests of the service.

As a rule these orders were general in their terms, and specially designed to leave McPherson free to regulate and arrange the details according to his own judgment. So perfectly in accord were Grant and McPherson, so well placed was Grant's confidence in his admirable lieutenant, that there was never a shade of disappointment or ill feeling on the part of either towards the other. It is almost needless to add that Grant and Rawlins were of one mind in reference to both Sherman and McPherson, and indeed in reference to nearly everybody else. They judged from the same standpoint and from the same facts, knowledge of which necessarily in many cases reached Rawlins first, producing a profound impression on his vigorous and alert mind, and with gathered force upon that of his chief. It is proper to add that I never knew an army which was so little affected by jealousies, ill feeling, and heart-burnings as was the Army of the Tennessee under Grant; and I cannot imagine an army headquarters or administration where prejudice had so little influence or where the public business was conducted on higher principles than at those of General Grant. Merit and success were the sole tests by which subordinate commanders were judged. I say merit and success, but I wish to emphasize the statement that merit even without success was sure to receive the recognition it deserved. In this respect Grant's conduct was a model which cannot be too highly commended. His patience and deliberation caused him to judge fairly of every action before meting out praise or blame. With the former he was lavish and generous; with the latter no one could be more

sparing. If the circumstances did not justify success, or if the orders given were misunderstood, or if contingencies were not properly provided for, he would always say: "It was my fault, not his; I ought to have known better," or "I should have foreseen the difficulty," or "I should have sent so and so," or "I should have given him a larger force." It is not to be wondered at that, with such consideration for his subordinate commanders, Grant should have become exceedingly popular with them, from the highest to the lowest. And yet it should not be forgotten that he was free from and above all clap-trap, and utterly despised the cheap arts of advertisement and popularity so easily mastered by the military charlatan. He was at that period of his life the embodiment of modesty and simplicity, and showed it not only in his relations with those above and below him, but in his retinue and equipage, whether in camp or on the march. This is well illustrated by the fact that he crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, without a horse, and with no baggage whatever except a tooth-brush and a paper collar. He rode forward to the battle near Port Gibson on an orderly's horse, and knocked about the field and country like any private soldier till his own horse and camp equipage, which did not cross till after the main body of the army, had rejoined him. Throughout this wonderful campaign he shared every hardship and every peril, and what is more, never for a moment forgot the comfort or hardships of those about him.

Having been engaged the second night in rebuilding the bridges over the north fork of the Bayou Pierre, in order that the army might not be delayed in following up its advantages, after completing my task, and seeing the advanced division well started on the march, I went to the little log-cabin by the roadside where the General and staff had bivouacked. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and after reporting to the General, as he always desired should be done under such circumstances, that the bridge was completed and the column moving, I turned in for sleep and rest, and was soon unconscious of everything around me. Breakfast was ready and eaten before daylight, and Grant and the rest of the staff moved out as soon as they could see the road and the marching soldiers; but as it was my second night without sleep he would not permit me to be disturbed, but directed the cook to put up my breakfast, and left an orderly to keep it for me, and to show me the road he and the staff had taken. I rejoined him, after a rapid ride of fifteen miles, about noon that day, shortly after which, hearing that Grand Gulf had been abandoned and

was in Admiral Porter's possession, he started with Rawlins, myself, Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, and a few orderlies, to that place. Arriving after dark he went at once on board the admiral's flag-ship, where he kept us all busily engaged writing dispatches and orders till eleven o'clock. We then went ashore, remounted our horses, and rode rapidly through the dark by a strange and circuitous road to Hankinson's ferry, to which point the army had been directed. The distance covered that night was between twenty and twenty-five miles, and for the day between forty-five and fifty. We rejoined the army at a double log plantation house about a mile from the ferry, just as dawn began to appear. Hastily unsaddling our horses, we threw ourselves flat upon the porch, using our saddles for pillows and our horse-blankets for covering. General Grant did not even take time to select a soft plank, but lay down at the end of the porch so as to leave room for the rest of us as we came up. In an incredibly short space of time we were all asleep, and yet he and the rest were up and about their respective duties shortly after sunrise. The army was rapidly concentrated, provisions were brought forward, and in a few days operations were again renewed and the country was electrified by the series of brilliant victories which followed. Grant's conduct throughout the campaign was characterized by the same vigor, activity, and untiring and unsleeping energy that he displayed during the two days which I have just described. It is difficult, I should say impossible, to imagine wherein his personal or official conduct from the beginning of the turning movement by Bruinsburg, till the army had sat down behind Vicksburg, could have been more admirable or more worthy of praise. His combinations, movements, and battles were models which may well challenge comparison with those of Napoleon during his best days. Withal he was still modest, considerate, and approachable. Victory brought with it neither pride nor presumption. Fame, so dear to every honorable and patriotic soldier, had now come to him, and his praise resounded throughout the North. Cavil and complaint were silenced. His shortcomings ceased to be matters for public condemnation; and when Vicksburg and the army defending it also fell before his well-directed blows, no name in all the land brought so much pleasure to the minds of the loyal and patriotic people as did that of Ulysses S. Grant. President Lincoln hastened to write him a cordial and magnanimous letter, saying in regard to the forecast of the campaign, "I now wish to

make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I wrong." It is worthy of remark that whatever were Lincoln's opinions during the campaign he kept them to himself, and, so far as General Grant then knew, did not in any way try to influence him or his movements. It is also worthy of remark that notwithstanding the heartiness and magnanimity of the letter just referred to, a new source of anxiety had arisen in Lincoln's mind in regard to General Grant, and the nature and extent of this anxiety will best appear from the following anecdote.

Amongst the most sagacious and prudent of General Grant's friends was J. Russel Jones, Esq., formerly of Galena, at that time United States Marshal for the northern district of Illinois, and also a warm and trusted friend of the President. Mr. Jones, feeling a deep interest in General Grant, and having many friends and neighbors under his command, had joined the army at Vicksburg and was there on the day of its final triumph. Lincoln, hearing this, and knowing his intimacy with Grant, sent for him, shortly after his return to Chicago, to come to Washington. Mr. Jones started immediately and traveled night and day. On his arrival at the railway station at Washington he was met by the President's servants and carriage, taken directly to the White House, and at once shown into the President's room. After a hurried but cordial greeting the President led the way to the library, closed the doors, and when he was sure that they were entirely alone addressed him as follows:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President."

Mr. Jones, although somewhat astonished at the question and the circumstances under which it was asked, replied at once:

"No, Mr. President."

"Are you sure?" queried the latter.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg; I have seen General Grant frequently and talked fully and freely with him, about that and every other question, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever, and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you reëlected, and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the country."

"Ah, Mr. Jones," said Lincoln, "you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good, for I tell you, my friend, no man knows how deeply that presidential grub gnaws till he has had it himself."

James Harrison Wilson.

Mississippi and presented a requisition for rations for his men. The officer in charge looked at it in amazement, and exclaimed: (Why, there are not half enough rations aboard this entire steamer to fill that requisition.) The commissary, who thought he had made only an ordinary demand, said: (Why, you 're filling requisitions for all the other regiments in our brigade!) (Regiment!) cried the commissary. (You mean a corps.) The regimental commissary then discovered that he had made out his requisition on a corps blank.)

A hospital had been established at City Point large enough to accommodate 6000 patients, and served a very useful purpose. The general manifested a deep interest in this hospital, frequently visited it, and constantly received verbal reports from the surgeons in charge as to the care and comfort of the wounded.

A telegraph line had been established on

(To be continued.)

the south side of the James which connected by cable across Hampton Roads with Fort Monroe. From that place there was direct telegraphic communication with Washington. This line was occasionally broken, but by dint of great effort it was generally well maintained and made to perform excellent service.

The general headquarters had become an intensely interesting spot. Direct communication was kept open as far as possible with the various armies throughout the country, all of which the general-in-chief was directing, and information of an exciting nature was constantly received and important orders were issued. The officers on duty had an opportunity to watch the great war drama from behind the scenes, from which point they witnessed not only the performance of the actors, but the workings of the master mind that gave the directions and guided all the preparations.

Horace Porter.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.¹



HE early part of the year 1885 found the hearts of the American people deeply touched by the certainty that a fatal disease was slowly but surely sapping the life of the illustrious citizen who had led their armies to triumphant victory, who had twice held the highest office in their gift, who in his own country had filled the largest measure of human greatness, and whose fame had extended to the uttermost parts of the earth. Tributes of affection poured in upon him from all sections of the land, and furnished the only balm which could assuage his sufferings. Congress placed him on the retired list as a general, restoring him to the rank which he vacated when called to the higher field of duty as President of the republic. Legislatures passed resolutions of sympathy; rulers of other lands telegraphed compassionate messages; church organizations, civic societies, war veteran associations, and men who had fought in the ranks of his enemies, sent touching words of condolence; and throughout the land prayers were offered, in public and in private, invoking the blessing of divine Providence upon the sufferer. Processions

of school children sang anthems as they filed past his house and laid their tribute of flowers upon his door-step. Men who had voted for him and men who had opposed him, old soldiers who had served with him and strangers who had never seen him, lined the sidewalk opposite his residence, and stood for hours with moistened eyes gazing upon the windows of the sick man's room.

When the hot weather appeared, the invalid was removed to the cooler region of Mount McGregor. Every effort of devotion on the part of his family and friends ministered to his relief, and all the accomplishments of medical science were employed to assuage his sufferings and prolong the period of his life. The skill of the physicians often rallied his waning powers, buoyed up his spirits, and gained temporary triumphs over the disease; but the malady was beyond their control, and at eight o'clock in the morning of Thursday, July 23, 1885, the spirit of the distinguished sufferer passed away, and he was permitted to enjoy what he had pleaded for in behalf of others, for the Lord had let him have peace.

When the news was flashed over the wires

¹ This paper was prepared, at the request of the Editor, by General Horace Porter, who as president of the association organized the movement for completing the

fund for the construction of the monument which will be dedicated on General Grant's birthday, the 27th of the present month — EDITOR.

there was a sorrow felt in every American household akin to the grief of a personal bereavement.

The question immediately arose as to what place should be selected for his sepulture. There was a general desire to have his remains interred at Washington, either in the National Cemetery at Arlington, in the park of the Soldiers' Home, or in the crypt of the Capitol. As every previous President had been buried in the State of which he was a resident, there was an earnest plea put in by the people of New York, urging that the place of burial should be the nation's metropolis, the city which the general had selected as his permanent home. The mayor of the city, the Hon. William R. Grace, proposed to the family that if the burial should take place in the city of New York, a suitable location would be provided either in Central or Riverside Park.

A week or two before the general's death he expressed some views to his son Colonel Frederick D. Grant in regard to his burial. The disease had made such progress that his power of articulation had almost ceased, and it was only by a supreme effort that he could whisper articulate words; he therefore used a pencil and paper to communicate with those about him. When he began to write, his son, who had remained by his bedside for many months and whose filial devotion had never relaxed, bent over his father to see what he was writing. The general named Galena, Illinois, his old home, then paused, and shook his head. He then wrote West Point, but expressed the fear that the rules governing interments there would prevent the burial of Mrs. Grant by his side. He finally referred to New York, where he had found such kind and devoted friends, but added that he wished no place selected where his wife could not be buried by his side. He was apparently attempting to write more, but a paroxysm of pain seized him, and the subject was not renewed. As New York was the last place he had indicated, the fact created a sentiment in favor of that city, as it had been apparently the general's final request. The family expressed a preference for New York, as it was their home; and with their assent the site of the present monument in Riverside Park was selected. It furnished an ideal location for the erection of a monumental tomb, the ground being on the bank of the Hudson, one of our noblest rivers, at a height of about one hundred and thirty feet above the water. It was seen that a monument of suitable height would be visible from prominent parts of the city, from

points many miles up the river, and from the decks of vessels in portions of the harbor.

A temporary tomb of brick masonry, of a vault-like shape, was immediately constructed. The remains were brought to New York, receiving marked tributes of respect from official bodies and the assembled masses of the people at every point along the line of the route. After the body had lain in state for a day in the Capitol at Albany, and afterward at the City Hall, New York, the funeral took place on Saturday, August 8. The demonstration as the cortège passed from the City Hall to Riverside Park was the most solemn and imposing which the metropolis had ever witnessed; and the expressions of sorrow, and the honors paid to the memory of the deceased, were manifested in a manner which signalized the profound emotion of the vast assemblage that witnessed the passage of the funeral train. It was estimated that the procession was viewed by more than a million people.

On July 28, 1885, the mayor of the city called a meeting of citizens at the mayor's office, at which a committee was appointed to initiate a movement to erect a national monument to the memory of General Grant. A committee on organization was formed which met the next day and effected a permanent organization of the Grant Monument Committee, with ex-President Chester A. Arthur as chairman. In February, 1886, the Grant Monument Association was organized under an act of the legislature, and Hon. Chester A. Arthur was chosen president. A week later, being himself stricken with a fatal illness, he resigned, and Mr. Sidney Dillon was elected to take his place. The contributions received up to this time amounted to \$114,000. In April, 1887, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt became president of the association, and was succeeded in February, 1888, by ex-Mayor William R. Grace.

After considering various measures for providing a proper sepulcher, a number of prominent architects were invited to submit competitive designs for a monumental tomb. In September, 1890, the association adopted the plan furnished by Mr. J. H. Duncan of New York City, for a structure to cost between \$500,000 and \$600,000; and this design, with some slight modifications, was adhered to in the construction of the monument now completed. A contract was made for building the foundations, and ground was broken with elaborate ceremonies on the anniversary of General Grant's birthday, April 27, 1891. Comrade Charles H. Freeman, Commander of



JOHN H. DUNCAN, ARCHITECT.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE INTERIOR OF THE TOMB.

\$6.23 for each contributor. The individual sums ranged from one cent to \$5000. In collecting the amounts written upon the subscription-books the difference between the actual subscriptions and the amount of cash received from them amounted to less than \$400. The entire amount was furnished by the people of the city of New York, with the exception of \$38,115.20, which was received from citizens of Brooklyn, of the interior of the State, and of a few other States. Assuming that the average amount of the individual subscriptions to the sum of \$155,000 originally secured was the same as that of the subsequent fund raised, the number of contributors to the entire fund may be said to be, in round numbers, 90,000.

During the progress of the work the unexpended balances have been deposited in four prominent New York trust companies, which have paid three per cent. interest upon the amounts. With the sum contributed, small subscriptions received from time to time since, and the accrued interest, the entire amount of the fund will reach nearly \$600,000, which will fully complete the structure and sarcophagus.

After a diligent search of seven months in order to find a granite of light color which would be entirely flawless and durable in quality, a granite singularly well adapted to the purpose was found in North Jay, Maine, and this stone has been used in completing the structure. It is so light in tone that in a strong sunlight it is hardly distinguishable from marble. One of the most difficult problems presented was the selection of a



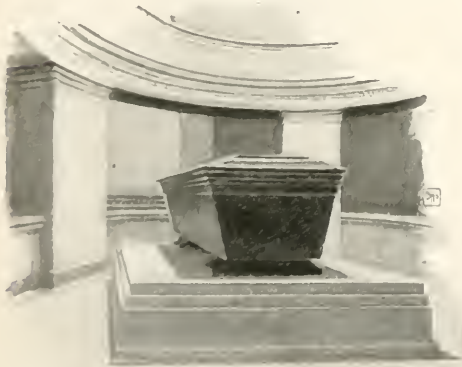
J. MASSEY RHIND, SCULPTOR.

FIGURES

material suitable for the sarcophagus. About a year ago there was found in the quarries at Montello, Wisconsin, a porphyry of fine texture and brilliant reddish color, which furnished a sarcophagus of great beauty and appropriateness. To comply with the frequently expressed wish of General Grant that his wife should be laid to rest by his side, a sarcophagus the exact duplicate of the one now finished will be provided, in which the body of Mrs. Grant will repose.

The work is now entirely completed. The lower portion of the tomb is a square structure of the Grecian Doric order, measuring 90 feet on a side. The entrance is on the south side, and is protected by a portico formed of double lines of columns, and approached by steps 70 feet wide. The square portion is finished with a cornice and a parapet, at a height from grade of 72 feet, and above this is a circular cupola 70 feet in diameter, of the Ionic order, which is surmounted with a pyramidal top terminating at a height of 150 feet above grade, or 280 feet above mean high water of the Hudson River. The interior is cruciform in plan, 76 feet at the greatest dimension, the four corners being piers of masonry connected at the top by coffered arches the crowns of which are 50 feet from the floor-level. On these arches rests an open circular gallery of 40 feet inner diameter, culminating in a paneled dome 105 feet above the level of the floor. The surfaces between the planes of the faces of the arches and the circular dome form pendentives which are decorated in high-relief sculpture, the work of J. Massey Rhind, and emblematic of the birth, military and civic life, and death of General Grant.

The sarcophagi will be placed in a crypt directly beneath the center of the dome. The approach to the crypt is by stairways which give access to a passage encircling the space



THE SARCOPHAGUS.



ON FAÇADE.

dedicated to the sarcophagi, which space is surrounded by square columns supporting paneled marble ceilings and entablature. A circular opening in the main floor gives an unobstructed view of the sarcophagi from that floor and from the gallery.

In the work of construction the fact was kept steadily in view that solidity and durability were of paramount importance, and that they should not be impaired by an effort unduly to hasten the work. To get out the large blocks of stone, new beds had to be opened at great depths in the quarry, and the dressing, carving, and transporting of the enormous amount of granite required for the construction was a tedious process. In the winter but little work could be done at the quarries, and no setting of stone was permitted for fear of damage from freezing weather. When the heavy piers of masonry in the interior were built, and large masses of concrete used, a delay of several months was insisted upon before continuing the construction, in order to allow the work to "set," and to avoid any possibility of shrinkage or settling thereafter. Occasional delays occurred from finding specks or flaws upon the surfaces of some of the large stones after

they had been dressed down to completion; and as the association reserved the right under the terms of the contract to reject such material, new stones had to be prepared to take the places of those which exhibited defects.

The time from the laying of the corner-stone to the completion of the tomb has been five years, a shorter period than has been consumed in the building of any conspicuous memorial in history. The Bunker Hill Monument, which cost \$150,000, was not completed until seventeen years after the corner-stone was laid. In the case of the Washington Monument, which cost \$1,187,710, the time consumed was thirty-seven years.

The next anniversary of the general's birthday, April 27, 1897, has been selected as the date of the inauguration of the tomb. The legislature has been requested to make the day a legal holiday, the President of the United States has been asked to take an official part in conducting the ceremonies, and invitations to participate in the function will be sent to all high officials of the State and city, the governors of other States, and the diplomatic representatives of all foreign governments. Naval vessels are expected to take up a position in the North River opposite the tomb and fire salutes; the regular army, the war veterans, the national guard of the various States, and many patriotic societies and other civic organizations, will take part in the services. The city of New York will assume the direction and expense of the inauguration, and the appropriation made for this purpose will be disbursed by the mayor. The structure will be delivered to the city, and will be placed in the custody of the Park Department. Since the transfer of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France, and their interment in the Hôtel des Invalides, there has been no similar function that will equal in solemnity and importance the dedication of the tomb in Riverside Park.

Horace Porter.

SUNNY HARBOR OR STORMY SEA?

SOMETIMES I wonder which is best for me—
 The sunny harbor or the stormy sea.
 How may the soul woo rest, yet grow more brave;
 Woo calm, yet battle with each warring wave;
 Win love, yet not forget the loveless kind;
 Win heaven itself, yet bear the world in mind?

Ella Giles Ruddy.



Engraved by T. Johnson.

After a photograph in possession of Louis E. Levy, Esq.

HENRY CLAY AND HIS WIFE.

DRAWN BY EDWARD PYLE

“TAPS.”*

August 8, 1885.

BRAVE heart, good-night! the evening shadows fall;
Silenced the tramping feet, the wailing dirge,
The cannons' roar; faint dies the bugle call,
“Lights out!”—the sentry's tread scarce wakes the hush,
Good-night.

Swift flows the river, murmuring as it flows,—
Soft slumber-giving airs invite to rest;
Pain's hours of anguish fled—tired eyelids close—
Love wishes thee, as oft and oft before,
Good-night.

The stars look down upon thy calm repose
As once on tented field, on battle eve;
No clash of arms, sad herald of woes,
Now rudely breaks the sleep God's peace enfolds,—
Good-night.

Thy silence speaks, and tells of honor, truth,
Of faithful service,—generous victory,—
A nation saved. For thee a nation weeps,—
Clasps hands again, through tears! Our Leader sleeps!
Good-night.

F. M. Newton.

THE DEAD COMRADE.*

COME, soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,—
There is nought to regret.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier;—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with Thee.
What was wrong, O forgive it;
His spirit make free.
Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed,—
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day!

R. W. G.

* The burial service at the funeral of General Grant closed impressively with the sound of “Taps”
(Lights out).

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Contradicted "Famous Saying."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Sir: About two weeks after the battle of Shiloh there appeared in some newspaper that was shown to me a report of a conversation assumed to have taken place between General Grant and myself soon after the battle, in which I was represented as rallying him upon the narrowness of his escape, and saying that he had not transports enough to carry off ten thousand men; to which he was reported as replying, in substance, that when it came to retreating transportation would not have been required for more than ten thousand.

The story had been colored for popular effect, but was traceable to a conversation in a vein of pleasantry that occurred at my camp among a party of officers, in which I had taken but little part.

Some time afterward it took on a modification which suited the alleged conversation to my meeting with General Grant on my arrival at Pittsburg Landing during the battle. This changed materially the character of the report, but I continued to treat it with the indifference which I thought it deserved, though the story has been freely circulated. I never knew until within a few months past, through the publication of the "War Records," that in its modified form it had the endorsement of an official authorship.

From that publication it appears that a year after the battle General Grant called upon three of his staff-officers to make reports concerning the movements of General Lew Wallace's division on the day of the battle, in answer to a complaint of the latter officer that injustice had been done him in General Grant's reports. Two of the officers, namely, General McPherson and Captain Rowley, in their replies confined themselves to that subject. The third, Colonel Rawlins, on the other hand, made it the occasion of a specific defense, or explanation, or commendation, or whatever it may be called, of General Grant's relation to the battle. Among other things that have since been more or less disputed, he said:

"General Nelson's division of the Army of the Ohio reached Savannah on the afternoon of the 5th of April, but General Buell himself did not arrive. . . . You [General Grant] then rode back to the house near the river that had been designated for headquarters, to learn what word if any had been received from General Nelson, whose division you expected soon to arrive at the landing on the opposite side of the river; and you there met Maj.-Gen. D. C. Buell, who had arrived at Savannah and taken a steamer and come up to see you, and learn how the battle was progressing in advance of his force. Among his first inquiries was: 'What preparations have you made for retreating?' To which you replied, 'I have not yet despaired of whipping them, general'; and went on to state to him your momentary expectation of the arrival of General Wallace, to whom orders had been timely and repeatedly sent, and that General Nelson's division might soon be expected by the wagon-road from Savannah," etc.

This statement, ridiculous and absurd in its principal feature, is incorrect in every particular.

It is well known that I arrived at Savannah on the 5th of April; General Grant did not, as might be inferred, find me at the landing at Pittsburg—I found

him there; we did not meet at "the house near the river," but on his headquarters steamer.

I mention these points only to show the tendency of the statement to error, and I aver that no such conversation as is described ever occurred, and that the contingency of a retreat was not brought forward by General Grant or by me.

My attention has within a few days been called to the fact that an article, in a recent number of THE CENTURY, has given fresh circulation to the story, and has combined the official and the original phraseology of it. I have regarded it as a trivial question, of little moment to either General Grant or myself; but perhaps the value attached to it by others makes it proper for me to give it an attention which I have not heretofore chosen to bestow upon it.

AIRDRIE, July 10, 1885.

D. C. Buell.

General Heintzelman in the Peninsula Campaign.

IN THE CENTURY for May General McClellan has an article, "The Peninsular Campaign," in which there are one or two misstatements in regard to the Third Corps, commanded by General Heintzelman. Fortunately my father's papers, which are in my possession, contain replies to both allegations,—one in the handwriting of General Heintzelman's adjutant-general, and the other the rough draft of a letter addressed to General L. Thomas, then Adjutant-General of the Army.

On page 147 General McClellan states:

"All the corps commanders on the south side were on the 26th directed to be prepared to send as many troops as they could spare in support of Porter on the next day. All of them thought the enemy so strong in their respective fronts as to require all their force to hold their positions."

Upon the demand for troops General Heintzelman replied as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 3D CORPS, 4 P. M., June 26, 1862.

GENERAL MARCY, Chief of Staff: I think I can hold the intrenchments with four brigades for twenty-four hours; that would leave two (2) brigades available for service on the other side of the river, but the men are so tired and worn out that I fear they would not be in a condition to fight after making a march of any distance. . . .

S. P. HEINTZELMAN, Brigadier-General.

This is far from being a statement that all his forces were required to hold his own lines.

Then, on page 148, General McClellan says:

"Meanwhile, through a misunderstanding of his orders and being convinced that the troops of Sumner and Franklin at Savage's Station were ample for the purpose in view, Heintzelman withdrew his troops during the afternoon, crossed the swamp at Brackett's Ford, and reached the Charles City road with the rear of his column at 10 P. M."

When the same statement was first made in 1863 General Heintzelman wrote the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEFENCES OF WASHINGTON,

April 11, 1863.

GENERAL L. THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. A., WASHINGTON.

GENERAL: I find in the "New York Tribune" of the 8th of April a "Preliminary Report of the Operations

of the Army of the Potomac, since June 25, 1862," made by General G. B. McClellan. . . . In a paragraph commencing "On the 28th Porter's corps was also moved across the White Oak Swamp," etc., is the following:

"They were ordered to hold this position until dark, then to fall back across the swamp and rejoin the rest of the army. This order was not fully carried out, nor was the exact position I designated occupied by the different divisions concerned."

I was furnished with a map marked in red with the positions we should occupy.

As I had the fortified lines thrown up some time before by the troops in my command I had no difficulty in knowing where to go, and I did occupy these lines. General Sumner's were more indefinite and he occupied a position in advance of the one designated. This left a space of half a mile unoccupied, between his right and Franklin's left. In the morning I was informed that some rebels were already at or near Dr. Trent's house, where General McClellan's headquarters had been; I sent and found this to be the case. General Franklin had also called at my headquarters and told me that the enemy were repairing the bridges of the Chickahominy and would soon cross in force. About 1 P. M. I saw some of our troops filing into the fields between Dr. Trent's house and Savage's Station, and a few moments later Generals Franklin and W. F. Smith came to me and reported the enemy approaching and urged me to ride to General Sumner and get him to fall back and close this gap. I rode briskly to the front, and on the Williamsburg road, where it passed between my two divisions, met General Sumner's troops falling back. He wished me to turn back with him to arrange for ulterior operations, but as my right flank was entirely uncovered by these movements, I declined until after I had seen my division commanders and given them orders how to fall back. On my return there was some difficulty in finding General Sumner, and when found he informed me he had made his arrangements. I returned to my command, and on the way found the ground filled with troops, more than could be used to any advantage, and if the enemy planted a few batteries of artillery on the opposite side of the railroad, they would have been cut in pieces.

An aide to General McClellan having reported to me the day before to point out to me a road across the White Oak Swamp, opening from the left flank of my position of the fortified lines, I did not hesitate to retreat by that road, and left at 3 P. M. General Smith, of Franklin's corps, having sent to the rear all his batteries earlier in the day, I, at his request, let him have two of mine (Osborn's and Bramhall's), and they did good service that afternoon in checking and defeating the rebel attack.

My remaining would have been no aid to General Sumner, as he already had more troops than he could defile through the narrow road in his rear, and the road I took covered his left flank.

Before dark the advance of my corps was across the swamp, and by 10 P. M. the rear was over, with but little molestation from the enemy. I immediately sought General McClellan, and reported to him what I had done, and this is the first intimation I have had that my conduct was not entirely satisfactory.

To hold my position till dark, by which time I was to receive orders, would have been impossible. After Generals Franklin and Sumner had fallen back, my right flank and rear were uncovered, and by a road which passed entirely in my rear; and beyond my right flank my only line of retreat would have been cut off, and I would have lost my entire corps. I did not know where General McClellan was, and it was therefore impossible to report to him for orders.

When General Birney reached Fisher's Ford, the enemy were there, but not in force; they soon arrived in force, and he had to take another road more to our left. Had we been a little later they would have been in possession, and our retreat by this road cut off.

S. P. HEINTZELMAN.

I trust that you will be able to find space for these letters.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mary L. Heintzelman.

National Memorials of the Civil War.

VIEWES OF GENERAL GRANT AND SENATOR SUMNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: In General Badeau's article on General Grant, published in your current (May, 1885) number, page 160, occurs the following passage:

"Soon after the close of the war I was present when a Committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him [General Grant] to propose that a picture should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers."

Will you allow me to submit the reasons why I think General Badeau is mistaken in affirming that Charles Sumner headed the committee which called on General Grant for the purpose specified? I thought it was generally known that Mr. Sumner stood almost alone in our Congressional annals, among statesmen identified with the Union side in the Civil War, as advocating the policy of not allowing victories of fellow-citizens over each other to be perpetuated by national memorials, but as the statement referred to seems to have passed unchallenged by the press, I think it now incumbent on me to give the evidence as to Mr. Sumner's position on this question, drawn entirely from the proceedings of the United States Senate.

As early as May, 1862, the question arose upon a dispatch of General McClellan, where, after announcing the capture of Williamsburg, he inquired whether he was authorized to follow the example of other generals and direct the names of battles to be placed on the colors of regiments. This being communicated to the Senate, Mr. Sumner, May 8, 1862, moved the following resolution: *Resolved*, That in the efforts now making for the restoration of the Union and the establishment of peace throughout the country, it is inexpedient that the names of victories obtained over our fellow-citizens should be placed on the regimental colors of the United States.

February 27, 1865, more than a month before the surrender of Lee, the Senate having under consideration an appropriation for a picture in the National Capitol, Mr. Sumner moved as an amendment, "That in the National Capitol, dedicated to the National Union, there shall be no picture of a victory in battle with our fellow-citizens."

On December 2, 1872, Mr. Sumner introduced in the Senate the following bill: *A Bill to regulate the Army Register and the Regimental Colors of the United States*.

WHEREAS, The National Unity and good-will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war. Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate, etc., that the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register or placed on the regimental colors of the United States.

This bill was the cause of a hasty and ill-considered resolution of censure passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, which did much to embitter the last years of Mr. Sumner's life. Happily the resolution was rescinded the winter before his death. But it was neverthe-

less true that he *suffered* for this, as he had suffered for his advocacy of the cause of the slave.

I know that it is exceedingly difficult to prove a negative, but if the recorded acts and opinions of a man exceedingly tenacious of his views when once adopted *can* prove anything, it seems to me that I have shown that Charles Sumner could not have proposed to General Grant to have a picture of the Surrender of Lee placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol. I am inclined to think that General Badeau may, in this instance, have confounded the action of Senator Wilson with that of Senator Sumner. Senator Wilson was at that time Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and, as the Senate proceedings show, held opposite opinions from his colleague in regard to the policy of perpetuating the memorials of civil war. To find Mr. Sumner represented as acting in behalf of such a policy is as surprising to one familiar with his record as it would be to encounter a statement that Cobden had advocated the Corn Laws or Garrison the Slave Trade.

I will only add that on careful investigation it appears that neither Mr. Sumner's motions nor his bill was ever enacted into written law. The idea contained in them, however, has become part of the *unwritten law* of the Republic. No picture or other representation of a victory in battle with fellow-citizens has ever been placed in the National Capitol, and it is safe to say that none will be. The names of the battles of the Civil War were placed on the regimental colors, and in the Army Register, by an order of General McClellan in 1862. In 1878 the names of the battles were stricken from the Army Register by order of the Secretary of War, and when new sets of colors are furnished to the regiments of the regular army the names of the battles are no longer inscribed thereon.

Charles W. Eldridge.

General Grant's Premonition.

GENERAL GRANT'S reticence in talking about himself has always been one of his marked characteristics. The only occasion known to many well-informed persons when General Grant was ever heard to express an opinion of his own qualifications was at a dinner he gave at the White House in March, 1874. There were but few guests, among them Roscoe Conkling, Simon Cameron, and Senator J. M. Johnston of Virginia. The last-named gentleman sat next to General Grant at the table. The talk turned on the war, and

while the others were discussing it Senator Johnston turned to General Grant and said to him:

"Mr. President, will you permit me to ask you a question which has always been of great interest to me? Did you, at the beginning of the war, have any premonition that you were to be the man of the struggle?"

"I had not the least idea of it," replied General Grant. "I saw a lot of very ordinary fellows pitching in and getting commissions. I knew I could do as well and better than they could, so I applied for a commission and got it."

"Then," asked Senator Johnston, "when did you know that you were the man of destiny?"

General Grant looked straight ahead of him, with an expression on his inscrutable face that Senator Johnston had never seen there before.

"After the fall of Vicksburg," he said, after a pause. "When Vicksburg capitulated, I knew then that I was to be the man of the war; that I should command the armies of the United States and bring the war to a close."

"But," said Senator Johnston, "you had had great and notable successes before the days of Vicksburg. You had fought Shiloh and captured Fort Donelson."

"That is true," responded General Grant; "but while they gave me confidence in myself, I could not see what was before me until Vicksburg fell. Then I saw it as plainly as I now do. I knew I should be commander in chief and end the war."

At the same White House dinner Simon Cameron described the scene when General Joseph E. Johnston resigned his commission in the United States army. Mr. Cameron said he was sitting one morning in his room at the War Department, he being Secretary of War, when General Johnston entered, deeply agitated, and carrying in his hand a paper, which Secretary Cameron suspected was General Johnston's resignation. He handed it to the secretary without saying a word. The secretary glanced at it, saw what it was, and said:

"I regret to see this, General; I understand what it means. You are going South. This is not what you should do."

General Johnston replied under great emotion:

"I feel it my duty to resign, and I ask that my resignation be accepted at once."

"It shall be," said the secretary; "but you are mistaken as to your duty."

General Johnston bowed and said:

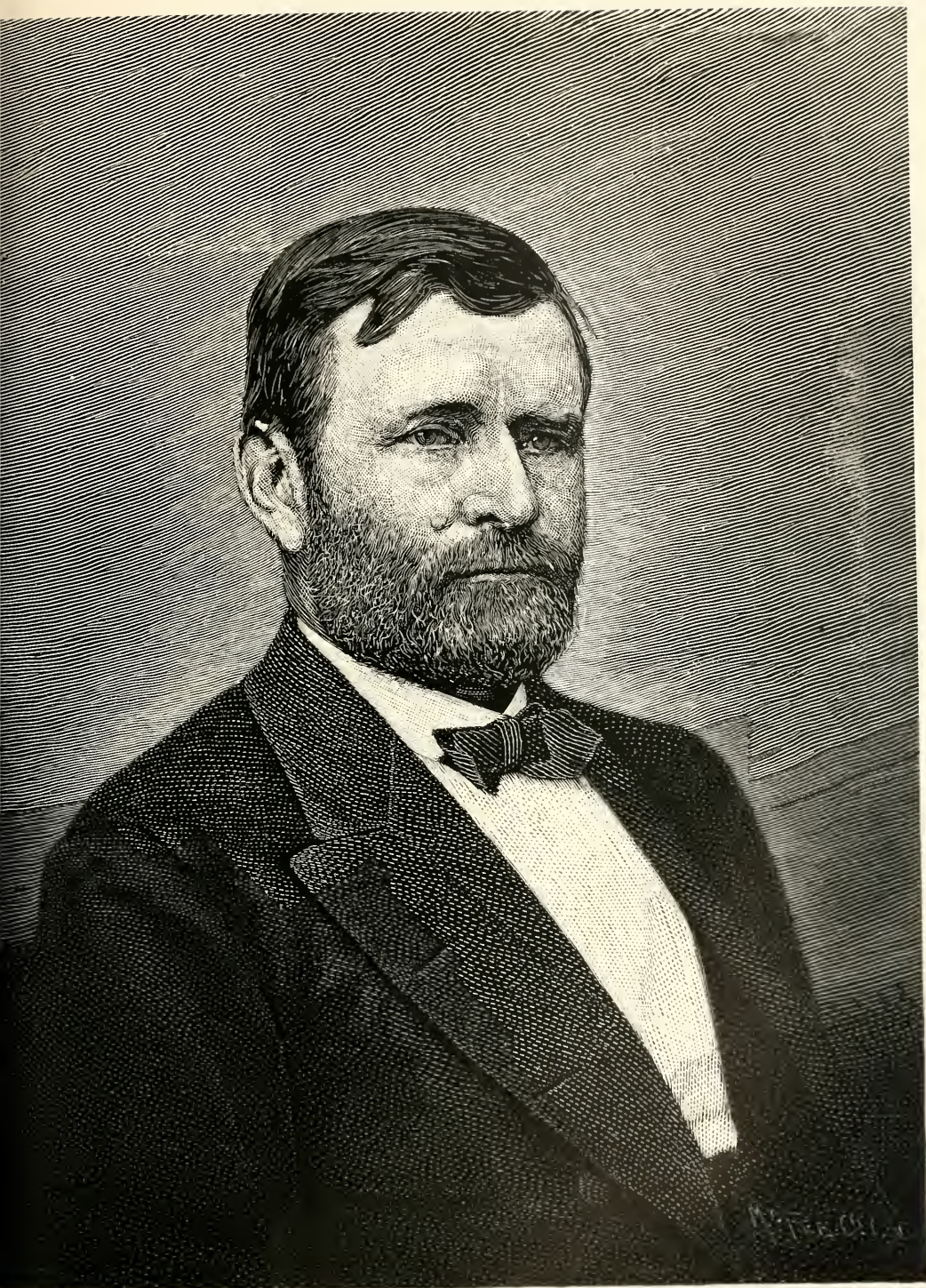
"I think it my duty," and, without another word, the two men bowed low to each other and General Johnston hurried from the room.

M. E. Sewell.

BIGOTRY.

EACH morn the tire-maids come to robe their queen,
Who rises feeble, tottering, faded, gray.
Her dress must be of silver blent with green;
At the least change her court would shriek dismay.

Each noon the wrinkled nobles, one by one,
Group round her throne and low obeisance give.
Then all, in melancholy unison,
Advise her by antique prerogative.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.



A LETTER FROM GENERAL GRANT TO HIS PHYSICIAN.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF THE LETTER OF JULY 2, 1885, ADDRESSED TO
DR. JOHN H. DOUGLAS.

As I have stated I am thank-
ful for the providential exten-
sion of my term to enable
me to continue my work. I
am further thankful, and
in a much greater degree
thankful, because it has
enabled me to see for my-
self the happy harmony
which has so suddenly sprung
up between them engaged but
a few short years ago in
deadly conflict. It has been
an inestimable blessing to
me to hear the kind expressions
towards me in person from
all parts of our country;
from people of all Nation-
alities of all religions, and of
no religion, of Confederate
and National troops alike, of

soldiers organizations; of me-
chanical, scientific religions
and all other societies, embrac-
ing almost every citizen in
the land. They have
brought joy to my heart &
They have not effected
a cure. To you and your
colleagues I acknowledge my
indebtedness for having brought
me through the "valley of the
shadow of death" to enable
me to witness these things.

U. S. Grant

U. S. Grant
July 29 1885.

FULL TEXT OF THE LETTER.

After General Grant's death, this letter was published in the newspapers. It is written in lead pencil on yellow memorandum paper of the width shown in the above fac-simile, which has been engraved for the magazine by permission of Dr. Douglas:

Dr. I ask you not to show this to any one, unless physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it and they will get it. It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and, by reflex, would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain in strength some days, but when I do go back, it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weather, towards the winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that would carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under these circumstances life is not worth living. I am very thankful to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to to any one else.

Under the above circumstances, I will be the happiest the

most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say therefore to you and your colleagues to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions towards me in person from all parts of our country; from people of all nationalities; of all religions and of no religion; of Confederate and National troops alike; of soldiers' organizations; of mechanical, scientific, religious, and all other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. To you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the "valley of the shadow of death" to enable me to witness these things.

U. S. GRANT.

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y. July 2, 1885.



GENERAL GRANT AT MT. MCGREGOR.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT AND FAMILY, JUNE 19, 1885, BY RECORD & EPLER, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.)

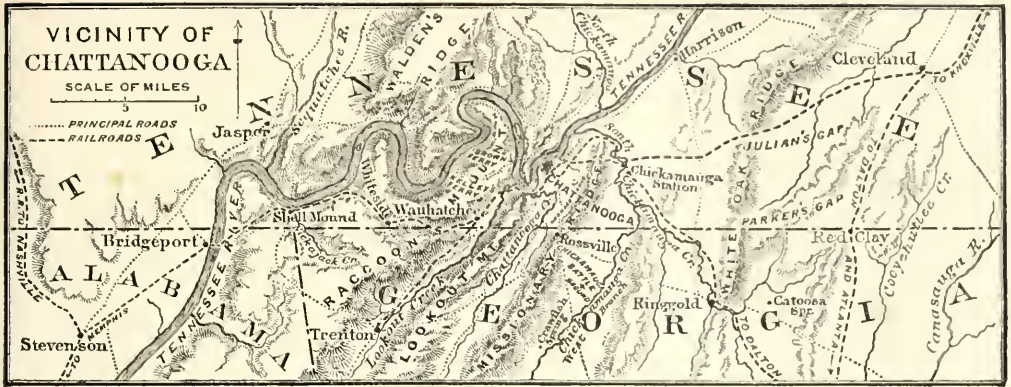
CHATTANOOGA.

AFTER the fall of Vicksburg I urged strongly upon the Government the propriety of a movement against Mobile. General Rosecrans had been at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, with a large and well-equipped army from early in the year 1863, with Bragg confronting him, with a force quite equal to his own at first, considering it was on the defensive. But after the investment of Vicksburg, Bragg's army was largely depleted to strengthen Johnston, in Mississippi, who was being reënforced to raise the siege. I frequently wrote to General Halleck suggesting that Rosecrans should move against Bragg. By so doing he would either detain the latter's troops, or lay Chattanooga open to capture. General Halleck strongly approved the suggestion, and finally wrote me that he had repeatedly ordered Rosecrans to advance, but that the latter had constantly failed to comply with the order, and at last, after having held a council of war, replied, in effect, that it was a military maxim "not to fight two decisive battles at the same time." If true, the maxim was not applicable in this case. It would be bad to be defeated in two decisive battles fought the same day, but it would not be bad to win them. I, however, was fighting no battle, and the siege of Vicksburg had drawn from Rosecrans's front so many of the enemy that his chances of victory were much greater than they would be if he waited until the siege was over, when these troops could be returned. Rosecrans was ordered to move against the army that was detaching troops to raise the siege. Finally he did move on the 24th of June, but ten days afterward Vicksburg surrendered, and the troops sent from Bragg were free to return. It was at this time that I recommended to the general-in-chief the movement against Mobile. I knew the peril the Army of the Cumberland was in, being depleted continually not only by ordinary casualties, but also by having to detach troops to hold its constantly extending line over which to draw supplies, while the enemy in front was as constantly being strengthened. Mobile was important to the enemy, and, in the absence of a threatening force, was guarded by little else than artillery. If threatened by land and from the water at the same time, the prize would fall easily, or troops would have to be sent to its defense. Those troops would necessarily come from Bragg.

My judgment was overruled, however, and the troops under my command were dissipated over other parts of the country where it was thought they could render the most service. Four thousand were sent to Banks, at New Orleans; five thousand to Schofield, to use against Price, in Arkansas; the Ninth Corps back to East Tennessee; and finally, in August, the whole of the Thirteenth Corps to Banks. I also sent Ransom's brigade to Natchez, to occupy that point, and to relieve Banks from guarding any part of the river above what he had guarded before the fall of Port Hudson. Ransom captured a large amount of ammunition and about five thousand beef cattle that were crossing the river going east for the rebel armies.

At this time the country was full of deserters from Pemberton's army, and it was reported that many had also left Johnston. These avowed they would never go back to fight against us again. Many whose homes were west of the river went there, and others went North to remain until they could return with security.

Soon it was discovered in Washington that Rosecrans was in trouble and required assistance. The emergency was now too immediate to allow us to give this assistance by making an attack in the rear of Bragg upon Mobile. It was therefore necessary to reënforce directly, and troops were sent from every available point. On the 13th of September Halleck telegraphed me to send all available forces to Memphis, and thence east along the Memphis and Charleston railroad to cooperate with Rosecrans. This instruction was repeated two days later, but I did not get even the first until the 23d of the month. As fast as transports could be provided all the troops except a portion of the Seventeenth Corps were forwarded under Sherman, whose services up to this time demonstrated his superior fitness for a separate command. I also moved McPherson, with most of the troops still about Vicksburg, eastward, to compel the enemy to keep back a force to meet him. Meanwhile Rosecrans had very skillfully manœuvred Bragg south of the Tennessee River, and through and beyond Chattanooga. If he had stopped and intrenched, and made himself strong there, all would have been right, and the mistake of not moving earlier partially compensated. But he pushed on, with his forces very much scattered, until Bragg's



troops from Mississippi began to join him.* Then Bragg took the initiative. Rosecrans had to fall back in turn, and was able to get his army together at Chickamauga, some miles south-east of Chattanooga, before the main battle was brought on. The battle was fought on the 19th and 20th of September, and Rosecrans was badly defeated, with a heavy loss in artillery, and some sixteen thousand men killed, wounded, and captured. The corps under Major-General George H. Thomas stood its ground, while Rosecrans, with Crittenden and McCook, returned to Chattanooga. Thomas returned also, but later, and with his troops in good order. Bragg followed and took possession of Missionary Ridge, overlooking Chattanooga. He also occupied Lookout Mountain, west of the town, which Rosecrans had abandoned, and with it his control of the river and river road as far back as Bridgeport. The National troops were now strongly intrenched in Chattanooga Valley, with the Tennessee River behind them, and the enemy occupying commanding heights to the east and west, with a strong line across the valley, from mountain to mountain, and Chattanooga Creek for a large part of the way in front of their line.

On the 29th of September Halleck telegraphed me the above results, and directed all the forces that could be spared from my department to be sent to Rosecrans, suggesting that a good commander like Sherman or McPherson should go with the troops; also that I should go in person to Nashville to superintend the movement. Sherman was already on his way and McPherson also was moving east with most of the garrison of Vicksburg long before this dispatch was received. I at once sent a staff-officer to Cairo, to communicate, in my name, directly with the Government, and to forward me any and all important dispatches without the delays that had attended the

transmission of previous ones. On the 3d of October a dispatch was received at Cairo ordering me to move with my staff and headquarters to that city, and to report from there my arrival. This dispatch reached me on the 10th. I left Vicksburg the same day, reached Cairo on the 16th, and reported my arrival at once. The reply came on the morning of the 17th, directing me to proceed immediately to the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, where I would meet an officer of the War Department with my instructions. I left Cairo within an hour after the receipt of this dispatch, going by rail by the way of Indianapolis, Indiana. Just as the train I was on was starting out of the depot at Indianapolis, a messenger came running up to stop it, saying the Secretary of War was coming into the station and wanted to see me. I had never met Mr. Stanton up to that time, though we had held frequent conversations over the wires, the year before, when I was in Tennessee. Occasionally, at night, he would order the wires freed from the War Department to my headquarters, and we would hold a conversation for an hour or two. On this occasion the Secretary was accompanied by Governor Brough, of Ohio, whom I had never met, though he and my father were old acquaintances. Mr. Stanton dismissed the special train that had brought him to Indianapolis and accompanied me to Louisville.

Up to this time no hint had been given me of what was wanted after I left Vicksburg, except the suggestion in one of Halleck's dispatches that I had better go to Nashville and superintend the operation of the troops sent to relieve Rosecrans. Soon after we had started, the Secretary handed me two orders, saying that I might take my choice of them. The two were identical in all but one particular. Both created the Military Division of the Mississippi, giving me the command, composed of

* Bragg was also reinforced by Longstreet, from the Army of Northern Virginia.—EDITOR.



Struthers, Serros & Co., Engrs., N. Y.

the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, and all the territory from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi River, north of Banks's command in the south-west. One order left the department commanders as they were, while the other relieved Rosecrans and assigned Thomas to his place. I accepted the latter. We reached Louisville after night, and, if I remember rightly, in a cold, drizzling rain. The Secretary of War told me afterwards that he caught a cold on that occasion from which he never expected to recover. He never did recover.

A day was spent in Louisville, the Secretary giving me the military news at the capital, and talking about the disappointment at the results of some of the campaigns. By evening of the day after our arrival all matters of discussion seemed exhausted, and I left the hotel to spend the evening away, both Mrs. Grant and myself having relations living in Louisville. In the course of the evening Mr. Stanton received a dispatch from Mr. C. A. Dana, then in Chattanooga, informing him that unless prevented Rosecrans would retreat, and advising peremptory orders against his doing so.

A retreat at that time would have been a terrible disaster. It would not only have been the loss of a most important strategic position to us, but it would have been attended with the loss of all the artillery still left with the Army of the Cumberland, and the annihila-

tion of that army itself, either by capture or demoralization.

All supplies for Rosecrans had to be brought from Nashville. The railroad between this base and the army was in possession of the Government up to Bridgeport, the point at which the road crosses to the south side of the Tennessee River; but Bragg, holding Lookout and Raccoon mountains west of Chattanooga, commanded the railroad, the river, and the shortest and best wagon roads both south and north of the Tennessee, between Chattanooga and Bridgeport. The distance between these two places is but twenty-six miles by rail; but owing to this position of Bragg all supplies for Rosecrans had to be hauled by a circuitous route, north of the river, and over a mountainous country, increasing the distance to over sixty miles. This country afforded but little food for his animals, near ten thousand of which had already starved, and none were left to draw a single piece of artillery or even the ambulances to convey the sick. The men had been on half rations of hard bread for a considerable time, with but few other supplies, except beef driven from Nashville across the country. The region along the road became so exhausted of food for the cattle that by the time they reached Chattanooga they were much in the condition of the few animals left alive there, "on the lift." Indeed, the beef was so poor that the soldiers were in the habit of saying, with a faint facetiousness, that they

were living on half rations of hard bread and "beef dried on the hoof." Nothing could be transported but food, and the troops were without sufficient shoes or other clothing suitable for the advancing season. What they had was well worn. The fuel within the Federal lines was exhausted, even to the stumps of trees. There were no teams to draw it from the opposite bank, where it was abundant. The only means for supplying fuel, for some time before my arrival, had been to cut trees from the north bank of the river, at a considerable distance up the stream, form rafts of it, and float it down with the current, effecting a landing on the south side, within our lines, by the use of paddles or poles. It would then be carried on the shoulders of the men to their camps.

If a retreat had been ordered at this time it is not probable that any of the army would have reached the railroad as an organization, if followed by the enemy.

On the receipt of Mr. Dana's dispatch Mr. Stanton sent for me. Finding that I was out, he became nervous and excited, inquiring of every person he met, including guests of the house, whether they knew where I was, and bidding them find me and send me to him at once. About eleven o'clock I returned to the hotel, and on my way, when near the house, every person met was a messenger from the Secretary, apparently partaking of his impatience to see me. I hastened to the room of the Secretary and found him pacing the floor rapidly, in a dressing-gown. Saying that the retreat must be prevented, he showed me the dispatch. I immediately wrote an order assuming command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and telegraphed it to General Rosecrans. I then telegraphed to him the order from Washington assigning Thomas to the command of the Army of the Cumberland; and to Thomas that he must hold Chattanooga at all hazards, informing him at the same time that I would be at the front as soon as possible. A prompt reply was received from Thomas, saying, "We will hold the town till we starve." I appreciated the force of this dispatch later when I witnessed the condition of affairs which prompted it. It looked, indeed, as if but two courses were open: one to starve, the other to surrender, or be captured.

On the morning of the 20th of October I started by train with my staff and proceeded as far as Nashville. It was not prudent to travel beyond that point at that time by night, so I remained in Nashville until the next morning. Here I met for the first time Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee. He delivered a speech of welcome.

His composure showed that it was by no means his maiden effort. It was long, and I was in torture while he was delivering it, fearing something would be expected from me in response. I was relieved, however, the people assembled having apparently heard enough. At all events they commenced a general hand-shaking which, although trying where there is so much of it, was a great relief to me in this emergency.

From Nashville I telegraphed to Burnside, who was then at Knoxville, that important points in his department ought to be fortified so that they could be held with the least number of men; to Admiral Porter at Cairo, that Sherman's advance had passed Eastport, Mississippi, and that rations were probably on their way from St. Louis, by boat, for supplying his army, and requesting him to send a gun-boat to convoy them; to Thomas, suggesting that large parties should be put at work on the wagon road then in use back to Bridgeport.

On the morning of the 21st we took the train for the front, reaching Stevenson, Alabama, after dark. Rosecrans was there on his way north. He came into my car, and we held a brief interview in which he described very clearly the situation at Chattanooga, and made some excellent suggestions as to what should be done. My only wonder was that he had not carried them out. We proceeded to Bridgeport, where we stopped for the night. From here we took horses and made our way by Jasper and over Waldron's Ridge to Chattanooga. There had been much rain and the roads were almost impassable from mud, knee-deep in places, and from washouts on the mountain-sides. I was on crutches at the time, and had to be carried over places where it was not safe to cross on horseback. The roads were strewn with the debris of broken wagons and the carcasses of thousands of starved mules and horses. At Jasper, some ten or twelve miles from Bridgeport, there was a halt. General O. O. Howard had his headquarters there. From this point I telegraphed Burnside to make every effort to secure five hundred rounds of ammunition for his artillery and small arms. We stopped for the night at a little hamlet some ten or twelve miles farther on. The next day we reached Chattanooga, a little before dark. I went directly to General Thomas's headquarters, and remained there a few days until I could establish my own.

During the evening most of the general officers called in to pay their respects and to talk about the condition of affairs. They pointed out on the maps the line marked with



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM "THE MILITARY HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT," BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU, (N. Y.: D. APPLETON & CO.)

a red or blue pencil which Rosecrans had contemplated falling back upon. If any of them had approved the move, they did not say so to me. I found General W. F. Smith occupying the position of chief-of-staff and chief engineer with the Army of the Cumberland. I had known Smith as a cadet at West Point, but had no recollection of having met him after my graduation, in 1843, up to this time. He explained the situation of the two armies,

and the topography of the country so plainly that I thought I could see it without an inspection. I found that he had established a saw-mill on the banks of the river, by utilizing an old engine found in the neighborhood; and by rafting logs from the north side of the river above had got out the lumber, and completed pontoons and roadway plank for a second bridge, one flying bridge being there already. He was also rapidly getting

out the materials for a third bridge. In addition to this he had far under way a steamer for plying between Chattanooga and Bridgeport whenever we might get possession of the river. This boat consisted of a scow made of the plank sawed out at the mill, housed in, and a stern-wheel attached which was propelled by a second engine taken from some shop or factory.

I telegraphed to Washington this night, notifying General Halleck of my arrival, and asking to have General Sherman assigned to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, headquarters in the field. The request was at once complied with.

The next day, the 24th, I started out to make a personal inspection, taking Thomas and Smith with me, besides most of the members of my personal staff. We crossed to the north side of the river, and moving to the north of detached spurs of hills, reached the Tennessee, at Brown's Ferry, some three miles below Lookout Mountain, unobserved by the enemy. Here we left our horses back from the river and approached the water on foot. There was a picket station of the enemy, on the opposite side, of about twenty men, in full view, and we within easy range. They did not fire upon us, nor seem to be disturbed by our presence. They must have seen that we were all commissioned officers. But I suppose they looked upon the garrison of Chattanooga as prisoners of war, feeding — or starving — themselves, and thought it would be inhuman to kill any of them except in self-defense. That night I issued orders for opening the route to Bridgeport — a cracker line, as the soldiers appropriately termed it. They had been so long on short rations that their first thought was the establishment of a line over which food might reach them.

Chattanooga is on the south bank of the Tennessee, where that river runs nearly due west. It is at the northern end of a valley five or six miles in width through which Chattanooga Creek runs. To the east of the valley is Missionary Ridge, rising from five to eight hundred feet above the creek, and terminating somewhat abruptly a half mile or more before reaching the Tennessee. On the west of the valley is Lookout Mountain, twenty-two hundred feet above tide-water. Just below the town, the Tennessee makes a turn to the south and runs to the base of Lookout Mountain, leaving no level ground between the mountain and river. The Memphis and Charleston railroad passes under this point, where the mountain stands nearly perpendicular. East of Missionary Ridge flows the South Chickamauga River; west of Lookout Mountain is Lookout Creek; and west of that, Raccoon Mountain. Look-

out Mountain, at its northern end, rises almost perpendicularly for some distance, then breaks off in a gentle slope of cultivated fields to near the summit, where it ends in a palisade thirty or more feet in height. On the gently sloping ground, between the upper and lower palisades, there is a single farm-house, which is reached by a wagon road from the valley east.

The intrenched line of the enemy commenced on the north end of Missionary Ridge and extended along the crest for some distance south, thence across Chattanooga valley to Lookout Mountain. Lookout Mountain was also fortified and held by the enemy, who also kept troops in Lookout valley west, and on Raccoon Mountain, with pickets extending down the river so as to command the road on the north bank and render it useless to us. In addition to this there was an intrenched line in Chattanooga valley extending from the river east of the town to Lookout Mountain, to make the investment complete. Besides the fortifications on Missionary Ridge there was a line at the base of the hill, with occasional spurs of rifle-pits half-way up the front. The enemy's pickets extended out into the valley towards the town, so that the pickets of the two armies could converse. At one point they were separated only by the narrow creek which gives its name to the valley and town, and from which both sides drew water. The Union lines were shorter than those of the enemy.

Thus the enemy, with a vastly superior force, was strongly fortified to the east, south, and west, and commanded the river below. Practically the Army of the Cumberland was besieged. The enemy had stopped, with his cavalry north of the river, the passing of a train loaded with ammunition and medical supplies. The Union army was short of both, not having ammunition enough for a day's fighting.

General Halleck had, long before my coming into this new field, ordered parts of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, commanded respectively by Generals Howard and Slocum, Hooker in command of the whole, from the Army of the Potomac, to reënforce Rosecrans. It would have been folly to have sent them to Chattanooga to help eat up the few rations left there. They were consequently left on the railroad, where supplies could be brought them. Before my arrival Thomas ordered their concentration at Bridgeport.

General W. F. Smith had been so instrumental in preparing for the move which I was now about to make, and so clear in his judgment about the manner of making it, that I deemed it but just to him that he should have command of the troops detailed to execute the design, although he was then acting as a staff-officer, and was not in command of troops.

On the 24th of October after my return to Chattanooga, the following details were made: General Hooker, who was now at Bridgeport, was ordered to cross to the south side of the Tennessee and march up by Whiteside's, and Wauhatchie to Brown's Ferry. General Palmer, with a division of the Fourteenth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, was ordered to move down the river on the north side, by a back road until opposite Whiteside's, then cross, and hold the road in Hooker's rear after he had passed. Four thousand men were at the same time detailed to act under General Smith directly from Chattanooga. Eighteen hundred of them, under General Hazen, were to take sixty pontoon-boats and, under cover of night, float by the pickets of the enemy at the north base of Lookout, down to Brown's Ferry, then land on the south side and capture or drive away the pickets at that point. Smith was to march with the rest of the detail, also under cover of night, by the north bank of the river, to Brown's Ferry, taking with him all the material for laying the bridge, as soon as the crossing was secured.

On the 26th Hooker crossed the river at Bridgeport and commenced his eastward march. At three o'clock on the morning of the 27th Hazen moved into the stream with his sixty pontoons and eighteen hundred brave and well-equipped men. Smith started enough in advance to be near the river when Hazen should arrive. There are a number of detached spurs of hills north of the river at Chattanooga, back of which is a good road parallel to the stream, sheltered from view from the top of Lookout. It was over this road Smith marched. At five o'clock Hazen landed at Brown's Ferry, surprised the picket-guard and captured most of it. By seven o'clock the whole of Smith's force was ferried over and in possession of a height commanding the ferry. This was speedily fortified while a detail was laying the pontoon bridge. By ten o'clock the bridge was laid, and our extreme right, now in Lookout valley, was fortified and connected with the rest of the army. The two bridges over the Tennessee River,—a flying one at Chattanooga, and the new one at Brown's Ferry,—with the road north of the river, covered from both the fire and the view of the enemy, made the connection complete. Hooker found but slight obstacles in his way, and on the afternoon of the 28th emerged into Lookout valley at Wauhatchie. Howard marched on to Brown's Ferry, while Geary, who commanded a division in the Twelfth Corps, stopped three miles south. The pickets of the enemy on the river below were now cut off and soon came in and surrendered.

The river was now open to us from Lookout

valley to Bridgeport. Between Brown's Ferry and Kelley's Ferry the Tennessee runs through a narrow gorge in the mountains, which contracts the stream so much as to increase the current beyond the capacity of an ordinary steamer to stem. To get up this rapid, steamers must be cordelled, that is, pulled up by ropes from the shore. But there is no difficulty in navigating the stream from Bridgeport to Kelley's Ferry. The latter point is only eight miles from Chattanooga, and connected with it by a good wagon-road, which runs through a low pass in the Raccoon Mountains on the south side of the river to Brown's Ferry, thence on the north side to the bank of the river opposite Chattanooga. There were several steamers at Bridgeport, and abundance of forage, clothing, and provisions.

On the way to Chattanooga I had telegraphed back to Nashville for a good supply of vegetables and small rations, which the troops had been so long deprived of. Hooker had brought with him from the east a full supply of land transportation. His animals had not been subjected to hard work on bad roads without forage, but were in good condition. In five days from my arrival at Chattanooga the way was open to Bridgeport, and with the aid of steamers and Hooker's teams, in a week the troops were receiving full rations. It is hard for any one not an eye-witness to realize the relief this brought. The men were soon reclothed as well as fed, an abundance of ammunition was brought up, and a cheerfulness prevailed not before enjoyed in many weeks. Neither officers nor men looked upon themselves any longer as doomed. The weak and languid appearance of the troops, so visible before, disappeared at once. I do not know what the effect was on the other side, but assume it must have been correspondingly depressing. Mr. Davis had visited Bragg but a short time before, and must have perceived our condition to be about as Bragg described it in his subsequent report. "These dispositions," he said, "faithfully sustained, insured the enemy's speedy evacuation of Chattanooga, for want of food and forage. Possessed of the shortest route to his depot and the one by which reinforcements must reach him, we held him at our mercy, and his destruction was only a question of time." But the dispositions were not "faithfully sustained," and I doubt not but thousands of men engaged in trying to "sustain" them, now rejoice that they were not.

There was no time during the rebellion when I did not think, and often say, that the South was more to be benefited by defeat than the North. The latter had the people, the institutions and the territory to make a great

and prosperous nation. The former was burdened with an institution abhorrent to all civilized peoples not brought up under it, and one which degraded labor, kept it in ignorance, and enervated the governing class. With the outside world at war with this institution, they could not have extended their territory. The labor of the country was not skilled, nor allowed to become so. The whites could not toil without becoming degraded, and those who did were denominated "poor white trash." The system of labor would have soon exhausted the soil and left the people poor. The non-slaveholders would have left the country, and the small slaveholder must have sold out to his more fortunate neighbors. Soon the slaves would have outnumbered the masters, and not being in sympathy with them, would have risen in their might and exterminated them. The war was expensive to the South as well as to the North, both in blood and treasure; but it was worth all it cost.

The enemy was surprised by the movement which secured to us a line of supplies, and appreciated its importance, and hastened to try to recover the line from us. His strength on Lookout Mountain was not equal to Hooker's command in the valley below. From Missionary Ridge he had to march twice the distance we had from Chattanooga, in order to reach Lookout valley. But on the night of the 28th-29th an attack was made on Geary at Wauhatchie, by Longstreet's corps. When the battle commenced Hooker ordered Howard up from Brown's Ferry. He had three miles to march to reach Geary. On his way he was fired upon by rebel troops from a foothill to the left of the road, and from which the road was commanded. Howard turned to the left and charged up the hill, and captured it before the enemy had time to intrench, taking many prisoners. Leaving sufficient men to hold this height, he pushed on to reënforce Geary. Before he got up, Geary had been engaged for about three hours, against a vastly superior force. The night was so dark that the men could not distinguish one another except by the light of the flashes of their muskets. In the darkness and uproar Hooker's teamsters became frightened, and deserted their teams. The mules also became frightened, and breaking loose from their fastenings, stampeded directly toward the enemy. The latter no doubt took this for a charge, and stampeded in turn. By four o'clock in the morning the battle had entirely ceased, and our "cracker line" was never afterwards disturbed.

In securing possession of Lookout valley, Smith lost one man killed, and four or five wounded. The enemy lost most of his pickets at the ferry, captured. In the night engage-

ment of the 28th-29th Hooker lost four hundred and sixteen killed and wounded. I never knew the loss of the enemy, but our troops buried over one hundred and fifty of his dead, and captured more than a hundred.

Having got the Army of the Cumberland in a comfortable position, I now began to look after the remainder of my new command. Burnside was in about as desperate a condition as the Army of the Cumberland had been, only he was not yet besieged. He was a hundred miles from the nearest possible base, Big South Fork of the Cumberland River, and much farther from any railroad we had possession of. The roads back were over mountains, and all supplies along the line had long since been exhausted. His animals, too, had been starved, and their carcasses lined the road from Cumberland Gap, and far towards Lexington, Kentucky. East Tennessee still furnished supplies of beef, bread, and forage, but it did not supply ammunition, clothing, medical supplies, or small rations, such as coffee, sugar, salt, and rice.

As already stated, Sherman had been ordered from Vicksburg to Memphis before my assignment to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi; at Memphis he was directed by the general-in-chief to organize as large a force as could be spared by Hurlbut, who was in command there, and to move with that and his own corps along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad to the relief of Chattanooga. He left Vicksburg on the 27th of September and was in Memphis on the 2d of October. Stopping to organize his new command, he started for Corinth on the 11th. His directions required him to repair the road in his rear in order to bring up supplies. The distance was about three hundred and thirty miles through a hostile country. His entire command could not have maintained the road if it had been completed. The bridges had all been destroyed by the enemy and much other damage done; a hostile community lived along the road; guerilla bands infested the country, and more or less of the cavalry of the enemy was still in the west. Often Sherman's work was destroyed as soon as completed, and he only a short distance away.

The Memphis and Charleston road strikes the Tennessee River at Eastport, Mississippi. Knowing the difficulty Sherman would have to supply himself from Memphis, I had previously ordered supplies sent from St. Louis on small steamers, to be convoyed by the navy, to meet him at Eastport. These he got. I now ordered him to discontinue his work of repairing roads, and to move on with his whole force to Stevenson, Alabama, without

delay. This order was borne to Sherman by a messenger who paddled down the Tennessee in a canoe, and floated over Muscle Shoals; it was delivered at Luka on the 27th. In this Sherman was notified that the rebels were moving a force towards Cleveland, East Tennessee, and might be going to Nashville, in which event his troops were in the best position to beat them there. Sherman, with his characteristic promptitude, abandoned the work he was at, and pushed on at once. On the 1st of November he crossed the Tennessee at Eastport, and that day was in Florence, Alabama, with the head of column, while his troops were still crossing at Eastport, with Blair bringing up the rear.

Sherman's force made an additional army, with cavalry, artillery, and trains, all to be supplied by the single-track road from Nashville. All indications pointed also to the probable necessity of supplying Burnside's command, in East Tennessee, twenty-five thousand more, by the same road. A single track could not do this. I gave, therefore, an order to Sherman to halt General G. M. Dodge's command of eight thousand men at Athens, and subsequently directed the latter to arrange his troops along the railroad from Decatur, north towards Nashville, and to rebuild that road. The road from Nashville to Decatur passes over a broken country, cut up with innumerable streams, many of them of considerable width, and with valleys far below the road-bed. All the bridges over these had been destroyed by the enemy, and the rails taken up and twisted. All the locomotives and cars not carried off had been destroyed as effectually as they knew how. All bridges and culverts had been destroyed between Nashville and Decatur, and thence to Stevenson, where the Memphis and Charleston and the Nashville and Chattanooga roads unite. The rebuilding of this road would give us two roads as far as Stevenson over which to supply the army. From Bridgeport, a short distance further east, the river supplements the road.

General Dodge, besides being a most capable soldier, was an experienced railroad builder. He had no tools to work with but those of the pioneers—axes, picks, and spades. With these he was able to intrench his men, and protect them against surprises by small parties of the enemy. As he had no base of supplies until the road could be completed back to Nashville, the first matter to consider, after protecting his men, was the getting in of food and forage from the surrounding country. He had his men and teams bring in all the grain they could find, or all they needed, and all the cattle for beef, and such other food as could be found. Millers

were detailed from the ranks to run the mills along the line of the army; when these were not near enough to the troops for protection, they were taken down and moved up to the line of the road. Blacksmith shops, with all the iron and steel found in them, were moved up in like manner. Blacksmiths were detailed and set to work making the tools necessary in railroad and bridge building. Axemen were put to work getting out timber for bridges, and cutting fuel for the locomotives when the road was completed; car-builders were set to work repairing the locomotives and cars. Thus every branch of railroad building, making tools to work with, and supplying the workmen with food, was all going on at once, and without the aid of a mechanic or laborer except what the command itself furnished. But rails and cars the men could not make without material, and there was not enough rolling stock to keep the road we already had worked to its full capacity. There were no rails except those in use. To supply these deficiencies I ordered eight of the ten engines General McPherson had at Vicksburg to be sent to Nashville, and all the cars he had, except ten. I also ordered the troops in West Tennessee to points on the river and the Memphis and Charleston road, and the cars, locomotives, and rails from other railroads to be sent to the same destination. The military manager of railroads also was directed to furnish more rolling stock, and as far as he could, bridge material. General Dodge had the work assigned him finished within forty days after receiving his order. The number of bridges to rebuild was one hundred and eighty-two, many of them over deep and wide chasms. The length of road repaired was one hundred and two miles.

The enemy's troops, which it was thought were either moving against Burnside, or were going to Nashville, went no farther than Cleveland. Their presence there, however, alarmed the authorities at Washington, and on account of our helpless condition at Chattanooga, caused me much uneasiness. Dispatches were constantly coming, urging me to do something for Burnside's relief; calling attention to the importance of holding East Tennessee; saying the President was much concerned for the protection of the loyal people in that section, etc., etc. We had not at Chattanooga animals to pull a single piece of artillery, much less a supply train. Reënforcements could not help Burnside, because he had neither supplies nor ammunition sufficient for them; hardly indeed bread and meat for the men he had. There was no relief possible for him, except by expelling the enemy from Missionary Ridge and about Chattanooga.

On the 4th of November, Longstreet left our front with about fifteen thousand troops, besides Wheeler's cavalry, five thousand more, to go against Burnside.* The situation seemed desperate, and was more aggravating because nothing could be done until Sherman should get up. The authorities at Washington were now more than ever anxious for the safety of Burnside's army, and plied me with dispatches faster than ever, urging that something should be done for his relief. On the 7th, before Longstreet could possibly have reached Knoxville, I ordered Thomas peremptorily to attack the enemy's right so as to force the return of the troops that had gone up the valley. I directed him to take mules, officers' horses, or animals wherever he could get them, to move the necessary artillery. But he persisted in the declaration that he could not move a single piece of artillery, and could not see how he could possibly comply with the order. Nothing was left to be done but to answer Washington dispatches as best I could, urge Sherman forward, although he was making every effort to get forward, and encourage Burnside to hold on, assuring him that in a short time he would be relieved. All of Burnside's dispatches showed the greatest confidence in his ability to hold his position as long as his ammunition held out. He even suggested the propriety of abandoning the territory he held south and west of Knoxville, so as to draw the enemy farther from his base, and to make it more difficult for them to get back to Chattanooga when the battle should begin. Longstreet had a railroad as far as Loudon; but from there to Knoxville he had to rely on wagon trains. The suggestion, therefore, was a good one, and it was adopted. On the 14th I telegraphed Burnside:

"Sherman's advance has reached Bridgeport. His whole force will be ready to move from there by Tuesday at furthest. If you can hold Longstreet in check until he gets up, or, by skirmishing and falling back, can avoid serious loss to yourself, and gain time, I will be able to force the enemy back from here, and place a force between Longstreet and Bragg that must inevitably make the former take to the mountain-passes by every available road, to get to his supplies."

Longstreet, for some reason or other, stopped at Loudon until the 13th. That being the terminus of his railroad communications, it is probable he was directed to remain there awaiting orders. He was in a position threat-

* In the course of the preparation of this paper we asked General Grant, whether the detachment of Longstreet for the attack on Knoxville was not a great mistake on the part of Bragg. He replied in the affirmative; and when it was further presumed that Bragg doubtless thought his position impregnable, the Victor of Chattanooga answered, with a shrewd look that accentuated the humor of his words: "Well, it *was* impregnable."—EDITOR.

ening Knoxville, and at the same time where he could be brought back speedily to Chattanooga. The day after Longstreet left Loudon, Sherman reached Bridgeport in person, and proceeded on to see me that evening, the 14th, and reached Chattanooga the next day.

My orders for battle were all prepared in advance of Sherman's arrival, except the dates, which could not be fixed while troops to be engaged were so far away. The possession of Lookout Mountain was of no special advantage to us now. Hooker was instructed to send Howard's corps to the north side of the Tennessee, thence up behind the hills on the north side, and to go into camp opposite Chattanooga; with the remainder of the command Hooker was, at a time to be afterward appointed, to ascend the western slope between the upper and lower palisades, and so get into Chattanooga valley.*

The plan of battle was, for Sherman to attack the enemy's right flank, form a line across it, extend our left over South Chickamauga Creek, so as to threaten or hold the railroad in Bragg's rear,† and thus force him

* Hooker's position in Lookout valley was absolutely essential to us so long as Chattanooga was besieged. It was the key to our line for supplying the army. But it was not essential after the enemy, was dispersed from our front, or even after the battle for this purpose was begun. Hooker's orders, therefore, were designed to get his force past Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga valley, and up to Missionary Ridge. By crossing the north face of Lookout the troops would come into Chattanooga valley in rear of the line held by the enemy across the valley, and would necessarily force its evacuation. Orders were accordingly given to Hooker to march by this route. But days before the battle began the advantages as well as the disadvantages of this plan of action were all considered. The passage over the mountain was a difficult one to make in the face of an enemy. It might consume so much time as to lose us the use of the troops engaged in it at other points where they were more wanted. After reaching Chattanooga valley, the creek of the same name, quite a formidable stream to get an army over, had to be crossed. I was perfectly willing that the enemy should keep Lookout Mountain until we got through with the troops on Missionary Ridge. By marching Hooker to the north side of the river, thence up the stream and recrossing at the town, they could be got in position at any named time; when in this new position they would have Chattanooga Creek behind them; and the attack on Missionary Ridge would unquestionably have caused the evacuation by the enemy of their line across the valley and on Lookout Mountain. Hooker's orders were changed accordingly. As explained elsewhere, the original order had to be reverted to because of a flood in the river rendering the bridge at Brown's Ferry unsafe for the passage of troops at the exact juncture when it was wanted to bring all the troops together against Missionary Ridge.—U. S. G.

† A bridge was thrown across the South Chickamauga at its mouth and a brigade of cavalry was sent across it. That brigade caused the bridge across the Holston River to be burned by the enemy and thus cut off Longstreet from coming back to Bragg.—EDITOR.

either to weaken his lines elsewhere or lose his connection with his base at Chickamauga Station. Hooker was to perform like service on our right. His problem was to get from Lookout valley to Chattanooga valley in the most expeditious way possible; cross the latter valley rapidly to Rossville, south of Bragg's line on Missionary Ridge, form line there across the ridge, facing north, with his right flank extended to Chickamauga valley east of the ridge, thus threatening the enemy's rear on that flank and compelling him to reënforce this also. Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, occupied the center, and was to assault while the enemy was engaged with most of his forces on his two flanks.

To carry out this plan, Sherman was to cross the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, and move east of Chattanooga to a point opposite the north end of Missionary Ridge, and to place his command back of the foot-hills out of sight of the enemy on the ridge. There are two streams called Chickamauga emptying into the Tennessee River east of Chattanooga: North Chickamauga, taking its rise in Tennessee, flowing south and emptying into the river some seven or eight miles east; while the South Chickamauga, taking its rise in Georgia, flows northward, and empties into the Tennessee some four miles above the town. There were now one hundred and sixteen pontoons in the North Chickamauga River, their presence there unknown to the enemy. At night a division was to be marched up to that point, and at two o'clock in the morning to move down with the current, thirty men in each boat. A few were to land east of the mouth of the South Chickamauga, capture the pickets there, and then lay a bridge connecting the two banks of the river. The rest were to land on the south side of the Tennessee, where Missionary Ridge would strike it if prolonged, and a sufficient number of men to man the boats were to push to the north side to ferry over the main body of Sherman's command, while those left on the south side entrenched themselves.* Thomas was to move out from his lines facing the ridge, leaving enough of Palmer's corps to guard against an attack down the valley. Lookout valley being of no present value to us, and being untenable by the enemy if we should secure Missionary Ridge, Hooker's orders were changed. His revised orders brought him to Chattanooga by the established route north of the Tennessee. He was then to move out to the right to Rossville.

The next day after Sherman's arrival I took him, with Generals Thomas and Smith, and

* Not the original plan to which Sherman assented, which was to march at once for the north end of the ridge.—EDITOR.

other officers, to the north side of the river and showed them the ground over which Sherman had to march and pointed out generally what he was expected to do. I, as well as the authorities in Washington, was still in a great state of anxiety for Burnside's safety. Burnside himself, I believe, was the only one who did not share in this anxiety. Nothing could be done for him, however, until Sherman's troops were up. As soon, therefore, as the inspection was over, Sherman started for Bridgeport to hasten matters, rowing a boat himself, I believe, from Kelley's Ferry. Sherman had left Bridgeport the night of the 14th, reached Chattanooga the evening of the 15th, made the above inspection the morning of the 16th, and started back the same evening to hurry up his command, fully appreciating the importance of time.

His march was conducted with as much expedition as the roads and season would admit of. By the 20th he was himself at Brown's Ferry with head of column, but many of his troops were far behind, and one division, Ewing's, was at Trenton, sent that way to create the impression that Lookout was to be taken from the south. Sherman received his orders at the ferry, and was asked if he could not be ready for the assault the following morning. News had been received that the battle had been commenced at Knoxville. Burnside had been cut off from telegraphic communication. The President, the Secretary of War, and General Halleck were in an agony of suspense. Mine was also great, but more endurable, because I was where I could soon do something to relieve the situation. It was, however, impossible to get Sherman's troops up for the next day. I then asked him if they could not be got up to make the assault on the morning of the 22d, and ordered Thomas to move on that date. But the elements were against us. It rained all the 20th and 21st. The river rose so rapidly that it was difficult to keep the pontoons in place.

General Orlando B. Willcox, a division commander with Burnside, was at this time occupying a position farther up the valley than Knoxville,—about Maynardsville,—and was still in telegraphic communication with the North. A dispatch was received from him, saying that he was threatened from the east. The following was sent in reply: "If you can communicate with General Burnside, say to him that our attack on Bragg will commence in the morning. If successful, such a move will be made as, I think, will relieve East Tennessee, if he can hold out."

Meantime Sherman continued his crossing without intermission, as fast as his troops could be got up. The crossing had to be

effected in full view of the enemy on the top of Lookout Mountain. Once over, the troops soon disappeared behind the detached hills on the north side, and would not come to view again, either to watchmen on Lookout or Missionary Ridge, until they emerged between the hills to strike the banks of the river. But when Sherman's advance reached a point opposite the town of Chattanooga, Howard, who, it will be remembered, had been concealed behind the hills on the north side, took up his line of march to join the troops on the south side. His crossing was in full view both from Missionary Ridge and the top of Lookout, and the enemy, of course, supposed these troops to be Sherman's, who was thus enabled to get to his assigned position without discovery.

On the 20th, when so much was occurring to discourage, rains falling so heavily as to delay the passage of troops over the river at Brown's Ferry, and threatening the entire breaking of the bridge; news coming of a battle raging at Knoxville; of Willcox being threatened by a force from the east,—a letter was received from Bragg which contained these words: "As there may still be some non-combatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal." Of course I understood that this was a device intended to deceive; but I did not know what the intended deception was. On the 22d, however, a deserter came in who informed me that Bragg was leaving our front, and on that day Buckner's division was sent to reënforce Longstreet, at Knoxville, and another division started to follow, but was recalled. The object of Bragg's letter no doubt was in some way to detain me until Knoxville could be captured, and his troops there be returned to Chattanooga.

During the night of the 21st the rest of the pontoon-boats, completed, one hundred and sixteen in all, were carried up and placed in North Chickamauga. The material for the roadway over these was deposited out of view of the enemy within a few hundred yards of the bank of the Tennessee where the north end of the bridge was to rest.

Hearing nothing from Burnside, and hearing much of the distress in Washington on his account, I could no longer defer beginning operations for his relief. I determined therefore to do on the 23d, with the Army of the Cumberland, what had been intended to be done on the 24th.

The position occupied by the Army of the Cumberland had been made very strong for defense during the months it had been besieged. The line was about a mile from the town, and extended from Citico Creek, a small stream running near the base of Missionary

Ridge and emptying into the Tennessee about two miles below the mouth of the South Chickamauga, on the left, to Chattanooga Creek on the right. All commanding points on the line were well fortified and well equipped with artillery. The important elevations within the line had all been carefully fortified and supplied with a proper armament. Among the elevations so fortified was one to the east of the town, named Fort Wood. It owed its importance chiefly to the fact that it lay between the town and Missionary Ridge, where most of the strength of the enemy was. Fort Wood had on it twenty-two pieces of artillery, most of which would reach the nearer points of the enemy's line. On the morning of the 23d Thomas, according to instructions, moved Granger's corps of two divisions, Sheridan and T. J. Wood commanding them, to the foot of Fort Wood, and formed them into line as if going on parade,—Sheridan on the right, Wood on the left, extending to or near Citico Creek. Palmer, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, held that part of our line facing south and south-west. He supported Sheridan with one division, Baird's, while his other division, under Johnson, remained in the trenches, under arms, ready to be moved to any point. Howard's corps was moved in rear of the center. The picket lines were within a few hundred yards of each other. At two o'clock in the afternoon all were ready to advance. By this time the clouds had lifted so that the enemy could see from his elevated position all that was going on. The signal for advance was given by a booming of cannon from Fort Wood and other points on the line. The rebel pickets were soon driven back upon the main guards, which occupied minor and detached heights between the main ridge and our lines. These too were carried before halting, and before the enemy had time to reënforce their advance guards. But it was not without loss on both sides. This movement secured to us a line fully a mile in advance of the one we occupied in the morning, and one the enemy had occupied up to this time. The fortifications were rapidly turned to face the other way. During the following night they were made strong. We lost in this preliminary action about eleven hundred killed and wounded, while the enemy probably lost quite as heavily, including the prisoners that were captured. With the exception of the firing of artillery, kept up from Missionary Ridge and Fort Wood until night closed in, this ended the fighting for the day.

The advantage was greatly on our side now, and if I could only have been assured that Burnside could hold out ten days longer I should have rested more easily. But we were doing the best we could for him and the cause.

By the night of the 23d Sherman's command was in a position to move, though one division, Osterhaus's, had not yet crossed the river at Brown's Ferry. The continuous rise in the Tennessee had rendered it impossible to keep the bridge at that point in condition for troops to cross; but I was determined to move that night, even without this division. Orders were sent to Osterhaus accordingly to report to Hooker, if he could not cross by eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th. Because of the break in the bridge, Hooker's orders were again changed, but this time only back to those first given to him.

General W. F. Smith had been assigned to duty as chief engineer of the military division. To him was given the general direction of moving troops by the boats from North Chickamauga, laying the bridge after they reached their position, and generally, all the duties pertaining to his office of chief engineer. During the night General Morgan L. Smith's division was marched to the point where the pontoons were, and the brigade of Giles A. Smith was selected for the delicate duty of manning the boats, and surprising the enemy's pickets on the south bank of the river. During this night, also, General J. M. Brannan, chief of artillery, moved forty pieces of artillery belonging to the Army of the Cumberland, and placed them on the north side of the river so as to command the ground opposite, to aid in protecting the approach to the point where the south end of the bridge was to rest. He had to use Sherman's artillery horses for this purpose, Thomas having none.

At two o'clock in the morning, November 24th, Giles A. Smith pushed out from the North Chickamauga with his one hundred and sixteen boats, each loaded with thirty brave and well-armed men. The boats, with their precious freight, dropped down quietly with the current to avoid attracting the attention of any one who could convey information to the enemy, until arriving near the mouth of South Chickamauga. Here a few boats were landed, the troops debarked, and a rush was made upon the picket guard known to be at that point. The guard was surprised, and twenty of their number captured. The remainder of the troops effected a landing at the point where the bridge was to start, with equally good results. The work of ferrying over Sherman's command from the north side of the Tennessee was at once commenced, the pontoons being used for that purpose. A steamer was also brought up from the town to assist. The rest of M. L. Smith's division came first, then the division of J. E. Smith. The troops as they landed were put to work in-trenching their position. By daylight the two

entire divisions were over, and well covered by the works they had built.

The work of laying the bridge on which to cross the artillery and cavalry was now begun. The ferrying over the infantry was continued with the steamer and the pontoons, the latter being taken, however, as fast as they were wanted to put in their place in the bridge. By a little past noon the bridge was complete, as well as one over the South Chickamauga, connecting the troops left on that side with their comrades below, and all the infantry and artillery were on the south bank of the Tennessee.

Sherman at once formed his troops for assault on Missionary Ridge. By one o'clock he started, with M. L. Smith on his left, keeping nearly the course of Chickamauga River; J. E. Smith next, to the right and a little in the rear; then Ewing, still farther to the right, and also a little to the rear of J. E. Smith's command, in column ready to deploy to the right if an enemy should come from that direction. A good skirmish line preceded each of these columns. Soon the foot of the hill was reached; the skirmishers pushed directly up, followed closely by their supports. By half-past three Sherman was in possession of the height, without having sustained much loss. A brigade from each division was now brought up, and artillery was dragged to the top of the hill by hand. The enemy did not seem to have been aware of this movement until the top of the hill was gained. There had been a drizzling rain during the day, and the clouds were so low that Lookout Mountain and the top of Missionary Ridge were obscured from the view of persons in the valley. But now the enemy opened fire upon their assailants, and made several attempts with their skirmishers to drive them away, but without avail. Later in the day a more determined attack was made, but it too failed, and Sherman was left to fortify what he had gained. Sherman's cavalry took up its line of march soon after the bridge was completed, and by half-past three the whole of it was over both bridges, and on its way to strike the enemy's communications at Chickamauga station. All of Sherman's command was now south of the Tennessee.

Thomas having done on the 23d what was expected of him on the 24th, there was nothing for him to do this day, except to strengthen his position. Howard, however, effected a crossing of Citico Creek and a junction with Sherman, and was directed to report to him. With two or three regiments of his command, he moved in the morning along the banks of the Tennessee and reached the point where the bridge was being laid. He went out on

the bridge as far as it was completed from the south end, and saw Sherman superintending the work from the north side, moving himself south as fast as an additional boat was put in and the roadway put upon it. Howard reported to his new chief across the chasm between them, which was now narrow, and in a few minutes was closed.

While these operations were going on to the east of Chattanooga, Hooker was engaged on the west. He had three divisions: Osterhaus's, of the Fifteenth Corps, Army of the Tennessee; Geary's, Twelfth Corps, Army of the Potomac; and Cruft's, Fourteenth Corps, Army of the Cumberland. Geary was on the right at Wauhatchie, Cruft at the center, and Osterhaus near Brown's Ferry. These troops were all west of Lookout Creek. The enemy had the east bank of the creek strongly picketed and intrenched, and three brigades of troops in the rear to reënforce them if attacked. These brigades occupied the summit of the mountain. General Carter L. Stevenson was in command of the whole. Why any troops except artillery, with a small infantry guard, were kept on the mountain-top, I do not see. A hundred men could have held the summit—a palisade for more than forty feet down—against the assault of any number of men from the position Hooker occupied.

The side of Lookout Mountain confronting Hooker's command was rugged, heavily timbered, and full of chasms, making it difficult to advance with troops, even in the absence of an opposing force. Farther up the ground becomes more even and level, and was in cultivation. On the east side the slope is much more gradual, and a good wagon-road, zigzagging up it, connects the town of Chattanooga with the summit.

Early in the morning of the 24th Hooker moved Geary's division, supported by a brigade of Cruft's, up Lookout Creek to effect a crossing. The remainder of Cruft's division was to seize the bridge over the creek, near the crossing of the railroad. Osterhaus was to move up to the bridge and cross it. The bridge was seized by Grose's brigade after a slight skirmish with the picket guarding it. This attracted the enemy so that Geary's movement farther up was not observed. A heavy mist obscured him from the view of the troops on the top of the mountain. He crossed the creek almost unobserved, and captured the picket of over forty men on guard near by. He then commenced ascending the mountain directly in his front. By this time the enemy was seen coming down from their camp on the mountain slope, and filing into their rifle-pits to contest the crossing of the bridge. By eleven o'clock the

bridge was complete; Osterhaus was up; and after some sharp skirmishing the enemy was driven away, with considerable loss in killed and captured.

While the operations at the bridge were progressing, Geary was pushing up the hill, over great obstacles, resisted by the enemy directly in his front, and in face of the guns on top of the mountain. The enemy, seeing their left flank and rear menaced, gave way and were followed by Cruft and Osterhaus. Soon these were up abreast of Geary, and the whole command pushed up the hill, driving the enemy in advance. By noon Geary had gained the open ground on the north slope of the mountain with his right close up to the base of the upper palisade, but there were strong fortifications in his front. The rest of the command coming up, a line was formed from the base of the upper palisade to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek.

Thomas and I were in person on the top of Orchard Knob. Hooker's advance now made our line a continuous one. It was in full view, extending from the Tennessee River, where Sherman had crossed, up Chickamauga River to the base of Missionary Ridge, over the top of the north end of the ridge, to Chattanooga valley; then along parallel to the ridge a mile or more; across the valley to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek; thence up the slope of Lookout Mountain to the foot of the upper palisade. The day was hazy, so that Hooker's operations were not visible to us except at moments when the clouds would rise. But the sound of his artillery and musketry was heard incessantly. The enemy on his front was partially fortified, but was soon driven out of his works. At two o'clock the clouds, which had so obscured the top of Lookout all day as to hide whatever was going on from the view of those below, settled down and made it so dark where Hooker was as to stop operations for the time. At four o'clock Hooker reported his position as impregnable.

By a little after five, direct communication was established, and a brigade of troops was sent from Chattanooga to reënforce him. These troops had to cross Chattanooga Creek, and met with some opposition, but soon overcame it, and by night the commander, General Carlin, reported to Hooker and was assigned to his left. I now telegraphed to Washington: "The fight to-day progressed favorably. Sherman carried the end of Missionary Ridge, and his right is now at the tunnel, and his left at Chickamauga Creek. Troops from Lookout valley carried the point of the mountain, and now held the eastern slope and point, high up. Hooper reports two

thousand prisoners taken, beside which, a small number have fallen into our hands, from Missionary Ridge." The next day the President replied: "Your dispatches as to fighting on Monday and Tuesday are here. Well done. Many thanks to all. Remember Burnside." And Halleck also telegraphed: "I congratulate you on the success thus far of your plans. I fear that Burnside is hard pushed, and that any further delay may prove fatal. I know you will do all in your power to relieve him."

The division of Jefferson C. Davis, Army of the Cumberland, had been sent to the North Chickamauga to guard the pontoons as they were deposited in the river, and to prevent all ingress or egress by citizens. On the night of the 24th his division, having crossed with Sherman, occupied our extreme left, from the upper bridge over the plain to the north base of Missionary Ridge. Firing continued to a late hour in the night, but it was not connected with an assault at any point.

At twelve o'clock at night, when all was quiet, I began to give orders for the next day, and sent a dispatch to Willcox to encourage Burnside. Sherman was directed to attack at daylight; Hooker was ordered to move at the same hour, and endeavor to intercept the enemy's retreat, if he still remained; if he had gone, then to move directly to Rossville and operate against the left and rear of the force on Missionary Ridge. Thomas was not to move until Hooker had reached Missionary Ridge. As I was with him on Orchard Knob he would not move without further orders from me.

The morning of the 25th opened clear and bright, and the whole field was in full view from the top of Orchard Knob. It remained so all day. Bragg's headquarters were in full view, and officers — presumably staff-officers — could be seen coming and going constantly.

The point of ground which Sherman had carried on the 24th was almost disconnected from the main ridge occupied by the enemy. A low pass, over which there is a wagon-road crossing the hill, and near which there is a railroad tunnel, intervenes between the two hills. The problem now was to get to the latter. The enemy was fortified on the point, and back farther, where the ground was still higher, was a second fortification commanding the first. Sherman was out as soon as it was light enough to see, and by sunrise his command was in motion. Three brigades held the hill already gained. Morgan L. Smith moved along the east base of Missionary Ridge; Loomis along the west base, supported by two brigades of John E. Smith's division; and Corse with his brigade was between the

two, moving directly towards the hill to be captured. The ridge is steep and heavily wooded on the east side, where M. L. Smith's troops were advancing, but cleared and with a more gentle slope on the west side. The troops advanced rapidly and carried the extreme end of the rebel work. Morgan L. Smith advanced to a point which cut the enemy off from the railroad bridge, and the means of bringing up supplies by rail from Chickamauga station, where the main depot was located. The enemy made brave and strenuous efforts to drive our troops from the position we had gained, but without success. The contest lasted for two hours. Corse, a brave and efficient commander, was badly wounded in this assault. Sherman now threatened both Bragg's flank and his stores, and made it necessary for him to weaken other points of his line to strengthen his right. From the position I occupied I could see column after column of Bragg's forces moving against Sherman; every rebel gun that could be brought to bear upon the Union forces was concentrated upon him. J. E. Smith, with two brigades, charged up the west side of the ridge to the support of Corse's command, over open ground, and in the face of a heavy fire of both artillery and musketry, and reached the very parapet of the enemy. He lay here for a time, but the enemy coming with a heavy force upon his right flank, he was compelled to fall back, followed by the foe. A few hundred yards brought Smith's troops into a wood, where they were speedily re-formed; when they charged and drove the attacking party back to his intrenchments.

Seeing the advance, repulse, and second advance of J. E. Smith from the position I occupied, I directed Thomas to send a division to reinforce him. One was sent from the right of Orchard Knob — Baird's — which had to march a considerable distance, directly under the eyes of the enemy, to reach its position.* Bragg at once commenced massing in the same direction. This was what I wanted. But it had now got to be late in the afternoon, and I had expected before this to see Hooker crossing the ridge in the neighborhood of Rossville, and compelling Bragg to mass in that direction also.

The enemy had evacuated Lookout Moun-

* Concerning this movement General Baird writes as follows: "I was ordered to report to General Sherman to reinforce his command. I marched the distance about two miles to the rear of his position, and sent an officer to report to him, but I immediately received orders to return and form on the left of the line which was to assault Missionary Ridge. I reached there, got my troops in position, just as the gun was fired directing the assault.

A. BAIRD,
"Brevet Major-General U. S. A." — [EDITOR.

tain during the night, as I expected he would. In crossing the valley he burned the bridges over Chattanooga Creek, and did all he could to obstruct the roads behind him. Hooker was off bright and early, with no obstructions in his front but distance and the destruction above named. He was detained four hours in crossing Chattanooga Creek; and thus was lost the immediate advantages expected from his forces. His reaching Bragg's flank and extending across it was to be the signal for Thomas's assault of the ridge, but Sherman's condition was getting so critical that the assault for his relief could not be delayed any longer.

Sheridan's and Wood's divisions had been lying under arms from early in the morning, ready to move the instant the signal was given. I directed Thomas to order the charge at once. I watched eagerly to see the effect, and became impatient, at last, that there was no indication of any charge being made. The center of the line which was to make the charge was near where Thomas and I stood together, but concealed from our view by the intervening forest. Turning to Thomas to inquire what caused the delay, I was surprised to see General Thomas J. Wood, one of the division commanders who was to make the charge, standing talking to him. I spoke to General Wood, asking him why he had not charged, as ordered an hour before. He replied very promptly that this was the first he had heard of it, but that he had been ready all day to move at a moment's notice. I told him to make the charge at once. He was off in a moment; and in an incredibly short time loud cheering was heard, and he and Sheridan were driving the enemy's advance before them toward Missionary Ridge.

The enemy was strongly entrenched on the crest of the ridge in front of us, and had a second line half-way down, and another at the base. Our men drove the troops in front of the lower line of rifle-pits so rapidly, and followed them so closely, that rebel and Union troops went over the first line of works almost at the same time. Many rebels were captured and sent to the rear under the fire of their own friends higher up the hill. Those that were not captured retreated, and were pursued. The retreating hordes being between friends and pursuers, made the fire of the enemy high, to avoid killing their own men. In fact, on that occasion the Union soldier nearest the enemy was in the safest position. Without awaiting further orders or stopping to re-form, on our troops went to the second line of works; over that, and on for the crest, thus effectually carrying out my orders of the 18th for the battle and the 24th for this charge.

I watched their progress with intense interest. The fire along the rebel line was terrific. Cannon and musket balls filled the air; but the damage done was in small proportion to the ammunition used. The pursuit continued until the crest was reached, and soon our men were seen climbing over the Confederate barrier at different points in front of both Sheridan's and Wood's divisions. The retreat of the enemy along most of his line was precipitate, and the panic so great that Bragg and his officers lost all control over their men. Many were captured and thousands threw away their arms in their retreat.

Sheridan pushed forward until he reached the Chickamauga River at a point above where the enemy crossed. He met some resistance from troops occupying a second hill in rear of Missionary Ridge, probably to cover the retreat of the main body, and of the artillery and trains. It was now getting dark, but Sheridan, without halting on that account, pushed his men forward up this second hill slowly, and without attracting the attention of the men placed to defend it, while he detached to the right and left to surround the position. The enemy discovered the movement before these dispositions were complete, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving artillery, wagon trains, and many prisoners in our hands. To Sheridan's prompt movement the Army of the Cumberland and the nation are indebted for the bulk of the capture of prisoners, artillery, and small arms that day. But for his prompt pursuit, so much in this way would not have been accomplished.

While the advance up Missionary Ridge was going forward, General Thomas, with his staff, General Gordon Granger, commander of the corps making the assault, and myself and staff, occupied Orchard Knob, from which the entire field could be observed. The moment the troops were seen going over the last line of rebel defenses, I ordered Granger to join his command, and mounting my horse I rode to the front. General Thomas left about the same time. Sheridan, on the extreme right, was already in pursuit of the enemy east of the ridge. Wood, who commanded the division to the left of Sheridan, accompanied his men on horseback, but did not join Sheridan in the pursuit. To the left, in Baird's front, where Bragg's troops had massed against Sherman, the resistance was more stubborn, and the contest lasted longer. I ordered Granger to follow the enemy with Wood's division, but he was so much excited, and kept up such a roar of musketry, in the direction the enemy had taken, that by the time I could stop the firing the enemy had got well out of the way. The enemy confronting

Sherman, now seeing everything to their left giving away, fled also. Sherman, however, was not aware of the extent of our success until after nightfall, when he received orders to pursue at daylight in the morning.

Hooker, as stated, was detained at Chattanooga Creek by the destruction of the bridges at that point. He got his troops over, with the exception of the artillery, by fording the stream, at a little after three o'clock. Leaving his artillery to follow when the bridges should be completed, he pushed on with the remainder of his command. At Rossville he came upon the flank of a division of the enemy, which soon commenced a retreat along the ridge. This threw them on Palmer. They could make but little resistance in the position they were caught in, and as many of them as could, escaped. Many, however, were captured. Hooker's position during the night of the 25th was near Rossville, extending east of the ridge. Palmer was on his left, on the road to Graysville.

During the night I telegraphed to Willcox that Bragg had been defeated, and that immediate relief would be sent to Burnside if he could hold out; to Halleck I sent an announcement of our victory, and informed him that forces would be sent up the valley to relieve Burnside.

Before the battle of Chattanooga opened I had taken measures for the relief of Burnside the moment the way should be clear. Thomas was directed to have the little steamer that had been built at Chattanooga loaded to its capacity with rations and ammunition. Granger's corps was to move by the south bank of the Tennessee River to the mouth of the Holston, and up that to Knoxville, accompanied by the boat. In addition to the supplies transported by boat, the men were to carry forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge-boxes, and four days' rations in their haversacks.

In the battle of Chattanooga troops from the Army of the Potomac, from the Army of the Tennessee, and from the Army of the Cumberland participated. In fact the accidents growing out of the heavy rains and the sudden rise in the Tennessee River so mingled the troops that the organizations were not kept together under their respective commanders during the battle. Hooker, on the right, had Geary's division of the Army of the Potomac; Osterhaus's, of the Army of the Tennessee; and Cruft's, of the Army of the Cumberland. Sherman had three divisions of his own army, Howard's corps, from the Army of the Potomac, and Jeff. C. Davis's division of the Army of the Cumberland. There was no jealousy, hardly rivalry. Indeed I doubt

whether officers or men took any note at the time of this intermingling of commands. All saw a defiant foe surrounding them, and took it for granted that every move was intended to dislodge him, and it made no difference where the troops came from so this end was accomplished.

The victory at Chattanooga was won against great odds, considering the advantage the enemy had of position; and was accomplished more easily than was expected by reason of Bragg's making several grave mistakes,—first, in sending away his ablest corps commander, with over twenty thousand troops; second, in sending away a division of troops on the eve of battle; third, in placing so much of a force on the plain in front of his impregnable position.

It was known that Mr. Davis had visited Bragg on Missionary Ridge, a short time before my reaching Chattanooga. It was reported and believed that he had come out to reconcile a serious difference between Bragg and Longstreet, and finding this difficult to do planned the campaign against Knoxville, to be conducted by the latter general. I had known both Bragg and Longstreet before the war, the latter very well. We had been three years at West Point together, and, after my graduation, for a time in the same regiment. Then we served together in the Mexican war. I knew Bragg in Mexico, and met him occasionally subsequently. I could well understand how there might be an irreconcilable difference between them. Bragg was a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man, professionally and otherwise. He was also thoroughly upright. But he was possessed of an irascible temper, and was naturally disputatious. A man of the highest moral character and the most correct habits, yet in the old army he was in frequent trouble. As a subordinate he was always on the lookout to catch his commanding officer infringing upon his prerogatives; as a post commander he was equally vigilant to detect the slightest infringement of the most trivial order. I have heard in the old army an anecdote told characteristic of Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies, commanded by a field-officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies and at the same time acting post quartermaster and commissary. He was a first lieutenant at the time; but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quartermaster—himself—for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and indorsed on the back of it his reason for so doing. As company commander he responded to this,

urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. The quartermaster still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed: "My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself."

Longstreet was an entirely different man. He was brave, honest, intelligent, a very capable soldier, subordinate to his superiors, just and kind to his subordinates, but jealous of his own rights, and with the courage to maintain them. He was never on the lookout to detect a slight, but saw one as quickly as anybody when intentionally given.

It may be that Longstreet was not sent to Knoxville for the reason stated, but because Mr. Davis had an exalted opinion of his own military genius, and thought he saw a chance of "killing two birds with one stone." On several occasions during the war he came to the relief of the Union army by means of his *superior military genius*.

I speak advisedly when I say Mr. Davis prided himself on his military capacity. He says so himself virtually, in his answer to the notice of his nomination to the Confederate Presidency. Some of his generals have said so in their writings since the downfall of the Confederacy. Whatever the cause or whoever is to blame, grave mistakes were made at Chattanooga, which enabled us, with the undaunted courage of the troops engaged, to gain a great victory, under the most trying circumstances presented during the war, much more easily than could otherwise have been attained. If Chattanooga had been captured, East Tennessee would have followed without a struggle. It would have been a victory to have got the army away from Chattanooga safely. It was manifold greater to defeat, and nearly destroy, the besieging army.

In this battle the Union army numbered in

round figures about sixty thousand men; we lost a little over seven hundred killed, and four thousand eight hundred and fifty wounded and missing. The rebel loss was much greater in the aggregate, as we captured, and sent North to be rationed there, over six thousand one hundred prisoners. Forty pieces of artillery, over seven thousand stand of small arms, and many caissons, artillery wagons, and baggage wagons fell into our hands. The probabilities are that our loss in killed was the heavier, as we were the attacking party. The enemy reported his loss in killed at three hundred and sixty-one; but as he reported his missing at four thousand one hundred and forty-six, while we held over six thousand of them as prisoners, and there must have been hundreds, if not thousands, who deserted, but little reliance can be placed in this report. There was certainly great dissatisfaction with Bragg, on the part of the soldiers, for his harsh treatment of them, and a disposition to get away if they could. Then, too, Chattanooga following in the same half-year with Gettysburg in the East, and Vicksburg in the West, there was much the same feeling in the South at this time that there had been in the North the fall and winter before. If the same license had been allowed the people and the press in the South that was allowed in the North, Chattanooga would probably have been the last battle fought for the preservation of the Union.

Bragg's army now being in full retreat, the relief of Burnside's position at Knoxville was a matter for immediate consideration. Sherman marched with a portion of the Army of the Tennessee, and one corps of the Army of the Cumberland, towards Knoxville; but his approach caused Longstreet to abandon the siege long before these troops reached their destination. Knoxville was now relieved; the anxiety of the President was relieved, and the loyal portion of the North rejoiced over the double victory: the raising of the siege of Knoxville and the victory at Chattanooga.

U. S. Grant.



MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Was Chattanooga Fought as Planned?

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

From the article entitled "General Grant," in your very interesting May edition, I make the following extracts having reference to the battle of Chattanooga:

"Chattanooga came next. This was the most elaborate of all Grant's battles, the most like a game between skillful players. Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan. . . . This battle more closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war. . . . And, while undoubtedly the contingencies that were unforeseen contributed to the result,—for Grant always knew how to avail himself of unexpected emergencies,—it still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plan laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools."

Holding, at the time of the battle of Chattanooga, the position of chief engineer of the Army of the Cumberland under General Thomas, and being at the same time chief engineer of the Military Division of the Mississippi under General Grant, it was absolutely necessary that I should know the plan to be able to direct the engineering operations. I desire to give to your readers the original plan as "laid down in advance" and a sketch of the battle as fought, for comparison with the statements which I have quoted.

The original plan of the battle of Chattanooga was to turn Bragg's right flank on Missionary Ridge, thereby throwing his army away from its base and natural line of retreat. This, the first thing to be done, was confided to Sherman, and the plan was not adopted till after Sherman had carefully examined the situation and asserted that he could do the work assigned to him. Thomas was to hold the center and right of our front, to cooperate with Sherman, and attack when the proper time arrived.

The preliminary movements were simple and can be given in few words. Sherman was to effect a lodgment on the left bank of the Tennessee River, just below the mouth of the South Chickamauga Creek. This was to be done by landing a brigade of troops from the boats, which were to be used in the bridge to be thrown at that point across the Tennessee for the crossing of Sherman's army. One division of Sherman's army was to march up the Lookout valley, on the extreme right of our operations, and threaten a pass in Lookout Mountain, ostensibly to turn Bragg's left flank. The march was to be made in daylight, in sight of the enemy, and after dark the division was to retrace its steps, cross the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, and join the main body of Sherman's force, which was to be massed during the night preceding the intended attack at the point where the bridge was to be laid. Hooker with his small force was to hold Lookout valley and threaten Lookout Mountain at the point where it strikes the Tennessee. This general plan was filled in with all necessary details, embracing all the initial movements of the whole force under

Grant. At the very outset began the changes in this plan. The division which made the threat against Bragg's left flank on returning found the bridge at Brown's Ferry impassable; and as it could not join Sherman, it was turned over to Hooker, who was ordered, with his command thus strengthened, to assault the works on his front on Lookout Mountain. This was a most decided change from the plan "laid down in advance."

On the evening of the first day the results could be summed up as follows: Sherman had crossed the Tennessee River at the point selected, but had not turned Bragg's right flank. Thomas had drawn out the Army of the Cumberland facing Missionary Ridge, had connected with Sherman, but had had no fighting other than skirmishing varied by some artillery practice. Hooker had carried Lookout Mountain after a fight which has been celebrated in song as "The battle above the clouds." This victory of Hooker's compelled Bragg to withdraw his troops from the Chattanooga Valley, and retreat or concentrate for a battle on Missionary Ridge. On the morning of the second day Hooker was ordered by Thomas to march for and carry the Rossville Gap in Missionary Ridge, and as soon as that was done to send an aide or courier to him, in order that he might then make the assault of the "Ridge" with the Army of the Cumberland. Sherman with severe fighting continued his efforts to reach the crest of Missionary Ridge. As the day wore on, and without news from Hooker, Thomas became anxious, but could give no order to assault the works on his front till one at least of the enemy's flanks had been turned.

Finally, in the afternoon General Grant sent orders directly to the division commanders of the Army of the Cumberland to move forward and carry the rifle-pits in their front at the base of Missionary Ridge. This was very easily done, and after capturing the rifle-pits the soldiers, seeing that they could not remain there under the fire from the crest of the ridge, and having no intention of giving up any ground won by them, demanded to be led up the hill to storm the works on the crest, which was successfully done, and Bragg's headquarters were in their possession just before the sun went down on the second day of the battle. This assault was, of course, the crisis of the whole battle, and the successful carrying of Missionary Ridge was doubtless due in a measure to the position of Sherman and the threatening movement of Hooker.

The battle was then ended and nothing left but a retreat by one and a pursuit by the other opposing general. A condensed statement of the history of the original plan and the battle of Chattanooga as fought is this: The original plan contemplated the turning of Bragg's right flank, which was not done. The secondary plan of Thomas looked toward following up the success of Hooker at Lookout Mountain by turning the left flank of Bragg, and then an attack by Thomas along his entire front. The Rossville Gap was not carried in time to be of more than secondary importance in the battle.

The assault on the center before either flank was turned was never seriously contemplated, and was done without plan, without orders, and as above stated.

General Grant won a great victory at Chattanooga which was of incalculable benefit to the country, and it is worse than useless to attempt to cover his reputation with pinchbeck by such statements as "Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan," "It still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plans laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools," and "This battle more

closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war"; for, like plaster ornaments on a fine façade, they are easily knocked off, and are liable to mar the real beauty of the front in their fall.

There were, however, during our great war some battles which, so far as my information and knowledge go, were fought strictly in accordance with the original plans, and these should not have escaped the notice of one who desires to write history.

June 1, 1885.

Wm. Farrar Smith.

ANECDOTES OF McCLELLAN'S BRAVERY.



LANCER-SCOUTS.

THE first distinct recollection I have of General McClellan is connected with an incident in the Mexican War which impressed his personality upon my mind so sharply that I have never forgotten it. Of course I had seen him before, as on the occasion referred

to I recognized and spoke familiarly to him, but when and where I cannot with certainty say. McClellan was attached as a lieutenant to the company of sappers and miners, the first engineer troops raised in our army under the organization of 1821. This company was engaged in 1846-7, soon after its recruitment, in opening the road from Matamoras to Tampico, Mexico; then at the siege of Vera Cruz, and either there or at Cerro Gordo I must have met McClellan for the first time. After the battle of Cerro Gordo Worth's division, to which I belonged, was sent forward in advance, seized the castle and town of Perote, and remained some weeks at Tepeyahualco, twenty miles beyond, while General Scott at Jalapa was reorganizing his army for an advance to Puebla. Near the middle of May, Worth's division resumed its march, followed by a large wagon train, a day in the rear, which was accompanied by General Quitman's small division. On reaching Amozoque, fifteen miles from Puebla, news was received that Santa Anna with the rear-guard of the Mexican army—a cavalry force—was about withdrawing from Puebla towards the city of Mexico, and a commission from the council arrived to arrange for the surrender of the town. General Worth remained a day to complete arrangements, and in the meantime the troops put themselves in good order for their entrance to so considerable a place. As the days were long we arranged for a rather late start on the next morning, and as I left my quarters early I saw McClellan riding past in company with a large, fine-looking Mexican officer whom I took for one of the commissioners. They were followed by a mounted orderly. After bowing to the Mexican I said to McClellan, "You are out early this morning." And he replied quietly, "I have been a little way down the road." I was struck with and noted his appearance. A slight, youthful figure which had not yet attained its full growth, for he was not yet twenty-one. He had graduated at West Point the preceding July, with the reputation of having a brilliant as well as a solid mind, and his bright eye and intelligent expression seemed to justify the reputation. They passed on toward General Worth's quarters, and in a few moments the "long-roll" was beaten, taken up by the drums of the different regiments, and in a short time the division was under arms, staff-officers hurrying off; and soon came the report from the pickets that the enemy was advancing in heavy force. On pushing out of the village our eyes were greeted by an imposing spectacle—some 2500 cavalry forming up, apparently for attack. At that time, it may be noted, "a little army went a great way"; and so a good strong brigade of cavalry produced a decided sensation,—no doubt the more impressive from its sudden and wholly unexpected appearance. I heard soon after that "that boy McClellan" had, according to his custom of looking sharply about him, ridden out early on the Puebla road. He soon came to a narrow ridge of high ground or hills at the end of which the road forked. After riding some distance on the main road he turned up a ravine to take a look at the other side of the ridge, when he suddenly came upon a Mexican engineer officer. Taking in the situation at a glance, he dashed forward, and with his large American horse rode down his opponent, disarmed him, and handed him over to his orderly; whilst he himself climbed to the summit and there saw approaching, by

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the other and least-used fork, a heavy body of cavalry. Returning at once with his prisoner to headquarters, he reported the facts to General Worth, who immediately turned out his division and sent word to General Quitman, who was now approaching. It seems that Santa Anna thought he had a favorable opportunity to pass Worth on the march unseen and strike the wagon train; so instead of marching west toward the city of Mexico he had marched east, without any regard to the engagements of the town council. The Mexican engineer officer was enacting the same part as McClellan—"scouting." Santa Anna, finding that his *coup* had failed, withdrew after the exchange of a few cannon-shots, resumed his march to the city of Mexico, and General Worth that day occupied Puebla.

In the subsequent operations in the valley of Mexico McClellan's reputation was rather one for personal intrepidity than for other qualities, which was natural in a junior lieutenant of a company. Still he was active in all the duties of an engineer, and was awarded the two brevets of first-lieutenant and captain, the latter of which he declined because, as I heard at the time, his company commander had not received a similar brevet. This omission being corrected so that their relative rank was not changed, he accepted his captaincy.

In 1852 he accompanied Captain Marcy in the exploration of the sources of the Red River, which separates Texas from the Indian Territory. When stationed in this territory a few years after, I was asked by an old hunter what had become of Captain McClellan. On my informing him that I had not met the captain since the Mexican War he said, "Well, he is a mighty plucky little man," and gave me an account of a hunt by the two captains. They left camp together, and separating a short distance, Captain Marcy tried his fawn-bleat in hopes of calling up a doe. Hearing a rustle through the prairie grass he thought he had been successful, but found that he had called in another hunter, in the shape of a panther, or, as the man called it, "a big painter, a monstrous ugly customer," which came bounding towards him. Marcy fired and, the beast rolling over, uttered a shout of triumph, which soon called McClellan to his side, when suddenly the "painter," which had only been stunned, made the fact known by a sudden attack, before Marcy had reloaded. McClellan fired, missed, and as promptly as in the case of the Mexican, took in the situation, clubbed his rifle, met the animal half-way, and broke both the animal's head and the rifle, but bagged the game. I heard the incident spoken of repeatedly in that country as one showing great activity, courage, and presence of mind.

He showed this same habit of personal exposure when the circumstances justified it,—and sometimes when they did not,—after he was placed at the head of a great army. He reconnoitered boldly, and none went nearer the enemy nor ran more risks than he on such duty. Of this trait the Prince de Joinville gave an instance in an article printed in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" soon after the Peninsula Campaign. Speaking of the measures taken by McClellan after Fair Oaks, the prince—who was also noted for the freedom with which he exposed himself—continues: "This done, General McClellan endeavored to provoke a general action on the ground between his army and Richmond, which he had thoroughly studied in numerous reconnaissances. These reconnaissances gave rise to many incidents. Once the general climbed with some of his officers to the top of a high tree, and there, each occupying his own branch, field-glass in hand, held a sort of council of war. This was near the enemy's pickets, to whom all our movements were perfectly plain. We trembled lest we should hear the crack of the rifles of these famous squirrel-hunters of the South; but they were magnanimous, and the reconnaissance terminated without disagreeable consequences."

I know of others myself, and am a competent witness to one of them. At Yorktown, being out one day with a member of his staff, I joined them. The general approached closer and closer to the works on which the enemy were engaged, diminishing from time to time the number of his followers, until we two only were left. We dismounted, crept along under cover of the ravines and bushes until close to the works, when he thought it would be imprudent for more than one to advance farther, and directed me to stop and await his return. I remonstrated and told him I would go forward, but he insisted, and leaving me was soon beyond my sight. After a time, much to my relief on my own account as well as his, he returned and we silently withdrew. He had got immediately below the works, got a sight of their armaments, of the character of the works, and could hear the conversation of the men. At a later period of the war this special trait of McClellan's character was once suddenly recalled to my mind by an abrupt speech of an engineer officer, still living, to the then commander of the army. The engineer had made a very close and dangerous reconnaissance and was reporting its result, when the general said he was mistaken on a certain point. The officer insisted that he was right, when the general rather tartly said he was mistaken, and quoted his authority. This nettled the engineer, who replied at once: "I

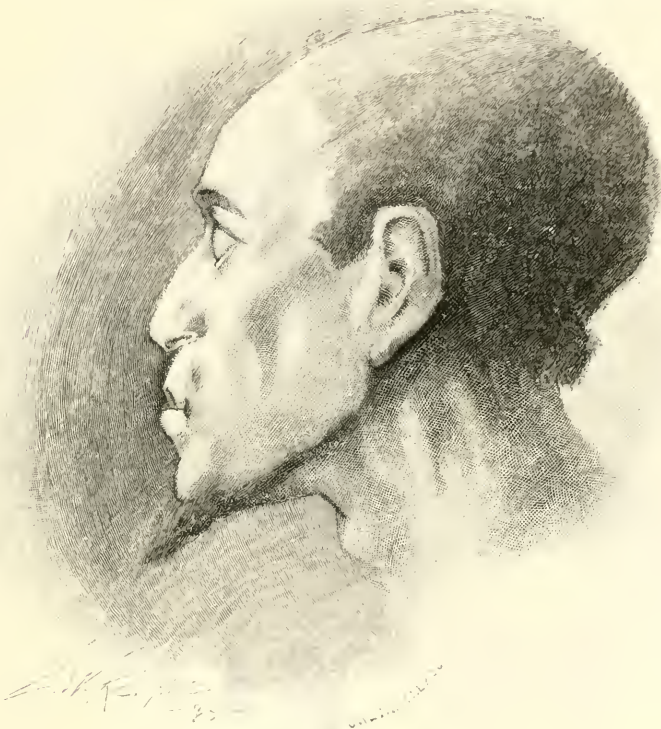
don't care what — says; I risked my life to find out how this was. Why don't you examine such an important point yourself? *McClellan always did.*" This closed the discussion very promptly.

This trait, well known to his troops, and the further fact that it was utilized for their benefit,—that he was careful not to expose them

without full knowledge of the work he put them upon, and that intelligent care was taken to provide against the effects of reverses,—were powerful elements in confirming the confidence he had inspired from the beginning, and it fixed the affection and devotion for his person, which has rarely been equaled in the history of armies.

Z.

THE DANCE IN PLACE CONGO.



A MANDINGO

1.

CONGO SQUARE.

WHOEVER has been to New Orleans with eyes not totally abandoned to buying and selling will, of course, remember St. Louis Cathedral, looking south-eastward — riverward — across quaint Jackson Square, the old Place d'Armes. And if he has any feeling for flowers, he has not forgotten the little garden behind the cathedral, so antique and unexpected, named for the beloved old priest Père Antoine.

The old Rue Royale lies across the sleeping garden's foot. On the street's farther side another street lets away at right angles, north-

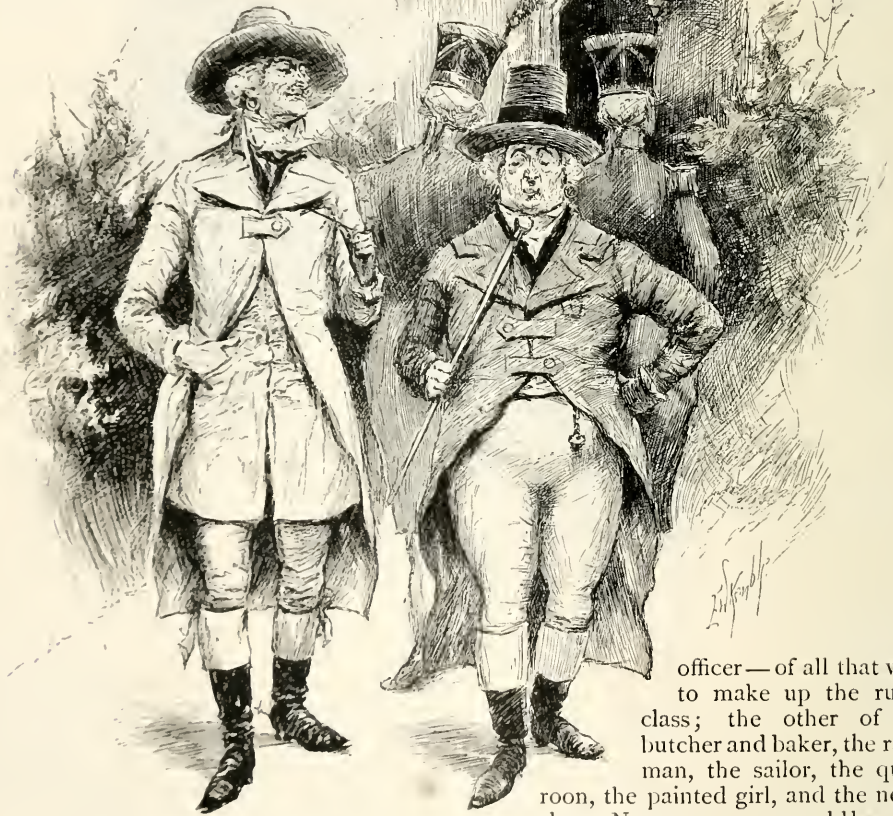
westward, straight, and imperceptibly downward from the cathedral and garden toward the rear of the city. It is lined mostly with humble ground-floor-and-garret houses of stuccoed brick, their wooden doorsteps on the brick sidewalks. This is Orleans street, so named when the city was founded.

Its rugged round-stone pavement is at times nearly as sunny and silent as the landward side of a coral reef. Thus for about half a mile; and then Rampart street, where the palisade wall of the town used to run in Spanish days, crosses it, and a public square just beyond draws a grateful canopy of oak and sycamore boughs. That is the place. One may shut his buff umbrella there, wipe the beading sweat from the brow, and fan himself with his

hat. Many's the bull-fight has taken place on that spot Sunday afternoons of the old time. That is Congo Square.

The trees are modern. So are the buildings about the four sides, for all their aged looks. So are all the grounds' adornments. Trémé market, off, beyond, toward the swamp, is not so very old, and the scowling, ill-smelling prison on the right, so Spanish-looking and dilapidated, is not a third the age it seems; not fifty-five. In that climate every year of a building's age counts for ten. Before any of these M. Cayetano's circus and menagerie were here. Cayetano the negroes called him. He was the Barnum of that region and day.

"Miché Cayetane, qui sortie de l'Havane, Avec so chouals et somacaques."



"THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE RICH MAN."

That is, "who came from Havana with his horses and baboons."

Up at the other end of Orleans street, hid only by the old padre's garden and the cathedral, glistens the ancient Place d'Armes. In the early days it stood for all that was best; the place for political rallying, the retail quarter of all fine goods and wares, and at sunset and by moonlight the promenade of good so-

ciety and the haunt of true lovers; not only in the military, but also in the most unwarlike sense the place of arms, and of hearts and hands, and of words tender as well as words noble.

The Place Congo, at the opposite end of the street, was at the opposite end of everything. One was on the highest ground; the other on the lowest. The one was the rendezvous of the rich man, the master, the military

officer — of all that went to make up the ruling class; the other of the butcher and baker, the raftsman, the sailor, the quadroon, the painted girl, and the negro slave. No meaner name could be given the spot. The negro was the most despised of human creatures and the Congo the plebeian among negroes. The white man's plaza had the army and navy on its right and left, the court-house, the council-hall and the church at its back, and the world before it. The black man's was outside the rear gate, the poisonous wilderness on three sides and the proud man's contumely on its front.

Before the city overgrew its flimsy palisade

walls, and closing in about this old stamping-ground gave it set bounds, it was known as Congo Plains. There was wide room for much field sport, and the Indian villagers of the town's outskirts and the lower class of white Creoles made it the ground of their wild ball game of *raquette*. Sunday afternoons were the time for it. Hence, beside these diversions there was, notably, another.

The hour was the slave's term of momentary liberty, and his simple, savage, musical and superstitious nature dedicated it to amatory song and dance tinged with his rude notions of supernatural influences.

II.

GRAND ORCHESTRA.

THE booming of African drums and blast of huge wooden horns called to the gathering. It was these notes of invitation, reaching beyond those of other outlandish instruments, that caught the Ethiopian ear, put alacrity into the dark foot, and brought their owners, male and female, trooping from all quarters. The drums were very long, hollowed, often from a single piece of wood, open at one end and having a sheep or goat skin stretched across the other. One was large, the other much smaller. The tight skin heads were not held up to be struck; the drums were laid along on the turf and the drummers bestrode them, and beat them on the head madly with fingers, fists, and feet,—with slow vehemence on the great drum, and fiercely and rapidly on the small one. Sometimes an extra performer sat on the ground behind the larger drum, at its open end, and “beat upon the wooden sides of it with two sticks.” The smaller drum was often made from a joint or two of very large bamboo, in the West Indies where such

could be got, and this is said to be the origin of its name; for it was called the *Bamboula*.

In stolen hours of night or the basking-hour of noon the black man contrived to fashion these rude instruments and others. The drummers, I say, bestrode the drums; the other musicians sat about them in an arc, cross-legged on the ground. One important instrument was a gourd partly filled with pebbles or grains of corn, flourished violently at the end of a stout staff with one hand and beaten upon the palm of the other. Other performers rang triangles, and others twanged from jew's-harps an astonishing amount of sound. Another instrument was the jawbone of some ox, horse, or mule, and a key rattled rhythmically along its weather-beaten teeth. At times the drums were reënforced by one or more empty barrels or casks beaten on the head with the shank-bones of cattle.

A queer thing that went with these when the affair was pretentious—full dress, as it were—at least it was so in the West Indies, whence Congo Plains drew all inspirations—was the Marimba brett, a union of reed and string principles. A single strand of wire ran lengthwise of a bit of wooden board, sometimes a shallow box of thin wood, some eight inches long by four or five in width, across which, under the wire, were several joints of reed about a quarter of an inch in diameter and of graduated lengths. The performer, sitting cross-legged, held the board in both hands and plucked the ends of the reeds with his thumb-nails. The result was called—music.

But the grand instrument at last, the first violin, as one might say, was the banjo. It had but four strings, not six: beware of the dictionary. It is not the “favorite musical instrument of the negroes of the Southern States of America.” Uncle Remus says truly that



BLOWING THE QUILLS.



A CONGO WOMAN.

joints of the common brake cane, and called by English-speaking negroes "the quills." One may even at this day hear the black lad, sauntering home at sunset behind a few cows that he has found near the edge of the cane-brake whence he has also cut his three quills, blowing and hooting, over and over,—

But to show how far the art of playing the "quills" could be carried, if we are not going too much aside, see this "quill tune" (page 529), given me by Mr. Krehbiel, musical critic of the "New York Tribune," and got by him from a gentleman who heard it in Alabama.

Such was the full band. All the values of



contrast that discord can furnish must have been present, with whatever there is of ecstasy in maddening repetition, for of this the African can never have too much.

And yet there was entertaining variety. Where? In the dance! There was constant, exhilarating novelty — endless invention — in the turning, bowing, arm-swinging, posturing and leaping of the dancers. Moreover, the music of Congo Plains was not tamed to mere monotone. Monotone became subordinate to many striking qualities. The strain was wild. Its contact with French taste gave it often great tenderness of sentiment. It grew in fervor, and rose and sank, and rose again, with the play of emotion in the singers and dancers.

III.

THE GATHERING.

It was a weird one. The negro of colonial Louisiana was a most grotesque figure. He was nearly naked. Often his neck and arms, thighs, shanks, and splay feet were shrunken, tough, sinewy like a monkey's. Sometimes it was scant diet and cruel labor that had made them so. Even the requirement of law was only that he should have not less than a barrel of corn — nothing else, — a month, nor get more than thirty lashes to the twenty-four hours. The whole world was crueler those times than now; we must not judge them by our own.

Often the slave's attire was only a cotton shirt, or a pair of pantaloons hanging in indecent tatters to his naked waist. The bond-woman was well clad who had on as much as a coarse chemise and petticoat. To add a *tignon* — a Madras handkerchief twisted into a turban — was high gentility, and the number of kerchiefs beyond that one was the measure of absolute wealth. Some were rich in *tignons*; especially those who served within the house, and pleased the mistress, or even the master — there were Hagars in those days. However, Congo Plains did not gather the house-servants so much as the "field-hands."

These came in troops. See them; wilder than gypsies; wilder than the Moors and Arabs whose strong blood and features one sees at a glance in so many of them; gangs — as they were called — gangs and gangs of them, from this and that and yonder direction; tall, well-knit Senegalese from Cape Verde, black as ebony, with intelligent, kindly eyes and long, straight, shapely noses; Mandingoes, from the Gambia River, lighter of color,

of cruder form, and a cunning that shows in the countenance; whose enslavement seems specially a shame, their nation the "merchants of Africa," dwelling in towns, industrious, thrifty, skilled in commerce and husbandry, and expert in the working of metals, even to silver and gold; and Foulahs, playfully mis-called "*Poulards*," — fat chickens, — of goodly stature, and with a perceptible rose tint in the cheeks; and Sosos, famous warriors, dexterous with the African targe; and in contrast to these, with small ears, thick eyebrows, bright eyes, flat, upturned noses, shining skin, wide mouths and white teeth, the negroes of Guinea, true and unmixed, from the Gold Coast, the Slave Coast, and the Cape of Palms — not from the Grain Coast; the English had that trade. See them come! Popoes, Cotocolies, Fidas, Socoes, Agwas, short, copper-colored Mines — what havoc the slavers did make! — and from interior Africa others equally proud and warlike: fierce Nagoes and Fonds; tawny Awassas; Iboes, so light-colored that one could not tell them from mulattoes but for their national tattooing; and the half-civilized and quick-witted but ferocious Arada, the original Voudou worshiper. And how many more! For here come, also, men and women from all that great Congo coast, — Angola, Malimbe, Ambrice, etc., — small, good-natured, sprightly "boys," and gay, garrulous "gals," thick-lipped but not tattooed; chattering, chaffering, singing, and guffawing as they come: these are they for whom the dance and the place are named, the most numerous sort of negro in the colonies, the Congoes and Franc-Congoes, and though serpent worshipers, yet the gentlest and kindest natures that came from Africa. Such was the company. Among these *bossals* — that is, native Africans — there was, of course, an ever-growing number of negroes who proudly called themselves Creole negroes, that is, born in America;* and at the present time there is only here and there an old native African to be met with, vain of his singularity and trembling on his staff.

IV.

THE BAMBOULA.

THE gathering throng closed in around, leaving unoccupied the circle indicated by the crescent of musicians. The short, harsh turf was the dancing-floor. The crowd stood. Fancy the picture. The pack of dark, tattered

* This broader use of the term is very common. The Creole "dialect" is the broken English of the *Creoles*, while the *Creole patois* is the corrupt French,

not of the Creoles, but rather of the former slave race in the country of the Creoles. So of Creole negroes and Creole dances and songs.

figures touched off every here and there with the bright colors of a Madras *lignon*. The squatting, cross-legged musicians. The low-roofed, embowered town off in front, with here and there a spire lifting a finger of feeble remonstrance; the flat, grassy plain stretching around and behind, dotted with black stumps; in the distance the pale-green willow undergrowth, behind it the *cyprès* — the cypress swamp — and in the pale, seven-times-heated sky the sun, only a little declined to south and westward, pouring down its beams.

With what particular musical movements the occasion began does not now appear. May be with very slow and measured ones; they had such that were strange and typical. I have heard the negroes sing one — though it was not of the dance-ground but of the cane-field — that showed the emphatic barbarism of five bars to the line, and was confined to four notes of the open horn.*

But I can only say that with some such slow and quiet strain the dance may have been precluded. It suits the Ethiopian fancy for a beginning to be dull and repetitious; the bottom of the ladder must be on the ground.

The singers almost at the first note are many. At the end of the first line every voice is lifted up. The strain is given the second time with growing spirit. Yonder glistening black Hercules, who plants one foot forward, lifts his head and bare, shining chest, and rolls out the song from a mouth and throat like a cavern, is a *candio*, a chief, or was before he was overthrown in battle and dragged away, his village burning behind him, from the mountains of High Soudan. That is an African amulet that hangs about his neck — a *grecree*. He is of the Bambaras, as you may know by his solemn visage and the long tattoo streaks running down from the temples to the neck, broadest in the middle, like knife-gashes. See his play of restrained enthusiasm catch from one bystander to another. They swing and bow to right and left, in slow time to the piercing treble of the Congo women. Some are responsive; others are competitive. Hear that bare foot slap the ground! one sudden stroke only, as it were the foot of a stag. The musicians warm up at the sound. A smiting of breasts with open hands begins very softly and becomes vigor-

ous. The women's voices rise to a tremulous intensity. Among the chorus of Franc-Congo singing-girls is one of extra good voice, who thrusts in, now and again, an improvisation. This girl here, so tall and straight, is a Yaloff. You see it in her almost Hindoo features, and hear it in the plaintive melody of her voice. Now the chorus is more piercing than ever. The women clap their hands in time, or standing with arms akimbo receive with faint courtesies and head-liftings the low bows of the men, who deliver them swinging this way and that.

See! Yonder brisk and sinewy fellow has taken one short, nery step into the ring, chanting with rising energy. Now he takes another, and stands and sings and looks here and there, rising upon his broad toes and sinking and rising again, with what wonderful lightness! How tall and lithe he is. Notice his brawn shining through his rags. He too, is a *candio*, and by the three long rays of tattooing on each side of his face, a Kiamba. The music has got into his feet. He moves off to the farther edge of the circle, still singing, takes the prompt hand of an unsmiling Congo girl, leads her into the ring, and leaving the chant to the throng, stands her before him for the dance.

Will they dance to that measure? Wait! A sudden frenzy seizes the musicians. The measure quickens, the swaying, attitudinizing crowd starts into extra activity, the female voices grow sharp and staccato, and suddenly the dance is the furious Bamboula. (See page 529.)

Now for the frantic leaps! Now for frenzy! Another pair are in the ring! The man wears a belt of little bells, or, as a substitute, little tin vials of shot, "bram-bram sonnette!" And still another couple enter the circle. What wild — what terrible delight! The ecstasy rises to madness; one — two — three of the dancers fall — *bloucoutoum! boum!* — with foam on their lips and are dragged out by arms and legs from under the tumultuous feet of crowding new-comers. The musicians know no fatigue; still the dance rages on:

"Quand patate la cuite na va mangé li!"

And all to that one nonsense line meaning only,

"When that 'tater's cooked don't you eat it up!"

An - no - qué, An - no - bia, Bia - ta - ia, Que - re - qué, Nal - lé - oua.

Au - mon - dé, Au - tap - o - té, Au - pé - to - té, Au - qué - ré - qué, Bo.



THE BAMBOLA.

It was a frightful triumph of body over mind, even in those early days when the slave was still a genuine pagan; but as his moral education gave him some hint of its enormity, and it became a forbidden fruit monopolized by those of reprobate will, it grew everywhere more and more gross. No wonder the police stopped it in Congo Square. Only the music deserved to survive, and does survive — coin snatched out of the mire. The one just given, Gottschalk first drew from oblivion. I have never heard another to know it as a bamboula; but Mr. Charles P. Ware, in "Slave Songs of the United States," has printed one got from Louisiana, whose characteristics resemble the bamboula-reclaimed by Gottschalk in so many points that here is the best place for it.* As much as to say, in English, "Look at that darky," — we have to lose the saucy double meaning between *mulet* (mule) and *mulâtre* (mulatto) —



THE LOVE SONG.

"Look at that darky there, Mr. Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs!
Hat cocked on one side, Mr. Banjo,
Walking-stick in hand, Mr. Banjo,
Boots that go 'crank, crank,' Mr. Banjo,—
Look at that darky there, Mr. Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs!"

It is odd that such fantastical comicality of words should have been mated to such fierce and frantic dancing, but so it was. The reeking faces of the dancers, moreover, always solemnly grave. So we must picture it now if we still fancy ourselves spectators on Congo Plains. The bamboula still roars and rattles, twangs, contorts, and tumbles in terrible earnest, while we stand and talk. So, on and on. Will they dance nothing else? Ah! — the music changes. The rhythm stretches out heathenish and ragged. The quick contagion is caught by a few in the crowd, who take it

up with spirited smittings of the bare sole upon the ground, and of open hands upon the thighs. From a spot near the musicians a single male voice, heavy and sonorous, rises in improvisation, — the Mandingoes brought that art from Africa, — and in a moment many others have joined in refrain, male voices in rolling, bellowing resonance, female responding in high, piercing unison. Partners are stepping into the ring. How strangely the French language is corrupted on the thick negro tongue,

* VOICE. ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL. *Fine.*

Vo - yez ce mu - let la, Mi - ché Bain - jo, comme il est in - so - lent. Cha - peau sur co -

PIANO—*Sempre staccato.*

té, Mi - ché Bain - jo, La canne a la main, Miché Bain - jo, Bottes qui fé crin, crin, Miché Bain - jo. *D. C.*

as with waving arms they suit gesture to word and chant (the translation is free, but so is the singing and posturing):

and chanting and swinging and writhing has risen with it, and the song is changed. (See RÉMON, page 530.)

En bas hé, en bas hé, Par en bas yé pé - lé - lé moin, yé pé - lé - lé, Counjaille
 'Way yon - der, 'way yon - der, 'Way down there they're call - ing me, they are calling, but Coonjye,

a dé - baut - ché. Par en haut yé pé - lé - lé moin, yé pé - lé - lé pou' Mom - selle Su-zette,
 has bewitched me. 'Way up there they're call - ing me, They are calling for Mom - selle Su-zette,

Par en bas yé pé - lé - le moin, yé pé - lé - lé, Coun - jaille a dé - baut - ché.
 'Way down there they're call - ing me, they are call - ing, (but) Coonjye has be-witched me.

v.

THE COUNJAILLE.

SUDDENLY the song changes. The rhythm sweeps away long and smooth like a river escaped from its rapids, and in new spirit, with louder drum-beat and more jocund rattle, the voices roll up into the sky and the dancers are at it. Aye, ya, yi!*

I could give four verses, but let one suffice; it is from a manuscript copy of the words, probably a hundred years old, that fell into my hands through the courtesy of a Creole lady some two years ago. It is one of the best known of all the old Counjaille songs. The four verses would not complete it. The Counjaille was never complete, and found its end, for the time being, only in the caprice of the improvisator, whose rich, stentorian voice sounded alone between the refrains.

But while we discourse other couples have stepped into the grassy arena, the instrumental din has risen to a fresh height of inspiration, the posing and thigh-beating and breast-patting

But the dance is not changed, and love is still the theme. Sweat streams from the black brows, down the shining black necks and throats, upon the men's bared chests, and into dark, un-stayed bosoms. Time wears, shadows lengthen; but the movement is brisker than ever, and the big feet and bent shanks are as light as thistles on the air. Let one flag, another has his place, and a new song gives new vehemence, new inventions in steps, turns, and attitudes.

More stanzas could be added in the original *patois*, but here is a translation into African English as spoken by the Creole negro:

CHORUS. I done been 'roun' to evvy spot
 Don't foun' nair match fo' sweet } *Bis.*
 Layotte.

SOLO. I done hunt all dis settlement
 All de way 'roun' fum Pierre Soniat';
 Never see yalla gal w'at kin
 'Gin to lay 'longside sweet Layotte.
 I done been, etc.

SOLO. I yeh dey talk 'bout 'Loise gal —
 Loise, w'at b'long to Pierre Soniat';
 I see her, but she can't biggin
 Stan' up 'longside my sweet Layotte.
 I done been, etc.

Inne, dé, trois, Caroline, Qui ci ça yé comme ça ma chère? Mo l'aimé toé,
 Inne, dé, trois, Caroline, Quo fère t'apé crié ma chère?

to conné ça, Si - yé to zi - é et vien bo moin; Mo l'aimé toé, to con-né ça, Si - yé to zié et vien bo moin.



A MARCHANDE DES CALAS.

SOLO. I been meet up wid John Bayou,
Say to him, "John Bayou, my son,
Yalla gal nevva meet yo' view
Got a face lak dat chahmin' one!"
I done been, etc.

The fair Layotte appears not only in other versions of this *counjaille* but in other songs. (See MA MOURRI, page 531.)

Or in English :

Well I know, young men, I must die,
Yes, crazy, I must die.
Well I know, young men, I must crazy die,
Yes, crazy, I must die. Eh-h-h-h!
For the fair Layotte, I must crazy die,— Yes, etc.
Well I know, young men, I must die,— Yes, etc.
Well I know, young men, I must crazy die,
I must die for the fair Layotte.

VI.

THE CALINDA.

THERE were other dances. Only a few years ago I was honored with an invitation, which I had to decline, to see danced the Babouille, the Cata (or Chacta), the Counjaille, and the Calinda. Then there were the

Voudou, and the Congo, to describe which would not be pleasant. The latter, called Congo also in Cayenne, Chica in San Domingo, and in the Windward Islands confused under one name with the Calinda, was a kind of Fandango, they say, in which the Madras kerchief held by its tip-ends played a graceful part.

The true Calinda was bad enough. In Louisiana, at least, its song was always a grossly personal satirical ballad, and it was the favorite dance all the way from there to Trinidad. To dance it publicly is not allowed this side the West Indies. All this Congo Square business was suppressed at one time; 1843, says tradition.

The Calinda was a dance of multitude, a sort of vehement cotillion. The contortions of the encircling crowd were strange and terrible, the din was hideous. One Calinda is still familiar to all Creole ears; it has long been a vehicle for the white Creole's satire; for generations the man of municipal politics was fortunate who escaped entirely a lampooning set to its air.

In my childhood I used, at one time, to hear,

every morning, a certain black *marchande des calas* — peddler-woman selling rice croquettes — chanting the song as she moved from street to street at the sunrise hour with her broad, shallow, laden basket balanced on her head.

be covered by the roll of victims. The masters winked at these gross but harmless liberties and, as often as any others, added stanzas of their own invention.

The Calinda ended these dissipations of the

Mi - chié Pre - val li don - né youn bal, Li fé naig payé trois pi - ass pou ren - tré.

Dan - cé Ca - lin - da, Bon-djourn! Bon-djourn! Dan - cé Ca - lin - da, Bon-djourn! Bon djourn!

In other words, a certain Judge Preval gave a ball — not an outdoor Congo dance — and made such Cuffées as could pay three dollars a ticket. It doesn't rhyme, but it was probably true. "Dance, dance the Calindá! Boujourn! Boujourn!"

The number of stanzas has never been counted; here are a few of them.

"Dans l'équairie la 'y' avé grand gala;
Mo cré choual la yé t'b'en étonné.

Miché Preval, li té capitaine bal;
So cocher Louis, té maîte cérémonie.

Y avé des négresses belle passé maîtresses,
Qui volé bel-bel dans l'ormoire momeille.

Ala maîte la géole li trouvé si drôle,
Li dit, "moin aussi, mo fé bal ici."

Ouatchman la yé yé tombé la dans;
Yé fé gran' déga dans léquairie la." etc.

"It was in a stable that they had this gala night," says the song; "the horses there were greatly astonished. Preval was captain; his coachman, Louis, was master of ceremonies. There were negresses made prettier than their mistresses by adornments stolen from the ladies' wardrobes (*armoires*). But the jailer found it all so funny that he proposed to himself to take an unexpected part; the watchmen came down" —

No official exaltation bought immunity from the jeer of the Calinda. Preval was a magistrate. Stephen Mazureau, in his attorney-general's office, the song likened to a bull-frog in a bucket of water. A page might

summer Sabbath afternoons. They could not run far into the night, for all the fascinations of all the dances could not excuse the slave's tarrying in public places after a certain other *bou-djourn!* (that was not of the Calinda, but of the regular nine-o'clock evening gun) had rolled down Orleans street from the Place d'Armes; and the black man or woman who wanted to keep a whole skin on the back had to keep out of the Calaboose. Times have changed, and there is nothing to be regretted in the change that has come over Congo Square. Still a glamour hangs over its dark past. There is the pathos of slavery, the poetry of the weak oppressed by the strong, and of limbs that danced after toil, and of barbaric love-making. The rags and semi-nakedness, the bamboula drum, the dance, and almost the banjo, are-gone; but the *bizarre* melodies and dark lovers' apostrophes live on; and among them the old Counjaille song of Aurore Pradère.

AUORE PRADÈRE.

- CHO. || Aurore Pradère, pretty maid, || (*ter*)
She's just what I want and her I'll have.
- SOLO. Some folks say she's too pretty, quite;
Some folks they say she's not polite;
All this they say — Psha-a-ah!
More fool am I!
For she's what I want and her I'll have.
- CHO. || Aurore Pradère, pretty maid, || (*ter*)
She's just what I want and her I'll have.
- SOLO. Some say she's going to the bad;
Some say that her mamma went mad;
All this they say — Psha-a-ah!
More fool am I!
For she's what I want and her I'll have.



THE CALABOOSE.

RÉMON, RÉMON.

ARR. BY JOHN A. BROEKHOVEN.

Mo parlé Ré-mon, Rémon, Li parlé Si-mon, Si-mon, Li par-lé Ti-tine, Ti-tine li tombé dans chagrin. O

The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 4/4 time and features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time and provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

femme Romolus, O-o! Belle femme Romolus, O-o! O femme Romolus, O-o! Belle femme, qui ça volez mo fé.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a melisma on 'O-o!' and a phrase with a rising inflection. The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic and harmonic structure.

BELLE LAYOTTE.

ARR. BY JOHN A. BROEKHOVEN.

Mo de - ja rou - lé tout la côte, Pancore 'oir pa - reil belle La - yotte, Mo de - ja rou - lé

The score begins with a vocal line and piano accompaniment in 2/4 time. The vocal line has a steady eighth-note rhythm. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

tout la côte, Pancore 'oir pa - reil belle Layotte. Mo rou-lé tout la co - lo - nie, Di - pi cé Mi - ché

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line includes a melisma on 'Mo rou-lé' and a phrase with a rising inflection. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

Pierre So - niat, Pancore 'oir in grif-fonne comme ça, Com - pa - rabe a mo belle La - yotte.

The final system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a phrase that has a rising inflection. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

MA MOURRI.

ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri, Oui, 'nocent, ma mourri; Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri 'nocent, Oui, 'nocent,

ma mour-ri. Eh-h! pou la belle La-yotte ma mour-ri 'nocent, Oui, 'no-cent, ma mourri. Mo connin, zins zens,

ma mourri, Oui, 'nocent, ma mourri. Mo connin, zins zens, ma mourri 'nocent, Ma mourri pou la belle Layotte.

AURORE PRADÈRE.

ARR. BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

Au - rore Pra - dère, belle 'ti' fille, Au - rore Pra - dère, belle 'ti' fille, Au - rore Pra - dère,

Fine.

belle 'ti' fille, C'est li mo ou - lé, C'est li ma prend. 1. Ya moun qui dit li trop zo - lie; Ya
2. Ya moun qui dit li gagne la geole; Ya
3. Li pas man - dé robe mous-se - line, Li

D. C.

moun qui dit li pas po-lie; Tout ça ye dit Sia! Mo bin fou bin, C'est li mo ou-lé, c'est li ma prend.
 moun qui dit so m'man te folle; etc.
 pas man-dé des bas brodée; Li pas man-dé sou-liers prinelle, C'est li, etc.

George W. Cable.

THE HAUNTED HEART.

AT the parting-hour we stood
 In the doorway dim, the night
 Underneath a cloudy hood
 Hid her jeweled brow from sight.
 Like a guest who cometh late,
 Wind of Winter as it passed,
 Rudely shook the garden-gate,
 Angry that the latch was fast—
 For the year was dark and cold,
 And the frost was on the wold.

Then my lover, straight and tall,
 Graceful as the gods of Greece,
 Breathed in murmurs musical
 Of a land beyond the seas.
 Pleading softly: "Come away,
 With me, far across the foam,
 To the shores of some bright bay
 Where the summer makes her home,
 Where the year is never cold,
 Nor the white frost on the wold.

"Let your blue eyes on my hours,
 Stars of beauty, ever shine.
 O'er the seas to lands of flowers
 Sail with me, and so be mine."
 Half a sob, and half a sigh,
 Was my answering "No!" Ah me!
 Duty then not love chose I,
 Though I knew my life would be
 Like the year, both dark and cold,—
 Frost forever on the wold.

Round me close his arms had been,
 When he heard my faltered "No!"
 Coldly, sadly, did he then
 Loose his hold, and let me go—
 Lifted to his lips my hand
 In a passion of regret;
 Leaned a little forward and
 Kissed my cheek—with tears 'twas wet—
 Then was gone into the cold,
 And the frost, across the wold.

Snow of Winter! some may tell
 What a merry guest thou art;
 But to me each flake that fell,
 Fell and froze upon my heart.
 Wind of Winter! when thy wail
 Rose at midnight, from my sleep
 I have wakened, but to quail
 At my loneliness and weep,
 While the house was dark and cold,
 And the snow lay on the wold.

When the days were short and drear,
 And the nights long, and a mouse
 In the wall would make you fear,—
 Came a Presence in the house;
 Semblance of my love it wore,
 Eyes, and hair, and manner too,
 Just the same as weeks before,
 When he sighed that long adieu,—
 Ere he passed into the cold,
 And the frost, across the wold.

First one night when raged a storm,
 And I started from a dream
 Of him, I beheld his form
 In the firelight's ruddy gleam—
 Arms outstretched in pleading way,
 Eyes that with entreaty shone,—
 Since that time by night or day,
 I am nevermore alone,
 Though the year be hot or cold,—
 Frost or flower upon the wold.

If I read, at noon or night,
 He is just behind my chair;
 If I walk in broad daylight
 Through the rooms, I see him there;
 When I talk with others now,
 I can feel his finger-tips
 On my arm, or on my brow
 Soft the touch of shadowy lips.
 But the lips and hands are cold,—
 As the frost upon the wold.

I am haunted, and shall be
 Till Death's slumber, deep and long,
 Seals for all Eternity
 Eyes to sight and lips to song.
 'Mong the lilies on my breast,
 Will the ghost be laid, forgot,
 When I lie in dreamless rest—
 When to me it matters not
 If the year be dark and cold,
 And the frost upon the wold.

THE introduction of General Paixhans's brilliant invention, the shell-gun, in 1824, followed, in 1858, by the successful application of armor-plating to the steam-frigate *La Gloire*, under Napoleon III., compelled an immediate change in naval construction which startled the maritime countries of Europe, especially England, whose boasted security behind her "wooden walls" was shown to be a complete delusion. The English naval architects, however, did not overlook the fact that their French rivals, while producing a gun which rendered wooden navies almost useless, had also by their armor-plating provided an efficient protection against the destructive Paixhans shell.

Accordingly, the Admiralty without loss of time laid the keel of the *Warrior*, an armored iron steam-frigate 380 feet long, 58 feet beam, 26 feet draught, and 9200 tons displacement. The work being pushed with extraordinary vigor, this iron-clad ship was speedily launched and equipped, the admiration of the naval world.

Shortly after the adoption of armor-plating as an essential feature in the construction of vessels of war, the Southern States seceded from the Union, some of the most efficient of the United States naval officers resigning their commissions. Their loss was severely felt by the Navy Department at Washington; nor was it long before the presence of great professional skill among the officers of the naval administration of the Confederate States became manifest. Indeed, the utility of the armor-plating adopted by France and England proved to be better understood at Richmond than at Washington. While the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, and his advisers were discussing the question of armor, news reached Washington that the partly burnt and scuttled steam-frigate *Merrimac*, at the Norfolk Navy Yard, had been raised and cut down to her berth-deck, and that a very substantial structure of timber, resembling a citadel with inclined sides, was being erected on that deck.

The Navy Department at Washington had previously advertised for plans and offers for iron-clad steam-batteries to be built within a stipulated time. My attention having been thus called to a subject which I had thoroughly considered during a series of years, I was fully prepared to present plans of an impregnable steam-battery of light draught, suitable to navigate the shallow rivers and harbors of the Confederate States. Availing myself of the services

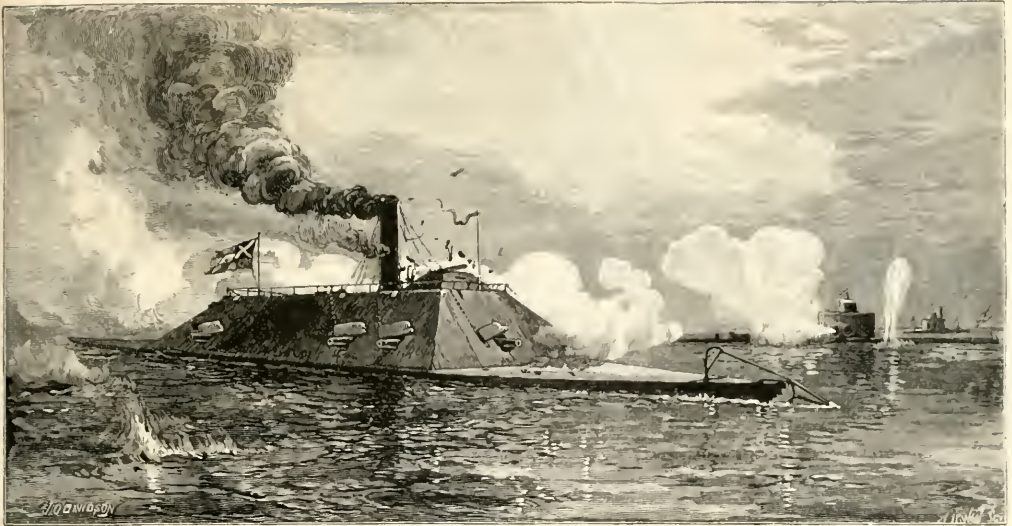
of a friend who chanced to be in Washington at the time, proposals were at once submitted to a board of naval officers appointed by the President; but the plans presented by my friend being rejected by the board, I immediately set out for Washington and laid the matter personally before its members, all of whom proved to be well-informed and experienced naval experts. Contrary to anticipation, the board permitted me to present a theoretical demonstration concerning the stability of the new structure, doubt of which was the principal consideration which had caused the rejection of the plan presented. In less than an hour I succeeded in demonstrating to the entire satisfaction of the board appointed by President Lincoln that the design was thoroughly practical, and based on sound theory. The Secretary of the Navy accordingly accepted my proposal to build an iron-clad steam-battery, and instructed me verbally to commence the construction forthwith. Returning immediately to New York, I divided the work among three leading mechanical establishments, furnishing each with detailed drawings of every part of the structure; the understanding being that the most skillful men and the best tools should be employed; also that work should be continued during night-time whenever practicable. The construction of nearly every part of the battery accordingly commenced simultaneously, all hands working with the utmost diligence, apparently confident that their exertions would result in something of great benefit to the national cause. Fortunately no trouble or delay was met at any point; all progressed satisfactorily; every part sent on board from the workshops fitted exactly the place for which it was intended. As a consequence of these favorable circumstances, the battery, with steam-machinery complete, was launched in one hundred days from the laying of the keel-plate. It should be mentioned that at the moment of starting on the inclined ways toward its destined element, the novel fighting-machine was named *Monitor*.

Before entering on a description of this *fighting-machine* I propose to answer the question frequently asked: What circumstances dictated its size and peculiar construction?

1. The work on the *Merrimac* had progressed so far that no structure of large dimensions could possibly be completed in time to meet her.

2. The well-matured plan of erecting a citadel of considerable dimensions on the am-

* See also articles on the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, in THE CENTURY for March, 1885.—EDITOR.



THE MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" CAPTURING THE CONFEDERATE IRON-CLAD RAM "ATLANTA,"
WARSAW SOUND, GEORGIA, JUNE 17, 1863.

ple deck of the razeed *Merrimac* admitted of a battery of heavy ordnance so formidable that no vessel of the ordinary type, of small dimensions, could withstand its fire.

3. The battery designed by the naval constructor of the Confederate States, in addition to the advantage of ample room and numerous guns, presented a formidable front to an opponent's fire by being inclined to such a degree that shot would be readily deflected. Again, the inclined sides, composed of heavy timbers well braced, were covered with two thicknesses of bar iron, ingeniously combined, well calculated to resist the spherical shot peculiar to the Dahlgren and Rodman system of naval ordnance adopted by the United States Navy.

4. The shallow waters on the coast of the Southern States called for very light draught; hence the upper circumference of the propeller of the battery would be exposed to the enemy's fire unless thoroughly protected against shot of heavy caliber. A difficulty was thus presented which apparently could not be met by any device which would not seriously impair the efficiency of the propeller.

5. The limited width of the navigable parts of the Southern rivers and inlets presented an obstacle rendering manœuvring impossible; hence it would not be practicable at all times to turn the battery so as to present a broadside to the points to be attacked.

6. The accurate knowledge possessed by the adversary of the distance between the forts on the river banks within range of his guns, would enable him to point the latter with such accuracy that unless every part of

the sides of the battery could be made absolutely shot-proof, destruction would be certain. It may be observed that the accurate knowledge of range was an advantage in favor of the Southern forts which placed the attacking steam-batteries at great disadvantage.

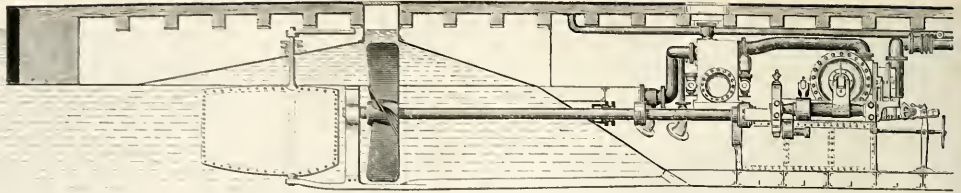
7. The difficulty of manipulating the anchor within range of powerful fixed batteries presented difficulties which called for better protection to the crew of the batteries than any previously known.

Several minor points familiar to the naval artillerist and naval architect presented considerations which could not be neglected by the constructor of the new battery; but these must be omitted in our brief statement, while the foregoing, being of vital importance, have demanded special notice.

The plans on pages 282-3 represent a longitudinal section through the center line of the battery, which, for want of space on the page, has been divided into three sections, viz., the forward, central, and aft sections, which for ready reference will be called *forward*, *central*, and *aft*.

Referring particularly to the upper and lower sections, it will be seen that the hull consists of an upper and lower body joined together in the horizontal plane not far below the water-line. The length of the upper part of the hull is 172 feet, beam 41 feet; the length of the lower hull being 122 feet, beam 34 feet. The depth from the underside of deck to the keel-plate is eleven feet two inches, draught of water at load-line ten feet.

Let us now examine separately the three sectional representations.

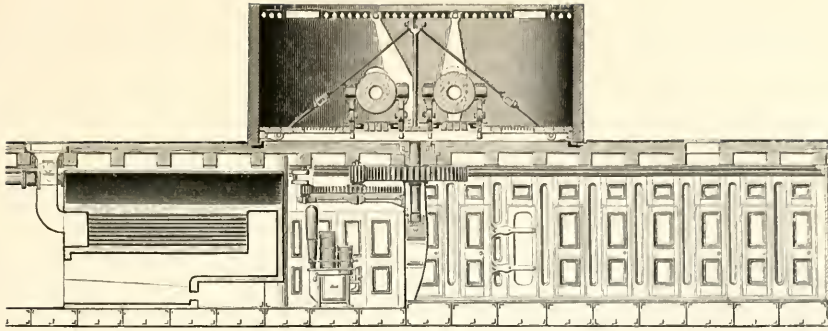


1. AFT SECTION. LONGITUDINAL PLAN THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR.

Forward Section. The anchor-well, a cylindrical perforation of the overhanging deck, near the bow, first claims our attention. The object of this well being to protect the anchor when raised, it is lined with plate iron backed by heavy timbers, besides being protected by the armor-plating bolted to the outside of the overhang. It should be noticed that this method proved so efficient that in no instance did the anchor-gear receive any injury during the several engagements with the Confederate batteries, although nearly all of the monitors of the *Passaic* class were subjected to rapid fire at short range in upwards of twenty actions. It will be remembered that the unprotected anchor of the *Merrimac* was shot away during the short battle with the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*. Having described the method of protecting the anchors, the mechanism adopted for manipulating the same remains to be explained. Referring to the illustration, it will be seen that a windlass is secured under the deck-beams near the anchor-well. The men working the handles of this mechanism were stationed on the bottom of the vessel, and hence were most effectually protected against the enemy's shot, besides being completely out of sight. The Confederate artilleryists were at first much surprised at witnessing the novel spectacle of vessels approaching their batteries, then stopping and remaining stationary for an indefinite time while firing, and then again departing, apparently without any intervention of anchor-gear. Our examination of this gear and the anchor-well affords a favorable opportunity of explaining the cause of Lieutenant Greene's alarm, mentioned in a statement recently published by a military journal, concerning a mysterious sound emanating from the said well during the passage of the *Monitor* from New York to Fortress Monroe. Lieutenant Greene says that the sound from the anchor-well "resembled the death-groans of twenty men, and was the most dismal, awful sound [he] ever heard." Let us endeavor to trace to some physical cause this portentous sound. The reader will find, on close examination, that the chain cable which suspends the anchor passes through an aperture ("hawse-pipe") on the aft side of the well, and that this pipe is very near the water-

line; hence the slightest vertical depression of the bow will occasion a flow of water into the vessel. Obviously, any downward motion of the overhang will cause the air confined in the upper part of the well, when covered, to be blown through the hawse-pipe along with the admitted water, thereby producing a very discordant sound, repeated at every rise and fall of the bow during pitching. Lieutenant Greene also states that apart from the reported fearful sound, the battery was flooded by the water which entered through the hawse-pipe; a statement suggesting that this flooding was the result of faulty construction, whereas it resulted from gross oversight on the part of the executive officer,—namely, in going to sea without stopping the opening round the chain-cable at the point where it passes through the side of the anchor-well.

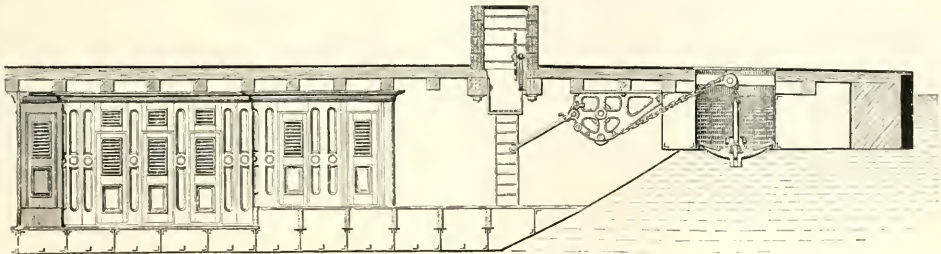
The pilot-house is the next important object represented in the forward section of the illustration now under consideration. This structure is situated ten feet from the anchor-well, its internal dimensions being three feet six inches long, two feet eight inches wide, three feet ten inches high above the plating of the deck, the sides consisting of solid blocks of wrought iron, twelve inches deep and nine inches thick, firmly held down at the corners by three-inch bolts passing through the iron-plated deck and deck-beams. The wheel, which by means of ordinary tiller-ropes operates the rudder, is placed within the pilot-house, its axle being supported by a bracket secured to the iron blocks as shown by the illustration. An ordinary ladder resting on the bottom of the battery leads to the grated floor of the pilot-house. In order to afford the commanding officer and the pilot a clear view of objects before and on the sides of the battery, the first and second iron blocks from the top are kept apart by packing pieces at the corners; long and narrow sight-holes being thereby formed extending round the pilot-house, and giving a clear view which sweeps round the entire horizon, all but that part which is hidden by the turret, hardly twelve degrees on each side of the line of keel. Regarding the adequacy of the elongated sight-hole formed between the iron blocks in the manner described, it should be borne in mind



2. CENTRAL SECTION, SAME PLAN.

that an opening of five-eighths of an inch affords a vertical view eighty feet high at a distance of only two hundred yards. More is not needed, a fact established during trials instituted by experts before the constructor delivered the battery to the Government. Unfortunately the sight-holes were subsequently altered, the iron blocks being raised and the opening between them increased to such an extent that at sea, to quote Lieutenant Greene's report, the water entered "with such force as to knock the helmsman com-

pilot-house loose, so as to be readily pushed up from below, was that of affording egress to the crew in case of accident. Had the monitor *Tecumseh*, commanded by Captain T. A. T. Craven, when struck by a torpedo during the conflict in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864, been provided with a similar loose plate over the main hatch, the fearful calamity of drowning officers and crew would have been prevented. In referring to this untoward event it should be observed that means had been provided in all the sea-going monitors to afford egress in



3. FORWARD SECTION, SAME PLAN.

pletely round from the wheel." It may be shown that but for the injudicious increase of the sight-holes, the commander of the *Monitor* would not have been temporarily blinded during the conflict at Hampton Roads, although he placed his vessel in such an extraordinary position that, according to Lieutenant Greene's report, "a shell from the enemy's gun, the muzzle not ten yards distant, struck the forward side of the pilot-house." The size of the sight-hole, after the injudicious increase, may be inferred from the reported fact that the blast caused by the explosion of the Confederate shell on striking the outside of the pilot-house had the power of "partly lifting the top." This "top," it should be observed, consisted of an iron plate two inches thick, let down into an appropriate groove, but not bolted down—a circumstance which called forth Lieutenant Greene's disapprobation. The object of the constructor in leaving the top plate of the

case of injury to the hull: an opening in the turret floor, when placed above a corresponding opening in the deck, formed a free passage to the turret, the top of which was provided with sliding hatches. Apparently the officer in charge of the turret-gear of Captain Craven's vessel was not at his post, as he ought to have been during action, or else he had not been taught the imperative duty of placing the turret in such a position that these openings would admit of a free passage from below.

Lieutenant Greene's report with reference to the position of the pilot-house calls for particular notice, his assertion being that he "could not fire ahead within several points of the bow." The distance between the center of the turret and the pilot-house being fifty-five feet, while the extreme breadth of the latter is only five feet, it will be found that by turning the turret through an angle of only *six degrees* from the center line of the vessel, the shot will clear the pilot-house, a structure too sub-

stantial to suffer from the mere aerial current produced by the flight of the shot. Considering that the *Monitor*, as reported by Lieutenant Greene, was a "quick-turning vessel," the disadvantage of not being able to fire over the bow within *six degrees* of the line of keel is insignificant. Captain Coles claimed for his famous iron-clad turret-ship the advantage of an all-round fire, although the axis of his

Monitor would not have been ready to proceed to Hampton Roads until the beginning of April, 1862. The damage to the national cause which might have resulted from that delay is beyond computation.

The next important part of the battery delineated on the forward section of the illustration, namely, the quarters of the officers and crew, will now be considered; but before



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER AND ADJACENT FORTS, APRIL 7, 1863.

The monitors engaged were the *Weehawken*, *Passaic*, *Montauk*, *Catskill*, *Nahant*, *Patapsco*, and *Nantucket*.

turret guns had many times greater deviation from the line of keel than that of the *Monitor*.

The statement published by Lieutenant Greene, that the chief engineer of the battery immediately after the engagement in Hampton Roads "suggested the clever plan of putting the pilot-house on top of the turret," is incorrect and calls for notice. The obvious device of placing the pilot-house in the center and above the turret was carefully considered before the *Monitor* turret was constructed, but could not be carried out for these reasons:

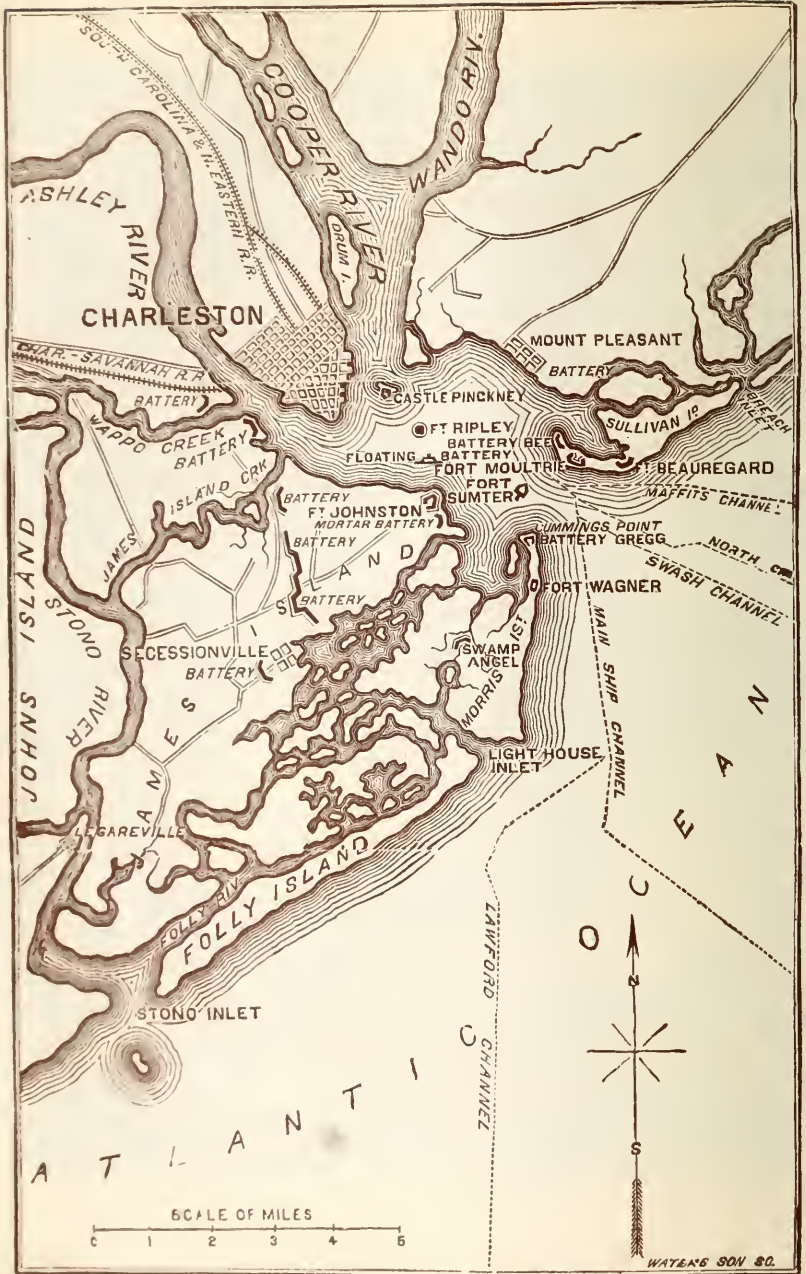
1. The turret of the battery was too light to support a structure large enough to accommodate the commanding officer, the pilot, and the steering-gear, under the severe condition of absolute impregnability against solid shot from guns of ten-inch caliber employed by the Confederates.

2. A central stationary pilot-house connected with the turret involved so much complication and additional work (see description of turret and pilot-houses further on), that had its adoption not been abandoned the

entering on a description it should be mentioned that in a small turret-vessel built for fighting, only one-half of the crew need be accommodated at a time, as the other half should be in and on the turret, the latter being always covered with a water-proof awning. Referring again to the forward and to part of the central section, it will be seen that the quarters extend from the transverse bulkhead under the turret to within five feet of the pilot-house, a distance of fifty feet; the forward portion, twenty-four feet in length, being occupied by the officers' quarters and extending across the battery from side to side. The height of the aft part of these quarters is eight feet six inches under the deck-beams; while the height of the whole of the quarters of the crew is eight feet six inches. A mere glance at the illustrations showing a side elevation [page 283] and top view of internal arrangement [page 286] gives a correct idea of the nature of the accommodations prepared for the officers and crew of the battery which Lieutenant Greene



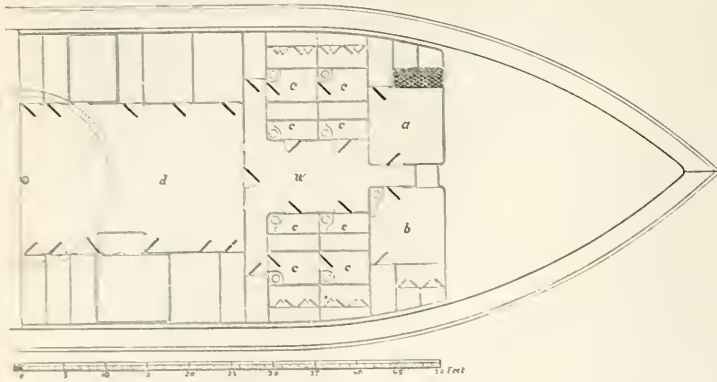
THE ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER BY THE MONITOR FLEET



CHARLESTON HARBOR AND ITS APPROACHES, SHOWING FORTS SUMTER AND WAGNER, JAMES ISLAND, Etc., Etc.



CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER, JANUARY 15, 1864. (DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON, FROM LITHOGRAPHS BY ENDICOTT & CO.)



PLAN OF THE BERTH-DECK OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR, DRAWN TO SCALE.

a, captain's cabin; *b*, his state-room; *c*, state-rooms of the officers; *w*, ward-room; *d*, quarters of the crew, with store-rooms on the sides.

regards as a "crude" structure, and of which he says: "Probably no ship was ever devised which was so uncomfortable for the crew." If this opinion were well founded, it would prove that submerged vessels like the monitors are unfit to live in.

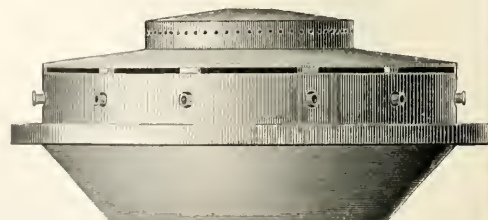
Fortunately, the important question whether crews can live permanently below water-line has been set at rest by the report of the chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery to the Secretary of the Navy, 1864. This minute and carefully considered report enabled the naval administration, organized by President Lincoln, to prove the healthfulness of the monitors, by the following clear presentation of the subject: "The monitor class of vessels, it is well known, have but a few inches of their hulls above the water-line, and in a heavy sea are entirely submerged. It has been doubted whether under such circumstances it would be possible long to preserve the health of the men on board, and consequently maintain the fighting material in a condition for effective service. It is gratifying, therefore, to know that an examination of the sick-reports, covering a period of over thirty months, shows that, so far from being unhealthy, there was less sickness on board the monitors than on the same number of wooden ships with an equal number of men and in similar exposed positions. The exemption from sickness upon the iron-clads in some instances is remarkable. There were on board the *Saugus*, from November 25th, 1864, to April 1st, 1865, a period of over four months, but four cases of sickness (excluding accidental injuries), and of these two were diseases with which the patients had suffered for years. On the *Montauk*, for a period of one hundred and sixty-five days prior to the 29th of May, 1865, there was but one case of disease on board. Other vessels of the class exhibit equally remarkable results,

and the conclusion is reached that no wooden vessels in any squadron throughout the world can show an equal immunity from disease."

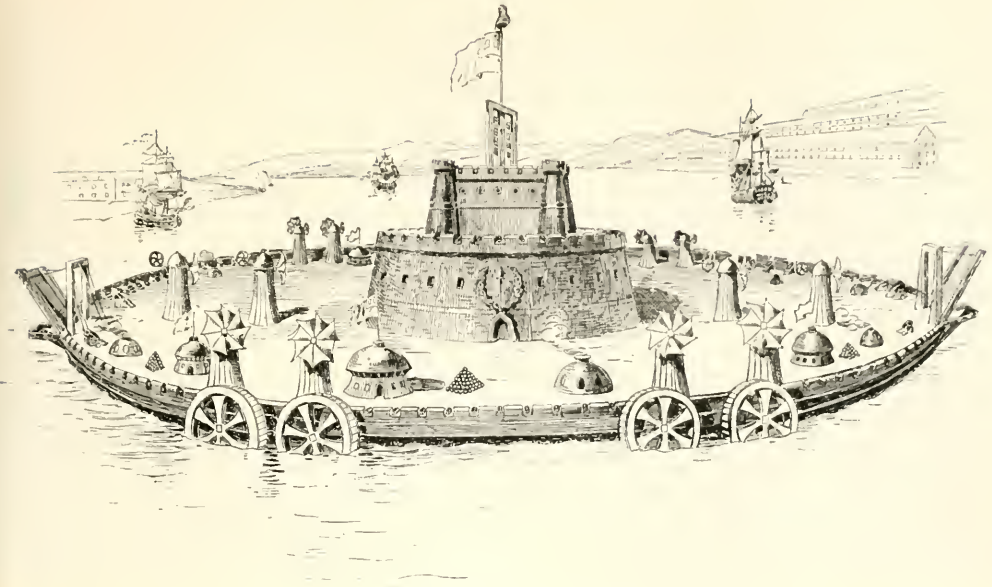
Apart from the ample size of the quarters on board the battery, shown by the illustration, it should be mentioned that the system adopted for ventilating those quarters furnishes an abundant supply of fresh air by the following means. Two centrifugal blowers, driven by separate steam-engines,

furnished seven thousand cubic feet of atmospheric air per minute by the process of suction through standing pipes on deck. Part of the air thus drawn in supported the combustion of the boiler furnaces, the remainder entering the lower part of the hull, gradually expelling the heated and vitiated air within the vessel. It has been imagined that the fresh air supplied by the blowers ought to have been conveyed to the quarters at the forward end of the vessel, by a system of conducting pipes. The laws of static balance, however, render the adoption of such a method unnecessary, since agreeably to those laws the fresh cold air, unless it be stopped by closed doors in the bulkheads, will find its way to every part of the bottom of the hull, gradually rising and expelling the upper heated strata through the hatches, and lastly through the grated top of the turret. Naval constructors who speculate on the cause of the extraordinary healthfulness of the monitors need not extend their researches beyond a thorough investigation of the system of ventilation just described.

Turret Department. The most important object delineated on the *central* section of the illustration, namely, the rotating turret, will now be considered; but before describing this essential part of the monitor system, it will be well to observe that the general belief is quite



SIDE ELEVATION OF A FLOATING REVOLVING CIRCULAR TOWER, PUBLISHED BY ABRAHAM BLOODGOOD IN 1867.



FLOATING CIRCULAR CITADEL, SUBMITTED TO THE FRENCH DIRECTORY IN 1798.

erroneous that a revolving platform, open or covered, is a novel design. So far from that being the case, this obvious device dates back to the first introduction of artillery. Sixty-four years ago the writer was taught by an instructor in fortification and gunnery that under certain conditions a position assailable from all sides should be defended by placing the guns on a turn-table. Long before building the *Monitor* I regarded the employment of a revolving structure to operate guns on board ships as a device familiar to all well-informed naval artillerists. But although constructors of revolving circular gun-platforms for naval purposes, open or covered, have a right to employ this ancient device, it will be demonstrated further on that the turret of the monitors is a distinct mechanical combination differing from previous inventions. The correctness of the assumption that revolving batteries for manipulating guns on board floating structures had been constructed nearly a century ago will be seen by the following reference to printed publications.

The "Nautical Chronicle" for 1805 contains an account of a "movable turning impregnable battery, invented by a Mr. Gillespie, a native of Scotland, who completed the model of a movable impregnable castle or battery, impervious to shot or bombs, provided with a cannon and carriage calculated to take a sure aim at any object." It is further stated that "the invention proposed will be found equally serviceable in floating batteries. Its machinery is adapted to turn the most ponderous mortars

with the greatest ease, according to the position of the enemy." Again, the Transactions of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Arts in the State of New York, 1807, contains an illustration representing a side elevation of a circular revolving floating battery constructed by Abraham Bloodgood (see cut on page 286). The guns of this battery, as the inventor points out, "would be more easily worked than is common, as they would not require any lateral movement." It is also stated, as a peculiar feature of this floating battery, that "its rotary motion would bring all its cannon to bear successively, as fast as they could be loaded, on objects in any direction"; and that "its circular form would cause every shot that might strike it, not near the center, to glance." Thirty-five years after the publication of the illustration and description of the circular floating revolving tower of Abraham Bloodgood, Theodore R. Timby proposed to build a tower on land for coast defense, to be composed of iron, with several floors and tiers of guns, the tower to turn on a series of friction-rollers under its base. The principal feature of Timby's "invention" was that of arranging the guns radially within the tower, and firing each gun at the instant of its coming in line with the object aimed at during the rotary motion of the tower, precisely as invented by Bloodgood. About twenty years ago certain influential citizens presented drawings of Timby's revolving tower to the authorities at Washington, with a view of obtaining orders to build such towers for coast defense; but

the plan was found to be not only very expensive, but radically defective in principle. The slides of the gun-carriages being fixed permanently in a radial direction within the tower, the guns, of course, are directed to all

Unfortunately, before the battery left New York for Hampton Roads, it was suggested at the Navy Yard to insert a plaited hemp rope between the base of the turret and the bronze ring, for the purpose of making the



BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864. THE MONITORS CAPTURING THE IRON-CLAD RAM "TENNESSEE."

points of the compass. Hence, during an attack by a hostile fleet, with many ships abreast, only one assailant can be fired at, its companions being scot-free in the dead angle formed between the effective gun and the guns on either side. In the mean time the numerous guns, distributed round the tower on the several floors, cannot be fired until their time comes during the revolution of the tower. The enemy's fleet continuing its advance, of course, calls for a change of elevation of the pieces, which, considering the constant revolution of the tower and the different altitudes above the sea of the several tiers, presents perplexing difficulties. Nothing further need be said to explain why the Government did not accept the plans for Timby's revolving towers.

The origin of rotating circular gun-platforms being disposed of, the consideration of the central section of the illustration will now be resumed. It will be seen that the turret which protects the guns and gunners of the *Monitor* consists simply of a short cylinder resting on the deck, covered with a grated iron roof provided with sliding hatches. This cylinder is composed of eight thicknesses of wrought-iron plates, each one inch thick, firmly riveted together, the inside course, which extends below the rest, being accurately faced underneath. A flat, broad ring of bronze is let into the deck, its upper face being very smooth in order to form a water-tight joint with the base of the turret without the employment of any elastic packing, a peculiar feature of the turrets of the monitors, as will be seen further on.

joint perfectly water-tight. As might have been supposed, the rough and uneven hemp rope did not form a perfect joint; hence during the passage a great leak was observed at intervals as the sea washed over the decks. "The water came down under the turret like a waterfall," says Lieutenant Greene in his report. It will be proper to observe in this place that the "foundering" of the *Monitor* on its way to Charleston was not caused by the "separation of the upper and lower part of the hull," as was imagined by persons who possessed no knowledge of the method adopted by the builders in joining the upper and lower hulls. Again, those who asserted that the plates had been torn asunder at the junction of the hulls did not consider that severe strain cannot take place in a structure nearly submerged. The easy motion at sea, peculiar to the monitors, was pointed out by several of their commanders. Lieutenant Greene in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the *Monitor*, March 27, 1862, says with reference to sea-going qualities:

"During her passage from New York her roll was very easy and slow and not at all deep. She pitched very little and with no strain whatever."

Captain John Rodgers's report to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the monitor *Wecharoken*, January 22, 1863, refers specially to the easy motion of his vessel:

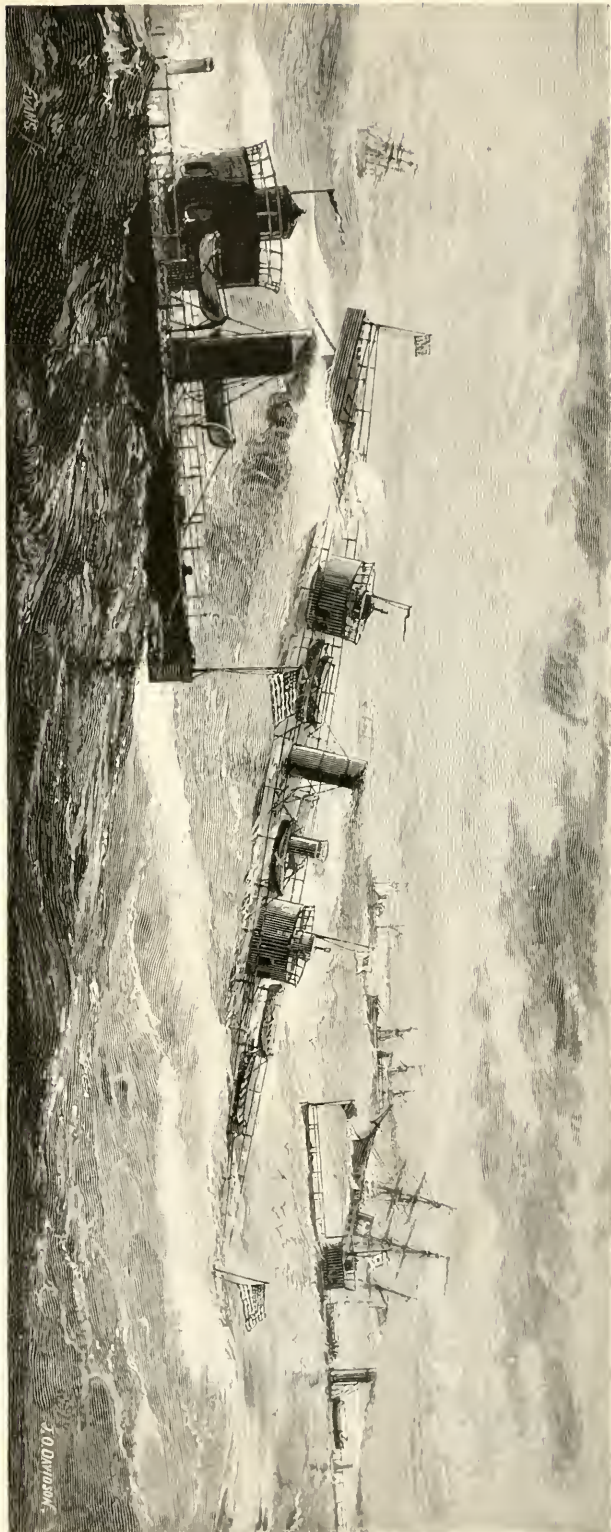
"On Tuesday night, when off Chincoteague shoals, we had a very heavy gale from the E. N. E. with a very heavy sea, made confused and dangerous by the

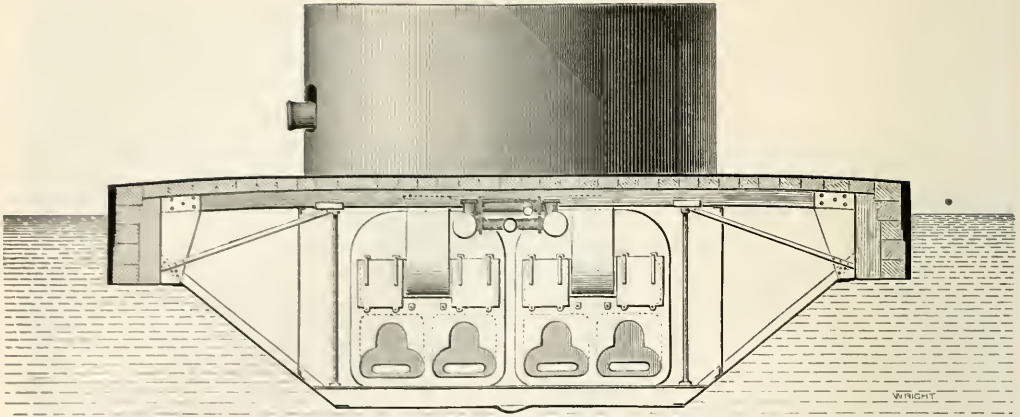
proximity of the land. The waves I measured after the sea abated; I found them twenty-three feet high. They were certainly seven feet higher in the midst of the storm. During the heaviest of the gale I stood upon the turret and admired the behavior of the vessel. She rose and fell to the waves, and I concluded that the monitor form had great sea-going qualities. If leaks were prevented no hurricane could injure her."

The true cause of the foundering of the *Monitor* was minutely explained to the writer some time after the occurrence by the engineer, a very intelligent person, who operated the centrifugal pumping-engine of the battery at the time. According to his statement, oakum was packed under the base of the turret before going to sea, in order to make sure of a water-tight joint; but this expedient failed altogether, the sea gradually washing out the oakum in those places where it had been loosely packed, thereby permitting so large a quantity of water to enter under the turret, fully sixty-three feet in circumference, that the centrifugal pumping-engine had not sufficient power to expel it. The hull consequently filled gradually and settled, until at the expiration of about four hours the battery went to the bottom. It will be asked, in view of the preceding explanation of the construction of the monitor turrets, namely, that the smooth base of the turret forms a water-tight joint with the ring on the deck, why was oakum packed under the turret before going to Charleston? The commander of the battery, Captain Bankhead, in his report of the foundering, adverts to the admission of water under the turret, but does not duly consider the serious character of

THE MONITORS "MONADNOCK," "CANONIGUS," "MAHOPIA," AND "SAVIGUS" AT ANCHOR NEAR FORT FISHER DURING A GALE. (AFTER LITHOGRAPH BY ENDICOTT & CO.)

Their commanders were surprised to find that not one of the turret vessels dragged its anchor, while the remainder of the fleet was in great danger owing to the inability of the ground tackle to hold out against the pressure of the wind on the top hamper, from which the monitors were free.





TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE HULL OF THE ORIGINAL MONITOR.

The diagram gives a front view of the boilers and furnaces; also a side elevation of the rotating cylindrical turret which proved impregnable against ten-inch solid shot fired with battering charges at very short range.

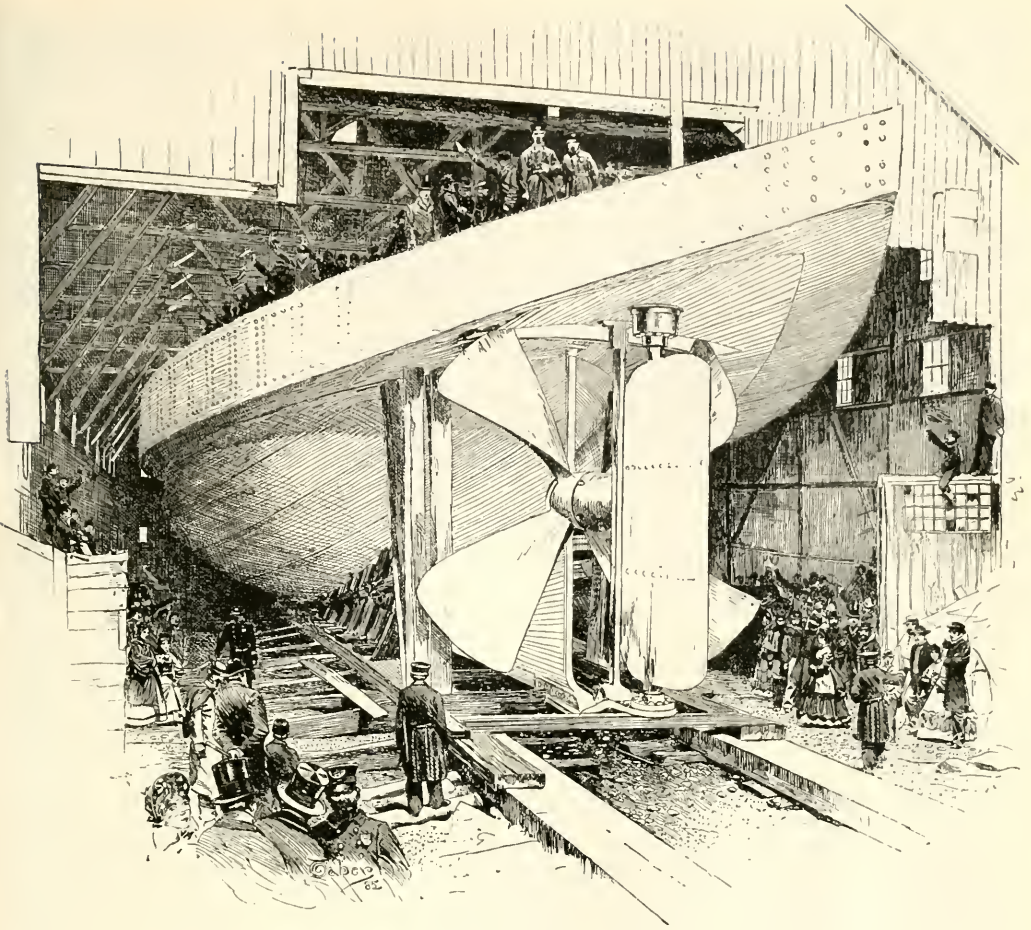
the leak, sixty-three feet in length. Captain Bankhead evidently had not carefully investigated the matter when he attributed the accident to an imaginary separation of the upper and lower hull. It should be observed, in justice to this officer, that having commanded the *Monitor* only during a brief period he possessed but an imperfect knowledge of his vessel, and probably knew nothing regarding the consequence of employing packing,—namely, that it might cause “water to come down under the turret like a waterfall,” as previously reported by the second officer in command. Having explained that Captain Bankhead had

not commanded the battery long enough to become fully acquainted with its construction, it will be proper to mention as a mitigating circumstance in favor of the second officer, Lieutenant Greene, that previous to the battle in Hampton Roads he had “never performed any but midshipman duty.” The important question, therefore, must remain unanswered, whether the *Monitor*, like the other vessels of her type, might not in the hands of an older and more experienced executive officer have reached Charleston in safety.

Referring again to the central part of the



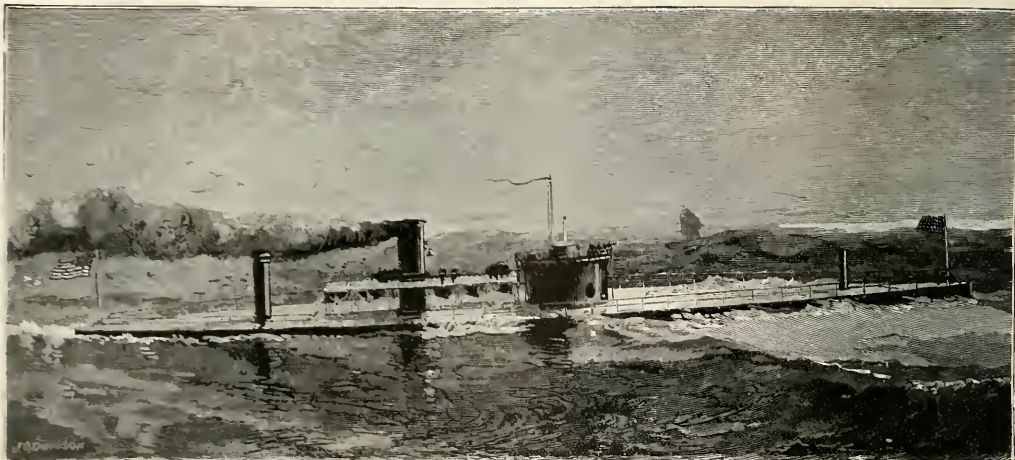
ON DECK.



LAUNCH OF THE "DICTATOR" FROM THE DELAMATER IRON WORKS, DECEMBER 27, 1863.

illustration, page 283, and the sectional representation of the turret, it will be found that the guns are placed across the vessel, consequently only the end of the breech and upper part of the port-hole are seen. The object of the pendulum port-stoppers suspended under the roof is to afford protection to the turret crew while loading the guns. Generally, however, the turret should be moved, and the port-holes thereby turned away from the enemy. Much time was lost during the conflict with the *Merrimac* by closing the port-stoppers in place of merely moving the turret, the latter operation being performed by a small steam-engine controlled by a single hand; while opening and closing the port-stoppers, as reported by Lieutenant Greene, required the entire gun-crew. The slow fire of the *Monitor* during the action, complained of by critics, was no doubt occasioned by an injudicious manipulation of the port-stoppers. There are occasions, however,

when the turret should not be turned, in which case the port-stoppers are indispensable. The method adopted for turning the turret will be readily understood. The small steam-engine controlled by one man, before referred to, drives a double train of cog-wheels connected with the vertical axle of the turret, this axle being stepped in a bronze bearing secured to the central bulkhead of the battery. The mechanism thus described was carefully tested before the *Monitor* left New York for Hampton Roads, and was found to move very freely, the turret being turned and the guns accurately pointed by the sailing-master without aid. The trouble reported by Lieutenant Greene regarding the manipulation of the turret was caused by inattention during the passage from New York; the working-gear having been permitted to rust for want of proper cleaning and oiling while exposed to the action of salt water entering under the turret, from causes already explained.



THE "DICTATOR" AT SEA.

Amidships is seen the elevated promenade deck to which the ship's company resort when driven from the main deck by the seas.

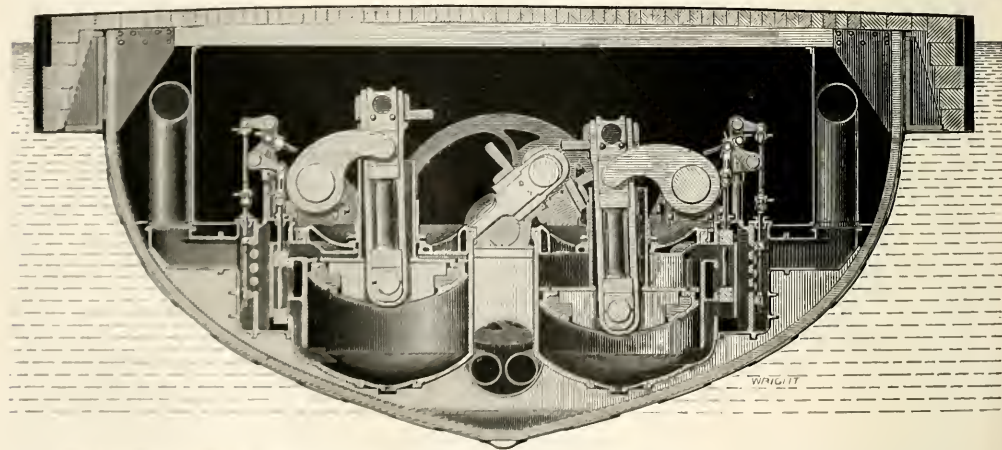
Having thus briefly described the turret and its mechanism, our investigation of the central part of the sectional view of the battery will be completed by a mere reference to the steam-boilers placed aft of the turret. There are two of these boilers placed side by side, as shown in the cut on page 290. Two views being thus presented, the nature of the boilers will be understood without further explanation. It should be mentioned, however, that they proved very economical and efficient.

Aft Section. The following brief reference to this section of the sectional illustration, showing the motive engine, propeller, and rudder, will complete our description of the battery :

1. The motive engine, the construction of which is somewhat peculiar, consists of only

one steam-cylinder with pistons applied at opposite ends, a steam-tight partition being introduced in the middle. The propeller-shaft has only one crank and one crank-pin, the difficulty of "passing the centers" being overcome by the expedient of placing the connecting-rods, actuated by the steam-pistons, at right angles to each other. Much space is saved within the vessel by employing only one steam-cylinder, an advantage of such importance in the short hulls of the monitors that the entire fleet built during the war was provided with engines of the stated type.

2. The propeller, being of the ordinary four-bladed type, needs no description; but the mode of protecting the same against shot demands full explanation. Referring to the illustration, it will be seen that the under side



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE MONITOR "DICTATOR" THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE STEAM CYLINDERS.

The diagram shows the application of rock-shafts and vibrating levers by which the problem of placing engines with vertical cylinders below the water-line has been solved.

of the overhang near the stern is cut out in the middle, forming a cavity needed to give free sweep to the propeller-blades; the slope of the said cavity on either side of the propeller being considerably inclined in order to favor a free passage of the water to and from the propeller-blades.

3. The extreme beam at the forward side of the propeller-well is thirty-one feet, while the diameter of the propeller is only nine feet;

pronounced the entire structure a fine specimen of naval engineering.

The conflict in Hampton Roads, and the immediate building of a fleet of sea-going monitors by the United States Government, attracted great attention in all maritime countries, especially in the north of Europe. Admiral Lessoffsky of the Russian navy was at once ordered to be present during the completion and trial of our sea-going monitors.



THE MONITOR "MONTAUK" DESTROYING THE CONFEDERATE PRIVATEER "NASHVILLE," OGEECHEE RIVER, GEORGIA.

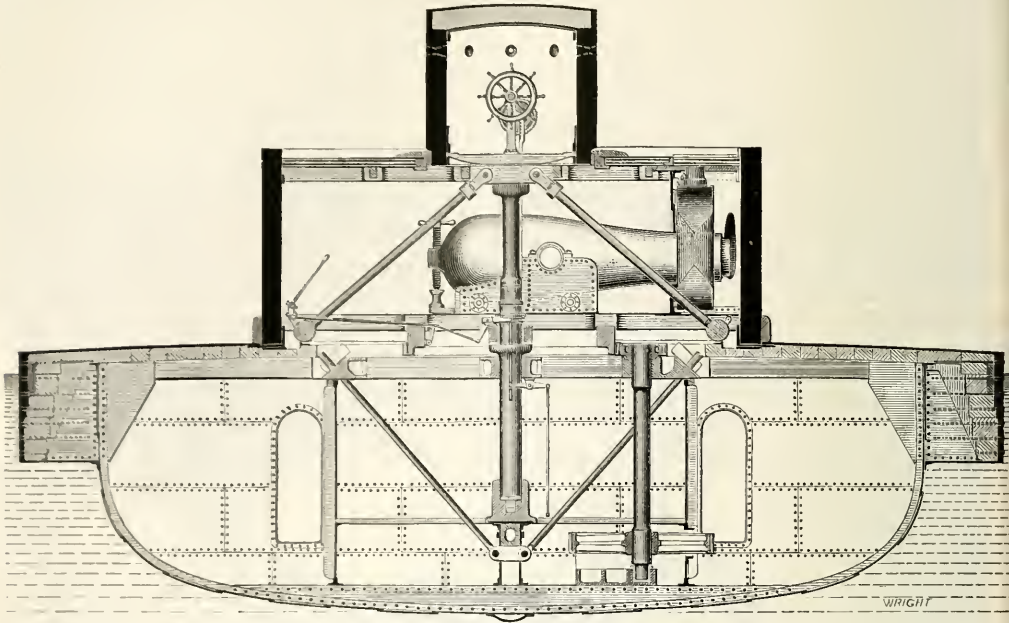
it will therefore be seen that the deck and side armor projects eleven feet on each side, thus protecting most effectually the propelling instrument as well as the equipoise rudder applied aft of the same. It will be readily admitted that no other vessel constructed here or elsewhere has such thorough protection to rudder and propeller as that just described.

THE foregoing description of the hastily constructed steam-battery proves that, so far from being, as generally supposed, a rude specimen of naval construction, the *Monitor* displayed careful planning, besides workmanship of superior quality. Experts who examined the vessel and machinery after completion

The report of this talented officer to his government being favorable, the Emperor immediately ordered a fleet of twelve vessels on the new system, to be constructed according to copies of the working drawings from which the American sea-going monitors had been built. Sweden and Norway also forthwith laid the keels of a fleet of seven vessels of the new type, Turkey rapidly following the example of the northern European nations. It will be remembered that during the naval contest on the Danube the Russian batteries and torpedo boats subjected the Turkish monitors to severe tests. England, in due course, adopted our turret system, discarding the turn-table and cupola.

Many prominent naval architects in the European maritime countries warmly advocated our system of war-vessels with turrets and low freeboard. In England the subject was critically investigated by ship-constructors

require the sides of the ship to rise much above the water's edge; that you should not require more protection to the guns than would contain the guns and gunners; that you should be content with as many guns as the ship



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE HULL OF A SEA-GOING MONITOR THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF THE TURRET AND PILOT-HOUSE.

of the highest standing; the following epitome presents their views of the monitor system:

"1. It is a creation altogether original, peculiarly American, admirably adapted to the special purpose which gave it birth. Like most American inventions, use has been allowed to dictate terms of construction, and purpose not prejudice has been allowed to rule invention. The ruling conditions of construction for the inventor of the American fleet were these: the vessels must be perfectly shot-proof; they must fight in shallow water; they must be able to endure a heavy sea, and pass through it, if not fight in it. The American iron-clad navy is a child of these conditions. Minimum draught of water means minimum extent of surface; perfect protection means thickness to resist the heaviest shot, and protection for the whole length of the ship; it also means perfect protection to guns and gunners. Had they added, what English legislators exact, that the ports shall lie in the ship's side, nine feet above the water, the problem might at once have become impossible and absurd; but they wanted the work done as it could be done, and allowed the conditions of success to rule the methods of construction.

"2. The conditions of success in the given circumstances were these: that you should not

could carry, and no more. To do the work, therefore, the full thickness of armor required to keep out the enemy's shot was taken, but the ship was made to rise a few inches above water, and no more; and so a narrow strip of thick armor, all along the upper edge of the ship's side, gave her complete protection. Thus the least quantity of thickest armor did most work in protecting the ship, engines, boilers, and magazine. Next, to protect the guns, a small circular fortress, shield, or tower encircled a couple of guns, and, if four guns were to be carried, two such turrets carried the armament and contained the gunners. Thus, again, weight of armor was spared to the utmost, and so both ship and armament were completely protected. But the consequences of these conditions are such as England, at least for sea-going ships, would reluctantly accept. The low ship's side, in a seaway, allows the sea to sweep over the ship, and the waves, not the sailors, will have possession of the deck. The American accepts the conditions, removes the sailors from the deck, allows the sea to have its way, and drives his vessel through, not over, the sea to her fighting destination by steam, abandoning sails. The American also cheerfully accepts the small round turret as protection for guns

and men, and pivots them on a central turntable in the middle of his ship, raising his port high enough to be out of the water, and then fighting his guns through an aperture little larger than its muzzle. By thus frankly accepting the conditions he could not control, the American did his work and built his fleet. It is beyond doubt that the American *Monitor* class, with two turrets in each ship, and two guns in each turret, is a kind of vessel that can be made fast, shot-proof, and sea-going. It may be uncomfortable, but it can be made secure. The sea may possess its deck, but in the air, above the sea, the American raises a platform on the level of the top of his turrets, which he calls his hurricane-deck [see illustration of the *Dictator* at sea, page 292], whence he can look down with indifference at the waves furiously foaming and breaking themselves on the abandoned deck below. His vessel, too, has the advantage, as he thinks it, of not rolling with the waves; so that he can take his aim steadily and throw his shot surely. Thus, if he abandons much that we value, he secures what he values more. It may be shown that the American turret ships, of the larger class, with two turrets and four guns, are successful vessels — successful beyond the measure of English estimate of their success. Like so many American inventions, they are severely subject to the conditions of use, and successful by the rigidity and precision with which they fit the end and fulfill the purpose which was their aim. The design of these vessels has about it all the characteristics of American audacity. Every conventionality has been despised and discarded; in the sailor's sense of the word, there is nothing 'ship-shape' about this original *Monitor*; everything is unusual. She has neither keel, nor bilges, nor bulwarks. She is covered by a great horizontal platform of timber, projecting beyond her deck and descending below the water-line. This great upper platform in no way conforms to the shape of the under-ship which carries it; it is obviously meant to shelter the rudder and the stern from every attempt to damage them by shot or collision. At the bow the entire hull is equally protected by the overhanging platform of the deck."

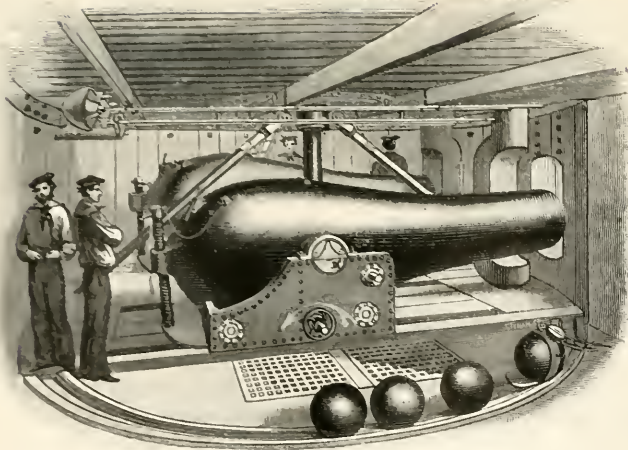
The correctness of the views entertained by the English naval constructors was practically demonstrated by the performance of the monitors during the civil war. Impregnability proved by capability to keep out Confederate shot, being demanded by President Lincoln and promised by the constructor of the fleet which was built during the early part of 1862, it will be proper to inquire how far the performance accorded with anticipation. Admiral Dahlgren, the distinguished naval artilleryist,

commanding the blockading fleet at Charleston, reported to the Navy Department that from July 18 to September 8, 1863, a period of fifty-two days, the monitors *Weehawken*, *Patapsco*, *Montauk*, *Nahant*, *Catskill*, and *Passaic* engaged Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Wagner, Gregg, and the batteries on Morris and Sullivan's islands, on an average ten times each, the *Montauk* going before the muzzles of the enemy's guns fifteen times during the stated period, while the *Patapsco* was engaged thirteen times and the *Weehawken* twelve times. The number of hits received by the six vessels mentioned amounted to 629; yet not a single penetration of side armor, turret, or pilot-house took place. Admiral Dahlgren observes that the *Montauk* was struck 154 times during the engagements referred to. "almost entirely," he states, "by ten-inch shot." Considering that the hull of the *Montauk* was nearly submerged, hence presenting a very small target, the recorded number of hits marked splendid practice on the part of the Confederate gunners. The report of the experienced commander concludes thus: "What vessels have ever been subjected to such a test?" It merits special notice that the same monitors which Admiral Dahlgren thus found to possess such remarkable power of endurance had led the unsuccessful attack at Charleston three months previously,—a circumstance which shows that difficulties presented themselves during that attack which had not been foreseen, or the magnitude of which had not been properly estimated. The attack referred to being one of the leading incidents of the civil war, the following facts connected with the same cannot properly be withheld in this place, more particularly since these facts rebut the allegation that injudicious advice to certain officers induced the Navy Department to adopt hazardous expedients in connection with the attack on Charleston. A letter from the Assistant-Secretary of the Navy in reference to the contemplated attack, written before the news of its failure had been received, contained the following sentence:

"Though everybody is despondent about Charleston, and even the President thinks we shall be defeated, I must say that I have never had a shadow of a doubt as to our success, and this confidence arises from careful study of your marvelous vessels."

To this letter the following reply was forwarded the next day:

"I confess that I cannot share in your confidence relative to the capture of Charleston. I am so much in the habit of estimating force and resistance that I cannot feel sanguine of success. If you succeed, it will not be a mechanical consequence of your 'marvelous' vessels, but because you are marvelously fortunate. The most I dare hope is, that the contest will end without



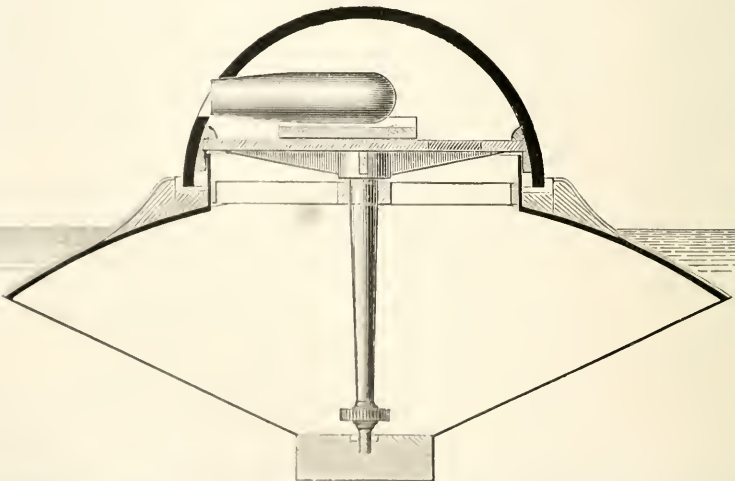
INTERIOR VIEW OF THE TURRET OF A SEA-GOING MONITOR.

The compact form of the gun-carriages, the simplicity of the massive port-stoppers, and the enormous size of the spherical projectiles (15-inch diameter) surprised naval experts.

the loss of that prestige which your iron-clads have conferred on the nation abroad. A single shot may sink a ship, while a hundred rounds cannot silence a fort, as you have proved on the Ogeechee. The immutable laws of force and resistance do not favor your enterprise. Chance, therefore, can alone save you."

The discomfiture of the "marvelous" vessels before Charleston, however, did not impair their fitness to fight other battles. It will be recollected that the *Weehawken*, commanded by the late Admiral John Rodgers, defeated and captured the Confederate ram *Atlanta*, in Warsaw Sound, June 17, 1863, ten weeks after the battle of Charleston; consequently, previous to the engagements in which this monitor participated, as reported by Admiral Dahlgren. The splendid victory in Warsaw Sound did not attract much atten-

tion in the United States, while in the European maritime countries it was looked upon as an event of the highest importance, since it established the fact, practically, that armor-plating of the same thickness as that of *La Gloire* and the *Warrior* could be readily pierced, even when placed at an inclination of only twenty-nine degrees to the horizon. Moreover, the shot from the *Weehawken* struck at an angle of fifty degrees to the line of keel, thereby generating a compound angle, causing the line of the shot to approach the face of the armor-plate within twenty-two degrees. The great amount of iron and wood dislodged by the fifteen-inch spherical shot entering the citadel, protected by four-inch armor-plating and eighteen-inch wood backing, was shown by the fact that forty men on the *Atlanta's* gun-deck were prostrated by the concussion, fifteen being wounded, principally by splinters; a circumstance readily explained, since penetration at an angle of twenty-two degrees means that, independent of deflection, the shot must pass through nearly five feet of obstruction, — namely, eleven inches of iron and four feet of wood. Rodgers's victory in Warsaw Sound, therefore, proved that the four-and-a-half-inch vertical plating of the magnificent *Warrior* of nine thousand tons — the pride of the British Admiralty — would present a mere pasteboard protection against the fifteen-inch monitor guns.

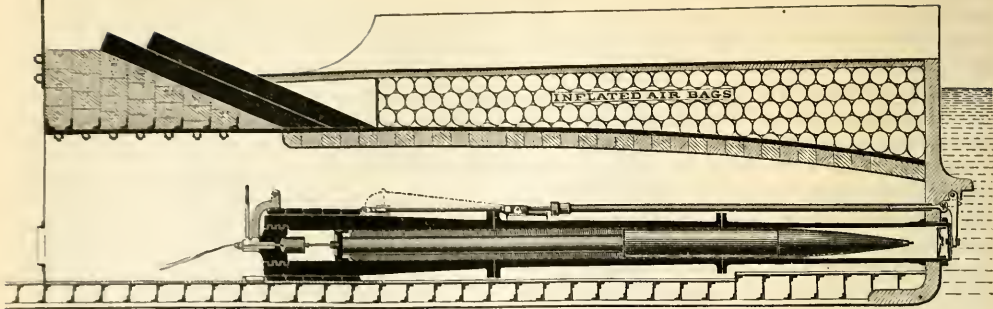


TRANSVERSE SECTION OF AN IRON-CLAD STEAM BATTERY THROUGH THE CENTER LINE OF ITS REVOLVING SEMI-SPHERICAL TURRET — SUBMITTED TO NAPOLEON III. IN THE LATTER PART OF 1854.

The destruction of the Confederate privateer *Nashville* by the *Montauk*, February 28, 1863, also calls for a brief notice. The expedient by which this well-appointed privateer was destroyed, just on the eve of commencing a series of depredations in imitation of the *Alabama*, must be regarded as a feat which has no parallel in naval annals. The commander of the *Montauk*, the present Admiral Worden, having received stringent orders to prevent the *Nashville* from going to sea, devised a plan for destroying the privateer (then occupying a safe position beyond a torpedo obstruction on the Ogeechee River), by means of the fifteen-inch shells which formed part of his equipment; but in order to get near enough for effective shelling, he was compelled to take up a position under the guns of Fort McAllister, then commanded by a Confederate officer of distinguished ability. Obviously, the success of the daring plan of not returning the concentrated flanking fire from the fort while shelling the privateer depended on the power of endurance of the *Montauk*, then for the first time subjected to such a crucial test. The result proved that Worden had not overestimated the resisting power of his vessel. The fifth shell had scarcely reached its destination when signs of serious damage on board the privateer were observed; a few additional shells being dispatched, a volume of black smoke was seen rising above the doomed *Nashville*. The shelling was continued for a short time, with the result that the entire hull of the intended depredator was enveloped in flames. The magazine ultimately exploded with terrific violence, tearing part of the structure into fragments. The gunners in the Confederate fort, McAllister, had in the mean time continued to practice against the *Montauk*; but no serious damage having been inflicted, the anchor was raised and the victor dropped down the river, cheered by the crews of the blockading fleet.

The cut on page 294 represents a transverse section through the turret and pilot-house of the *Montauk* and other sea-going vessels of the monitor type. It will be noticed that the pilot-house is placed above the turret, an arrangement which for lack of time could not be adopted in the original *Monitor*, as before particularly referred to. Evidently the pilot-house must remain stationary while the turret is being turned for the purpose of directing the guns; consequently it can derive no support from the turret; a stationary central shaft of wrought iron resting on the bottom of the vessel has therefore been introduced to carry the weight of the pilot-house, the substantial wrought-iron floor of which rests on the top of the shaft. The method adopted

in constructing the *Monitor* turret, before described, of allowing the base of the same to rest on the deck, obviously calls for means of relieving the pressure caused by the great weight of the revolving structure before going into action; otherwise a very powerful engine and a complex arrangement of cog-wheels would be necessary in order to point the guns. The turret itself must therefore be supported by the central shaft, for which purpose the latter is provided with two strong collars,—one under the turret flooring nearly on a level with the deck of the vessel, the other at a point just below the roof of the turret. Referring to the illustration (page 294), it will be seen that diagonal braces connect the central part of the turret roof with the ends of the gun-slides, which latter consist of heavy girders of wrought iron stretching across the turret, to which they are firmly bolted. Corresponding diagonal braces applied below connect the ends of the gun-slides with the bearings into which the vertical shaft is stepped. The turret, the base of which is accurately faced underneath, rests on a smooth ring composed of bronze let into the deck, the base and this ring forming a water-tight joint at all times, even when the weight of the turret is partially relieved by keying up the central shaft. The port-stopper consists simply of a massive crank of wrought iron placed vertically, turning on a central pivot, readily operated by two men, and requiring only a few seconds in opening and closing. When turned in a line with the axis of the gun it closes the port, and when turned at right angles, as shown in the illustration, permits the gun to be run out. By means of a small steam-engine and a train of cog-wheels, the turret is turned and the guns pointed, as previously explained. The turret and pilot-house are perfectly cylindrical, each being composed of eleven plates of wrought iron, one inch thick, riveted together by “lapping” the same in a very peculiar manner insuring great strength. The pilot-house, provided with numerous sight-holes, generally elongated, is sufficiently large to accommodate the commanding officer, pilot, and helmsman. The mechanism for transmitting the power from the wheel to the tiller-ropes which control the rudder is quite novel. The success of this apparently complex mechanism has called forth favorable comments among European naval engineers, who all admit that a closed rotating gun-platform is not complete unless it is provided with an impregnable stationary protection for the commanding officer, pilot, and helmsman. A device which allows the commander to watch in perfect safety the movements of his opponent, instruct his helmsman, and direct the



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE BOW OF AN IRON VESSEL OF THE "DESTROYER" TYPE, SHOWING ITS SUBMARINE GUN, EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILE, AND SEA-VALVES.

gunners under his feet, without changing his position, may well be deemed a mechanical triumph.

Regarding the plan of the *Monitor* and its origin, it should be stated that during the month of September, 1854, I presented a drawing and description of an iron-clad steam-battery to the Emperor Napoleon III.* This battery, like the *Monitor*, carried in its center a rotating circular gun-platform protected by a semi-spherical cupola composed of wrought iron six inches thick, the rotary platform and cupola being supported by a vertical axle resting on the bottom of the battery and operated by a steam-engine and a train of cog-wheels geared to the axle, as in the *Monitor*. The deck of this original battery was composed of plate iron three inches thick, curved upwards, the sides being entirely submerged, as shown by the illustration representing a transverse section of the hull through the center of the gun-platform and cupola. The peculiar form of this transverse section calls for an explanation,—namely, the keel consists of a square hollow box filled with cast iron, the weight of which is necessary to give stability to the structure. The illustration (page 296), it should be mentioned, is a facsimile of the drawing presented to the French Emperor. Regarding the internal arrangement of the battery, the fact calls for special notice that it was provided with a cylindrical tube for expelling submarine projectiles charged with explosives for destroying ships. The original battery submitted to Napoleon III. may, therefore, be regarded as a duplex fighting-machine, capable of attacking an enemy by an improved method of firing above water, together with the application of *submarine artillery* for expelling projectiles under water, capable of piercing the lower part of the hull

of iron-clads, thereby rendering the employment of armor-plating as a means of protection practically useless.

The nautical community is aware that I have recently built a vessel, the *Destroyer* (now lying at the wharf in the United States Navy Yard at Brooklyn), provided with a submarine gun. The *Destroyer* is an iron vessel one hundred and thirty feet long, seventeen feet wide, eleven feet deep, protected by a wrought-iron breastwork of great strength applied near the bow. The submarine gun, a formidable piece of ordnance of sixteen-inch caliber and thirty feet length, is placed on the bottom of the vessel, the muzzle projecting through an opening in the stem, as shown by the illustration representing a longitudinal section of the bow of the *Destroyer*. The projectile expelled by the submarine gun is twenty-five feet long, its weight being fifteen hundred pounds, including an explosive charge of three hundred pounds of gun-cotton, its form being shown by the above illustration. It is hardly necessary to point out that the carrier of the submarine gun is intended to supersede the costly ships called steam-rams, admitted to be the most powerful offensive weapons for naval purposes hitherto constructed. The *Destroyer* attacks bows on, and discharges the projectile at a distance of three hundred feet from the ship attacked. Experts need not be told that the explosion of three hundred pounds of gun-cotton against the lower part of a ship's hull will shatter it so completely that the expedient of employing water-tight compartments will be of no avail. Naval experts who have been present during the trials of the submarine gun of the *Destroyer* can give good reasons for not taking a warm interest in the present contest between armor-plates two feet thick and one-

* The Emperor promptly acknowledged the receipt of the plans, through General Favé, who said in his letter: "L'Empereur a examiné lui-même avec le plus grand soin le nouveau système d'attaque navale que

vous lui avez communiqué. S. M. me charge d'avoir l'honneur de vous informer qu'elle a trouvé vos idées très ingénieuses et dignes du nom célèbre de leur auteur."

hundred-ton guns. Considering the defenseless condition of New York and other important seaports, it may be urged that the United States should no longer lose time by watching the contest between the plate manufacturers of Sheffield and Essen; nor should time be lost by investigations intended to decide the merits of Krupp and Armstrong guns.

The Committee of Naval Affairs of the Senate, during the last session of Congress, in view of the fact that this country possesses no plant for producing either thick armor-plates or big

guns, reported a bill (passed by the Senate February 27, 1885) for purchasing the *Destroyer*, in order to enable the Navy Department to test experimentally the efficacy of submarine artillery. The defense of the seaports of the United States by the new method of piercing iron-clads in spite of their thick armor-belt will in due time demonstrate that a conflict between an *Inflexible* and a *Destroyer* will be shorter and more decisive than that between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*.

John Ericsson.

THE LOSS OF THE MONITOR.*

BY A SURVIVOR.

AT daybreak on the 29th of December, 1862, at Fort Monroe, the *Monitor* hove short her anchor, and by ten o'clock in the forenoon she was under way for Charleston, South Carolina, in charge of Commander J. B. Bankhead. The *Rhode Island*, a powerful side-wheeled steamer, was to be our convoy, and to hasten our speed she took us in tow with two long twelve-inch hawsers. The weather was heavy with dark, stormy-looking clouds and a westerly wind. We passed out of the Roads and rounded Cape Henry, proceeding on our course with but little change in the weather up to the next day at noon, when the wind shifted to the south-south-west and increased to a gale. At twelve o'clock it was my trick at the lee wheel, and being a good hand I was kept there. At dark we were about seventy miles at sea, and directly off Cape Hatteras. The sea rolled high and pitched together in the peculiar manner only seen at Hatteras. The *Rhode Island* steamed slowly and steadily ahead. The sea rolled over us as if our vessel were a rock in the ocean only a few inches above the water, and men who stood abaft on the deck of the *Rhode Island* have told me that several times we were thought to have gone down. It seemed that for minutes we were out of sight, as the heavy seas entirely submerged the vessel. The wheel had been temporarily rigged on top of the turret, where all the officers, except those on duty in the engine-room, now were. I heard their remarks, and watched closely the movements of the vessel, so that I exactly understood our condition. The vessel was making very heavy weather, riding one huge wave,

plunging through the next as if shooting straight for the bottom of the ocean, and splashing down upon another with such force that her hull would tremble, and with a shock that would sometimes take us off our feet, while a fourth would leap upon us and break far above the turret, so that if we had not been protected by a rifle-armor that was securely fastened and rose to the height of a man's chest, we should have been washed away. I had volunteered for service on the *Monitor* while she lay at the Washington Navy Yard in November. This going to sea in an iron-clad I began to think was the dearest part of my bargain. I thought of what I had been taught in the service, that a man always gets into trouble if he volunteers.

About eight o'clock, while I was taking a message from the captain to the engineer, I saw the water pouring in through the coal-bunkers in sudden volumes as it swept over the deck. About that time the engineer reported that the coal was too wet to keep up steam, which had run down from its usual pressure of eighty pounds to twenty. The water in the vessel was gaining rapidly over the small pumps, and I heard the captain order the chief engineer to start the main pump, a very powerful one of new invention. This was done, and I saw a stream of water eight inches in diameter spouting up from beneath the waves.

About half-past eight the first signals of distress to the *Rhode Island* were burned. She lay to, and we rode the sea more comfortably than when we were being towed. The *Rhode Island* was obliged to turn slowly ahead to keep from drifting upon us and to prevent the tow-lines

* By the courtesy of the Rhode Island Historical Society we are permitted to print the following interesting paper condensed from one of its pamphlets, of which only a very small edition has been published.

from being caught in her wheels. At one time, when she drifted close alongside, our captain shouted through his trumpet that we were sinking, and asking the steamer to send us her boats. The *Monitor* steamed ahead again with renewed difficulties, and I was ordered to leave the wheel and was kept employed as messenger by the captain. The chief engineer reported that the coal was so wet that he could not keep up steam, and I heard the captain order him to slow down and put all steam that could be spared upon the pumps. As there was danger of being towed under by our consort, the tow-lines were ordered to be cut, and I saw James Fenwick, quarter-gunner, swept from the deck and carried by a heavy sea leeward and out of sight in attempting to obey the order. Our daring boatswain's mate, John Stocking, then succeeded in reaching the bows of the vessel, and I saw him swept by a heavy sea far away into the darkness.

About half-past ten o'clock our anchor was let go with all the cable, and struck bottom in about sixty fathoms of water; this brought us out of the trough of the sea, and we rode it more comfortably. The fires could no longer be kept up with the wet coal. The small pumps were choked up with water, or, as the engineer reported, were drowned, and the main pump had almost stopped working from lack of power. This was reported to the captain, and he ordered me to see if there was any water in the ward-room. This was the first time I had been below the berth-deck. I went forward, and saw the water running in through the hawse-pipe, an eight-inch hole, in full force, as in dropping the anchor the cable had torn away the packing that had kept this place tight. I reported my observations, and at the same time heard the chief engineer report that the water had reached the ash-pits and was gaining very rapidly. The captain ordered him to stop the main engine and turn all steam on the pumps, which I noticed soon worked again.

The clouds now began to separate, a moon of about half size beamed out upon the sea, and the *Rhode Island*, now a mile away, became visible. Signals were being exchanged,* and I felt that the *Monitor* would be

saved, or at least that the captain would not leave his ship until there was no hope of saving her. I was sent below again to see how the water stood in the ward-room. I went forward to the cabin and found the water just above the soles of my shoes, which indicated that there must be more than a foot in the vessel. I reported this to the captain, and all hands were set to baling,—baling out the ocean, as it seemed,—but the object was to employ the men, as there now seemed to be danger of excitement among them. I kept employed most of the time taking the buckets from through the hatchway on top of the turret. They seldom would have more than a pint of water in them, however, the balance having been spilled out in passing from one man to another.

The weather was clear, but the sea did not cease rolling in the least, and the *Rhode Island*, with the two lines wound up in her wheel, was tossing at the mercy of the sea, and came drifting against our sides. A boat that had been lowered was caught between the vessels and crushed and lost. Some of our seamen bravely leaped down on deck to guard our sides, and lines were thrown to them from the deck of the *Rhode Island*, which now lay her whole length against us, floating off astern; but not a man would be the first to leave his ship, although the captain gave orders to do so. I was again sent to examine the water in the ward-room, which I found to be more than two feet above the deck; and I think I was the last person who saw Engineer S. A. Lewis as he lay seasick in his bunk, apparently watching the water as it grew deeper and deeper, and aware what his fate must be. He called me as I passed his door, and asked if the pumps were working. I replied that they were. "Is there any hope?" he asked; and feeling a little moved at the scene, and knowing certainly what must be his end, and the darkness that stared at us all, I replied, "As long as there is life there is hope." "Hope and hang on when you are wrecked," is an old saying among sailors. I left the ward-room, and learned that the water had gained so as to choke up the main pump. As I was

* The method of communication from the *Monitor* was by writing in chalk on a black-board which was held up to view; the *Monitor* had no mast on which to hoist the regular naval code used by the *Rhode Island*. As night approached, the captain of the *Monitor* wrote, while we could yet see, that if they were forced to abandon their ship, they would burn a red light as a signal. About ten o'clock the signal was given. When the steamer stopped to allow the hawsers to be cast off the *Monitor* forged ahead under the impetus of her headway, and came so close up under the steamer's stern, that there was great danger of her running into and cutting the steamer down. When the engines of the *Rhode Island* were started to

go ahead to get out of the way it was discovered that the hawser had got afoul of the paddle-wheel, and when they were put in motion, instead of getting clear of her, the rope wound up on the wheel and drew the vessels together. This was an extremely dangerous position, for they were being pitched and tossed about so much by the heavy seas, that if the iron-clad had once struck the steamer they must both have gone down together. However, a fireman went into the wheel at the risk of his life, and with an axe cut the hawser away so that the steamer was enabled to get away at a safe distance.—From a letter to the Editor from H. R. SMITH, then of the *Rhode Island*.

crossing the berth-deck I saw our ensign, Mr. Fredrickson, hand a watch to Master's Mate Williams, saying, "Here, this is yours; I may be lost." The watch and chain were both of unusual value. Williams received them into his hand, then with a hesitating glance at the time-piece said, "This thing may be the means of sinking me," and threw it upon the deck. There were three or four cabin-boys pale and prostrate with seasickness, and the cabin cook, an old African negro, under great excitement, was scolding them most profanely.

As I ascended the turret ladder the sea broke over the ship, and came pouring down the hatchway with so much force that it took me off my feet; and at the same time the steam broke from the boiler-room, as the water had reached the fires, and for an instant I seemed to realize that we had gone down. Our fires were out, and I heard the water blowing out of the boilers. I reported my observations to the captain, and at the same time saw a boat alongside. The captain again gave orders for the men to leave the ship, and fifteen, all of whom were seamen and men whom I had placed my confidence upon, were the ones who crowded the first boat to leave the ship. I was disgusted at witnessing the scramble, and, not feeling in the least alarmed about myself, resolved that I, an "old haymaker," as landsmen are called, would stick to the ship as long as my officers. I saw three of these men swept from the deck and carried leeward on the swift current.

Baling was now resumed. I occupied the turret all alone, and passed buckets from the lower hatchway to the man on the top of the turret. I took off my coat—one that I had received from home only a few days before (I could not feel that our noble little ship was yet lost)—and rolling it up with my boots, drew the tampion from one of the guns, placed them inside, and replaced the tampion. A black cat was sitting on the breech of one of the guns, howling one of those hoarse and solemn tunes which no one can appreciate who is not filled with the superstitions which I had been taught by the sailors, who are always afraid to kill a cat. I would almost as soon have touched a ghost, but I caught her, and placing her in another gun, replaced the wad and tampion; but I could still hear that distressing yowl. As I raised my last bucket to the upper hatchway no one was there to take it. I scrambled up the ladder and found that we below had been deserted. I shouted to those on the berth-deck, "Come up; the officers have left the ship, and a boat is alongside."

As I reached the top of the turret I saw a

boat made fast on the weather quarter filled with men. Three others were standing on deck trying to get on board. One man was floating leeward, shouting in vain for help; another, who hurriedly passed me and jumped down from the turret, was swept off by a breaking wave and never rose. I was excited, feeling that it was the only chance to be saved. I made a loose line fast to one of the stanchions, and let myself down from the turret, the ladder having been washed away. The moment I struck the deck the sea broke over it and swept me as I had seen it sweep my shipmates. I grasped one of the smoke-stack braces and, hand-over-hand, ascended to keep my head above water. It required all my strength to keep the sea from tearing me away. As it swept from the vessel I found myself dangling in the air nearly at the top of the smoke-stack. I let myself fall, and succeeded in reaching a life-line that encircled the deck by means of short stanchions, and to which the boat was attached. The sea again broke over us, lifting me feet upward as I still clung to the life-line. I thought I had nearly measured the depth of the ocean, when I felt the turn, and as my head rose above the water I was somewhat dazed from being so nearly drowned, and spouted up, it seemed, more than a gallon of water that had found its way into my lungs. I was then about twenty feet from the other men, whom I found to be the captain and one seaman; the other had been washed overboard and was now struggling in the water. The men in the boat were pushing back on their oars to keep the boat from being washed on to the *Monitor's* deck, so that the boat had to be hauled in by the painter about ten or twelve feet. The first lieutenant, S. D. Greene, and other officers in the boat, were shouting, "Is the captain on board?" and, with severe struggles to have our voices heard above the roar of the wind and sea, we were shouting "No," and trying to haul in the boat, which we at last succeeded in doing. The captain, ever caring for his men, requested us to get in, but we both, in the same voice, told him to get in first. The moment he was over the bows of the boat Lieutenant Greene cried, "Cut the painter! cut the painter!" I thought, "Now or lost," and in less time than I can explain it, exerting my strength beyond imagination, I hauled in the boat, sprang, caught on the gunwale, was pulled into the boat with a boat-hook in the hands of one of the men, and took my seat with one of the oarsmen. The other man, named Thomas Joice, managed to get into the boat in some way, I cannot tell how, and he was the last man saved from that ill-fated ship. As we were cut loose I saw

several men standing on top of the turret, apparently afraid to venture down upon deck, and it may have been that they were deterred by seeing others washed overboard while I was getting into the boat.

After a fearful and dangerous passage over the frantic seas, we reached the *Rhode Island*, which still had the tow-line caught in her wheel and had drifted perhaps two miles to leeward. We came alongside under the lee bows, where the first boat, that had left the *Monitor* nearly an hour before, had just discharged its men; but we found that getting on board the *Rhode Island* was a harder task than getting from the *Monitor*. We were carried by the sea from stem to stern, for to have made fast would have been fatal; the boat was bounding against the ship's sides; sometimes it was below the wheel, and then, on the summit of a huge wave, far above the decks; then the two boats would crash together; and once, while Surgeon Weeks was holding on to the rail, he lost his fingers by a collision which swamped the other boat. Lines were thrown to us from the deck of the *Rhode Island*, which were of no assistance, for not one of us could climb a small rope; and besides, the men who threw them would immediately let go their holds, in their excitement, to throw another — which I found to be the case when I kept hauling in rope instead of climbing.

It must be understood that two vessels lying side by side, when there is any motion to the sea, move alternately; or in other words, one is constantly passing the other up or down. At one time, when our boat was near the bows of the steamer, we would rise upon the sea until we could touch her rail; then in an instant, by a very rapid descent, we could touch her keel. While we were thus rising and falling upon the sea, I caught a rope, and rising with the boat managed to reach within a foot or two of the rail, when a man, if there had been one, could easily have hauled me on board. But they had all followed after the boat, which at that instant was washed astern, and I hung dangling in the air over the bow of the *Rhode Island*, with Ensign Norman Atwater hanging to the cat-head, three or four feet from me, like myself, with both hands clinching a rope and shouting for some one to save him. Our hands grew painful and all

the time weaker, until I saw his strength give way. He slipped a foot, caught again, and with his last prayer, "O God!" I saw him fall and sink, to rise no more. The ship rolled, and rose upon the sea, sometimes with her keel out of water, so that I was hanging thirty feet above the sea, and with the fate in view that had befallen our much-beloved companion, which no one had witnessed but myself. I still clung to the rope with aching hands, calling in vain for help. But I could not be heard, for the wind shrieked far above my voice. My heart here, for the only time in my life, gave up hope, and home and friends were most tenderly thought of. While I was in this state, within a few seconds of giving up, the sea rolled forward, bringing with it the boat, and when I would have fallen into the sea, it was there. I can only recollect hearing an old sailor say, as I fell into the bottom of the boat, "Where in — did he come from?"

When I became aware of what was going on, no one had succeeded in getting out of the boat, which then lay just forward of the wheel-house. Our captain ordered them to throw bowlines, which was immediately done. The second one I caught, and, placing myself within the loop, was hauled on board. I assisted in helping the others out of the boat, when it again went back to the *Monitor*; it did not reach it, however, and after drifting about on the ocean several days it was picked up by a passing vessel and carried to Philadelphia.*

It was half-past twelve, the night of the thirty-first of December, 1862, when I stood on the forecastle of the *Rhode Island*, watching the red and white lights that hung from the pennant-staff above the turret, and which now and then were seen as we would perhaps both rise on the sea together, until at last, just as the moon had passed below the horizon, they were lost, and the *Monitor*, whose history is familiar to us all, was seen no more.

The *Rhode Island* cruised about the scene of the disaster the remainder of the night and the next forenoon in hope of finding the boat that had been lost; then she returned direct to Fort Monroe, where we arrived the next day with our melancholy news.

Francis B. Butts.

*After making two trips there were still four officers and twelve men on the *Monitor*, and the gallant boat's crew, although well-nigh exhausted by their labors, started for the third time on its perilous trip, but it never reached them, for while all on board the steamer were anxiously watching the light in the turret and vainly peering into the darkness for a glimpse of the

rescuing boat, the light suddenly disappeared and forever, for after watching for a long time to try and find it again they were forced to the conclusion that the *Monitor* had gone to the bottom with all that remained on board. The position of the *Rhode Island* at this time was about eight or ten miles off the coast directly east of Cape Hatteras.—H. R. S. (See page 300.)

SONGS OF BATTLE.*

OLD as the world — no other things so old;
 Nay, older than the world, else, how had sprung
 Such lusty strength in them when earth was young? —
 Stand valor and its passion hot and bold,
 Insatiate of battle. How, else, told
 Blind men, born blind, that red was fitting tongue
 Mute, eloquent, to show how trumpets rung
 When armies charged and battle-flags unrolled?
 Who sings of valor speaks for life, for death,
 Beyond all death, and long as life is life,
 In rippled waves the eternal air his breath
 Eternal bears to stir all noble strife.
 Dead Homer from his lost and vanished grave
 Keeps battle glorious still and soldiers brave.

Helen Jackson. (H. H.)

* Suggested by La Farge's "Battle" window for Memorial Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.*



PICKETING THE RAPIDAN.

EARLY in June, 1862, I was in command of the army corps known as the "Army of the Mississippi," which formed the left wing of the army engaged in operations against Corinth, Miss., commanded by General Halleck. A few days after Corinth was evacuated I went to St. Louis on a short leave of absence from my command, and while there I received a telegram from Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, requesting me to come to Washington immediately. I at once communicated the fact to General Halleck by telegraph, and received a reply from him strongly objecting to my leaving the army under his command. I quite concurred with him both as to his objections to my going to Washington for public reasons and as to the unadvisability of such a step on personal considerations. I was obliged, however, to go, and I went accordingly, but with great reluctance and against the urgent protests of my friends in St. Louis, and subsequently of many friends in the Army of the West.

When I reached Washington, the President was absent at West Point, but I reported in person to Secretary Stanton. I had never seen him before, and his peculiar appearance and manners made a vivid impression on me. He was short and stout. His long beard, which hung over his breast, was slightly tinged with gray even at that time, and he had the appearance of a man who had lost much sleep and was tired both in body and mind. Certainly, with his large eye-glasses and rather disheveled appearance, his presence was not imposing. Although he was very kind and civil to me, his manner was abrupt and his speech short and rather dictatorial. He entered at once on the business in hand, seemingly without the least idea that any one should object to, or be reluctant to agree to, his views and purposes. He was surprised, and it seemed to me not well pleased, that I did not assent to his plans with effusion; but went on to unfold them in the seeming certainty that they must be submitted to. He informed me that the purpose was to unite the armies under McDowell, Frémont, and Banks, all three of whom were my seniors in rank, and to place me in general command. These armies were scattered over the northern part of Virginia, with little or no

* General Longstreet will contribute to the February CENTURY a paper on this subject, with illustrations.

Accompanying General Beauregard's paper on the

First Battle of Bull Run, or "Manassas" (see THE CENTURY for November, 1884), were maps and many pictures which will be found of interest with reference to the second battle.—EDITOR.

communication or concert of action with one another; Frémont and Banks being at Middletown, in the valley of the Shenandoah, and McDowell's corps widely separated, King's division being at Fredericksburg, and Ricketts's at and beyond Manassas Junction.

The general purpose at that time was to demonstrate with the army toward Gordonsville and Charlottesville and draw off as much as possible of the force in front of General McClellan, who then occupied the line of the Chickahominy, and to distract the attention of the enemy in his front so as to reduce as far as practicable the resistance opposed to his advance on Richmond.

It became apparent to me at once that the duty to be assigned to me was in the nature of a forlorn hope, and my position was still further embarrassed by the fact that I was called from another army and a different field of duty to command an army of which the corps commanders were all my seniors in rank. I therefore strongly urged that I be not placed in such a position, but that I be permitted to return to my command in the West, to which I was greatly attached and with which I had been closely identified in several successful operations on the Mississippi. It was not difficult to forecast the delicate and embarrassing position in which I should be placed, nor the almost certainly disagreeable, if not unfortunate, issue of such organization for such a purpose.

It would be tedious, and no doubt not interesting, to relate the conversations which took place between the President, the Secretary of War, and myself on this subject. It will be sufficient to say that I was finally informed that the public interests required my assignment to this command, and that it was my duty to submit cheerfully. An order from the War Department was accordingly issued organizing the Army of Virginia, to consist of the army corps of McDowell, Banks, and Frémont, and placing me in command.

One result of this order was the very natural protest of General Frémont against being placed under the command of his junior in rank, and his almost immediate request to be relieved from the command of his corps.

It was natural not only that the commanders of the three corps of the army should be dissatisfied with an organization in which they were subordinated to their junior in rank, but almost equally so that the subordinate officers and the enlisted men of those corps should have been ill pleased at the seeming affront to their own officers, involved in calling an officer strange to them and to the country in which they were operating, and to the character of the service in which they

were engaged, to supersede well-known and trusted officers who had been with them from the beginning, and whose reputation was so closely identified with their own.

How far this feeling prevailed among them, and how it influenced their actions, if it did so at all, I am not able to tell; but it is only proper for me to say (and it is a pleasure as well as a duty to say it) that Generals McDowell and Banks never exhibited to me the slightest feeling on the subject either in their conversation or acts. Indeed, I think it would be hard to find officers more faithful to their duty or more deeply interested in the success of the army. To General McDowell especially is due my gratitude for his zeal and fidelity in what was and ought to have been considered a common cause, the success of the Union army.

Knowing very well the difficulties and embarrassments certain to arise from all these sources, and the almost hopeless character of the service demanded of me, I, nevertheless, felt obliged, in deference to the wish of the President and Secretary of War, to submit; but I entered on this command with great reluctance and serious forebodings.

On the 27th of June, accordingly, I assumed command of the Army of Virginia, which consisted of the three corps above named, which numbered as follows: Frémont's corps, 11,500; Banks's corps, 8000; and McDowell's corps, 18,500; in all, 38,000 men. The cavalry numbered about 5000, but most of it was badly organized and armed, and in poor condition for service. These forces were scattered over a wide district of country, not within supporting distance of one another, and some of the brigades and divisions were badly organized and in a more or less demoralized condition. This was especially the case in the army corps of General Frémont, as shown in the report of General Sigel sent me when he had assumed command of it.

My first object was, therefore, to bring the three corps of the army together, or near enough together to be within supporting distance of one another, and to put them in as efficient a condition for active service as was possible with the time and means at my disposal. When I assumed this command, the troops under General Stonewall Jackson had retired from the valley of the Shenandoah to Richmond, so there was not at that time any force of the enemy of any consequence within several days' march of my command. I accordingly sent orders to General Sigel to move forward, cross the Shenandoah at Front Royal, and, pursuing the west side of the Blue Ridge, take post at Sperryville by passing the Blue Ridge at Luray or Thornton's

Gap. At the same time I directed General Banks to cross the Shenandoah at the same place and take post near or at Little Washington. Ricketts's division of McDowell's corps, then at and beyond Manassas Junction, was ordered to move forward to Waterloo Bridge, where the turnpike from Warrenton to Sperryville crosses the Rappahannock, there known as Hedgman's River. King's division of the same corps was kept at Fredericksburg in deference to the wishes of the Government and much against my opinion. The wide separation of this division from the main body of the army not only deprived me of its use when, as became plain afterwards, it was much needed, but left us exposed to the constant danger that the enemy might interpose between us.

The partial concentration of the corps so near to the Blue Ridge and with open communications with the Shenandoah Valley seemed to me best to fulfill the object of covering that valley from any movements from the direction of Richmond with any force less than the army under my command. The position was one also which gave most favorable facilities for the intended operations towards Gordonsville and Charlottesville.

At the date of my orders for this concentration of the army under my command, the Army of the Potomac under General McClellan occupied both banks of the Chickahominy, and it was hoped that his advance against Richmond, so long delayed, might be facilitated by vigorous use of the Army of Virginia.

During the preparation for the march of the corps of Banks and Sigel towards Sperryville and Little Washington, began the series of battles which preceded and attended the retreat of General McClellan from the Chickahominy towards Harrison's Landing.

When first General McClellan began to intimate by his dispatches that he designed making this retreat towards the James River, I suggested to the President the impolicy of such a movement, and the serious consequences that would be likely to result from it; I urged upon him that he send orders to General McClellan, if he were unable to maintain his position on the Chickahominy, and were pushed by superior forces of the enemy, to mass his whole force on the north side of that stream even at the risk of losing some of his material of war, and endeavor to retire in the direction of Hanover Court House, but in no event to retreat farther south than the White House on the Pamunkey River. I told the President that by the movement to the James River the whole army of the enemy would be interposed between General McClellan and myself, and that they would

then be able to strike in either direction as might seem most advantageous to them; that this movement would leave entirely unprotected, except so far as the small force under my command could protect it, the whole region in front of Washington, and that it would therefore be impossible to send him any of my troops without putting it in the power of the enemy to exchange Richmond for Washington; that to them the loss of Richmond would be comparatively a small loss, while to us the loss of Washington would be almost a fatal blow. I was so impressed with these opinions that I several times urged them upon the attention of the President and the Secretary of War.

The soundness of these views can be easily tested by subsequent facts. The enemy actually did choose between the danger of losing Richmond and the chance of capturing Washington. Stonewall Jackson's corps was detached from Lee's army confronting McClellan at Harrison's Landing early in July, and on the 19th of that month was concentrated at Gordonsville in my front; while Stuart's cavalry division, detached from Lee's army about the same time, was at or near Fredericksburg watching our movements from that direction. On the 13th of August Longstreet's whole corps was dispatched to join Jackson at Gordonsville, to which place he had fallen back from Cedar Mountain, and the head of Longstreet's corps had joined Jackson at that place on August 15th. These forces were commanded by Lee in person, who was at Gordonsville on that day. The first troops of the Army of the Potomac which left Harrison's Landing moved out from that place on August 14th, at which date there was nothing of Lee's army, except D. H. Hill's corps, left in front of McClellan or near to him. Hill's corps could have opposed but little effective resistance to the advance of the Army of the Potomac upon Richmond.

It seems clear, then, that the views expressed to the President and Secretary of War, as heretofore set forth, were sound, and that the enemy had left McClellan to work his will on Richmond, while they pushed forward against the small army under my command and to the capture of Washington. This movement of Lee was, in my opinion, in accordance with true military principle, and was the natural result of McClellan's retreat to Harrison's Landing, which completely separated the Army of the Potomac from the Army of Virginia and left the entire force of the enemy interposed between them.

The retreat of General McClellan to Harrison's Landing was, however, continued to the end. During these six days of anxiety and

apprehension Mr. Lincoln spent much of his time in the office of the Secretary of War, and most of that time reclining on a sofa or lounge. The Secretary of War was always with him, and from time to time his Cabinet officers came in. Mr. Lincoln himself appeared much depressed and wearied, though he would occasionally, while waiting for telegrams, break into some humorous remark, which seemed rather a protest against his despondent manner than any genuine expression of enjoyment. He spoke no unkind word of any one, and appeared to be anxious to bear himself all of the burden of the situation; and when the final result was reported he rose with a sorrowful face and left the War Department.

A day or two after General McClellan reached the James River I was called before the President and his Cabinet to consult upon means and movements to relieve him. I do not know that it would be proper even at this day for me to state what occurred or what was said during this consultation, except so far as I was myself directly concerned. General McClellan was calling for reinforcements, and stating that "much over rather than under

one hundred thousand men" were necessary before he could resume operations against Richmond. I had not under my command one half that force.

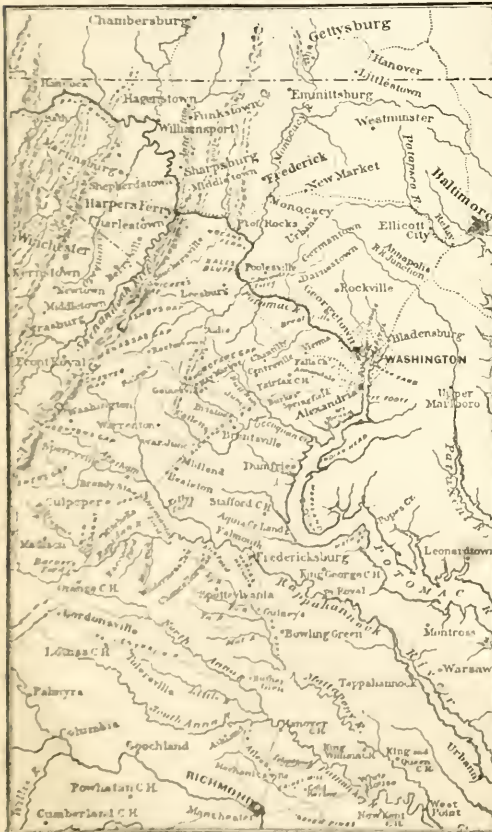
I stated to the President and Cabinet that I stood ready to undertake any movement, however hazardous, to relieve the Army of the Potomac. Some suggestions which seemed to me impracticable were made, and much was said which under the circumstances will not bear repetition.

I stated that only on one condition would I be willing to involve the army under my command in direct operations against the enemy to relieve the Army of the Potomac. That condition was, that such peremptory orders be given to General McClellan, and in addition such measures taken in advance as would render it certain that he would make a vigorous attack on the enemy with his whole force the moment he heard that I was engaged.

In face of the extraordinary difficulties which existed and the terrible responsibility about to be thrown on me, I considered it my duty to state plainly to the President that I could not risk the destruction of my army in such a movement as was suggested if it were left to the discretion of General McClellan or any one else to withhold the vigorous use of his whole force when my attack was made.

The whole plan of campaign for the army under my command was necessarily changed by the movement of the Army of the Potomac to Harrison's Landing. A day or two after General McClellan had reached his position on James River I addressed him a letter stating to him my position, the disposition of the troops under my command, and what was required of them, and requesting him in all good faith and earnestness to write me freely and fully his views, and to suggest to me any measures which he thought desirable to enable me to cooperate with him, and offering to render any assistance in my power to the operations of the army under his command. I stated to him that I was very anxious to assist him in his operations, and that I would undertake any labor or run any risk for that purpose. I therefore requested him to feel no hesitation in communicating freely with me, as he might rest assured that any suggestions he made would meet all respect and consideration from me, and that, so far as was within my power, I would carry out his wishes with all energy and all the means at my command. In reply to this communication I received a letter from General McClellan very general in its terms and proposing nothing toward the accomplishment of the purpose I suggested to him.

It became very apparent, therefore, considering the situation in which the Army of the



OUTLINE MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Potomac and the Army of Virginia were placed in relation to each other and the absolute necessity of harmonious and prompt coöperation between them, that some military superior both of General McClellan and myself should be placed in general command of all the operations in Virginia, with power to enforce joint action between the two armies within that field of operations. General Halleck was accordingly called to Washington and assigned to the command-in-chief of the army, though Mr. Stanton was opposed to it and used some pretty strong language to me concerning General Halleck and my action in the matter. They, however, established friendly relations soon after General Halleck assumed command.

The reasons which induced me, in the first instance, to ask to be relieved from the command of the Army of Virginia as heretofore set forth, were greatly intensified by the retreat of General McClellan to James River and the bitter feelings and controversies which it occasioned, and I again requested the President to relieve me from the command and permit me to return to the West. The utter impossibility of sending General McClellan anything like the reinforcements he asked for, the extreme danger to Washington involved in sending him even a fraction of the small force under my command, and the glaring necessity of concentrating in some judicious manner and as rapidly as possible these two armies, resulted in a determination to withdraw the Army of the Potomac from the James River, and unite it with the Army of Virginia. The question of the command of these armies when united was never discussed in my presence, if at all, and I left Washington with the natural impression that when this junction was accomplished General Halleck would himself assume the command in the field.

Under the changed condition of things brought about by General McClellan's retreat to James River, and the purpose to withdraw



HOUSE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN WHERE GENERAL C. S. WINDER DIED.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Winder, who was in command of Stonewall Jackson's old division, was struck by a shell while directing the movements of the batteries of his division.—EDITOR.

his army and unite it with that under my command, the campaign of the Army of Virginia was limited to the following objects :

1. To cover the approaches to Washington from any enemy advancing from the direction of Richmond, and to oppose and delay its advance to the last extremity so as to give all the time possible for the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the James River.

2. If no heavy forces of the enemy moved north, to operate on their lines of communication with Gordonsville and Charlottesville, so as to force Lee to make heavy detachments from his force at Richmond and facilitate to that extent the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac.

General Halleck was of the opinion that the junction of the two armies could be made on the line of the Rappahannock, and my orders to hold fast to my communications with Fredericksburg, through which place the Army of the Potomac was to make its junction with the Army of Virginia, were repeated positively.

The decision of the enemy to move north with the bulk of his army was promptly made and vigorously carried out, so that it became apparent, even before General McClellan began to embark his army, that the line of the Rappahannock was too far to the front. That fact, however, was not realized by General

Halleck until too late for any change which could be effectively executed.

Such was the organization of the Army of Virginia, and such its objects and the difficulties with which it was embarrassed from the very beginning. This rather long preface appears to me to be essential to any sufficient understanding of the second battle of Bull Run, and why and how it was fought. It is also necessary as a reply to a statement industriously circulated at the time and repeated again and again for obvious purposes, until no doubt it is generally believed, that I had set out to capture Richmond with a force sufficient for the purpose, and that the falling back from the Rapidan was unexpected by the Government and a great disappointment to it. The whole campaign was, and perhaps is yet, misunderstood because of the false impressions created by this statement.

Under the orders heretofore referred to, the concentration of the three corps of the Army of Virginia (except King's division of McDowell's corps) was completed, Sigel's corps being at Sperryville, Banks's at Little Washington, and Rickett's division of McDowell's corps at Waterloo Bridge. I assumed the command in person July 29th, 1862.

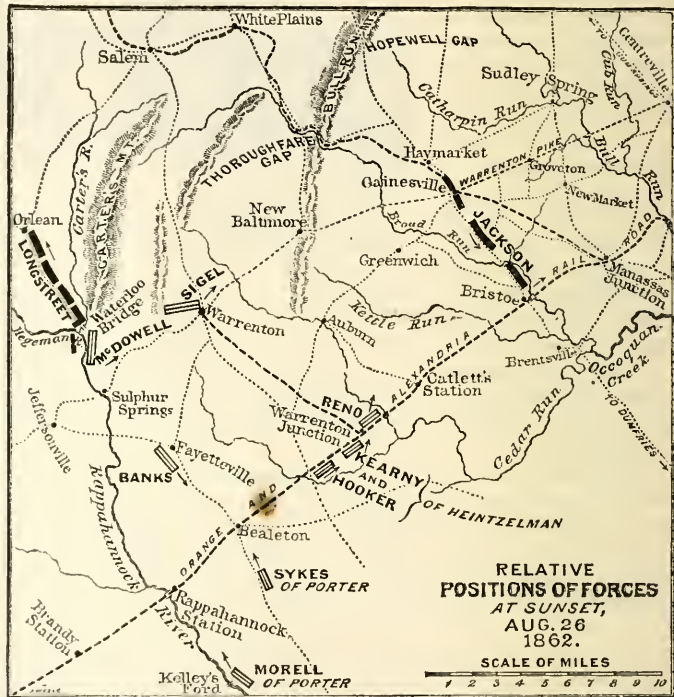
As this paper is mainly concerned with the second battle of Bull Run, I shall not recount any of the military operations beyond the Rappahannock, nor give any account of the battle of Cedar Mountain and the skirmishes which followed.

It is only necessary to say that the course of these operations made it plain enough that the Rappahannock was too far to the front, and that the movements of Lee were too rapid and those of McClellan too slow to make it possible, with the small force I had, to hold that line, or to keep open communication with Fredericksburg without being turned on my right flank by Lee's whole army and cut off altogether from Washington.

On the 21st of August, being then at Rappahannock Station, my little army confronted by nearly the whole force under General Lee, which had compelled the retreat of McClellan to Harrison's Landing, I was positively as-

sured that two days more would see me largely enough reënforced by the Army of the Potomac to be not only secure but to assume the offensive against Lee, and I was instructed to hold on "and fight like the devil."

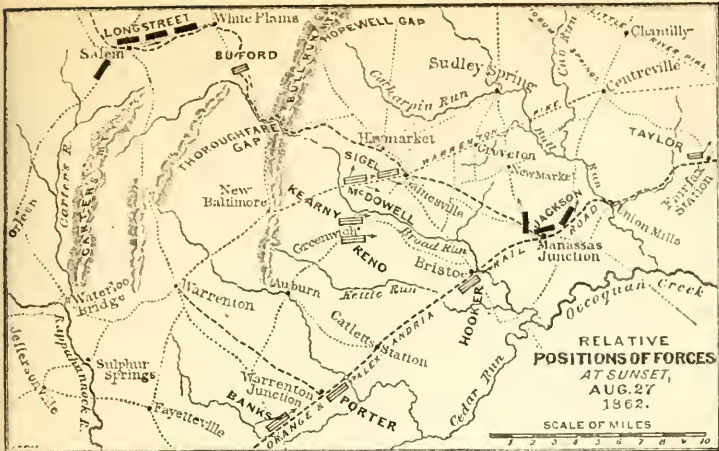
I accordingly held on till the 26th of August, when, finding myself to be outflanked on my right by the main body of Lee's army, while Jackson's corps having passed Salem and Rectortown the day before were in rapid march in the direction of Gainesville and Manassas Junction, and seeing that none



of the reënforcements promised me were likely to arrive, I determined to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and communicate with Fredericksburg, and concentrate my whole force in the direction of Warrenton and Gainesville, to cover the Warrenton pike, and still to confront the enemy rapidly marching to my right.

Stonewall Jackson's movement was plainly seen and promptly reported, and I notified General Halleck of it. He informed me on the 23d of August that heavy reënforcements would begin to arrive at Warrenton Junction on the next day (24th), and as my orders still held me to the Rappahannock I naturally supposed that these troops would be hurried forward to me with all speed. Franklin's corps especially, I asked, should be sent rapidly to Gainesville. I also telegraphed Colonel Haupt

General F. J. Porter consisted of ten thousand men, and was by far the freshest if not the best in the army. He had made very short and deliberate marches from Fredericksburg, and his advance division, mainly troops of the regular army under Sykes, had arrived at Warrenton Junction by eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th, Morell's division of the same corps arriving later in the same day.



to direct one of the strongest divisions coming forward, and to be at Warrenton Junction on the 24th, to be put in the works at Manassas Junction. A cavalry force had been sent forward to observe the Thoroughfare Gap early on the morning of the 26th, but nothing was heard from it.

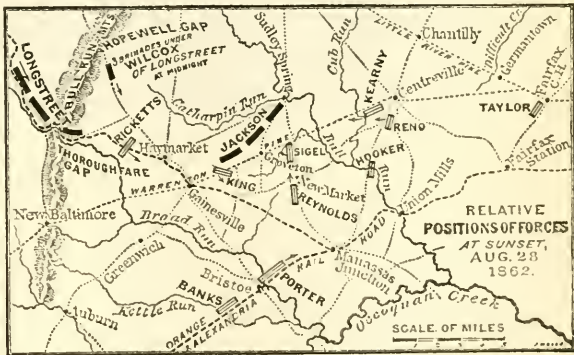
On the night of August 26th Jackson's advance, having passed Thoroughfare Gap, struck the Orange and Alexandria railroad at Manassas Junction, and made it plain to me that all of the reinforcements and movements of the troops promised me had altogether failed. Had Franklin been even at Centerville, or had Cox's and Sturgis's divisions been as far west as Bull Run on that day, the movement of Jackson on Manassas Junction would not have been practicable.

As Jackson's movement on Manassas Junction marks the beginning of the second battle of Bull Run, it is essential to a clear understanding of subsequent operations to give the positions of the army under my command on the night of August 26th, as also the movements and operations of the enemy as far as we knew them.

From the 18th until the night of the 26th of August the troops had been marching and fighting almost continuously. As was to be expected under such circumstances, the effective force had been greatly diminished by death, by wounds, by sickness, and by fatigue.

Heintzelman's corps, which had come up from Alexandria, was at Warrenton Junction, and numbered, as he reported to me, less than eight thousand men, but it was without wagons, without artillery, without horses even for the field-officers, and with only forty rounds of ammunition to the man. The corps of

Porter at Warrenton Junction about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th. Sykes's division of his corps was encamped near; Morell's was expected in a few hours. I had seen General Porter at West Point while we were both cadets, but I think I never had an acquaintance with him there, nor do I think I ever met him afterward in the service except for about five minutes in Philadelphia in 1861, when I called at his office for a pass, then required to go to Washington *via* Annapolis. This, I think, was the first and only time I ever met him previous to the meeting at Warrenton Junction, but he had so high a reputation in the army and for



services since the outbreak of the war, that I was not only curious to see him, but was exceedingly glad that he had joined the army under my command with a corps which I knew to be one of the most effective in the service. This feeling was so strong that I expressed it warmly and on several occasions. He appeared to me a most gentlemanlike man, of a soldierly and striking appearance. I had but little conversation with him, as I was engaged, as he was, in writing telegrams. He seemed to me to exhibit a listlessness and

indifference not quite natural under the circumstances, which, however, it is not unusual for men to assume in the midst of dangers and difficulties, merely to impress one with their superior coolness.

The troops were disposed as follows: McDowell's corps and Sigel's corps were at Warrenton under general command of General McDowell, with Banks's corps at Fayetteville as a reserve. Reno's corps was directed upon the Warrenton turnpike to take post three miles east of Warrenton. Porter's corps was near Bealeton Station moving slowly towards Warrenton Junction; Heintzelman at Warrenton Junction, with very small means to move in any direction.

Up to this time I had been placed by the positive orders of General Halleck much in the position of a man tied by one leg and fighting with one much his physical superior and free to move in any direction. The following telegrams will explain exactly the situation as heretofore indicated:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,

"August 25, 1862.

"MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK:—Your dispatch just received. Of course I shall be ready to recross the Rappahannock at a moment's notice. You will see from the positions taken that each army corps is on the best roads across the river. You wished forty-eight hours to assemble the forces from the Peninsula behind the Rappahannock, and four days have passed without the enemy yet being permitted to cross. I don't think he is yet ready to do so. In ordinarily dry weather the Rappahannock can be crossed almost anywhere, and these crossing-places are best protected by concentrating at central positions to strike at any force which attempts to cross. I had clearly understood that you wished to unite our whole forces before a forward movement was begun, and that I must take care to keep united with Burnside on my left, so that no movement to separate us could be made. This withdrew me lower down the Rappahannock than I wished to come. I am not acquainted with your views, as you seem to suppose, and would be glad to know them so far as my own position and operations are concerned. I understood you clearly that, at all hazards, I was to prevent the enemy from passing the Rappahannock. This I have done, and shall do. I don't like to be on the defensive if I can help it, but must be so as long as I am tied to Burnside's forces, not yet wholly arrived at Fredericksburg. Please let me know, if it can be done, what is to be my own command, and if I am to act independently against the enemy. I certainly understood that, as soon as the whole of our forces were concentrated, you designed to take command in person, and that, when everything was ready, we were to move forward in concert. I judge from the tone of your dispatch that you are dissatisfied with something. Unless I know what it is, of course I can't correct it. The troops arriving here come in fragments. Am I to assign them to brigades and corps? I would suppose not, as several of the new regiments coming have been assigned to army corps directly from your office. In case I commence offensive operations I must know what forces I am to take and what you wish left, and what connection must be kept up with Burnside. It has been my purpose to conform my operations to your plans, yet I was not informed when McClellan evacu-

ated Harrison's Landing, so that I might know what to expect in that direction; and when I say these things in no complaining spirit I think that you know well that I am anxious to do everything to advance your plans of campaign. I understood that this army was to maintain the line of the Rappahannock until all the forces from the Peninsula had united behind that river. I have done so. I understood distinctly that I was not to hazard anything except for this purpose, as delay was what was wanted.

"The enemy this morning has pushed a considerable infantry force up opposite Waterloo Bridge, and is planting batteries, and long lines of his infantry are moving up from Jeffersonville towards Sulphur Springs. His whole force, as far as can be ascertained, is massed in front of me, from railroad crossing of Rappahannock around to Waterloo Bridge, their main body being opposite Sulphur Springs.

(Signed) "JOHN POPE, Major-General."

"UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH.

(Received August 26, 1862, from War Department, 11:45 A. M.)

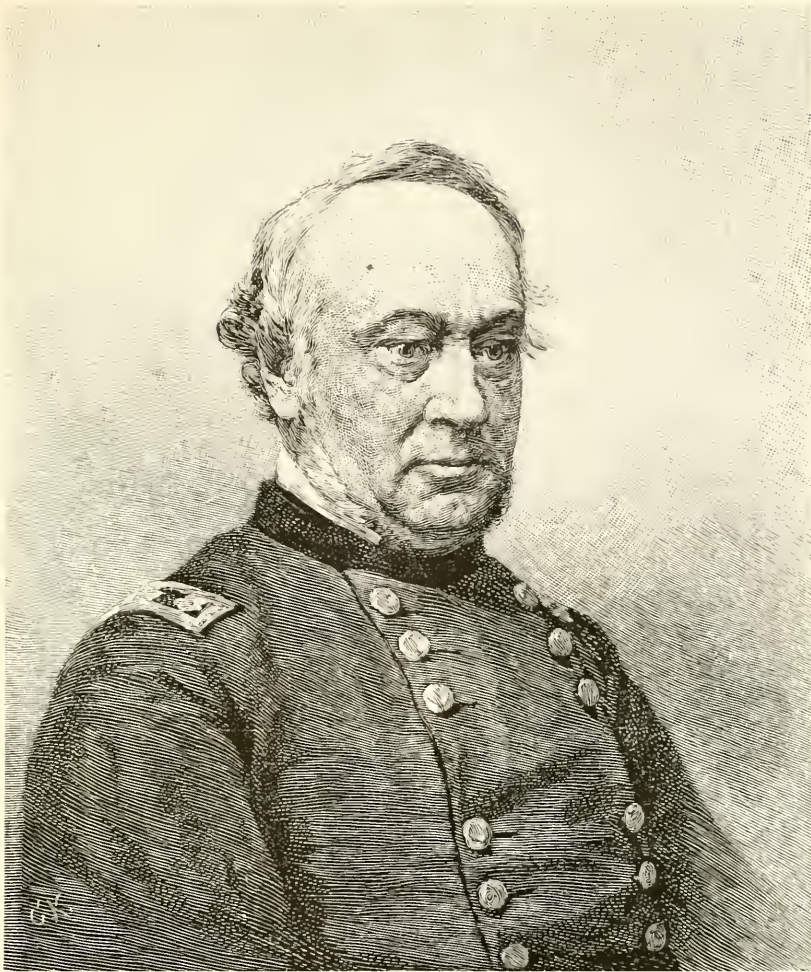
"MAJOR-GENERAL POPE:—Not the slightest dissatisfaction has been felt in regard to your operations on the Rappahannock. The main object has been accomplished in getting up troops from the Peninsula, although they have been greatly delayed by storms. Moreover, the telegraph has been interrupted, leaving us for a time ignorant of the progress of the evacuation. . . . If possible to attack the enemy in flank, do so, but the main object now is to ascertain his position. Make cavalry excursions for that purpose, especially toward Front Royal. If possible to get in his rear, pursue with vigor.

(Signed) "H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief."

The movements of the enemy towards my right forced me either to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and the communications with Fredericksburg, or to risk the loss of my army and the almost certain loss of Washington. Of course between these two alternatives I could not hesitate in a choice. I considered it my duty, at whatever sacrifice to my army and myself, to retard, as far as I could, the movement of the enemy towards Washington, until I was certain that the Army of the Potomac had reached Alexandria.

The movement of Jackson presented the only opportunity which had offered to gain any success over the superior forces of the enemy. I determined, therefore, on the morning of the 27th of August to abandon the line of the Rappahannock and throw my whole force in the direction of Gainesville and Manassas Junction, to crush any force of the enemy that had passed through Thoroughfare Gap, and to interpose between Lee's army and Bull Run. Having the interior line of operations, and the enemy at Manassas being inferior in force, it appeared to me, and still so appears, that with even ordinary promptness and energy we might feel sure of success.

In the mean time heavy forces of the enemy still confronted us at Waterloo Bridge, while his main body continued its march towards



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. HALLECK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Halleck, on July 23, 1862, assumed command as General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, in compliance with the President's order of July 11.

our right, following the course of Hedgman's River (the Upper Rappahannock). I accordingly sent orders, early on the 27th of August, to General McDowell to move rapidly on Gainesville by the Warrenton pike with his own corps, reënforced by Reynolds's division and Sigel's corps. I directed Reno, followed by Kearny's division of Heintzelman's corps, to move on Greenwich, so as to reach there that night, to report thence at once to General McDowell, and to support him in operations against the enemy which were expected near Gainesville. With Hooker's division of Heintzelman's corps I moved along the railroad toward Manassas Junction, to reopen our communications and to be in position to coöperate with the forces along the Warrenton pike.

On the afternoon of that day a severe engagement took place between Hooker's

division and Ewell's division of Jackson's corps, near Bristoe Station, on the railroad. Ewell was driven back along the railroad, but at dark still confronted Hooker along the banks of Broad Run. The loss in this action was about three hundred killed and wounded on each side. Ewell left his dead, many of his wounded, and some of his baggage on the field.

I had not seen Hooker for many years, and I remembered him as a very handsome young man, with florid complexion and fair hair, and with a figure agile and graceful. As I saw him that afternoon on his white horse riding in rear of his line of battle, and close up to it, with the excitement of battle in his eyes, and that gallant and chivalric appearance which he always presented under fire, I was struck with admiration. As a corps

commander, with his whole force operating under his own eye, it is much to be doubted whether Hooker had a superior in the army.

The railroad had been torn up and the bridges burned in several places just west of Bristoe Station. I therefore directed General Banks, who had reached Warrenton Junction, to cover the railroad trains at that place until General Porter marched, and then to run back the trains toward Manassas as far as he could and rebuild the railroad bridges. Captain Merrill of the Engineers was also directed, with a considerable force, to repair the railroad track and bridges toward Bristoe. This work was done by that accomplished officer as far east as Kettle Run on the 27th, and the trains were run back to that point next morning.

At dark on the 27th Hooker informed me that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, only five rounds to the man being on hand. Before this time it had become apparent



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

that Jackson, with his whole force, was south of the Warrenton pike and in the immediate neighborhood of Manassas Junction.

McDowell reached his position at Gainesville during the night of the 27th, as did also Kearny and Reno at Greenwich, and it was clear on that night that we had completely interposed between Jackson and the main body of the enemy under Lee, which was still west of the Bull Run range and in the vicinity of White Plains.

*A. P. Hill's division was sent by Jackson on a round-about march to Centreville, apparently as a ruse. Two brigades of Ewell followed A. P. Hill. Ewell's other two brigades followed Hill to the north side of Bull

In consequence of Hooker's report, and the weakness of the small division which he commanded, and to strengthen my right wing moving in the direction of Manassas, I sent orders to Porter at dark, which reached him at 9 o'clock P. M., to move forward from Warrenton Junction at one o'clock that night, and to report to me at Bristoe Station by daylight next morning (August 28th).

There were but two courses left to Jackson by this sudden movement of the army. He could not retrace his steps through Gainesville, as that place was occupied by McDowell with a force equal if not superior to his own. To retreat through Centreville would carry him still farther away from the main body of Lee's army. It was possible, however, to mass his whole force at Manassas Junction and assail our right (Hooker's division), which had fought a severe battle that afternoon, and was almost out of ammunition. Jackson with A. P. Hill's division retired through Centreville.* Thinking it altogether within the probabilities that he might adopt the other alternative, I sent the orders above mentioned to General Porter. He neither obeyed them nor attempted to obey them, but afterward gave as a reason for not doing so that his men were tired, the night was too dark to march, and that there was a wagon train on the road toward Bristoe. The distance was nine miles along the railroad track, with a wagon road on each side of it most of the way; but his corps did not reach Bristoe Station until 10:30 o'clock next morning, six hours after daylight; and the moment he found that the enemy had left our front he asked to halt and rest his corps. Of his first reason for not complying with my orders, it is only necessary to say that Sykes's division had reached Warrenton Junction at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and had been in camp all day. Morell's division arrived later in the day at Warrenton Junction, and would have been in camp for at least eight hours before the time it was ordered to march. The marches of these two divisions from Fredericksburg had been extremely deliberate, and involved but little more exercise than is needed for good health. The diaries of these marches make Porter's claim of fatigue ridiculous. To compare the condition of this corps and its marches with those of any of the troops of the Army of Virginia is a sufficient answer to such a pretext. The impossibility of marching on account of the darkness of that night finds its best answer

Run, and then marched up stream to the Stone Bridge, crossing south again by the pike; Taliaferro's division took the shortest route to Groveton, following the Sudley Springs road to the Warrenton pike.—EDITOR.

in the fact that nearly every other division of the army, and the whole of Jackson's corps, marched during the greater part of the night in the immediate vicinity of Porter's corps, and from nearly every point of the compass. The plea of darkness and of the obstruction of a wagon train along the road will strike our armies with some surprise in the light of their subsequent experience of night marches. The railroad track itself was clear and entirely practicable for the march of infantry.

According to the testimony of Colonel Myers, quartermaster in charge of the train, the train was drawn off the roads and parked after dark that night; and even if this had not been the case, it is not necessary to tell any officer who served in the war that the infantry advance could easily have pushed the wagons off the road to make way for the artillery. Colonel Myers also testified that he could have gone on with his train that night, and that he drew off the road and parked his train for rest and because of the action of Hooker's division in his front, and not because he was prevented from continuing his march by darkness or other obstacles.

At nine o'clock on the night of the 27th, satisfied of Jackson's position, I sent orders to General McDowell at Gainesville to push forward at the earliest dawn of day upon Manassas Junction, resting his right on the Manassas Gap Railroad and extending his left to the east. I directed General Reno at the same time to march from Greenwich, also direct on Manassas Junction, and Kearny to move from the same place upon Bristoe Station. This move of Kearny was to strengthen my right at Bristoe and unite the two divisions of Heintzelman's corps.

Jackson began to evacuate Manassas Junction during the night (the 27th) and marched toward Centreville and other points of the Warrenton pike west of that place, and by eleven o'clock next morning was at and beyond Centreville and north of the Warrenton pike. I arrived at Manassas Junction shortly after the last of Jackson's force had moved off, and immediately pushed forward Hooker, Kearny, and Reno upon Centreville, and sent orders to Porter to come forward to Manassas Junction. I also wrote McDowell the situation and directed him to call back to Gainesville any part of his force which had moved in the direction of Manassas Junction, and march upon Centreville along the Warrenton pike with the whole force under his command to intercept the retreat of Jackson toward Thoroughfare Gap. With King's division in advance, McDowell, marching toward Centreville, encountered late in the afternoon the advance of Jackson's corps retreating toward Thorough-

fare Gap. Late in the afternoon, also, Kearny drove the rear-guard of Jackson out of Centreville and occupied that place with his advance beyond it toward Gainesville. A very severe engagement occurred between King's division and Jackson's forces near the village of Groveton on the Warrenton pike, which was termi-



MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT C. SCHENCK. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

nated by the darkness, both parties maintaining their ground. The conduct of this division in this severe engagement was admirable, and reflects the utmost credit both upon its commanders and the men under their command. That this division was not reënforced by Reynolds and Sigel seems unaccountable. The reason given, though it is not satisfactory, was the fact that General McDowell had left the command just before it encountered the enemy, and had gone toward Manassas Junction, where he supposed me to be, in order to give me some information about the immediate country in which we were operating, and with which, of course, he was much more familiar from former experience than I could be. I had left Manassas Junction, however, for Centreville. Hearing the sound of the guns indicating King's engagement with the enemy, McDowell set off to rejoin his command, but lost his way, and I first heard of him next morning at Manassas Junction. As his troops did not know of his absence, there was no one to give orders to Sigel and Reynolds.

The engagement of King's division was reported to me about ten o'clock at night near Centreville. I felt sure then, and so stated, that there was no escape for Jackson. On the west of him were McDowell's corps (I did



CHARGE OF UNION CAVALRY UPON THE CONFEDERATE ADVANCE NEAR BRANDY STATION, AUGUST 20, 1862.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

not then know that he had detached Ricketts), Sigel's corps, and Reynolds's division, all under command of McDowell. On the east of him, and with the advance of Kearny nearly in contact with him on the Warrenton pike, were the corps of Reno and Heintzelman. Porter was supposed to be at Manassas Junction, where he ought to have been on that afternoon.

I sent orders to McDowell (supposing him to be with his command), and also direct to General King, several times during that night and once by his own staff-officer, to hold his ground at all hazards, to prevent the retreat of Jackson toward Lee, and that at daylight our whole force from Centreville and Manassas would assail him from the east, and he would be crushed between us. I sent orders also to General Kearny at Centreville to move forward cautiously that night along the Warrenton pike; to drive in the pickets of the enemy, and to keep as closely as possible in contact with him during the night, resting his left on the Warrenton pike and throwing his right to the north, if practicable, as far as the Little River pike, and at daylight next morning to assault vigorously with his right advanced, and that Hooker and Reno would certainly be with him shortly after daylight. I sent orders to General Porter, who I supposed was at Manassas Junction, to move upon Centreville at dawn, stating to him the

position of our forces, and that a severe battle would be fought that morning (the 29th).

With Jackson at and near Groveton, with McDowell on the west, and the rest of the army on the east of him, while Lee, with the mass of his army, was still west of Thoroughfare Gap, the situation for us was certainly as favorable as the most sanguine person could desire, and the prospect of crushing Jackson, sandwiched between such forces, was certainly excellent. There is no doubt, had General McDowell been with his command when King's division of his corps became engaged with the enemy, he would have brought forward to its support both Sigel and Reynolds, and the result would have been to hold the ground west of Jackson at least until morning brought against him also the forces moving from the direction of Centreville.

To my great disappointment and surprise, however, I learned toward daylight the next morning (the 29th) that King's division had fallen back toward Manassas Junction, and that neither Sigel nor Reynolds had been engaged or had gone to the support of King. The route toward Thoroughfare Gap had thus been left open by the wholly unexpected retreat of King's division, due to the fact that he was not supported by Sigel and Reynolds, and an immediate change was necessary in the disposition of the troops under my command. Sigel and Reynolds were near Grove-

ton, almost in contact with Jackson; Ricketts had fallen back toward Bristoe from Thoroughfare Gap, after offering (as might have been expected) ineffectual resistance to the passage of the Bull Run range by very superior forces; King had fallen back to Manassas Junction; Porter was at Manassas Junction or near there; Reno and Hooker near Centreville; Kearny at Centreville and beyond toward Groveton; Jackson near Groveton with his whole corps; Lee with the main army of the enemy, except three brigades of Longstreet which had passed Hopewell Gap, north of Thoroughfare Gap.

The field of battle was practically limited to the space between the old railroad grade from Sudley to Gainesville if prolonged across the Warrenton pike and the Sudley Springs road east of it. The railroad grade indicates almost exactly the line occupied by Jackson's force, our own line confronting it from left to right.

The ridge which bounded the valley of Dawkins's Branch on the west, and on which were the Hampton Cole and Monroe houses, offered from the Monroe house a full view of the field of battle from right to left, and the Monroe house being on the crest of the ridge overlooked and completely commanded the

approach to Jackson's right by the Warrenton turnpike. To the result of the battle this ridge was of the last importance, and if seized and held by noon, would absolutely have prevented any reëinforcement of Jackson's right from the direction of Gainesville. The northern slope of this ridge was held by our troops near the Douglass house, near which, also, the right of Jackson's line rested. The advance of Porter's corps at Dawkins's Branch was less than a mile and a half from the Monroe house, and the road in his front was one of several which converged on that point.

The whole field was free from obstacles to movement of troops and nearly so to manœuvre, with only a few eminences, and these of a nature to have been seized and easily held by our troops even against very superior numbers. The ground was gently undulating and the water-courses insignificant, while the intersecting system of roads and lanes afforded easy communication with all parts of the field. It would be difficult to find anywhere in Virginia a more perfect field of battle than that on which the second battle of Bull Run was fought.

About daylight, therefore, on the 29th of August, almost immediately after I received information of the withdrawal of King's divis-

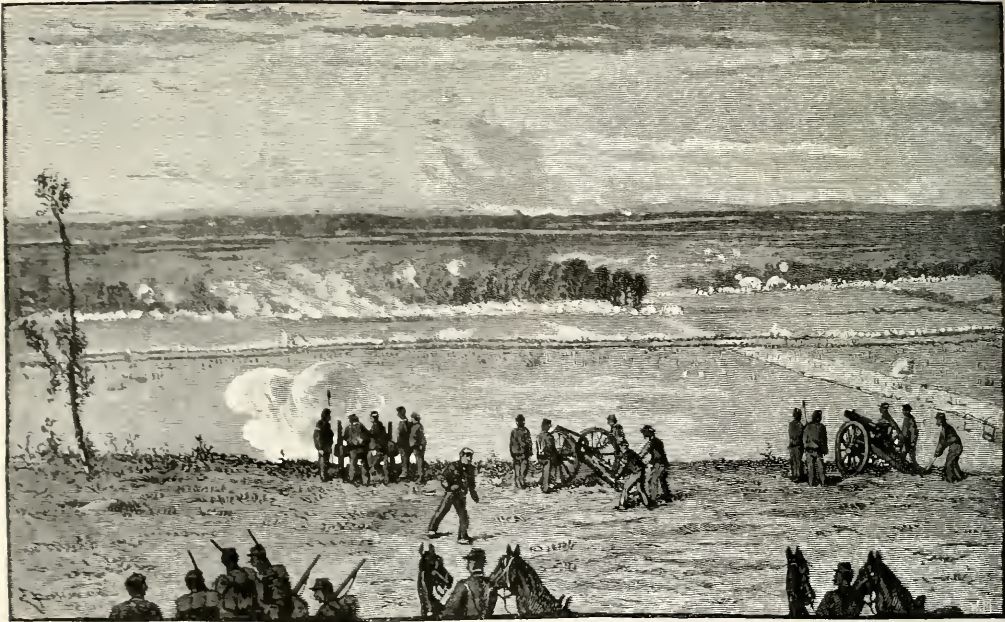


THE SUDLEY SPRINGS ROAD, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SLOPE OF THE HENRY HOUSE HILL.

In the middle-ground on the Warrenton turnpike stands the Stone House, the central landmark in both battles of Bull Run. The bank in the right foreground was a cover during the first battle for some of the supports of the Union batteries on the Henry House hill, the crest of which is two hundred and fifty yards distant to the right. In the first battle the fighting began on the Matthews hill, seen in the background behind the Stone

House, and was most desperate on the Henry hill. In the second battle the fighting was on the other side of the Sudley Springs road, and extended from the north round to the south-west, on Bald Hill, and ended on the Henry hill and the turnpike. Pope's headquarters on August 29 and 30, 1862, were on the rising ground behind the Stone House.

EDITOR.



CONFLICT OF THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, BETWEEN KING'S DIVISION AND JACKSON'S RIGHT WING.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The view is from the north side of the Warrenton turnpike, a little east of Gainesville, and looking towards Manassas Junction, where smoke is seen over the ruins of the stores fired by Jackson during the previous night. King's infantry forms two lines perpendicular to and across the turnpike. The Confederates are

in the woods. During the battle of the following Friday and Saturday, August 29 and 30, the opposing lines were reversed; Jackson was to the left looking toward Manassas, and Longstreet's lines, facing like King's in the above picture, were a little farther down the pike and extended far to the right.—EDITOR.

ion toward Manassas Junction, I sent orders to General Sigel, in the vicinity of Groveton, to attack the enemy vigorously at daylight and bring him to a stand if possible. He was to be supported by Reynolds's division. I instructed Heintzelman to push forward from Centreville toward Gainesville on the Warrenton pike at the earliest dawn with the divisions of Kearny and Hooker, and gave orders also to Reno with his corps to follow closely in their rear. They were directed to use all speed, and as soon as they came up with the enemy to establish communication with Sigel, and to attack vigorously and promptly. I also sent orders to General Porter at Manassas Junction to move forward rapidly with his own corps and King's division of McDowell's corps, which was there also, upon Gainesville by the direct route from Manassas Junction to that place. I urged him to make all possible speed, with the purpose that he should come up with the enemy or connect himself with the left of our line near where the Warrenton pike is crossed by the road from Manassas Junction to Gainesville.

Shortly after sending this order I received a note from General McDowell, whom I had not been able to find during the night of the 28th, dated Manassas Junction, requesting

that King's division be not taken from his command. I immediately sent a joint order, addressed to Generals McDowell and Porter, repeating the instructions to move forward with their commands toward Gainesville, and informing them of the position and movements of Sigel and Heintzelman.

Sigel attacked the enemy at daylight on the morning of the 29th about a mile east of Groveton, where he was joined by the divisions of Hooker and Kearny. Jackson fell back, but was so closely pressed by these forces that he was obliged to make a stand. He accordingly took up his position along and behind the old railroad embankment extending along his entire front, with his left near Sudley Springs and his right just south of the Warrenton pike. His batteries, some of them of heavy caliber, were posted behind the ridges in the open ground, while the mass of his troops were sheltered by woods and the railroad embankment.

I arrived on the field from Centreville about noon, and found the opposing forces confronting each other both considerably cut up by the severe action in which they had been engaged since daylight. Heintzelman's corps (the divisions of Hooker and Kearny) occupied the right of our line toward Sudley Springs. Sigel was on his left, with his line extending

a short distance south of the Warrenton pike, the division of Schenck occupying the high ground to the left (south) of the pike. The extreme left was held by Reynolds. Reno's corps had reached the field and the most of it had been pushed forward into action, leaving four regiments in reserve behind the center of the line of battle. Immediately after I reached the ground, General Sigel reported to me that his line was weak, that the divisions of Schurz and Steinwehr were much cut up and ought to be drawn back from the front. I informed him that this was impossible, as there were no troops to replace them, and that he must hold his ground; that I would not immediately push his troops again into action, as the corps of McDowell and Porter were moving forward on the road from Manassas Junction to Gainesville, and must very soon be in position to fall upon the enemy's right flank and possibly on his rear. I rode along the front of our line and gave the same information to Heintzelman and Reno. I shall not soon forget the bright and confident face and the alert and hearty manner of that most accomplished and loyal soldier, General J. L. Reno. From first to last in this campaign he was always cheerful and ready; anxious to anticipate if possible, and prompt to execute with all his might, the orders he received. He was short in stature and upright in person, and with a face and manner so bright and engaging at all times, but most especially noticeable in the fury of battle, that it was both a pleasure and a comfort to see him. In his death, two weeks afterward, during the battle of South Mountain, when he led his troops with his usual gallantry and daring, the Government lost one of its best and most promising officers. Had he lived to see the end of the war, he would undoubtedly have attained one of the highest, if not the very highest position in the army. His superior abilities were unquestioned, and if he lacked one single element that goes to make a perfect soldier, certainly it was not discovered before his death.

The troops were permitted to rest for a time, and to resupply themselves with ammunition. From 1:30 to 4 o'clock P. M. very severe conflicts occurred repeatedly all along the line, and there was a continuous roar of artillery and small arms, with scarcely an intermission. About two o'clock in the afternoon three discharges of artillery were heard on the extreme left of our line or right of the enemy's, and I for the moment, and naturally, believed that Porter and McDowell had reached their positions and were engaged with the enemy. I heard only three shots, and as nothing followed I was at a loss to know what had become of these corps, or what was delaying them, as

before this hour they should have been, even with ordinary marching, well up on our left. Shortly afterwards I received information that McDowell's corps was advancing to join the left of our line by the Sudley Springs road, and would probably be up within two hours. At 4:30 o'clock I sent a peremptory order to General Porter, who was at or near Dawkins's

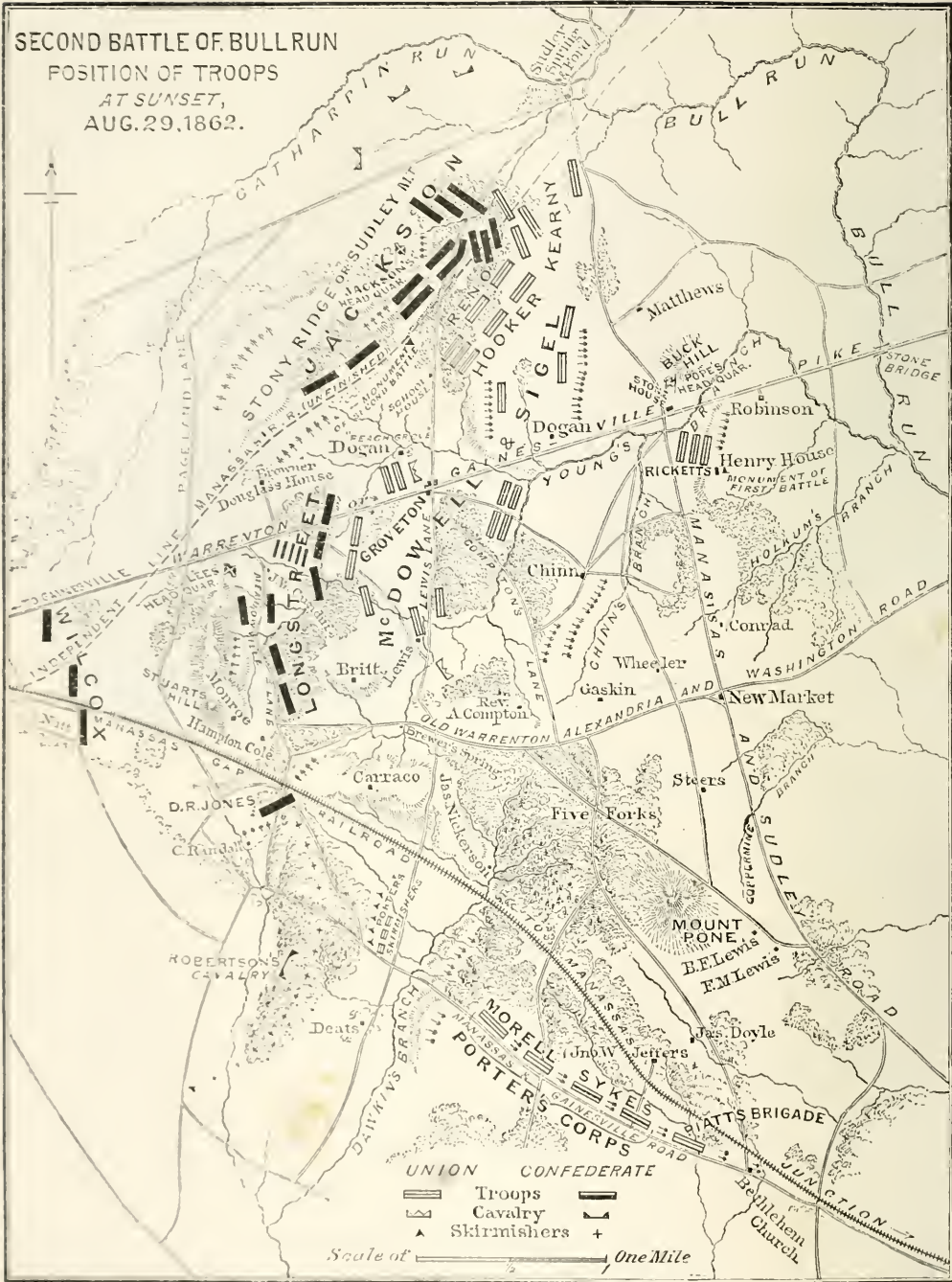


BRIGADIER-GENERAL CUVIER GROVER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Both on Friday and Saturday afternoons there was desperate fighting about the railroad cut and embankment opposite and to the right of the site of the battle monument (see map on the next page). Grover's brigade of Hooker's division here charged Jackson's center on Friday afternoon, before Kearny's successful and bloody charge on Jackson's left. Grover led five regiments, altogether about 1500 men, and in twenty minutes lost 486, or nearly one-third of his command. In his report General Grover says: "I rode over the field in front as far as the position of the enemy would admit. After rising the hill under which my command lay an open field was entered, and from one edge of it gradually fell off in a slope to a valley, through which ran a railroad embankment. Beyond this embankment the forest continued, and the corresponding heights beyond were held by the enemy in force, supported by artillery. At 3 P. M. I received an order to advance in line of battle over this ground, pass the embankment, enter the edge of the woods beyond, and hold it. Dispositions for carrying out such orders were immediately made. Pieces were loaded, bayonets fixed, and instructions given for the line to move slowly upon the enemy until it felt his fire, then close upon him rapidly, fire one well-directed volley, and rely upon the bayonet to secure the position on the other side. We rapidly and firmly pressed upon the embankment, and here occurred a short, sharp, and obstinate hand-to-hand conflict with bayonets and clubbed muskets. Many of the enemy were bayoneted in their tracks, others struck down with the butts of pieces, and onward pressed our line. In a few yards more it met a terrible fire from a second line, which in its turn broke. The enemy's third line now bore down upon our thinned ranks in close order, and swept back the right center and a portion of our left. With the gallant Sixteenth Massachusetts on our left I tried to turn his flank, but the breaking of our right and center and the weight of the enemy's lines caused the necessity of falling back, first to the embankment, and then to our first position, behind which we rallied to our colors."—EDITOR.

Branch, about four or five miles distant from my headquarters, to push forward at once into action on the enemy's right, and if possible on his rear, stating to him generally the con-

SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN
POSITION OF TROOPS
 AT SUNSET,
 AUG. 29, 1862.



POSITIONS OF TROOPS AT SUNSET, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29.

At noon of that day Porter's corps was in much the same position as at sunset, and, according to General Pope, at noon Porter, with very little resistance to overcome, might have occupied the hill of the Monroe and Hampton Cole houses. The great importance to the Union army of that position is described by General Pope on page 453. Longstreet at that hour was hurrying to the field through Gainesville, and the right of the Union army was

arrayed in continuous line in front of Jackson from a point on the turnpike three-quarters of a mile west of Groveton to the point where the Sudley Springs road crosses the unfinished railroad which was Jackson's stronghold. The map above illustrates the situation at the time of the greatest success on the right, when Jackson's left had been turned upon itself by Kearny's, Reno's, and Hooker's divisions.—EDITOR.

dition of things on the field in front of me. At 5:30 o'clock, when General Porter should have been going into action in compliance with this order, I directed Heintzelman and Reno to attack the enemy's left. The attack was made promptly and with vigor and persistence, and the left of the enemy was doubled

to with effect by some of General A. P. Hill's batteries. Colonel Walton placed a part of his artillery upon a commanding position between the lines of Generals Jackson and Longstreet, by order of the latter, and engaged the enemy vigorously for several hours. Soon afterward General Stuart reported the approach of a large force from the direction of Bristoe Station, threatening Longstreet's right. The brigades under General Wilcox were sent to reinforce General Jones, but no serious attack was made, and after firing a few shots the enemy withdrew. While this demonstration was being made on our right, a large force advanced to assail the left of Jackson's position, occupied by the division of General A. P. Hill. The attack was received by his troops with their accustomed steadiness, and the battle raged with great fury. The enemy was repeatedly repulsed, but again pressed on to the attack with fresh troops. Once he succeeded in penetrating an interval between General Gregg's brigade, on the extreme left, and that of General Thomas, but was quickly driven back with great slaughter by the Fourteenth South Carolina regiment, then in reserve, and the Forty-ninth Georgia, of Thomas's brigade. The contest was close and obstinate; the combatants sometimes delivering their fire at ten paces. General Gregg, who was most exposed, was reinforced by Hays's brigade under Colonel Forno, and successfully and gallantly resisted the attacks of the enemy, until the ammunition of his brigade being exhausted, and all his field-officers but two killed or wounded, it was relieved, after several hours of severe fighting, by Early's brigade and the Eighth Louisiana regiment. General Early drove the enemy back, with heavy loss, and pursued about two hundred yards beyond the line of battle, when he was recalled to the position on the railroad where Thomas, Pender, and Archer had firmly held their ground against every attack. While the battle was raging on Jackson's left, General Longstreet ordered Hood and Evans to advance, but before the order could be obeyed Hood was himself attacked, and his command at once became warmly engaged. General Wilcox was recalled from the right and ordered to advance on Hood's left, and one of Kemper's brigades, under Colonel Hunton, moved forward on his right. The enemy was repulsed by Hood after a severe contest, and fell back, closely followed by our troops. The battle continued until 9 P. M., the enemy retreating until he reached a strong position, which he held with a large force. The darkness of the night put a stop to the engagement, and our troops remained in their advanced position until early next morning, when they were withdrawn to their first line. One piece of artillery, several stands of colors, and a number of prisoners were captured. Our loss was severe in this engagement; Brigadier-Generals Field and Trimble, and Colonel Forno, commanding Hays's brigade, were severely wounded, and several other valuable officers killed or disabled whose names are mentioned in the accompanying reports."

The Last Word on the Candidates



HENRY CABOT LODGE



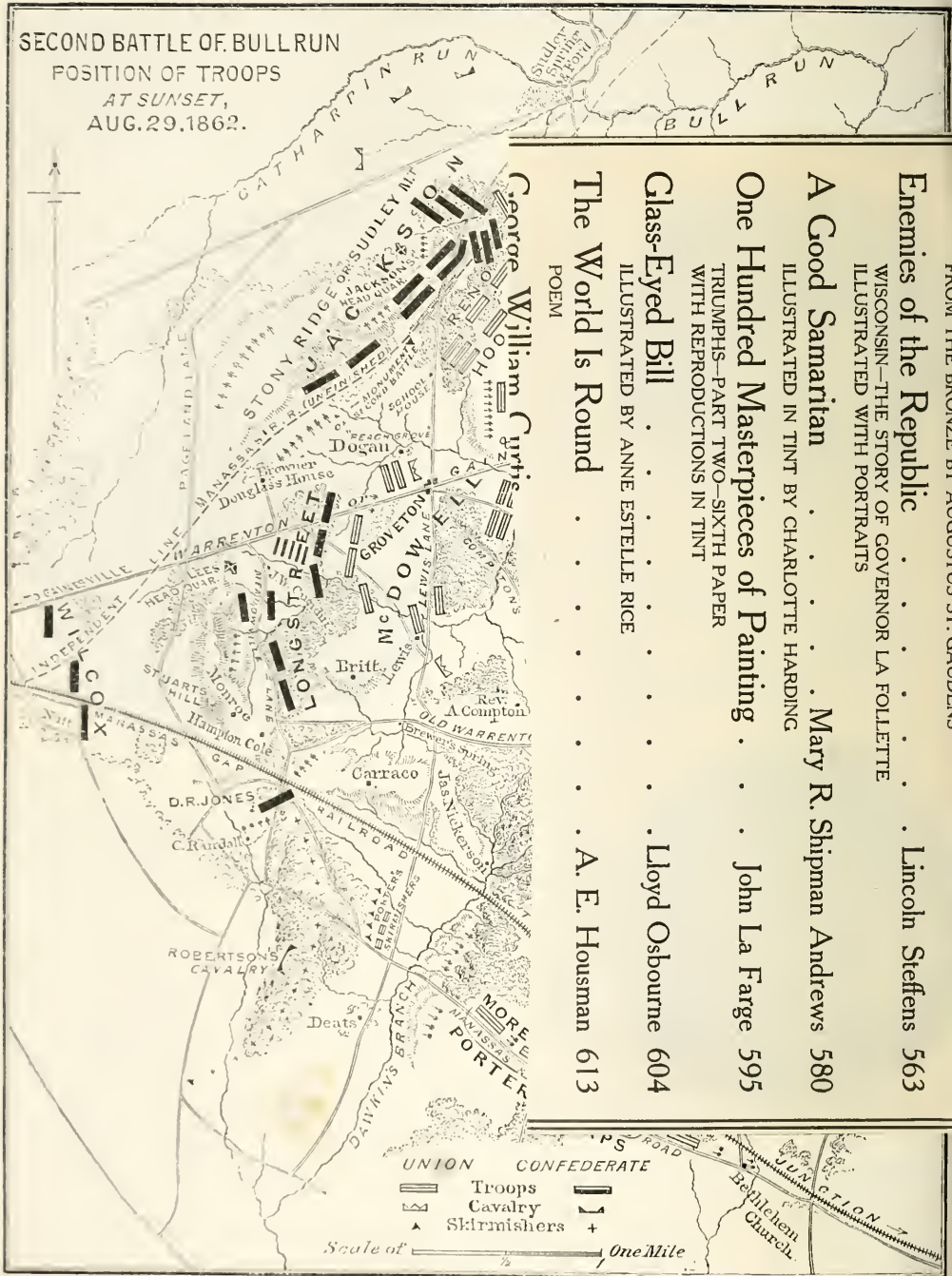
GROVER CLEVELAND
Copyright by Pach, 1904.

opened with artillery upon Jackson's right, as previously described. He immediately placed some of his batteries in position, but before he could complete his dispositions to attack, the enemy withdrew; not, however, without loss from our artillery. Longstreet took position on the right of Jackson, Hood's two brigades, supported by Evans, being deployed across the turnpike, and at right angles to it. These troops were supported on the left by three brigades under General Wilcox, and by a like force on the right under General Kemper. D. R. Jones's division formed the extreme right of the line, resting on the Manassas Gap railroad. The cavalry guarded our right and left flanks; that on the right being under General Stuart in person. After the arrival of Longstreet the enemy changed his position and began to concentrate opposite Jackson's left, opening a brisk artillery fire, which was responded

General Jackson in his report dated April 27, 1863, says:

... "My troops on this day were distributed along and in the vicinity of the cut of an unfinished railroad (intended as a part of the track to connect the Manassas road directly with Alexandria), stretching from the Warrenton turnpike in the direction of Sudley's Mill. It was mainly along the excavation of this unfinished road that my line of battle was formed on the 29th: Jackson's division, under Brigadier-General Starke, on the right; Ewell's division, under Brigadier-General Lawton, in the center; and Hill's division on the left. In the morning, about 10 o'clock, the Federal artillery opened with spirit and animation

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arrayed in continuous line in front of Jackson from a point on the turnpike three-quarters of a mile west of Groveton to the point where the Sudley Springs road crosses the unfinished railroad which was Jackson's stronghold. The map above illustrates the situation at the time of the greatest success on the right, when Jackson's left had been turned upon itself by Kearny's, Reno's, and Hooker's divisions.—EDITOR.

FROM THE BRONZE BY AUGUSTUS ST. CAUDENS

Enemies of the Republic **Lincoln Steffens 563**

WISCONSIN—THE STORY OF GOVERNOR LA FOLLETTE
 ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

A Good Samaritan **Mary R. Shipman Andrews 580**

ILLUSTRATED IN TINT BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting . . . **John La Farge 595**

TRIUMPHS—PART TWO—SIXTH PAPER
 WITH REPRODUCTIONS IN TINT

Class-Eyed Bill **Lloyd Osbourne 604**

ILLUSTRATED BY ANNE ESTELLE RICE

The World Is Round **A. E. Housman 613**

POEM

George William Curtis

dition of things on the field in front of me. At 5:30 o'clock, when General Porter should have been going into action in compliance with this order, I directed Heintzelman and Reno to attack the enemy's left. The attack was made promptly and with vigor and persistence, and the left of the enemy was doubled back toward his center. After a severe and bloody action of an hour, Kearny forced the position on the left of the enemy and occupied the field of battle there.

By this time General McDowell had arrived on the field, and I pushed his corps, supported by Reynolds, forward at once into action along the Warrenton pike toward the enemy's right, then said to be falling back. This attack along the pike was made by King's division near sunset; but as Porter made no movement whatever toward the field, Longstreet, who was pushing to the front, was able to extend his lines beyond King's left with impunity, and King's attack did not accomplish what was expected, in view of the anticipated attack which Porter was ordered to make, and should have been making at the same time.

From five o'clock in the day until some time after dark the fighting all along our lines was severe and bloody, and our losses were very heavy. To show clearly the character of the battle on the 29th, I embody extracts from the official reports of General Lee, of General T. J. Jackson, and of Longstreet and Hill, who commanded the enemy's forces on that day. I choose the reports of the officers commanding against us for several reasons, but especially to show Longstreet's movements and operations on the afternoon of the 29th of August, when, it is alleged, he was held in check by Porter. General Lee says:

... "Generals Jones and Wilcox bivouacked that night east of the mountain; and on the morning of the twenty-ninth the whole command resumed the march, the sound of cannon at Manassas announcing that Jackson was already engaged. Longstreet entered the turnpike near Gainesville, and moving down toward Groveton, the head of his column came upon the field in rear of the enemy's left, which had already opened with artillery upon Jackson's right, as previously described. He immediately placed some of his batteries in position, but before he could complete his dispositions to attack, the enemy withdrew; not, however, without loss from our artillery. Longstreet took position on the right of Jackson, Hood's two brigades, supported by Evans, being deployed across the turnpike, and at right angles to it. These troops were supported on the left by three brigades under General Wilcox, and by a like force on the right under General Kemper. D. R. Jones's division formed the extreme right of the line, resting on the Manassas Gap railroad. The cavalry guarded our right and left flanks; that on the right being under General Stuart in person. After the arrival of Longstreet the enemy changed his position and began to concentrate opposite Jackson's left, opening a brisk artillery fire, which was responded

to with effect by some of General A. P. Hill's batteries. Colonel Walton placed a part of his artillery upon a commanding position between the lines of Generals Jackson and Longstreet, by order of the latter, and engaged the enemy vigorously for several hours. Soon afterward General Stuart reported the approach of a large force from the direction of Bristoe Station, threatening Longstreet's right. The brigades under General Wilcox were sent to reinforce General Jones, but no serious attack was made, and after firing a few shots the enemy withdrew. While this demonstration was being made on our right, a large force advanced to assail the left of Jackson's position, occupied by the division of General A. P. Hill. The attack was received by his troops with their accustomed steadiness, and the battle raged with great fury. The enemy was repeatedly repulsed, but again pressed on to the attack with fresh troops. Once he succeeded in penetrating an interval between General Gregg's brigade, on the extreme left, and that of General Thomas, but was quickly driven back with great slaughter by the Fourteenth South Carolina regiment, then in reserve, and the Forty-ninth Georgia, of Thomas's brigade. The contest was close and obstinate; the combatants sometimes delivering their fire at ten paces. General Gregg, who was most exposed, was reinforced by Hays's brigade under Colonel Forno, and successfully and gallantly resisted the attacks of the enemy, until the ammunition of his brigade being exhausted, and all his field-officers but two killed or wounded, it was relieved, after several hours of severe fighting, by Early's brigade and the Eighth Louisiana regiment. General Early drove the enemy back, with heavy loss, and pursued about two hundred yards beyond the line of battle, when he was recalled to the position on the railroad where Thomas, Pender, and Archer had firmly held their ground against every attack. While the battle was raging on Jackson's left, General Longstreet ordered Hood and Evans to advance, but before the order could be obeyed Hood was himself attacked, and his command at once became warmly engaged. General Wilcox was recalled from the right and ordered to advance on Hood's left, and one of Kemper's brigades, under Colonel Hunton, moved forward on his right. The enemy was repulsed by Hood after a severe contest, and fell back, closely followed by our troops. The battle continued until 9 P. M., the enemy retreating until he reached a strong position, which he held with a large force. The darkness of the night put a stop to the engagement, and our troops remained in their advanced position until early next morning, when they were withdrawn to their first line. One piece of artillery, several stands of colors, and a number of prisoners were captured. Our loss was severe in this engagement; Brigadier-Generals Field and Trimble, and Colonel Forno, commanding Hays's brigade, were severely wounded, and several other valuable officers killed or disabled whose names are mentioned in the accompanying reports."

General Jackson in his report dated April 27, 1863, says:

... "My troops on this day were distributed along and in the vicinity of the cut of an unfinished railroad (intended as a part of the track to connect the Manassas road directly with Alexandria), stretching from the Warrenton turnpike in the direction of Sudley's Mill. It was mainly along the excavation of this unfinished road that my line of battle was formed on the 29th: Jackson's division, under Brigadier-General Starke, on the right; Ewell's division, under Brigadier-General Lawton, in the center; and Hill's division on the left. In the morning, about 10 o'clock, the Federal artillery opened with spirit and animation

upon our right, which was soon replied to by the batteries of Poague, Carpenter, Dement, Brockenbrough, and Latimer, under Major (L. M.) Shumaker. This lasted for some time, when the enemy moved around more to our left, to another point of attack. His next effort was directed against our left. This was vigorously repulsed by the batteries of Braxton, Crenshaw, and Pegram. About 2 o'clock P. M. the Federal infantry, in large force, advanced to the attack of our left, occupied by the division of General Hill. It pressed forward in defiance of our fatal and destructive fire with great determination, a portion of it crossing a deep cut in the railroad track, and penetrating in heavy force an interval of nearly one hundred and seventy-five yards, which separated the right of Gregg's from the left of Thomas's brigade. For a short time Gregg's brigade, on the extreme left, was isolated from the main body of the command. But the Fourteenth South Carolina regiment, then in reserve, with the Forty-ninth Georgia, left of Colonel Thomas, attacked the exultant enemy with vigor and drove them back across the railroad track with great slaughter." . . .

General Longstreet says in his report, dated October 10, 1862:

. . . "Early on the 20th [August] the columns [that had passed Thoroughfare and Hopewell Gaps] were united, and the advance to join General Jackson was resumed. The noise of battle was heard before we reached Gainesville. The march was quickened to the extent of our capacity. The excitement of battle seemed to give new life and strength to our jaded men, and the head of my column soon reached a position in rear of the enemy's left flank, and within easy cannon-shot.

"On approaching the field some of Brigadier-General Hood's batteries were ordered into position, and his division was deployed on the right and left of the turnpike, at right angles with it, and supported by Brigadier-General Evans's brigade. Before these batteries could open, the enemy discovered our movements and withdrew his left. Another battery (Captain Stribling's) was placed upon a commanding position to my right, which played upon the rear of the enemy's left and drove him entirely from that part of the field. He changed his front rapidly, so as to meet the advance of Hood and Evans.

"Three brigades, under General Wilcox, were thrown forward to the support of the left; and three others, under General Kemper, to the support of the right of these commands. General D. R. Jones's division was placed upon the Manassas Gap railroad to the right, and in echelon with regard to the three last brigades. Colonel Walton placed his batteries in a commanding position between my line and that of General Jackson, and engaged the enemy for several hours in a severe and successful artillery duel. At a late hour in the day Major-General Stuart reported the approach of the enemy in heavy columns against my extreme right. I withdrew General Wilcox, with his three brigades, from the left, and placed his command in position to support Jones in case of an attack against my right. After some few shots the enemy withdrew his forces, moving them around toward his front, and about four o'clock in the afternoon began to press forward against General Jackson's position. Wilcox's brigades were moved back to their former position, and Hood's two brigades, supported by Evans, were quickly pressed forward to the attack. At the same time Wilcox's three brigades made a like advance, as also Hunton's brigade, of Kemper's command.

"These movements were executed with commendable zeal and ability. Hood, supported by Evans, made a gallant attack, driving the enemy back till nine o'clock

at night. One piece of artillery, several regimental standards, and a number of prisoners were taken. The enemy's entire force was found to be massed directly in my front, and in so strong a position that it was not deemed advisable to move on against his immediate front; so the troops were quietly withdrawn at one o'clock the following morning. The wheels of the captured piece were cut down, and it was left on the ground. The enemy seized that opportunity to claim a victory, and the Federal commander was so imprudent as to dispatch his Government, by telegraph, tidings to that effect. After withdrawing from the attack, my troops were placed in the line first occupied, and in the original order."

General A. P. Hill says in his report, dated February 25, 1863:

. . . "Friday morning, in accordance with orders from General Jackson, I occupied the line of the unfinished railroad, my extreme left resting near Sudley Ford, my right near the point where the road strikes the open field, Gregg, Field, and Thomas in the front line; Gregg on the left and Field on the right; with Branch, Pender, and Archer as supports. . . .

"The evident intention of the enemy this day was to turn our left and overwhelm Jackson's corps before Longstreet came up, and to accomplish this the most persistent and furious onsets were made, by column after column of infantry, accompanied by numerous batteries of artillery. Soon my reserves were all in, and up to six o'clock my division, assisted by the Louisiana brigade of General Hays, commanded by Colonel Forno, with a heroic courage and obstinacy almost beyond parallel, had met and repulsed six distinct and separate assaults, a portion of the time the majority of the men being without a cartridge. . . .

"The enemy prepared for a last and determined attempt. Their serried masses, overwhelming superiority of numbers, and bold bearing made the chances of victory to tremble in the balance; my own division exhausted by seven hours' unremitting fighting, hardly one round per man remaining, and weakened in all things save its unconquerable spirit. Casting about for help, fortunately it was here reported to me that the brigades of Generals Lawton and Early were near by, and, sending to them, they promptly moved to my front at the most opportune moment, and this last charge met the same disastrous fate that had befallen those preceding. Having received an order from General Jackson to endeavor to avoid a general engagement, my commanders of brigades contented themselves with repulsing the enemy and following them up but a few hundred yards."

General J. E. B. Stuart says in his report, dated February 28, 1863:

. . . "I met with the head of General Longstreet's column between Haymarket and Gainesville, and there communicated to the commanding general General Jackson's position and the enemy's. I then passed the cavalry through the column so as to place it on Longstreet's right flank, and advanced directly towards Manassas, while the column kept directly down the pike to join General Jackson's right. I selected a fine position for a battery on the right, and one having been sent to me, I fired a few shots at the enemy's supposed position, which induced him to shift his position. General Robertson, who, with his command, was sent to reconnoiter farther down the road toward Manassas, reported the enemy in his front. Upon repairing to that front, I found that Kosser's regiment was engaged with the enemy to the left of the road, and Robertson's vedettes had found the enemy approaching from the di-

rection of Bristoe Station towards Sudley. The prolongation of his line of march would have passed through my position, which was a very fine one for artillery as well as observation, and struck Longstreet in flank. I waited his approach long enough to ascertain that there was at least an army corps, at the same time keeping detachments of cavalry dragging brush down the road from the direction of Gainesville, so as to deceive the enemy (a ruse which Porter's report shows was successful), and notified the commanding general, then opposite me on the turnpike, that Longstreet's flank and rear were seriously threatened, and of the importance to us of the ridge I then held. Immediately upon the receipt of that intelligence, Jenkins's, Kemper's, and D. R. Jones's brigades, and several pieces of artillery were ordered to me by General Longstreet, and being placed in position fronting Bristoe, awaited the enemy's advance. After exchanging a few shots with rifle-pieces this corps withdrew toward Manassas, leaving artillery and supports to hold the position till night. Brigadier-General Fitz Lee returned to the vicinity of Sudley, after a very successful expedition, of which his official report has not been received, and was instructed to cooperate with Jackson's left. Late in the afternoon the artillery on this commanding ridge was, to an important degree, auxiliary to the attack upon the enemy, and Jenkins's brigade repulsed the enemy in handsome style at one volley, as they advanced across a corn-field. Thus the day ended, our lines having considerably advanced."

What would have been the effect of the application on the enemy's right at, or at any time after, five o'clock that afternoon of ten or twelve thousand effective men who had not been in battle at all, I do not myself consider doubtful.

In this battle the Fifth Corps, under General F. J. Porter, took no part whatever, but remained all day in column, without even deploying into line of battle or making any effort in force to find out what was in their front. That General Porter knew of the progress of the battle on his right, and that he believed the Union army was being defeated, is shown by his own dispatches to McDowell, several times repeated during the day. That subjoined will be sufficient:

"GENERALS McDOWELL AND KING:—I found it impossible to communicate by crossing the woods to Groveton. The enemy are in great force on this road, and as they appear to have driven our forces back, the fire of the enemy having advanced and ours retired, I have determined to withdraw to Manassas. I have attempted to communicate with McDowell and Sigel, but my messengers have run into the enemy. They have gathered artillery and cavalry and infantry, and the advancing masses of dust show the enemy coming in force. I am now going to the head of the column to see what is passing and how affairs are going, and I will communicate with you. Had you not better send your train back?"

"F. J. PORTER, Major-General."

Not the artillery only, but the volleys of musketry in this battle were also plainly heard on their right and front by the advance of Porter's troops much of the day. In consequence of his belief that the army on his right was being defeated, as stated in more than

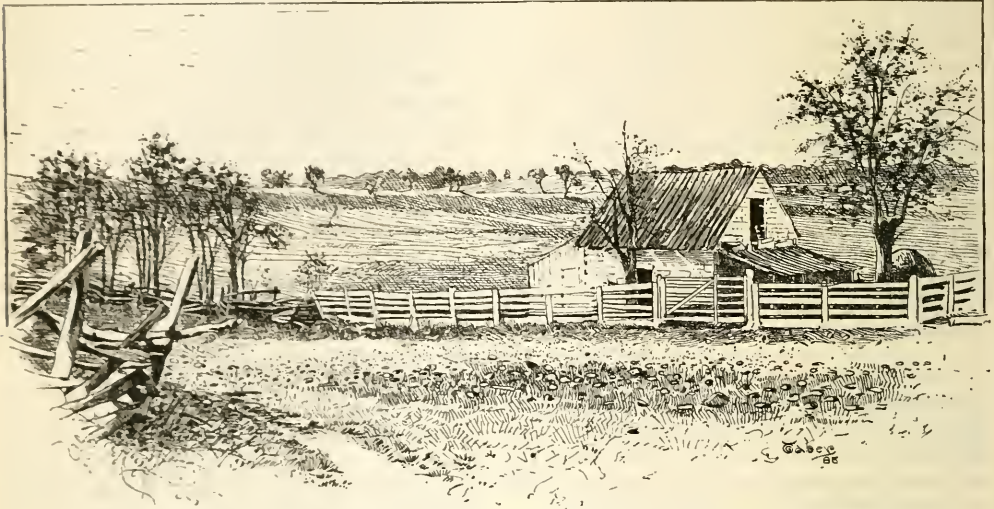
one of these dispatches, he informed General McDowell that he intended to retire to Manassas, and advised McDowell to send back his trains in the same direction.

For this action, or non-action, he has been on the one hand likened to Benedict Arnold, and on the other favorably compared with George Washington. I presume he would not accept the first position, and probably would hardly lay claim to the second. Certainly I have not the inclination, even had I the power, to assign him to either or to any position between the two; and if he were alone concerned in the question, I should make no comment at all on the subject at this day. Many others than himself and the result of a battle, however, are involved in it, and they do not permit silence when the second battle of Bull Run is discussed. Without going into the merits of the case, which has been obscured and confused by so many and such varied controversies, I shall confine myself to a bare statement of the facts as they are known to me personally, or communicated officially by officers of rank and standing, and by the official reports of both armies engaged in the battle. General Porter was tried by court-martial a few months after the battle and was cashiered. The reasons given by him at the time for his failure to go into action, or take any part in the battle, were: first, that he considered himself under General McDowell's orders, who told him that they were too far to the front for a battle; and, second, that the enemy was in such heavy force in his front that he would have been defeated had he attacked. General McDowell stated before the court-martial that, so far from saying that they were too far to the front for battle, he directed General Porter before leaving him to put his corps into the action where he was, and that he (McDowell) would move farther to the right and go into the battle there. Upon Porter remarking that he could not go in there without getting into a fight, McDowell replied, "I thought that was what we came here for."

General Stuart (J. E. B.), who commanded the cavalry in Lee's army, tells in his official report above quoted precisely what was in General Porter's front, and what means he took to produce upon General Porter the impression that there were heavy forces in front of him and advancing toward him. General Porter certainly made no reconnoissance in force to ascertain whether or not there was a heavy force in his front; and Stuart's report makes it quite certain that at the time referred to by him, Porter could easily have moved forward from Dawkins's Branch and seized the ridge on which are the Hampton, Cole,

and Monroe houses, from which he would have had a complete view of the field from right to left. Not only this, but his occupation of that ridge would have connected him closely with our left, and absolutely prevented Longstreet from forming on Jackson's right until he had dislodged Porter, which would have occupied him too long to have permitted the effective use of his troops for any other

Longstreet did not annihilate Porter's corps during the day if it were so easily in his power to do so. It is also proper to suggest that it would have required a long time and all of his force to do this annihilating business on such a corps as Porter's; and in that case, what would have become of Jackson's right deprived of Longstreet's active support, which barely enabled Jackson to hold the ground



VIEW OF JACKSON'S POSITION AS SEEN FROM GROVETON CORNERS. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

The farthest ridge is the line of the unfinished railway. Jackson's center occupied the ground in the right of the picture. There, on elevated open ground, the front of a deep cut, stands the Union monument illustrated on the next page.—EDITOR.

purpose, and certainly for the advance which he subsequently made against our left. Longstreet now asserts that he was in front of Porter with part of his corps at some indefinite hour of the day, variously fixed, but according to him by eleven o'clock in the morning, about the time that Porter's corps reached Dawkins's Branch. He further asserts, somewhat extravagantly, that if Porter had attacked he (Longstreet) would have annihilated him. He seems to have thought it a simple matter to annihilate an army corps of ten or twelve thousand men, much of which was composed of regular troops, but perhaps his statement to that effect would hardly be accepted by military men. If such an assertion made by a corps commander of one army is sufficient reason for a corps commander of the opposing army not to attack, even under orders to do so, it is hard to see how any general commanding an army could direct a battle at all; and certainly if such assertions as Longstreet's are considered reliable, there would have been no battle fought in our civil war, since they could easily have been had from either side in advance of any battle that was fought.

It seems pertinent to ask why General

that afternoon, Longstreet himself falling back at least a mile from our front at one o'clock that night after several hours of severe fighting?

I shall not discuss the various statements concerning the time of Longstreet's arrival on the field. That he may have been there in person at the hour he mentions is of course possible; but that his corps was with him, that it was in line of battle at any such hour, or was in any such condition to fight as Porter was, can neither be truthfully asserted nor successfully maintained. Whatever Porter supposed to be Longstreet's position, however, in no respect touches his obligation to move forward under the circumstances and force Longstreet to develop what he really had, which he (Porter) certainly did not know and had taken no measures to know. The severe fighting on his right, which he heard and interpreted into a defeat for the Union army, did not permit him to rest idle on the field with his troops in column and with no sufficient effort even to find out anything of the field in front of him.

If a mere impression that the enemy is in heavy force and that an attack or further advance might be hazardous is a sufficient rea-

son for a corps commander to keep out of a battle, raging in his hearing, especially when he thinks that his friends are being defeated, it is extremely difficult to see how any army commander would venture to engage in battle at all, unless he could ascertain in advance and keep himself acquainted during the day with the impressions of his corps commanders about the propriety of going into the battle at all. Certainly Porter did not know at that time that Longstreet was in his front, and his non-action was based on fancy, and not on any fact that he knew.

But wherever Longstreet was in the morning, it is certain that at four o'clock that day, or about four o'clock, according to his own official report, he withdrew the larger part of his force and advanced to Jackson's right flank to resist the last attack of the Union army on Jackson's line, and that for several hours he was engaged in a severe battle on our left, utterly ignoring Porter and presenting his right flank to Porter's attack during that whole time. He seems also to have entirely forgotten that he was "held in check," as he was good-natured enough to say he was years afterward. During these long hours General Porter still remained idle with his corps in column and many of them lying on the ground, for ease of position probably, as they were not under fire.

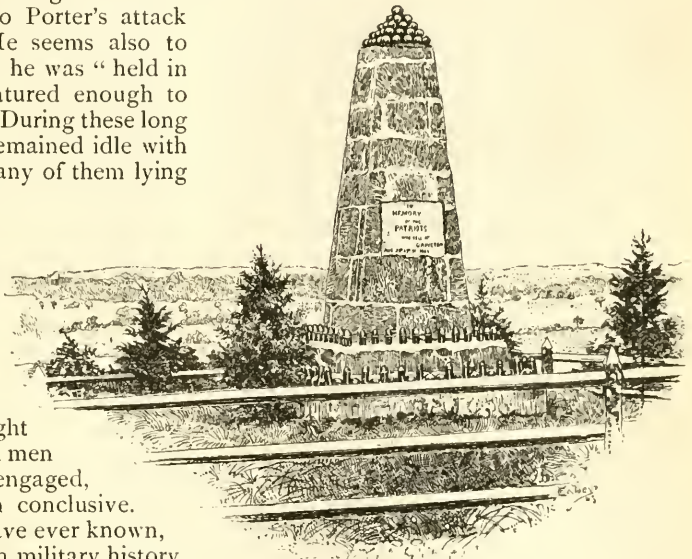
Taking the enemy's own account of the battle that afternoon, which lasted several hours, and its result, it is not unreasonable to say that, if General Porter had attacked Longstreet's right with ten or twelve thousand men while the latter was thus engaged, the effect would have been conclusive.

Porter's case is the first I have ever known, or that I think is recorded in military history, where the theory has been seriously put forth that the hero of a battle is the man who keeps out of it. With this theory in successful operation, war will be stripped of most of its terrors, and a pitched battle need not be much more dangerous to human life than a militia muster.

When the battle ceased on the 29th of August, we were in possession of the field on our right, and occupied on our left the position held early in the day, and had every right to claim a decided success. What that success might have been, if a corps of twelve thousand men who had not been in battle that day had been thrown against Longstreet's right while engaged in the severe fight that afternoon, I need not indicate. To say that General Porter's non-action during that whole

day was wholly unexpected and disappointing, and that it provoked severe comment on all hands, is to state the facts mildly.

Every indication during the night of the 29th and up to ten o'clock on the morning of the 30th pointed to the retreat of the enemy from our front. Paroled prisoners of our own army, taken on the evening of the 29th, and who came into our lines on the morning of the 30th, reported the enemy retreating during the whole night in the direction of and along the Warrenton pike (since confirmed by Longstreet's report). Generals McDowell and Heintzelman, who reconnoitered the position held by the enemy's left on the evening of the 29th, also confirmed this statement. They reported to me the evacuation of these positions by the enemy, and that there was every indication of their retreat in the direction of Gainesville. On the morning of the 30th, as may be easily believed, our troops,



MONUMENT TO THE UNION SOLDIERS WHO FELL AT GROVETON AUGUST 28, 29 AND 30, 1862. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE MONUMENT WAS ERECTED IN 1865.)

This view was taken from the edge of the railway cut, looking toward the Union lines. The shaft is of brown sandstone, and in design and material is like the monument erected on the Henry hill at the same time. Vandals have removed the shot and shell that were fixed with mortar to the base and to the top of the shaft; every vestige of the inclosing fence has been carried off, and the monument is partly hidden by the four evergreens which were planted at the four corners. In May, 1884, we found a Union canteen on the well-grazed sward near the monument. The field behind the railway cut and behind the embankment, east of the cut, were even then strewn with the tins of cartridge boxes, rusty camp utensils, and bits of accouterments.—EDITOR.

who had been marching and fighting almost continuously for so many days, were greatly exhausted. They had had little to eat for two days, and artillery and cavalry horses had been in harness and under the saddle for ten days, and had been almost out of forage for the

last two days. It may be readily imagined how little these troops, after such severe labors and hardships, were in condition for further active marching and fighting. I had telegraphed General Halleck on the 28th our condition, and had begged of him to have rations and forage sent forward to us from Alexandria with all speed; but about daylight on the 30th I received a note from General Franklin, written by direction of General McClellan, informing me that rations and forage would be loaded into the available wagons and cars at Alexandria as soon as I should send back a cavalry escort to guard the trains. Such a letter, when we were fighting the enemy and Alexandria was full of troops, needs no comment. Our cavalry was well-nigh broken down completely, and certainly we were in no condition to spare troops from the front, nor could they have gone to Alexandria and returned within the time by which we must have had provisions and forage or have fallen back toward supplies; nor am I able to understand of what use cavalry could be to guard railroad trains. It was not until I received this letter that I began to be hopeless of any successful issue to our operations; but I felt it to be my duty, notwithstanding the broken-down condition of the forces under my command, to hold my position. I had received no sort of information of any troops coming forward to reënforce me since the 24th, and did not expect on the morning of the 30th that any assistance would reach me from the direction of Washington, but I determined again to give battle to the enemy and delay as long as possible his further advance toward Washington. I accordingly prepared to renew the engagement.

General Porter, with whose non-action of the day before I was naturally dissatisfied, had been peremptorily ordered that night to report to me in person with his corps, and arrived on the field early in the morning. His corps had been reënforced by Piatt's brigade of Sturgis's division, and was estimated to be about twelve thousand strong; but in some hitherto unexplained manner one brigade of his (Porter's) corps had straggled off from the corps and appeared at Centreville during the day. With this straggling brigade was General Morell, commander of the division to which it belonged.

This brigade remained at Centreville all day, in sight and sound of the battle in which the corps to which it belonged was engaged, but made no move to join it or to approach the field of battle. On the contrary, the brigade commander made requisition for ten thousand pairs of shoes on one of my aides-de-camp who was at Centreville in charge of

the headquarters train. The troops under General Sturgis and General A. Sanders Piatt had followed this brigade by misunderstanding the situation; but the moment they found themselves away from the battle these two officers, with true soldierly spirit, passed Morell and brought their commands to the field and into the battle, where they rendered gallant and distinguished services.

Between twelve and two o'clock during the day I advanced Porter's corps, supported by King's division of McDowell's corps, and supported also on their left by Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division, to attack the enemy along the Warrenton pike. At the same time the corps of Heintzelman and Reno on our right were directed to push forward to the left and front toward the pike and attack the enemy's left flank. For a time Ricketts's division of McDowell's corps was placed in support of this movement. I was obliged to assume the aggressive or to fall back, as from want of provisions I was not able to await an attack from the enemy or the result of any other movement he might make.

Every moment of delay increased the odds against us, and I therefore pushed forward the attack as rapidly as possible. Soon after Porter advanced to attack along the Warrenton pike, and the assault was made by Heintzelman and Reno on the right, it became apparent that the enemy was massing his forces as fast as they arrived on the right of Jackson, and was moving forward to force our left. General McDowell was therefore directed to recall Ricketts's division from our right, and put it so as to strengthen our left thus threatened.

Porter's corps was repulsed after some severe fighting, and began to retire, and the enemy advancing to the assault, our whole line was soon furiously engaged. The main attack of the enemy was made against our left, but was met with stubborn resistance by the divisions of Schenck and Reynolds, and the brigade of Milroy, who were soon reënforced on the left by Ricketts's division. The action was severe for several hours, the enemy bringing up heavy reserves and pouring mass after mass of his troops on our left. He was able also to present at least an equal force all along our line of battle. Porter's corps was halted and re-formed, and as soon as it was in condition it was pushed forward to the support of our left, where it rendered distinguished service, especially the brigade of regulars under Colonel (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Buchanan.

McLean's brigade of Schenck's division, which was posted in observation on our left flank, and in support of Reynolds, became exposed to the attack of the enemy on our left

when Reynolds's division was drawn back to form line to support Porter's corps, then retiring from their attack, and it was fiercely assailed by Hood and Evans, in greatly superior force. This brigade was commanded in person by General Schenck, the division commander, and fought with supreme gallantry and tenacity. The enemy's attack was repulsed several times with severe loss, but he returned again and again to the assault.

It is needless for me to describe the appearance of a man so well known to the country as General R. C. Schenck. I have only to say that a more gallant and devoted soldier never lived, and to his presence and the fearless exposure of his person during these attacks is largely due the protracted resistance made by this brigade. He fell, badly wounded, in the front of his command, and his loss was deeply felt and had a marked effect on the final result in that part of the field.

Tower's brigade of Ricketts's division was pushed forward to his support, and the brigade was led by General Tower in person with conspicuous gallantry. The conduct of these two brigades and their commanders in plain view of our whole left was especially distinguished, and called forth hearty and enthusiastic cheers. Their example was of great service, and seemed to infuse new spirit into the troops that witnessed their intrepid conduct.

I have always considered it a misfortune to the country that General Tower received a severe wound in this action, which disabled him from active service. He is a man of very superior abilities, zealous, and full of spirit and *elan*, and might easily have expected to serve his country in a much higher position than he held on that field.

Reno's corps was withdrawn from our right center late in the afternoon and thrown into action on our left, where the assaults of the enemy were persistent and unintermitting. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which we labored, our troops held their ground with the utmost firmness and obstinacy. The loss on both sides was heavy. By dark our

left had been forced back half or three-fourths of a mile, but still remained firm and unbroken and still held the Warrenton pike on our rear, while our right was also driven back equally far, but in good order and without confusion. At dark the enemy took possession of the Sudley Springs road, and was in position to threaten our line of communication *via* Stone Bridge. After six o'clock in the evening I learned, accidentally, that Franklin's corps had arrived at a point about four miles east of Centreville, or twelve miles in our rear, and that it was only about eight thousand strong.

The result of the battle of the 30th convinced me that we were no longer able to hold our position so far to the front, and so far away from the absolute necessities of life, suffering, as were men and horses, from fatigue and hunger, and weakened by the heavy losses in battle. About 8 o'clock in the evening, therefore, I sent written orders to the corps commanders to withdraw leisurely to Centreville, and stated to them what route each should pursue and where they should take position at and near Centreville. General Reno, with his corps, was ordered to take post to cover this movement. The withdrawal was made slowly, quietly, and in good order, no attempt whatever being made by the enemy to obstruct our movement. A division of infantry, with its batteries, was posted to cover the crossing of Cub Run.

The exact losses in this battle I am unable to give, as the reports from corps commanders only indicated the aggregate losses since August 22d, but they were very heavy.*

Before leaving the field I sent orders to General Banks, at Bristoe Station, where the railroad was broken, to destroy the cars and such of the stores as he could not take off in the wagon trains, and join me at Centreville. I had previously sent him instructions to bring off from Warrenton Junction and Bristoe Station all of the ammunition and all of the sick and wounded who could bear transportation, throwing personal baggage and prop-

* It is impossible to give with precision the number of men actually present on the field of battle at Groveton and Bull Run, August 29 and 30, 1862. The official returns and reports, on both sides, are not only imperfect, but often contradictory.

A careful study, however, of the subject, based upon the best information obtainable in the War Record's office, justifies the conclusion that the maximum effective strength of the Union army on the field was at least 63,000, and that of the Confederate army about 54,000,—of all arms. This computation of Pope's forces includes his own proper command (exclusive of Banks's corps, which did not reach the scene of action), Reno's corps, and the reinforcements that Pope received from the Army of the Potomac. The records force the conclusion that at least 63,000 were taken into action out of a total present for duty of at least 70,000. The Confederate force has been estimated by some Confederates as low as 47,000. Others concede the number given above.

According to the reports published in Volume XII., Part 2, of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate armies, the losses in the Northern Virginia campaign, from August 16 to September 2, 1862, were approximately as follows:

UNION FORCES.				
	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured or Missing. Total.	
Army of Virginia	929	4389	2787	8105
Army of the Potomac	600	3013	1115	4728
Ninth Army Corps	204	1000	319	1523
Kanawha Division	14	50	42	106
Aggregate	1747	8452	4263	14,462
CONFEDERATE FORCES.				
Longstreet's Corps	663	4916	46	4725
Jackson's Corps	805	3547	35	4387
Stuart's Cavalry	18	83	18	119
Aggregate	1486	7646	99	9231

Unquestionably the numbers given here are too small for each army, but they are the nearest approximation attainable from the official records, in the absence of full returns.—EDITOR.

erty out of the regimental trains, if necessary, for the purpose.

At no time during the 29th, 30th, and 31st of August was the road between Bristoe and Centreville interrupted by the enemy. The orders will show conclusively that every arrangement was made in the minutest detail for the security of our wagon train and supplies; and General Banks's subsequent report to me is positive that none of the wagons or mules were lost. I mention this matter merely to answer the wholly unfounded statements made at the time, and repeated often since, of our loss of wagons, mules, and supplies.

I arrived personally at Centreville about nine or ten o'clock that night. The next morning the various corps were posted in the old intrenchments in and around Centreville, and ammunition trains and some supplies were brought up during the day and distributed. We spent that whole day resting the men and resupplying them with ammunition and provisions as far as our means permitted.

Franklin's corps arrived at Centreville late on the afternoon of the 30th; Sumner's the next day. What was then thought by the Government of our operations up to this time is shown in the subjoined dispatch:

WASHINGTON, August 31, 1862. II A. M.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—You have done nobly. Don't yield another inch if you can avoid it. All reserves are being sent forward. . . . I am doing all I can for you and your noble army. God bless you and it. . . .

H. W. HALLECK, General-in-chief.

The enemy's cavalry appeared in front of Cub Run that morning, but made no attempt to attack. Our cavalry, under Buford and Bayard, was completely broken down, and both of these officers reported to me that not five horses to the company could be forced into a trot. No horses whatever had reached us for remounts since the beginning of operations. It was impracticable, therefore, to use the cavalry as cavalry to cover our front with pickets or to make reconnoissances of the enemy's front.

This paper would be incomplete indeed did it fail to contain some short, if entirely insufficient, tribute to that most gallant and loyal soldier, John Buford. I remember very well how surprised I was when I was first placed in command of the Army of Virginia that General Buford, then only a major in the inspector-general's department, reported to me for duty as inspector. I asked him how he could possibly remain in such a position while a great war was going on, and what objections he could have (if he had any) to be placed in a command in the field. He seemed hurt to think I could have even a doubt of his wish

to take the field, and told me that he had tried to get a command, but was without influence enough to accomplish it. I went at once to the Secretary of War and begged him to have Major Buford appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers and ordered to report to me for service. The President was good enough to make the appointment, and certainly a better one was never made. It is hard, in the brief limits of such an article as this, to do justice to such an officer. His coolness, his fine judgment, and his splendid courage were known of all men who had to do with him; but besides, and in addition to these high qualities, he acquired in a few months, through his presence and manner, an influence over men as remarkable as it was useful. His quiet dignity, covering a fiery spirit and a military sagacity as far-reaching as it was accurate, made him in the short period of his active service one of the most respected and trusted officers in the service. His death, brought about by disease contracted during the months of active service and constant exposure, was widely lamented in the army.

I directed General Sumner, on the morning of the first of September, to push forward a reconnoissance toward Little River pike, which enters the Warrenton pike at Fairfax, with two brigades, to ascertain if the enemy was making any movement toward our right by that road. The enemy was found moving again slowly toward the right, heavy columns moving along the Little River pike in the direction of Fairfax. This movement had become so developed by the afternoon of that day, and was so evidently directed to turn our right, that I made the necessary disposition of troops to fight a battle between the Little River pike and the road from Fairfax to Centreville. General Hooker was sent early in the afternoon to Fairfax Court House, and directed to concentrate all the troops in that vicinity and to push forward to Germantown with his advance. I instructed McDowell to move along the road from Centreville toward Fairfax Court House, as far as Difficult Creek, and to connect on his right with Hooker. Reno was directed to push forward north of the road to Centreville, and in the direction of Chantilly, toward the flank of the enemy's advance; Heintzelman's corps to support Reno. Just before sunset the enemy attacked us toward our right, but was met by Hooker, McDowell, and Reno, and by Kearny's division of Heintzelman's corps. A very severe action was fought in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, and was only ended by the darkness. The enemy was driven back entirely from our front, and did not again renew his attack upon us.



MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ADDIS, IN THE POSSESSION OF GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.)

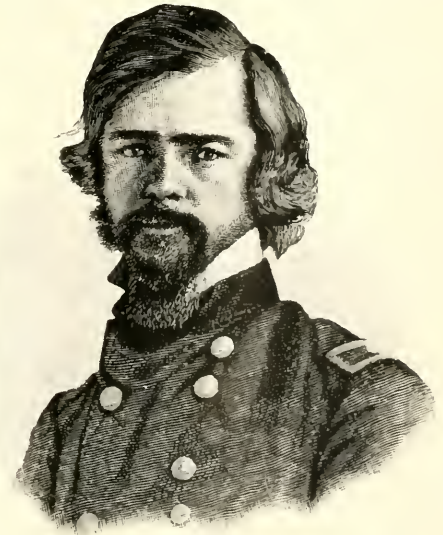
In this short but severe action the army lost two officers of the highest capacity and distinction, whose death caused general lamentation in the army and country. The first was Major-General Philip Kearny, killed in advance of and while commanding his division. There have been few such officers as Kearny in our own or any other army. In war he was an enthusiast, and he never seemed so much at home and so cheerful and confident as in battle. Tall and lithe in figure, with a most expressive and mobile countenance, and a manner which inspired confidence and zeal in all under his command, no one could fail to admire his chivalric bearing and his supreme courage. He seemed to think that it was his mission to make up the shortcomings of others, and in proportion as these shortcomings were made plain, his exertions and exposure were multiplied. He was a great and most accomplished soldier, and died as he would have himself wished to die, and as became his heroic character, at the head of his troops and in the front of the battle.

General Isaac I. Stevens, who was killed at the same time and nearly on the same ground, was an officer in many respects contrasted to Kearny. He was short and rather stout, with a swarthy complexion and very bright dark eyes. He was a man of very superior abilities and of marked skill and courage. His extreme political opinions before the war, ardently asserted, as was his habit in all matters which interested him, made it somewhat difficult for him to secure such a position in the army as one of his capacity might well have expected. The prejudice against him on this account was soon shown to be utterly groundless, for a more zealous and faithful officer never lived. His conduct in the battle

in which he lost his life, and in every other operation of the campaign, was marked by high intelligence and the coolest courage, and his death in the front of battle ended too soon a career which would have placed him among the foremost officers of the war. As an officer of engineers before the war, and as Governor of, and delegate to Congress from, Washington Territory, he was always a man of note, and possessed the abilities and the force to have commanded in time any position to which he might have aspired. The loss of these two officers was a heavy blow to the army, not so much perhaps because of their soldierly capacity as because of their well-known and unshakable fidelity to duty, and their entire loyalty to their comrades in arm.

On the morning of the 2d of September the army was posted behind Difficult Creek from Flint Hill to the Alexandria pike. The enemy disappeared from our front, moving toward the Upper Potomac with no attempt to force our position. And here the second battle of Bull Run may be said to terminate. On that day I received orders from General Halleck to take position in the intrenchments in front of Washington, with a view to reorganizing the army and eliminating such of the discordant elements in it as had largely caused the misfortunes of the latter part of that campaign.

The transactions at Alexandria and Washington City during these eventful days, as also at Centreville during part of them, are as closely connected with these battles, and had nearly as much to do with their results, as any part of the operations in the field; but they



MAJOR-GENERAL ISAAC I. STEVENS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

demand more space than is accorded to a magazine article. The materials to write a complete account of these matters are at hand, and it is quite probable that the course of events may yet make their publication necessary.

There are other matters which, although not important, seem not out of place in this paper. A good deal of cheap wit has been expended upon a fanciful story that I published an order or wrote a letter or made a remark that my "headquarters would be in the saddle." It is an expression harmless and innocent enough, but it is even stated that it furnished General Lee with a basis for the only joke of his life. It is painful, therefore, to a well-constituted mind to be obliged to take away the foundation of that solitary joke; but I think it due to army tradition, and to the comfort of those who have so often repeated this ancient joke in the days long before the civil war, that these later wits should not be allowed with impunity to poach on this well-titled manor. This venerable joke I first heard when a cadet at West Point, and it was then told of that gallant soldier and gentleman, General W. J. Worth. I presume it could be easily traced back to the Crusades and beyond; and while it may not be as old as the everlasting hills, it is certainly old enough to have been excused from active duty long years ago. Certainly I never used this expression or wrote or dictated it, nor does any such expression occur in any order of mine; and as it has perhaps served its time and effected its purpose, it ought to be retired. Let us hope that it may be permitted to sleep in peace and no longer rack the brain of those whose intellectual machinery can ill bear the strain, or be perpetuated among their natural successors.

I thus conclude for the present this account of the second battle of Bull Run. The battle treated of, as well as the campaign which preceded it, have been, and no doubt still are, greatly misunderstood. Probably they will remain during this generation a matter of controversy, into which personal feeling and

prejudice so largely enter that dispassionate judgment cannot now be looked for.

I submit this article to the public judgment with all confidence that it will be fairly considered, and as just a judgment passed upon it as is possible at this time. I well understood, as does every military man, how difficult and how thankless was the task imposed on me, and I do not hesitate to say that I would gladly have avoided it if I could have done so consistently with duty.

To confront with a small army greatly superior forces, to fight battles without the hope of victory, but only to gain time by delaying the forward movement of the enemy, is a duty the most hazardous and the most difficult that can be imposed on any general or any army. While such operations require the highest courage and endurance on the part of the troops, they are unlikely to be understood or appreciated, and the results, however successful in view of the object aimed at, have little in them to attract public commendation or applause.

At no time could I have hoped to fight a successful battle with the superior forces of the enemy which confronted me, and which were able at any time to outflank and bear my small army to the dust. It was only by constant movement, incessant watchfulness, and hazardous skirmishes and battles, that the forces under my command were saved from destruction, and that the enemy was embarrassed and delayed in his advance until the army of General McClellan was at length assembled for the defense of Washington.

I did hope that in the course of these operations the enemy might commit some imprudence, or leave some opening of which I could take such advantage as to gain at least a partial success. This opportunity was presented by the advance of Jackson on Manassas Junction; but although the best dispositions possible in my view were made, the object was frustrated by causes which could not have been foreseen, and which perhaps are not yet completely known to the country.

John Pope.



THE NEW HENRY HOUSE AND THE MONUMENT OF THE FIRST BATTLE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—VI.*

TWO DAYS OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.†



COUNTING THE SCARS IN THE COLORS.

POPE'S first orders on the 29th of August were partly given with a view to the possibility of falling back beyond Bull Run. At three o'clock of that morning Pope had written to Porter that McDowell had intercepted the retreat of Jackson; that Kearny and Hooker were to attack the enemy's rear; and that Porter was to move upon Centreville at dawn of day. Porter was obeying the order when he learned its revocation through a staff-officer riding with orders to another part of the field, and at once countermarched from Manassas Junction. Meanwhile Pope had learned that Ricketts's and King's divisions had retreated, leaving open the road for Lee's advance or Jackson's retreat. He ordered Sigel to attack in order to bring Jackson to a stand if possible. Jackson was in fact leisurely awaiting attack behind his chosen stronghold of the unfinished railroad, with his skirmishers in front for the most part veiled with thick woods. General Sigel soon developed the position of the enemy. There were gaps in Sigel's lines, the closing of which weakened the main line, itself already too thin for such an attempt. The enemy were quick to avail themselves of this weakness, and broke our lines by a furious attack, causing Sigel to fall back.

Longstreet had availed himself of the roads left open by King and Ricketts, and about noon his advance had formed on Jackson's right. After 12 o'clock McDowell brought to Porter information from General Buford, show-

ing that Longstreet was holding the roads in force in Porter's front, and hence it was impossible, by marching on converging lines, to establish communications with the right wing of the army without giving battle. After consultation with Porter, McDowell started with King's division to go round by the Sudley Springs road. Porter waited to open up communications with McDowell, sending scouting parties through the broken country and tangled woods to the right for this purpose.

Towards noon a part of Sigel's force, under Schurz, gained a foothold on the railroad, and held on stubbornly for two hours. They were exhausted with marching, fighting, and manoeuvring in the extreme heat since five in the morning.

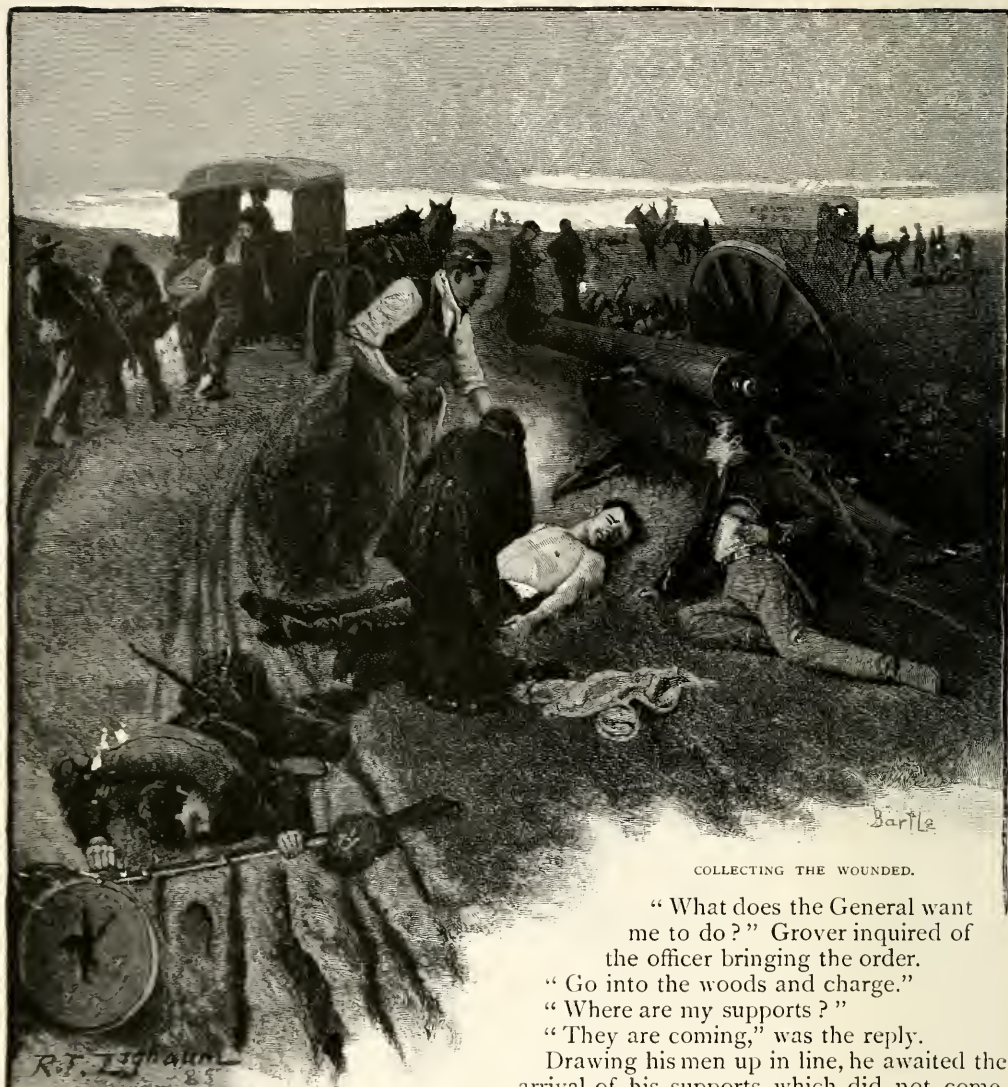
The veterans of Heintzelman, under Kearny and Hooker, aroused from their bivouacs at two in the morning, were an hour after sunrise on the heights of Centreville, in sight of the blue hills about Thoroughfare Gap through which Longstreet was hastening to Jackson's aid. Forging Bull Run, they came upon the rusty remains of guns, bayonets, weather-beaten fragments of gun-carriages and equipments, and the bleaching skulls and bones of their comrades who had perished on the field the year before—the first sacrifices to the blunders of the war. Many fields were black from the effect of fires ignited by our shells. This fragment of the army, under Hooker and Kearny, was in a destitute condition. The horses of the field-officers in most instances had been



RUINS OF THE HENRY HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE SECOND BATTLE.)

* Copyright, 1884, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

† The writer is indebted to friends of the 11th and 18th Mass. Volunteers and to comrades of other organizations for the incidents relating to this battle.—W. L. G.



COLLECTING THE WOUNDED.

“What does the General want me to do?” Grover inquired of the officer bringing the order.

“Go into the woods and charge.”

“Where are my supports?”

“They are coming,” was the reply.

Drawing his men up in line, he awaited the arrival of his supports, which did not come. But receiving imperative orders to “Charge at once,” the men loaded their rifles and fixed bayonets. With cheers the men dashed through the tangled wood in their front. One of the regiments had its flag torn from its staff, and the eagle was shot away from its top, but the men answered to the cry, “Rally round the pole.” As they stormed the railroad they saw wounded Confederates clutch the embankment, hold on for a moment, and then losing their grasp, roll down the steep bank. The first line of the enemy was overthrown. On they rushed upon a second line. Bayonets and swords were used at close quarters, so stubborn was the fight.

Had this attack been properly supported, it must have broken Jackson’s center. There were many deeds performed in this action

left behind at Yorktown. The rank and file were poorly supplied with clothing, and to a large extent destitute of proper rations. Many were without blanket or blouse, some even without trousers; others with shoeless, blistered feet were marching over rough, hot, and dusty roads. Still they were full of enthusiasm for the fight; and as Pope, with a numerous staff, passed them on the road, he was loudly cheered. After that battle there was less cheering for the commander. At eleven o’clock they had reached the battle-field. At three Pope ordered Hooker to attack the strong position in his front. General Hooker, foreseeing that the attack promised but little chance of success, remonstrated.

Finally the order came to General Grover.

which were heroic. A father and son charged side by side. The son fell, pierced by the enemy's bullets. Two privates, advancing through the woods, were separated from the main line, and were confronted by a squad of the enemy. They were called upon to surrender, but, standing shoulder to shoulder, they stood their ground until their assailants went back. Then one of the two fainted from a wound; his comrade took him in his arms, and brought him safely back into our lines. So the combat went on, till a new line of the enemy advanced upon our men, and compelled them to fall back.

Kearny was, at the same time, to have made an attack upon A. P. Hill's division, on Jackson's left, but for some unexplained reason he did not advance until Grover's brigade had been repulsed. General Kearny, the one-armed veteran, led his men in person. His soldiers wore the red square on their caps which was the insignia of "Kearny's men," or, as they were sometimes dubbed, "Phil Kearny's thieves." They went enthusiastically to the charge, supported by the troops of Reno. He doubled back the left of the enemy, and for a short time seemed to have achieved a decisive result. The enemy hurried up two brigades of Ewell's division, acting as reserve, who came down upon Kearny's thin and exhausted line, which was driven from its hard-won position.

McDowell arrived at the scene of action between five and six in the afternoon, bringing up King's division, then commanded by Hatch. The enemy were making movements which were interpreted to mean a retreat, and Hatch was ordered to press them, and a fierce and bloody contest for three-quarters of an hour followed. Thus ended the first day of the second Bull Run, or Groveton. The enemy were readjusting their lines for another day's fighting, and Pope, misinterpreting these movements, conceived that the enemy were running away. It might be said in praise of Pope that he was never discouraged, always sanguine of success, always ready for a fight.

As usual, so soon as the fighting ceased many sought without orders to rescue comrades lying wounded between the opposing lines. There seemed to be a mutual understanding between the men of both armies that such parties were not to be disturbed in their mission of mercy. After the attempt of Grover and Kearny to carry the railroad embankment, the enemy followed them back and formed a line of battle in the edge of the woods. Our artillery sent their main line to the rear. It was replaced

by a line of skirmishers formed in the fringe of this wood. These opened fire upon the wounded Union men who were attempting to creep to the protection of their friends. After this fire had died away along the darkling woods, little groups of men from the Union lines went stealthily about, bringing in the wounded from the exposed positions. Blankets attached to poles or muskets often served as stretchers to bear the wounded to the ambulances and surgeons. There was a great lack of organized effort to care for our wounded. Vehicles of various kinds were pressed into service. The removal of the wounded went on during the entire night, and tired soldiers were roused from their slumbers by the plaintive cries of wounded comrades passing in torturing vehicles. In one instance a Confederate and a Union soldier were found comforting each other on the field. They were put into the same Virginia farm-cart and sent to the rear, talking and groaning in fraternal sympathy.

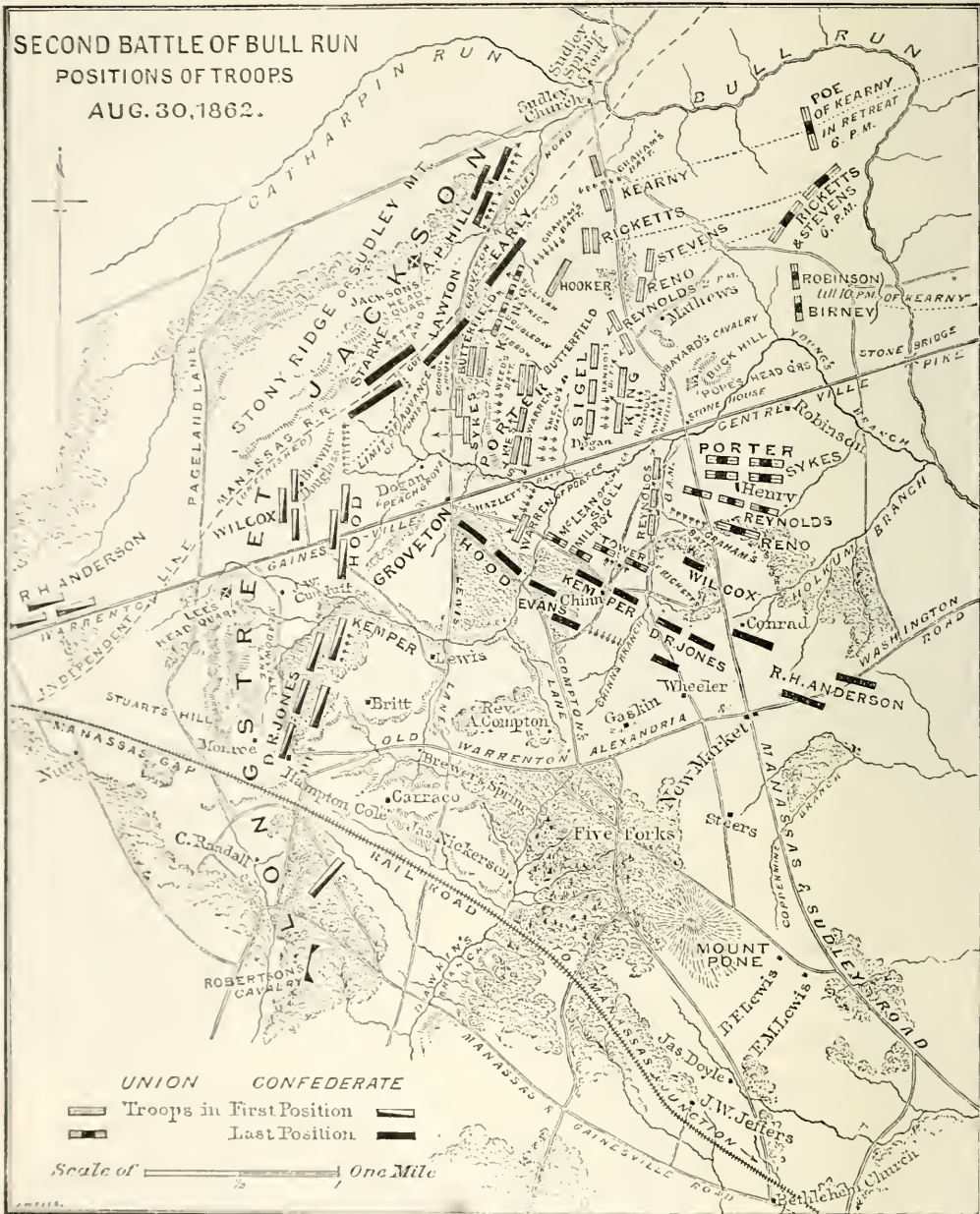
THE FIGHTING OF SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

THE condition of Pope's army on Saturday, August 30, was such that a more cautious general would have hesitated before giving battle. His men were exhausted by incessant marching and fighting; thousands had straggled from their commands; the men had had but little to eat for two days previous; the horses of the artillery and cavalry were broken down from being continually in harness for over a week and from want of forage. But Pope believed he had gained a great victory on the day previous, and that the enemy were demoralized, while in fact their lines held the railroad embankment as a fortress, and for thirty-six hours there had been nothing to prevent the union of Longstreet with Jackson.

At an early hour Pope ordered a recon-



SUDLEY CHURCH, FROM THE SUDLEY SPRINGS ROAD. A HOSPITAL IN BOTH BATTLES. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE SECOND BATTLE.)



FIRST AND LAST POSITIONS IN THE FIGHTING OF AUGUST 30.

During the assault by Porter's corps and King's division Jackson's forces were all behind the unfinished railway. When that assault failed the Unionists north of the turnpike were attacked by two of the three brigades indicated as with Wilcox. These were Featherston's and Pryor's, which were acting with some of Jackson's troops and with one brigade of Hood. Wilcox with his own

proper brigade passed far to the right and fought his way to an advanced position, after several brigades under Evans and Jones had by desperate fighting compelled the troops of Sigel and McDowell to loosen their hold on Bald Hill. The last fighting was in the woods where Wilcox's final position is indicated and where troops of D. R. Jones's division had also been fighting.—EDITOR.

noissance made in his front. At this time the enemy, in readjusting their lines, had withdrawn their troops from some of the contested ground of the day previous. Pope interpreted this movement to mean that the enemy were

in full retreat, and at noon assigned McDowell to the pursuit. Porter was ordered to push forward on the Warrenton turnpike, followed by the divisions of King and Reynolds. At four o'clock in the afternoon the battle

was opened by Porter. With cheers the Union force dashed up the hill, through the intervening woods, and charged the railroad cut and embankment. Hatch, on the right, with King's division, moved to the attack. The fight was most obstinate and determined, and as one line was repulsed another took its place, the Confederates resisting with bayonets and stones after their ammunition gave out, and sticking to the deep cut and embankment as to a fortress. Longstreet opened on the force, assaulting Jackson with a murderous enfilading fire of shells. It was under this cannonade that the lines of Porter were broken and partly put to flight.

On the extreme right, Hooker's, Kearny's, and Ricketts's divisions, which were to have attacked by the Sudley Springs road, made no serious demonstration in that quarter.

direction, relying upon Jackson's well-known skill and stubbornness, while he prepared for an attack on our flank. When half of our troops were either in actual conflict or already discomfited, then it was that Longstreet rolled like an irresistible wave upon our left.

It fell to McDowell to defend the line of retreat by the Warrenton turnpike. A strong prejudice existed among the men against this able but unfortunate commander. Nothing was more common during the day than to hear him denounced. He wore a peculiar head-gear which looked like a basket. It was a common remark that Pope had his "head-quarters in the saddle, and McDowell his head in a basket." Such was the moral disadvantage under which McDowell labored with his men, and such elements have more to do with success or defeat than is generally



VIEW FROM THE HENRY HILL DURING THE ATTACK UPON JACKSON, ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK, AUGUST 30.
(FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY EDWIN FORBES.)

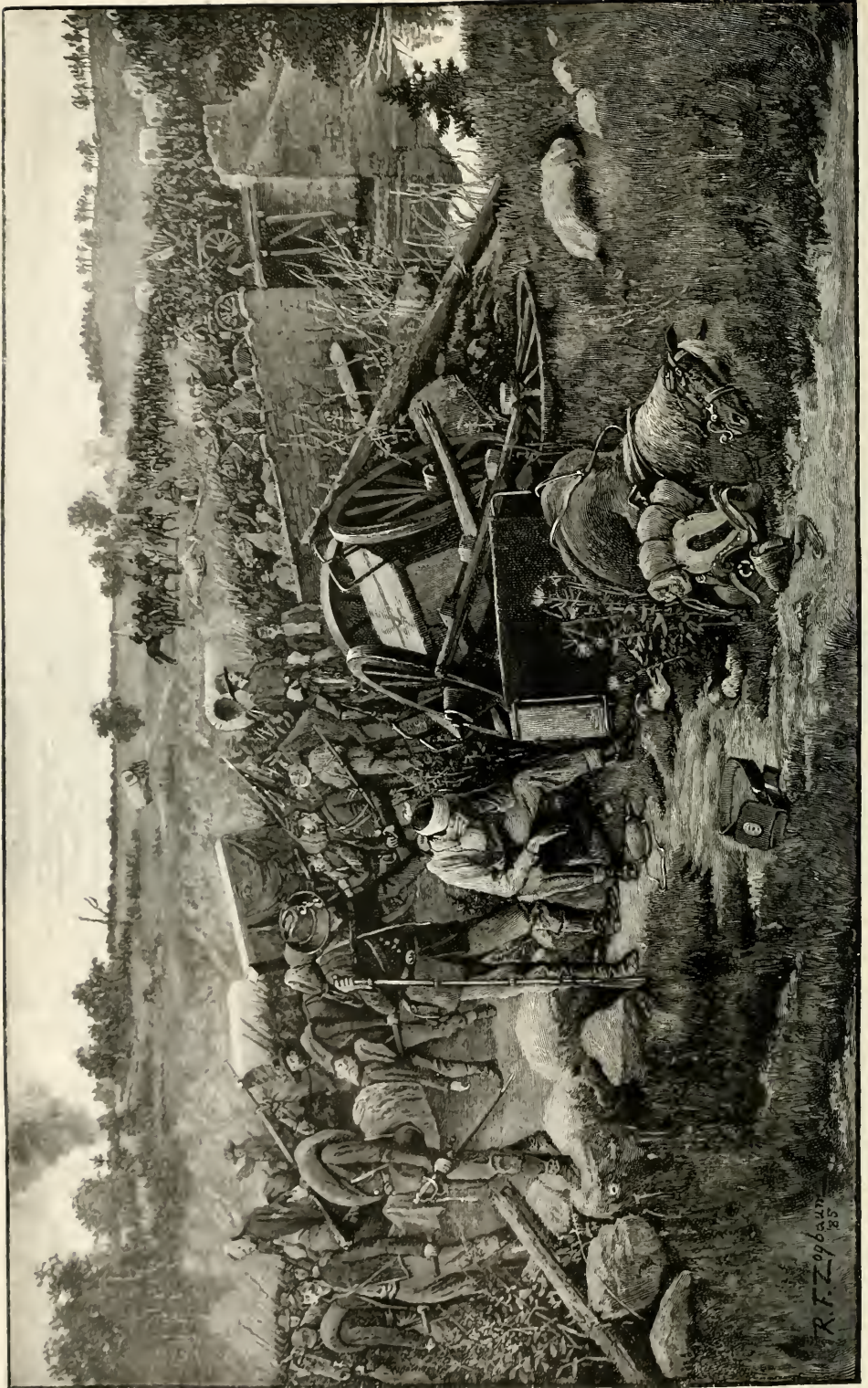
In the foreground Reynolds's division is marching to the defense of the left flank. The stone house on the turnpike is seen in the hollow.—EDITOR.

Reynolds had meantime discovered the enemy in force concealed in the woods south of the turnpike. It was here that Lee had massed for the attack planned upon our left flank. Reynolds, who during the fighting described above occupied a key position protecting Porter's left flank, was ordered by Pope (or by McDowell) to support Porter, thus uncovering the left flank of the force attacking Jackson. Colonel G. K. Warren, in command of one of Porter's brigades, seeing the importance of this vacated position, without orders seized and held it obstinately with only a thousand men, of whom over four hundred were killed, wounded, or captured.

When Lee saw that Pope contemplated an attack north of the turnpike, he allowed the Union army to expend its strength in that

imagined. Since understanding McDowell's character and record better, we soldiers are glad to acknowledge his true worth as a brave, able, and long-headed commander, and to apologize for abuse which was undeserved.

Pope took prompt measures to ward off impending disaster. The officers and privates, as a whole, by their devotion, coolness, and courage, gave steadiness to the wavering lines. Wearied and even wounded men dragged themselves forward to the conflict for the common safety. It was past five o'clock when Longstreet's five fresh divisions, hitherto concealed in the woods, came on, giving the rebel yell, and followed by artillery which took positions from point to point in conformity to the main line of advance. When, however, the Confederates reached the position where



R. F. Z. 1862

THE RETREAT OVER THE STONE BRIDGE, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30.

they had hoped to intercept our line of retreat, they unexpectedly found it defended. McLean's brigade of Schenck's division, Milroy's independent brigade, and Tower with two brigades of Ricketts's, held the line of Bald Hill. Being severely pressed, Schenck in person brought up reinforcements to McLean's support, including two brigades of Schurz's division, and fell, severely wounded, while at the head of his men. Here it was that Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, fell while leading his regiment. Here also the brave Colonel Koltcs, commanding Schurz's third brigade, was killed. Then came the struggle for the Henry house hill, the plateau which was the scene of the hardest fighting in the first Bull Run. It was bristling with the guns of Reynolds's and Reno's men, and of Sykes's regulars. The enemy made a vigorous attack. At last darkness, the succor of armies hard pressed, came. The army crossed Bull Run by the stone bridge, and by midnight were all posted on the heights of Centreville.*

Notwithstanding the surprise of Long-

street's flank attack, our men were at no time completely demoralized, and certainly under the circumstances were excusable for what demoralization did exist. While the fight was going on, many in other parts of the field made fires and were engaged in cooking their rations of fresh beef, just issued, while some stood on fences and gun-carriages to see how the fight was progressing. The sky was clear and blue, where not obscured by the battle-clouds. In the distance could be seen the bold outlines of the Bull Run and Blue Ridge mountains. At one time the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment was in the same position it held during the first battle of Bull Run about the same time the previous year.

Our prisoners were disposed to rally us on our defeat. "What was Stonewall doing in our rear when we came so near gobbling him?" was asked of a prisoner. "Gobbling!" exclaimed the indignant rebel; "we uns are foot cavalry, we uns are. We uns can march right around you uns while you uns are getting ready. Old Stonewall? He was up there to get our rations; we uns couldn't live if you

* Captain William H. Powell, of the Fourth Regular Infantry, in a letter to *THE CENTURY*, dated Fort Omaha, Neb., March 12, 1885, describes as follows the retreat upon Washington and McClellan's reception by his old army:

"The last volley had been fired, and as night fell upon us the division of regulars of Porter's corps was ordered to retire to Centreville. It had fought hard on the extreme left, to preserve the line of retreat by the turnpike and the stone bridge. We were gloomy, despondent, and about 'tired out'; we had not had a change of clothing from the 14th to the 31st of August, and had been living, in the words of the men, on 'salt horse,' 'hard tack,' and 'chicory juice.' As we filed from the battle-field into the turnpike leading over the stone bridge, we came upon a group of mounted officers, one of whom wore a peculiar style of hat which had been seen on the field that day, and which had been the occasion of a great deal of comment in the ranks. As we passed these officers, the one with the peculiar hat called out in a loud voice:

"What troops are these?"

"The regulars," answered somebody.

"Second Division, Fifth Corps," replied another.

"God bless them! they saved the army," added the officer solemnly. We learned that he was General Irvin McDowell.

"As we neared the bridge, we came upon confusion. Men singly and in detachments were mingled with sutlers' wagons, artillery caissons, supply wagons, and ambulances, each striving to get ahead of the other. Vehicles rushed through organized bodies, and broke the columns into fragments. Little detachments gathered by the roadside, after crossing the bridge, crying out the numbers of their regiments as a guide to scattered comrades.

"And what a night it was! Dark, gloomy, and obscured by the volumes of smoke which had risen from the battle-field. To our disgust with the situation was added the discomfort of a steady rain setting in after nightfall. With many threats to reckless drivers, and through the untiring efforts of our officers, — not knowing how, when, or where we should meet the enemy again, — we managed to preserve our organization intact, keeping out of the road as much as possible, in order to avoid mingling with others. In this way we arrived at Centreville some time before midnight, and on the morning of the 31st of August we were placed in the old Confederate earthworks surrounding that village to await the developments of the enemy.

"It was Sunday. The morning was cold and rainy; everything bore a look of sadness in unison with our feelings. All about were the *disjecta membra* of a shattered army; here were stragglers plodding through the mud, inquiring for their regiments; little squads, just issuing from their shelterless bivouac on the wet ground; wagons wrecked and forlorn; half-formed regiments, part of the men with guns and part without; wanderers driven in by the patrols; while every one you met had an unwashed, sleepy, downcast aspect, and looked as if he would like to hide his head somewhere from all the world.

"During the afternoon of Sept. 1, a council of war was held in the bivouac of the regular division, at which I noticed all the prominent generals of that army. It was a long one, and apparently not over-pleasant, if one might judge of it by the expres-

sions on the faces of the officers when they separated. The information it developed, however, was that the enemy was between the Army of the Potomac and Washington; that Kearny was then engaged with him at Chantilly, and that we must fall back towards the defenses of the city. Dejection disappeared, activity took the place of immobility, and we were ready again to renew the contest. But who was to be our leader? and where were we to fight? Those were the questions that sprang to our lips. We had been ordered to keep our camp-fires burning brightly until 'tattoo'; and then, after the rolls had been called, we stole away — out into a gloomy night, made more desolate by the glare of dying embers. Nothing occurred to disturb our march; we arrived at Fairfax Court House early on the morning of the 2d of September. At this point we were turned off on the road to Washington, and went into bivouac. Here all sorts of rumors reached us; but, tired out from the weary night march, our blankets were soon spread on the ground, and we enjoyed an afternoon and night of comparative repose.

"About four o'clock on the next afternoon, from a prominent point, we descried in the distance the dome of the Capitol. We would be there at least in time to defend it. Darkness came upon us, and still we marched. As the night wore on, we found at each halt that it was more and more difficult to arouse the men from the sleep they would fall into apparently as soon as they touched the ground. During one of these halts, while Colonel Buchanan, the brigade commander, was resting a little off the road, some distance in advance of the head of the column, it being starlight, two horsemen came down the road towards us. I thought I observed a familiar form, and, turning to Colonel Buchanan, said:

"Colonel, if I did not know that General McClellan had been relieved of all command, I should say that he was one of that party, adding immediately, 'I do really believe it is!'

"Nonsense," said the Colonel; "what would General McClellan be doing out in this lonely place, at this time of night, without an escort?"

"The two horsemen passed on to where the column of troops was lying, standing, or sitting, as pleased each individual, and were lost in the shadowy gloom. But a few moments had elapsed, however, when Captain John D. Wilkins, of the Third Infantry (now colonel of the Fifth), came running towards Colonel Buchanan, crying out:

"Colonel! Colonel! General McClellan is here!"

"The enlisted men caught the sound! Whoever was awake aroused his neighbor. Eyes were rubbed, and those tired fellows, as the news passed down the column, jumped to their feet, and sent up such a hurrah as the Army of the Potomac had never heard before. Shout upon shout went out into the stillness of the night; and as it was taken up along the road and repeated by regiment, brigade, division, and corps, we could hear the roar dying away in the distance. The effect of this man's presence upon the Army of the Potomac — in sunshine or rain, in darkness or in daylight, in victory or defeat — was ever electrical, and too wonderful to make it worth while attempting to give a reason for it. Just two weeks from this time this defeated army, under the leadership of McClellan, won the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and had to march ten days out of the two weeks in order to do it."

Yanks didn't keep we uns in fixin's." And this was very near the sober truth.

The hardships of the army in this campaign were unparalleled in its experience. The field hospitals contained nearly eight thousand wounded men, and a ghastly army of dead lay on the field. The ambulances, too few for the occasion, were supplemented by hacks and carriages of every description, brought from Washington. The tender hand of woman was there to alleviate distress, and the picture of misery was qualified by the heroic grit of those who suffered.

The greatest losses in a battle are in the wounded, their ratio being as ten to one of the killed; and it seemed as if accident exhausted its combination in the variety of places in which a man could be wounded and yet live. I have seen men die from a trivial scratch, and others live with a fractured skull; others were killed by a shell or shot passing very near them, without leaving a bruise or scratch upon the body, and men shot through the lungs and bowels lived and got well. During the fighting of Saturday an officer put out his foot to stop a cannon-ball, which seemed to be rolling very slowly along the ground. It took off his leg and killed him. Another picked up a shell from the ground, not thinking it was lighted, and it exploded in his hands without doing him any serious injury. Jar and concussion often broke down the nervous system and produced death, while men with frightful wounds often recovered.

After that hard experience the *morale* of the army was much better than might have

been expected, though some, for the first time, began to regard our cause as a losing one. Most of the soldiers believed the Confederate armies were more ably commanded than our own. Said one: "If the rebels have a small force, they manage to get into some strong place like that old railroad cut that Jackson held." Another said: "They always have the most men where the nip comes." This expressed in a nutshell two facts. When weak, the Confederates took strong defensive positions, and at the supreme moment they were superior at the point of contact. Along with stubbornness and confidence, the natural inclination of the soldiers in our ranks was towards cautiousness and economy. Sometimes they ceased the fight before receiving orders because they recognized its uselessness in advance of their commander. The common soldiers represented the average intelligence of the North, and many of them—enough to give tone to the whole—looked upon the cause as peculiarly their own. It was felt that we must keep up the fight because it was a cause that belonged to ourselves and children. This view was deeply impressed upon the great bulk of our army. It supplied a bond of cohesion when discipline failed; and although we had fought and retreated, retreated and fought, we were neither dismayed nor badly disorganized. We were learning the trade of war thoroughly and systematically, and only needed a commander. The regard the private soldiers felt for McClellan arose from a deep conviction that he would not needlessly throw away our lives; that, with all his faults, he understood his trade.

Warren Lee Goss.

THE INTERPRETER.

OH, well these places knew and loved us twain!
 The Genii softly laughed to see us pass,
 To kiss our blessed hands up climbed the grass,
 And on our pathway danced a flowery train;
 To counsel us each agèd tree was fain,
 And all its leafy accents we could class;
 By symbol-circles on its polished glass,
 By chiming shallows, still the brook spake plain.
 Now all is changed: I look and list in vain;
 As one who sits and hears a solemn mass,
 In other language, in an alien fane,
 So I without thee in these haunts, alas!
 Am nature's stranger—so must I remain
 Till, sweet interpreter! thou come again.

Edith M. Thomas.

PREPARING FOR THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.



HEADQUARTERS FLAG, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.*

MY commission as lieutenant-general was given to me on the 9th of March, 1864. On the following day I visited General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, at his headquarters, Brandy Station, north of the Rapidan. I had known General Meade slightly in the Mexican war, but had not met him since until this visit. I was a stranger to most of the Army of the Potomac, I might say to all except the officers of the regular army who

had served in the Mexican war. There had been some changes ordered in the organization of that army before my promotion. One was the consolidation of five corps into three, thus throwing some officers of rank out of important commands. Meade evidently thought that I might want to make still one more change not yet ordered. He said to me that I might want an officer who had served with me in the West, mentioning Sherman especially, to take his place. If so, he begged me not to hesitate about making the change. He urged that the work before us was of such vast importance to the whole nation that the feeling or wishes of no one person should stand in the way of selecting the right men for all positions. For himself, he would serve to the best of his ability wherever placed. I assured him that I had no thought of substituting any one for him. As to Sherman, he could not be spared from the West.

This incident gave me even a more favorable opinion of Meade than did his great victory at Gettysburg the July before. It is men who wait to be selected, and not those who seek, from whom we may always expect the most efficient service.

Meade's position afterwards proved embarrassing to me if not to him. He was commanding an army, and, for nearly a year previous to my taking command of all the armies,

was in supreme command of the Army of the Potomac — except from the authorities at Washington. All other general officers occupying similar positions were independent in their commands so far as any one present with them was concerned. I tried to make General Meade's position as nearly as possible what it would have been if I had been in Washington or any other place away from his command. I therefore gave all orders for the movements of the Army of the Potomac to Meade to have them executed. To avoid the necessity of having to give orders direct, I established my headquarters near his, unless there were reasons for locating them elsewhere. This sometimes happened, and I had no occasion to give orders direct to the troops affected.

On the 11th of March I returned to Washington, and on the day after orders were published by the War Department placing me in command of all the armies. I had left Washington the night before to return to my old command in the West and to meet Sherman, whom I had telegraphed to meet me in Nashville.

Sherman assumed command of the Military Division of the Mississippi on the 18th of March, and we left Nashville together for Cincinnati. I had Sherman accompany me that far on my way back to Washington, so that we could talk over the matters about which I wanted to see him, without losing any more time from my new command than was necessary. The first point which I wished to discuss was particularly about the coöperation of his command with others when the spring campaign should commence. There were also other and minor points, — minor as compared with the great importance of the question to be decided by sanguinary war, — the restoration to duty of officers who had been relieved from important commands; namely, McClellan, Burnside, and Frémont in the East, and Buell, McCook, Negley, and Crittenden in the West.

Some time in the winter of 1863-4, I had been invited by the general-in-chief to give my views of the campaign I thought advisable for the command under me — now Sherman's. General J. E. Johnston was defending Atlanta and the interior of Georgia with an army, the largest part of which was stationed at Dalton,

* General Meade adopted solferino as the color of his headquarters flag, and a golden eagle in a silver wreath as the emblem. The latter had already been in use as a badge for headquarters aides. It was a showy standard,

and A. R. Waud, the war artist, remembers that General Grant when he first saw it unfurled, as they broke camp for the Wilderness campaign, exclaimed: "What's this! — Is Imperial Cæsar anywhere about here?" — EDITOR.

about thirty-eight miles south of Chattanooga. Dalton is at the junction of the railroad from Cleveland with the one from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

There could have been no difference of opinion as to the first duty of the armies of the Military Division of the Mississippi. Johnston's army was the first objective, and that important railroad center, Atlanta, the second. At the time I wrote General Halleck giving my views of the approaching campaign, and at the time I met General Sherman, it was expected that General Banks would be through with the campaign which he had been ordered upon before my appointment to the command of all the armies, and would be ready to cooperate with the armies east of the Mississippi; his part in the programme being to move upon Mobile by land, while the navy would close the harbor and assist to the best of its ability. The plan, therefore, was for Sherman to attack Johnston and destroy his army if possible, to capture Atlanta and hold it, and with his troops and those of Banks to hold a line through to Mobile, or at least to hold Atlanta and command the railroad running east and west, and the troops from one or other of the armies to hold important points on the southern road, the only east and west road that would be left in the possession of the enemy. This would cut the Confederacy in two again, as our gaining possession of the Mississippi River had done before. Banks was not ready in time for the part assigned to him, and circumstances that could not be foreseen determined the campaign which was afterwards made, the success and grandeur of which has resounded throughout all lands.

In regard to restoring officers who had been relieved from important commands to duty again, I left Sherman to look after those who had been removed in the West, while I would look out for the rest. I directed, however, that he should make no assignment until I could speak to the Secretary of War about the matter. I shortly after recommended to the Secretary the assignment of General Buell to duty. I received the assurance that duty would be offered to him, and afterwards the Secretary told me that he had offered Buell an assignment and that the latter declined it, saying that it would be a degradation to accept the assignment offered. I understood afterwards that he refused to serve under either Sherman or Canby because he had ranked them both. Both graduated before him and ranked him in the old army. Sherman ranked him as brigadier-general. All of them ranked me in the old army, and Sherman and Buell did as brigadiers.

On the 23d of March I was back in Washington, and on the 26th took up my headquar-

ters at Culpeper Court House, a few miles south of the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac.

Although hailing from Illinois myself, the State of the President, I never met Mr. Lincoln until called to the capital to receive my commission as lieutenant-general. I knew him, however, very well and favorably from the accounts given by officers under me at the West, who had known him all their lives. I had also read the remarkable series of debates between Lincoln and Douglas a few years before, when they were rival candidates for the United States Senate. I was then a resident of Missouri, and by no means a "Lincoln man" in that contest; but I recognized then his great ability.

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he had never professed to be a military man or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them; but that procrastination on the part of commanders and the pressure from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him into issuing his series of "Military Orders"—one, two, three, etc. He did not know but they were all wrong, and did know that some of them were. All he wanted, or had ever wanted, was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance. Assuring him that I would do the best I could with the means at hand, and avoid as far as possible annoying him or the War Department, our first interview ended.

The Secretary of War I had met once before only, but felt that I knew him better. While commanding in West Tennessee we had occasionally held conversations over the wires at night, when they were not being otherwise used. He and General Halleck both cautioned me against giving the President my plans of campaign, saying that he was so kind-hearted, so averse from refusing anything asked of him, that some friend would be sure to get from him all he knew. I should have said that in our interview the President told me that he did not want to know what I proposed to do. But he submitted a plan of campaign of his own which he wanted me to hear and then do as I pleased about. He brought out a map of Virginia on which he had evidently marked every position occupied by the Federal and Confederate armies up to that time. He pointed out on the map two streams which empty into the Potomac, and suggested that the army might be moved on boats and landed between the mouths of these streams. We would then have the Potomac

to bring our supplies, and the tributaries would protect our flanks while we moved out. I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks while he was shutting us up. I did not communicate my plans to the President, nor did I to the Secretary of War or to General Halleck.

March the 26th, with my headquarters at Culpeper, the work of preparing for an early campaign commenced.

When I assumed command of all the armies the situation was about this: The Mississippi was guarded from St. Louis to its mouth; the line of the Arkansas was held, thus giving us all the North-west north of that river. A few points in Louisiana, not remote from the river, were held by the Federal troops, and also the mouth of the Rio Grande. East of the Mississippi we held substantially all north of the Memphis and Charleston railroad as far east as Chattanooga, thence along the line of the Tennessee and Holston rivers, taking in nearly all of the State of Tennessee. West Virginia was in our hands; and that part of old Virginia north of the Rapidan and east of the Blue Ridge we also held. On the sea-coast we had Fort Monroe and Norfolk in Virginia; Plymouth, Washington, and New-Berne in North Carolina; Beaufort, Folly and Morris islands, Hilton Head, Port Royal, and Fort Pulaski in South Carolina and Georgia; Fernandina, St. Augustine, Key West, and Pensacola in Florida. The rest of the Southern territory, an empire in extent, was still in the hands of the enemy.

Sherman, who had succeeded me in the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, commanded all the troops in the territory west of the Alleghanies and north of Natchez, with a large movable force about Chattanooga. His command was subdivided into four departments, but the commanders all reported to Sherman, and were subject to his orders. This arrangement, however, insured the better protection of all lines of communication through the acquired territory, for the reason that these different department commanders could act promptly in case of a sudden or unexpected raid within their respective jurisdiction, without waiting the orders of the division commander.

In the East the opposing forces stood in substantially the same relations toward each other as three years before; or when the war began: they were both between the Federal and Confederate capitals. It is true footholds had been secured by us on the sea-coast, in Virginia and North Carolina, but beyond that no substantial advantage had been gained by either side. Battles had been fought of as great severity as had ever been known in war,

over ground from the James River and the Chickahominy, near Richmond, to Gettysburg and Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, with indecisive results, sometimes favorable to the National army, sometimes to the Confederate army, but in every instance, I believe, claimed as victories for the South, by the Southern press if not by the Southern generals. The Northern press, as a whole, did not discourage their claims; a portion of it always magnified rebel success and belittled ours, while another portion, most sincerely earnest in their desire for the preservation of the Union and the overwhelming success of the Federal arms, would nevertheless generally express dissatisfaction with whatever victories were gained because they were not more complete.

That portion of the Army of the Potomac not engaged in guarding lines of communication was on the northern bank of the Rapidan; the Army of Northern Virginia confronting it on the opposite bank of the same river, was strongly entrenched and commanded by the acknowledged ablest general in the Confederate army. The country back to the James River is cut up with many streams, generally narrow, deep, and difficult to cross except where bridged. The region is heavily timbered, and the roads narrow and very bad after the least rain. Such an enemy was not, of course, unprepared with adequate fortifications at convenient intervals all the way back to Richmond, so that when driven from one fortified position they would always have another farther to the rear to fall back into. To provision an army, campaigning against so formidable a foe through such a country, from wagons alone, seemed almost impossible. System and discipline were both essential to its accomplishment. (See map, page 607.)

The Union armies were now divided into nineteen departments, though four of them in the West had been concentrated into a single military division. The Army of the Potomac was a separate command, and had no territorial limits. There were thus seventeen district commanders. Before this time these various armies had acted separately and independently of each other, giving the enemy an opportunity, often, of depleting one command, not pressed, to reinforce another more actively engaged. I determined to stop this. To this end I regarded the Army of the Potomac as the center, and all west to Memphis, along the line described as our position at the time, and north of it, the right wing; the Army of the James, under General Butler, as the left wing, and all the troops south as a force in rear of the enemy. Some of these latter were occupying positions from which they could not render service proportionate

to their numerical strength. All such were depleted to the minimum necessary to hold their positions as a guard against blockade-runners; when they could not do this, their positions were abandoned altogether. In this way ten thousand men were added to the Army of the James from South Carolina alone, with General Gillmore in command. It was not contemplated that General Gillmore should leave his department. But as most of his troops were taken, presumably for active service, he asked to accompany them, and was permitted to do so. Officers and soldiers on furlough, of whom there were many thousands, were ordered to their proper commands; concentration was the order of the day, and to have it accomplished in time to advance at the earliest moment the roads would permit was the problem.

As a reinforcement to the Army of the Potomac, or to act in support of it, the Ninth Army Corps, over twenty thousand strong, under General Burnside, had been rendezvoused at Annapolis, Maryland. This was an admirable position for such a reinforcement. The corps could be brought at the last moment as a reinforcement to the Army of the Potomac, or it could be thrown on the seacoast, south of Norfolk, in Virginia or North Carolina, to operate against Richmond from that direction. In fact Burnside and the War Department both thought the Ninth Corps was intended for such an expedition up to the last moment.

My general plan now was to concentrate all the force possible against the Confederate armies in the field. There were but two such, as we have seen, east of the Mississippi River and facing north. The Army of Northern Virginia, General Robert E. Lee commanding, was on the south bank of the Rapidan, confronting the Army of the Potomac; the second, under General Joseph E. Johnston, was at Dalton, Georgia, opposed to Sherman, who was still at Chattanooga. Besides these main armies the Confederates had to guard the Shenandoah Valley, a great storehouse to feed their armies from, and their line of communications from Richmond to Tennessee. Forrest, a brave and intrepid cavalry general, was in the West, with a large force, making a larger command necessary to hold what we had gained in Middle and West Tennessee. We could not abandon any territory north of the line held by the enemy, because it would lay the Northern States open to invasion. But as the Army of the Potomac was the principal garrison for the protection of Washington, even while it was moving on Lee, so all the forces in the West, and the Army of the James, guarded their special trusts when advancing

from them as well as when remaining at them. Better, indeed, for they forced the enemy to guard his own lines and resources, at a greater distance from ours and with a greater force. Little expeditions could not so well be sent out to destroy a bridge or tear up a few miles of railroad track, burn a storehouse, or inflict other little annoyances. Accordingly I arranged for a simultaneous movement all along the line.

Sherman was to move from Chattanooga, Johnston's army and Atlanta being his objective points. Crook, commanding in West Virginia, was to move from the mouth of the Gauley River with a cavalry force and some artillery, the Virginia and Tennessee railroad to be his objective. Either the enemy would have to keep a larger force to protect their communications or see them destroyed, and a large amount of forage and provisions, which they so much needed, fall into our hands. Sigel was in command in the valley of Virginia. He was to advance up the valley, covering the North from an invasion through that channel as well while advancing as by remaining near Harper's Ferry. Every mile he advanced also gave us possession of stores on which Lee relied. Butler was to advance by the James River, having Richmond and Petersburg as his objective. Before the advance commenced I visited Butler at Fort Monroe. This was the first time I had ever met him. Before giving him any order as to the part he was to play in the approaching campaign I invited his views. They were very much such as I intended to direct, and as I did direct, in writing, before leaving.

General W. F. Smith, who had been promoted to the rank of major-general shortly after the battle of Chattanooga, on my recommendation, had not yet been confirmed. I found a decided prejudice against his confirmation by a majority of the Senate, but I insisted that his services had been such that he should be rewarded. My wishes were now reluctantly complied with, and I assigned him to the command of one of the corps under General Butler. I was not long in finding out that the objections to Smith's promotion were well founded.

In one of my early interviews with the President I expressed my dissatisfaction with the little that had been accomplished by the cavalry so far in the war, and the belief that it was capable of accomplishing much more than it had done if under a thorough leader. I said I wanted the very best man in the army for that command. Halleck was present and spoke up, saying:

"How would Sheridan do?"

I replied: "The very man I want."

The President said I could have anybody I wanted. Sheridan was telegraphed for that day, and on his arrival was assigned to the command of the cavalry corps with the Army of the Potomac. This relieved General Alfred Pleasonton. It was not a reflection on that officer, however, for I did not know but that he had been as efficient as any other cavalry commander.

Banks in the Department of the Gulf was ordered to assemble all the troops he had at New Orleans in time to join in the general move, Mobile to be his objective.

At this time I was not entirely decided as to whether I should move the Army of the Potomac by the right flank of the enemy or by his left. Each plan presented advantages. If by his right — my left — the Potomac, Chesapeake Bay, and tributaries would furnish us an easy line over which to bring all supplies to within easy hauling distance of every position the army could occupy from the Rappahannock to the James River. But Lee could, if he chose, detach, or move his whole army north on a line rather interior to the one I should have to take in following. A movement by his left — our right — would obviate this; but all that was done would have to be done with the supplies and ammunition we started with. All idea of adopting this latter plan was abandoned when the limited quantity of supplies possible to take with us was considered. The country over which we should have to pass was so exhausted of all food or forage, that we should be obliged to carry everything with us.

While these preparations were going on the enemy was not entirely idle. In the West, Forrest made a raid in West Tennessee up to the northern border, capturing the garrison of four or five hundred men at Union City, and followed it up by an attack on Paducah, Kentucky, on the banks of the Ohio. While he was able to enter the city, he failed to capture the forts or any part of the garrison. On the first intelligence of Forrest's raid I telegraphed Sherman to send all his cavalry against him, and not to let him get out of the trap he had put himself into. Sherman had anticipated me by sending troops against him before he got my order.

Forrest, however, fell back rapidly, and attacked the troops at Fort Pillow, a station for the protection of the navigation of the Mississippi River. The garrison consisted of a regiment of colored troops, infantry, and a detachment of Tennessee cavalry. These troops fought bravely, but were overpowered. I will leave Forrest in his dispatches to tell what he did with them.

"The river was dyed," he says, "with the

blood of the slaughtered for two hundred yards. The approximate loss was upward of five hundred killed; but few of the officers escaped. My loss was about twenty killed. It is hoped that these facts will demonstrate to the Northern people that negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners." Subsequently Forrest made a report in which he left out the part which shocks humanity to read.

At the East, also, the rebels were busy. I had said to Halleck that Plymouth and Washington, North Carolina, were unnecessary to hold. It would be better to have the garrisons engaged there added to Butler's command. If success attended our arms both places, and others too, would fall into our hands naturally. These places had been occupied by Federal troops before I took command of the armies, and I knew that the Executive would be reluctant to abandon them, and therefore explained my views; but before my views were carried out, the rebels captured the garrison at Plymouth. I then ordered the abandonment of Washington, but directed the holding of New-Berne at all hazards. This was essential, because New-Berne was a port into which blockade-runners could enter.

General Banks had gone on an expedition up the Red River long before my promotion to general command. I had opposed the movement strenuously, but acquiesced because it was the order of my superior at the time. By direction of Halleck I had reënforced Banks with a corps of about ten thousand men from Sherman's command. This reënforcement was wanted back badly before the forward movement commenced. But Banks had got so far that it seemed best that he should take Shreveport, on the Red River, and turn over the line of that river to Steele, who commanded in Arkansas, to hold instead of the line of the Arkansas. Orders were given accordingly, and with the expectation that the campaign would be ended in time for Banks to return A. J. Smith's command to where it belonged, and get back to New Orleans himself in time to execute his part in the general plan. But the expedition was a failure. Banks did not get back in time to take part in the programme as laid down; nor was Smith returned until long after the movements of May, 1864, had been begun. The services of forty thousand veteran troops over and above the number required to hold all that was necessary in the Department of the Gulf were thus paralyzed. It is but just to Banks, however, to say that his expedition was ordered from Washington, and he was in no way responsible except for the conduct of it. I make no criticism on this point. He opposed the expedition.

By the 27th of April, spring had so far advanced as to justify me in fixing a day for the great move. On that day Burnside left Annapolis to occupy Meade's position between Bull Run and the Rappahannock. Meade was notified and directed to bring his troops forward to his advance; on the following day Butler was notified of my intended advance on the 4th of May, and he was directed to move the night of the same day, and get as far up the James River as possible by daylight, and push on from there to accomplish the task given him. He was also notified that reënforcements were being collected in Washington, which would be forwarded to him should the enemy fall back into the trenches at Richmond. The same day Sherman was directed to get his forces up ready to advance on the 5th. Sigel was in Winchester, and was notified to move in conjunction with the others.

The criticism has been made by writers on the campaign from the Rapidan to the James River that all the loss of life could have been obviated by moving the army there on transports. Richmond was fortified and intrenched so perfectly that one man inside to defend was more than equal to five outside besieging or assaulting. To get possession of Lee's army was the first great object. With the capture of his army Richmond would necessarily follow. It was better to fight him outside of his stronghold than in it. If the Army of the Potomac had been moved bodily to the James River by water, Lee could have moved a part of his forces back to Richmond, called Beauregard from the South to reënforce it, and with the remainder moved on to Washington. Then, too, I ordered a move simultaneous with that of the Army of the Potomac up the James River, by a formidable army already collected at the mouth of the river.

While my headquarters were at Culpeper, from the 26th of March to the 4th of May, I generally visited Washington once a week to confer with the Secretary of War and the President. On the last occasion, a few days before moving, a circumstance occurred which came near postponing my part in the campaign altogether. Colonel John S. Mosby had for a long time been commanding a partisan corps, or regiment, which operated in the rear of the Army of the Potomac. On my return to the field on this occasion, as the train approached Warrenton Junction, a heavy cloud of dust was seen to the east of the road, as if made by a body of cavalry on a charge. Arriving at the junction, the train was stopped and inquiries made as to the cause of the dust. There was but one man at the station, and he informed us that Mosby had crossed a few minutes before at full speed

in pursuit of Federal cavalry. Had he seen our train coming, no doubt he would have let his prisoners escape to capture the train. I was on a special train, if I remember correctly, without any guard. Since the close of the war I have come to know Colonel Mosby personally, and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I had supposed. He is slender, not tall, wiry, and looks as if he could endure any amount of physical exercise. He is able, and thoroughly honest and truthful. There were probably but few men in the South who could have commanded successfully a separate detachment, in the rear of an opposing army and so near the border of hostilities, as long as he did without losing his entire command.

On this same visit to Washington I had my last interview with the President before reaching the James River. He had, of course, become acquainted with the fact that a general movement had been ordered all along the line, and seemed to think it a new feature in war. I explained to him that it was necessary to have a great number of troops to guard and to hold the territory we had captured, and to prevent incursions into the Northern States. These troops could perform this service just as well by advancing as by remaining still; and by advancing they would compel the enemy to keep detachments to hold them back or else lay his own territory open to invasion. His answer was: "Oh! yes, I see that. As we say out West, if a man can't skin he must hold a leg while somebody else does."

The following correspondence closed the first chapter of my personal acquaintance with President Lincoln:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, April 30, 1864.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT: Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know or seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or the capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you. Yours, very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, May 1, 1864.

"THE PRESIDENT: Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future and satisfaction for the past in my military administration is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day, I have never had cause of complaint — have never ex-

pressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War, for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty. And since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and the importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which everything asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant.

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

The armies were now all ready to move for the accomplishment of a single object. They were acting as a unit so far as such a thing was possible over such a vast field. Lee, with the capital of the Confederacy, was the main end to which all were working. Johnston, with Atlanta, was an important obstacle in the way of our accomplishing the result aimed at, and was therefore almost an independent objective. It was of less importance only because the capture of Johnston and his army would not produce so immediate and decisive a result in closing the rebellion as would the possession of Richmond, Lee and his army. All other troops were employed exclusively in support of these two movements. This was the plan; and I will now endeavor to give, as concisely as I can, the method of its execution, outlining first the operations of minor detached but coöperative columns.

As stated before, Banks failed to accomplish what he had been sent to do on the Red River, and eliminated the use of forty thousand veterans whose coöperation in the grand campaign had been expected—ten thousand with Sherman and thirty thousand against Mobile.

Sigel's record is almost equally brief. He moved out, it is true, according to programme; but just when I was hoping to hear of good work being done in the valley, I received instead the following announcement from Halleck: "Sigel is in full retreat on Strasburg. He will do nothing but run; never did anything else." The enemy had intercepted him about New Market and handled him roughly, leaving him short six guns and some nine hundred men out of six thousand.

The plan had been for an advance of Sigel's forces in two columns. Though the one under his immediate command failed ingloriously, the other proved more fortunate. Under Crook and Averell, his western column advanced from the Gauley in West Virginia at the appointed time, and with more happy results. They reached the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Dublin, and destroyed a depot of supplies besides tearing up several miles of road and burning the bridge over New River. Having accomplished this, they

recrossed the Alleghanies to Meadow Bluffs, and there awaited further orders.

Butler embarked at Fort Monroe with all his command, except the cavalry and some artillery which moved up the south bank of the James River. His steamers moved first up Chesapeake Bay and York River as if threatening the rear of Lee's army. At midnight they turned back, and Butler by daylight was far up the James River. He seized City Point and Bermuda Hundred early in the day, without loss, and no doubt very much to the surprise of the enemy.

This was the accomplishment of the first step contemplated in my instructions to Butler. He was to act from here, looking to Richmond as his objective point. I had given him to understand that I should aim to fight Lee between the Rapidan and Richmond if he would stand; but should Lee fall back into Richmond, I would follow up and make a junction of the armies of the Potomac and the James on the James River. He was directed to secure a footing as far up the south side of the river as he could at as early a date as possible.

Butler was in position by the 6th of May and had begun intrenching, and on the 7th he sent out his cavalry from Suffolk to cut the Weldon railroad. He also sent out detachments to destroy the railroads between Petersburg and Richmond, but no great success attended these latter efforts. He made no great effort to establish himself on that road, and neglected to attack Petersburg, which was almost defenseless. About the 11th he advanced slowly until he reached the works at Drewry's Bluff, about half-way between Bermuda Hundred and Richmond. In the mean time Beauregard had been gathering reënforcements. On the 16th he attacked Butler with great vigor, and with such success as to limit very materially the further usefulness of the Army of the James as a distinct factor in the campaign. I afterwards ordered a portion of it to join the Army of the Potomac, leaving a sufficient force with Butler to man his works, hold securely the footing he had already gained, and maintain a threatening front toward the rear of the Confederate capital.

The position which General Butler had chosen between the two rivers, the James and Appomattox, was one of great natural strength, and where a large area of ground might be thoroughly inclosed by means of a single intrenched line, and that a very short one in comparison with the extent of territory which it thoroughly protected. His right was protected by the James River, his left by the Appomattox, and his rear by their junction—the two streams uniting near by. The bend of the two

streams shortened the line that had been chosen for intrenchment, while it increased the area which the line inclosed.

Previous to ordering any troops from Butler I sent my chief engineer, General Barnard, from the Army of the Potomac to that of the James, to inspect Butler's position and ascertain whether I could again safely make an order for General Butler's movement in co-operation with mine, now that I was getting so near Richmond; or, if I could not, whether his position was strong enough to justify me in withdrawing some of his troops and having them brought round by water to White House to join me, and reënforce the Army of the Potomac. General Barnard reported the position very strong for defensive purposes, and that I could do the latter with great security; but that General Butler could not move from where he was, in coöperation, to produce any effect. He said that the general occupied a place between the James and Appomattox rivers which was of great strength, and where with any inferior force he could hold it for an indefinite length of time against a superior; but that he could do nothing offensively. I then asked him why Butler could not move out from his lines and push across the Richmond and Petersburg railroad to the rear and on the south side of Richmond. He replied that it was impracticable because the enemy had substantially the same line across the neck of land that General Butler had. He then took out his pencil and drew a sketch of the locality, remarking that the position was like a bottle, and that Butler's line of intrenchments across the neck represented the cork; that the enemy had built an equally strong line immediately in front of him across the neck; and it was, therefore, as if Butler was in a bottle. He was perfectly safe against an attack; but, as Barnard expressed it, the enemy had corked the bottle, and with a small force could hold the cork in its place. This struck me as being very expressive of his position, particularly when I saw the hasty sketch which General Barnard had drawn; and in making my subsequent report I used that expression without adding quotation marks, never thinking that anything had been said that would attract attention, as this did, very much to the annoyance, no doubt, of General Butler, and I know very much to my own. I found afterwards that this was mentioned in the notes of General Badeau's book which, when they were shown to me, I asked to have stricken out; yet it was retained there, though against my wishes.

I make this statement here because, although I have often made it before, it has never been in my power until now to place it where it

will correct history; and I desire to rectify all injustice that I may have done to individuals, particularly to officers who were gallantly serving their country during the trying period of the war for the preservation of the Union. General Butler certainly gave his very earnest support to the war; and he gave his own best efforts personally toward the suppression of the rebellion.

The further operations of the Army of the James can best be treated of in connection with those of the Army of the Potomac, the two being so intimately associated and connected as to be substantially one body, in which the individuality of the supporting wing is merged.

I will briefly mention Sheridan's first raid upon Lee's communications which, though an incident of the operations on the main line and not specifically marked out in the original plan, attained in its brilliant execution and results all the proportions of an independent campaign. On the 8th of May, just after the battle of the Wilderness, and when we were moving on Spottsylvania, I directed Sheridan verbally to cut loose from the Army of the Potomac, pass around the left of Lee's army and attack his cavalry; to cut the two roads—one running west through Gordonsville, Charlottesville, and Lynchburg, the other to Richmond; and, when compelled to do so for want of forage and rations, to move on to the James River and draw these from Butler's supplies. This move took him past the entire rear of Lee's army. These orders were also given in writing through Meade.

The object of this move was threefold: 1. If successfully executed—and it was—he would annoy the enemy by cutting his lines of supplies and telegraphic communications, and destroy or get for his own use supplies in store in the rear and coming up; 2. He would draw the enemy's cavalry after him, and thus better protect our flanks, rear and trains, than by remaining with the army; 3. His absence would save the trains drawing his forage, and other supplies from Fredericksburg, which had now become our base. He started at daylight the next morning, and accomplished more than was expected. It was sixteen days before he got back to the Army of the Potomac.

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

I fixed the day for Sherman to start when

Executive Mansion
Washington, April 30. 1864

Lieutenant General Grant.

Not expecting to see you again before the Spring campaign opens, I wish to express, in this way, my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know, or seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or the capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail, to let me know it. And now with a brave Army, and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S GOD-SPEED TO GRANT. (FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL, SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SCALE.)

[THIS remarkable letter was received by General Grant on the 1st of May, three days before the Wilderness campaign began. He was always careless about his papers, and private or semi-official ones were often thrust into his pockets, where they remained for months. In some such way Mr. Lincoln's beautiful God-speed was mislaid. General Grant had forgotten

its existence, until in 1866 I came across it in my researches for my history of his campaigns. He was so pleased at the discovery, or recovery, that he gave me the original letter at the time. It is my intention eventually to present it either to the Government: or to the family of General Grant.

NEW YORK, November 10, 1885.

Adam Badeau.]

the season should be far enough advanced, it was hoped, for the roads to be in a condition for the troops to march. General Sherman at once set himself to work preparing for the task which was assigned him to accomplish in the spring campaign.

The campaign to Atlanta was managed with the most consummate skill, the enemy being flanked out of one position after another all the way there. It is true this was not accomplished without a good deal of fighting,

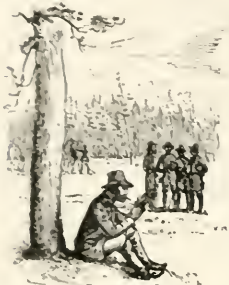
some of it very hard fighting, rising to the dignity of very important battles; neither were positions gained in a single day. On the contrary, weeks were spent at some; and about Atlanta more than a month was consumed.

Soon after midnight, May 3d-4th, the Army of the Potomac moved out from its position north of the Rapidan, to start upon that memorable campaign destined to result in the capture of the Confederate capital and the army defending it.

U. S. Grant.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WILDERNESS.

At the close of the first day's battle in the Wilderness, I was at General Grant's headquarters in the edge of the pine grove west of the Wilderness tavern. General Meade and his chief of staff, General Humphreys, Grant's staff, and Congressman E. B. Washburne were there.



Suddenly there came a yell from the direction of the Sixth Corps on our right; then quick, rapid volleys. We could see a sudden movement of teams to the rear. An officer rode up, much excited, exclaiming

sitting with his back to a pine-tree, whittling a stick (as shown in the picture drawn by Mr. C. W. Reed after a little pencil sketch made by him at the time). Grant said nothing, did not rise, and went on quietly with his whittling.

"Shall I order a diversion by the Ninth Corps in support of the Sixth?" asked Meade.

"If you think best," was Grant's reply.

Humphreys wrote the order, which was sent. The firing was increasing.

After several minutes, Grant turned to Washburne and said, "I don't believe that story. Warren has been fighting all day, and since mid-afternoon Hancock has been at it. Lee hasn't had time to mass his forces in front of Sedgwick. We shall hear a different story."

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes an officer came in, and reported that a large part of Shaler's brigade had been captured, but that the enemy had been repulsed on the right. During the excitement Grant never rose from his seat.

Charles Carleton Coffin.

THE MAID OF THRACE.

A MAIDEN dwelt in fabled Thrace,
So light of form, so fair of face,
So like the spirit of the dew,
The sunbeams would not let her pass,
Nor yield her shadow to the grass;
They kissed her, clasped her, shone her
through.

And all wild things for her were tame;
The eagle to her beck'ning came,
The stag forgot that he was fleet,
The cruel little pebbles rolled
Their flinty edges in the mold,
And turned their smoothness to her feet.

Whene'er she slept, the birds were hushed;
And when she woke, the lilies blushed,
The roses paled, for very joy.
'Twas whispered that a star each night
Forsook its heaven, and took delight
To be her jewel or her toy.

Whene'er she wept — Oh! could she weep?
Could any shade of sorrow creep
O'er one so born to Pleasure's throne?
Ah me! she drowned the brook with tears,
Her sighs come floating down the years,
She taught the wind its minor tone.

Away from marvels, worship, state,
Her yearning gaze turned, desolate,
To where, beyond a chasm's breach,
Upon a pathless crag, there waved
A far-off blossom that she craved,—
The one, sole flower—quite out of reach.

Since just that prize she could not gain,
Her whole bright world was bright in vain,
And might in vain her love beseech.
With royal bloom on every side,
She broke her heart, she pined and died;—
For oh! that one flower out of reach!

Fanny Foster Clark.



Our March Against Pope

It may be of interest at the outset to relate an incident which illustrates the pined condition of the Confederacy even as early as 1862.

The Federals had been using balloons in examining our positions, and we watched with envious eyes their beautiful observations

as they floated high up in the air, and well out of the range of our guns. We longed for the balloons that poverty denied us. A genius arose for the occasion and suggested that we send out and gather together all the silk dresses in the Confederacy and make a balloon. It was done, and soon we had a great patchwork ship of many and varied hues. The balloon was ready for use in the Seven Days' campaign. We had no gas except in Richmond, and it was the custom to inflate the balloon there, tie it securely to an engine, and run it down the York River railroad to any point at which we desired to send it up. One day it was on a steamer down the

had assigned General Pope, fresh from the West, with clever laurels, to command this select organization. This army, under its dashing leader, was at the same time moving towards Richmond by the Orange and Alexandria railway, so that our move by the left had also in view the Army of Virginia, as the first obstacle in the way of relief to Richmond — an obstacle to be removed if possible, before it could be greatly reinforced from other commands.

The assignment of General Pope to command was announced in Richmond three days after the orders were issued in Washington, and the flourish of trumpets over the manner in which the campaign was to be conducted, soon followed. He was reported to have adopted a favorite expression of General Worth's, "Headquarters in the saddle, sir!" and to be riding with as much confidence as that old chieftain when searching the everglades of Florida for the Seminole Indians.* Lee had not known Pope intimately, but accepted the popular opinion of him as a boastful man, quite ambitious to accom-



POPE'S RETREAT ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

James when the tide went out and left vessel and balloon high and dry on a bar. The Federals gathered it in, and with it the last silk dress in the Confederacy. This capture was the meanest trick of the war and one I have never yet forgiven.

By the seven days' fighting around Richmond General Lee frustrated McClellan's plans for a siege. At the end of that campaign Lee retired to Richmond and McClellan withdrew his forces to Westover Landing, where intrenchments and gun-boats made him secure from attack. As his new position, thus guarded and protected by the navy, was not assailable, General Lee, resuming the defensive at Richmond, resolved to strike out by his left in the direction of Washington, with the idea that the Army of the Potomac might be forced to abandon the James River, in defense of its own capital, threatened by this move.

Contemporaneously with our operations on the Chickahominy, the Washington authorities had been organizing the Army of Virginia of three efficient Corps d'Armée; and continuing the search for a young Napoleon,

plish great results, but unwilling to study closely and properly the means necessary to gratify his desires in that direction. Pope was credited with other expressions, such as that he cared not for his rear; that he hoped in Virginia to see the faces of the rebels, as in the West he had been able to see only their backs.

When General Lee heard of these strange utterances his estimate of Pope was considerably lessened. The high-sounding words seemed to come from a commander inexperienced in warfare. For centuries there has been among soldiers a maxim: "Don't despise your enemy." Pope's words seemed to indicate that he had great contempt for his enemy. Unfortunately for him our troops, at that time, were not so well clad that they cared to show their backs. With the double purpose of drawing McClellan away from Westover, and of checking the advance of the new enemy then approaching from Washington by the Orange and Alexandria railroad, General Lee sent Stonewall Jackson to Gordonsville, while I remained near Richmond to engage McClellan in case he should attempt an advance upon the Con-

* See General Pope's article in the January CENTURY for his denial; also for additional maps and pictures.



VIEW IN CULPEPER DURING THE OCCUPATION BY POPE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Confederate prisoners were confined in the court house, which is the building with ball and vane above the tower.

was ordered to Gordonsville, and General Lee accompanied me there. Jackson's troops were stationed on the left of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and I went into camp on the right of Gordonsville. Eastward was the Rapidan River, several miles distant. Farther on, at Culpeper Court House, was the army of Pope, and farther still was the Rappahannock River. A little in advance of my position was Clark's Mountain, rising several hundred feet above the surrounding hills.

With General Lee I

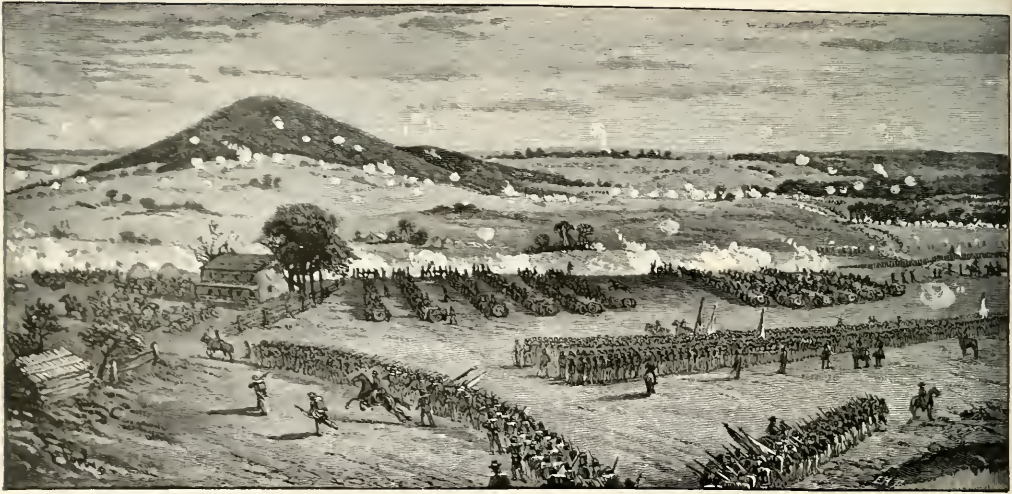
federate capital. Jackson had his own division and that of Ewell, and later A. P. Hill was sent to reinforce him. McDowell was already in cooperation with Pope, part of his command, however, being still at Fredericksburg. On the 9th of August Jackson encountered the enemy near Slaughter or Cedar Mountain. (See map, page 609.) There the battle of Cedar Run was fought and the Federals were repulsed. In this fight, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the Federals, by a well-executed move, were pressing the Confederates back, when the opportune approach of two brigades changed the scene, and a counter-attack from our side drove them back in disorder and left us masters of the field. We followed them some distance, but Jackson thought them too strongly reinforced for us to continue the pursuit and risk severe battle in a disjointed way; so, after caring for our wounded and dead, we retired to a position behind the Rapidan to await the arrival of General Lee with other forces. Thus on his first meeting with the Confederates in Virginia the new Federal commander went to the rear—a direction he was wholly unused to. At that time General Lee was feeling very certain that Richmond was in no immediate danger from an advance by McClellan's forces. He therefore began at once preparations for a vigorous campaign against Pope. Divisions under Anderson, McLaws, Walker, and D. H. Hill were left to watch McClellan, with instructions to follow the main body of the army as soon as the Federals were drawn away from Westover.

On the 13th of August, my command

proceeded to the mountain, and climbing to its summit we raised our glasses and turned them to the east. There, between the two rivers, clustering around Culpeper Court House and perhaps fifteen miles away, we saw the flags of Pope's army floating placidly above the tops of the trees. From the summit of the mountain we beheld the enemy occupying ground so weak as to invite attack. Realizing the situation, General Lee determined on speedy work, and gave orders that his army should cross the Rapidan on the 18th



GENERAL CHARLES S. WINDER, C. S. A.
KILLED AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN, AUGUST 9, 1862.



THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

View from the Union lines, east of the turnpike.

and make battle. He was exceedingly anxious to move at once, before Pope could get reinforcements. For some reason I have never known explained, our supplies were delayed and we did not cross the Rapidan until the 20th. In the mean time a dispatch to General Stuart was captured by Pope, and gave information of our presence and contemplated advance. This, with information Pope already had, caused him to withdraw to a very strong position behind the Rappahannock River, and there General Lee found him instead of at Culpeper Court House, where the attack was first meant to be made. I approached the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and Jackson approached higher up at Beverly Ford, near the Orange and Alexandria railroad bridge.

We arrived there on the morning of the 21st without serious opposition and found Pope in an almost unassailable position, with heavy reinforcements summoned to his aid. General Lee's intention was to force a passage and make the attack before Pope could concentrate. We hoped to be able to interpose, and to strike Pope before McClellan's reinforcements could reach him. We knew at that time McClellan was withdrawing from Westover. I was preparing to force a passage at Kelly's Ford, when I received an order from General Lee to proceed to Beverly Ford and mask the movements of Jackson, who was to be sent up the river to cross by a left flank movement. On the 22d Jackson carefully withdrew and went on the proposed move. He sought an opportunity to cross farther up the stream, and succeeded in putting part of his command across at Warrenton Springs Ford and in occupying a position

there. The flooding rains interrupted his operations, making the river past fording and crippling all attempts at forcing a passage. Jackson therefore withdrew his forces at night by a temporary bridge. As the lower fords became impassable by reason of the floods, the Federals seemed to concentrate against Jackson's efforts.

On the 23d I had quite a spirited artillery combat at Beverly Ford with a force of the enemy that had crossed at the railroad bridge near where I was stationed. The superior position and metal of the Federals gave them an advantage, which they improved by skillful practice. We had more guns, however, and by equally clever practice at length gained the advantage. A little before night the Federals withdrew from the combat, and finding that we had gotten the better of them, spitefully and without excuse set fire to a number of farm-houses in the locality.

Pending our movements west of the Rappahannock, General Stuart had been making an effort to go around Pope's army, but fearing to remain on the Washington side of the river in the face of such floods as had come, recrossed with some important dispatches he had captured by a charge upon Pope's headquarters train. This correspondence confirmed the information we already had, that the Federal army on the James under McClellan and the Federal troops in the Kanawha Valley had been ordered to reinforce Pope. Upon receipt of that information, General Lee was more anxious than ever to cross at once. Pope, however, was on the alert, and Lee found he could not attack him to advantage in his stronghold behind the Rappahannock.

Lee therefore decided to change his whole plan, and was gratified, on looking at the map, to find a very comfortable way of turning Pope out of his position. It was by moving Jackson off to the left and far to the rear of the Federal army, while I remained in front

fought. When he arrived at Bristoe Station, just before night, the greater part of the Federal guard at that point fled, and two trains of cars coming from the direction of Warrenton were captured. Jackson sent a force forward seven miles and captured Manassas



STONEWALL JACKSON AS FIRST LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

(FROM AN AMBROTYPE TAKEN AUGUST 20, 1847, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS NIECE, MISS ALICE E. UNDERWOOD.)

with thirty thousand men to engage him in case he offered to fight.

On the 25th Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's Mill, four miles above Waterloo Bridge, and that night encamped at Salem. The next day he passed through Thoroughfare Gap and moved on by Gainesville, and when sunset came he was many miles in the rear of Pope's army, going in the direction of Washington City. This daring move must have staggered the Federal commander. From the Rappahannock, Jackson had gone without serious opposition to within a stone's throw of the field where the first battle of Manassas was

Junction, taking eight pieces of artillery, a lot of prisoners, and great quantities of commissary and quarter-master's stores. He left a force at Bristoe Station and proceeded to the junction, arriving there himself on the morning of the 27th. During the afternoon the enemy attacked our troops at Bristoe Station, coming from the direction of Warrenton Junction in such force that it was evident Pope had discovered the situation and was moving with his entire army upon Jackson. The Confederates at the station withdrew, and the Federals halted there. Jackson took all he wanted of the supplies captured at Manassas and burned



THE STONE BRIDGE ACROSS BULL RUN AS IT APPEARED IN 1834 — LOOKING TOWARD CENTREVILLE.

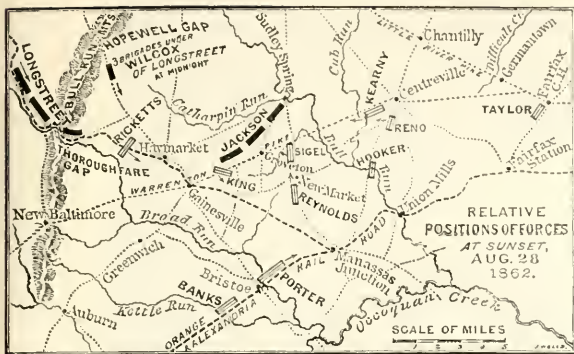
the rest. He then moved over to a position west of the turnpike leading from Warrenton to Alexandria. There on the old battle-field Jackson waited for the Federals. On the evening of the 28th King's division came moving eastward down the turnpike and Jackson met them. A bloody fight ensued, lasting until nine o'clock at night. The enemy withdrew, leaving the Confederates in possession of the field.

That same evening I arrived at Thoroughfare Gap. But I should say that during Jackson's march I had been engaging Pope at different points along the Rappahannock, to impress him with the idea that I was attempting to force a passage in his front. On the afternoon of the 26th, Pope's army broke away from its strong position to meet Jackson's daring and unexpected move. General Lee decided I should follow at once, and asked whether I would prefer to force a passage of the river,

now rapidly falling, or take the route Jackson had gone. From the crossing along the route to Warrenton were numerous strongly defensive positions where a small force could have detained me an uncertain length of time. I therefore decided to take the same route Jackson had gone over. On the 26th I also started to overtake Jackson. On the 28th, just before night, I arrived at Thoroughfare Gap. As we approached, a report was made to me that the pass was unoccupied, and we went into

bivouac on the west side of the mountain, sending a brigade under Anderson down to occupy the pass.

As the Confederates neared the gap from one side, Ricketts's division of Federals approached from the other and got possession of the east side. Thoroughfare Gap is a rough pass in the Bull Run mountains, at some points not more than a hundred yards wide. A turbid stream rushes over its rugged bottom, on both sides of which the mountain rises several hundred feet. On the north the face of the gap is almost perpendicular. The south face is less precipitous, but is covered with tangled mountain ivy and projecting bowlders, forming a position unassailable when occupied by a small infantry and artillery force. Up to this moment we had received reports from General Jackson, at regular intervals, assuring us of his successful operations, and of confidence in his ability to baffle all efforts of the enemy till we should reach him. This sudden interposition of a formidable force at a mountain-pass indicated a stern resolve on the part of the adversary to make desperate efforts to hold me in check, while overwhelming forces were being brought against Jackson. This placed us in a more desperate strait than Jackson; for we were in relieving distance, and must adopt prompt and vigorous measures, that would burst through all opposition.



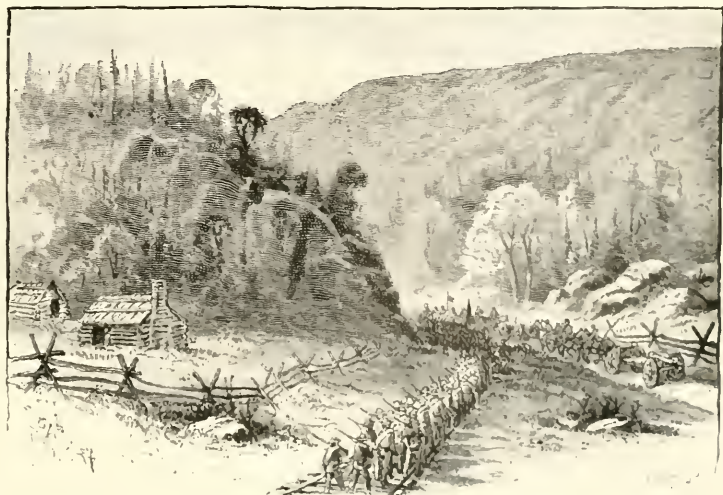
Three miles north was Hopewell Gap, but not so strong. It was necessary to get possession of this in advance of the Federals, in order to have that vantage ground for a flank movement at the same time that we forced our way by footpaths over the mountain heights at Thoroughfare Gap. During the night I sent Wilcox with three brigades through that pass, while Hood was climbing over the mountain by a trail. We had no trouble in getting over. Our apprehensions were relieved at the early dawn of the 29th by finding that Ricketts had given up the east side of the gap and was many hours in advance of us, moving in the direction of Manassas Junction. His force, instead of marching around Jackson, could have been thrown against his right and rear. If Ricketts had made this move and the forces in front of Jackson had cooperated with him, such an attack, well handled, might have given us serious trouble before I reached the field.

As we found the pass open at early dawn and a clean road in front, we marched leisurely to unite our forces on Manassas plains. Before reaching Gainesville we heard the artillery combat in front, and our men involuntarily quickened their steps. Our communications with Jackson were quite regular, and as he had not expressed a wish that we should hurry, our troops were allowed to take their natural swing under the inspiration of impending battle. As we approached the field the fire seemed to become more spirited, and gave additional impulse to our movements. According to

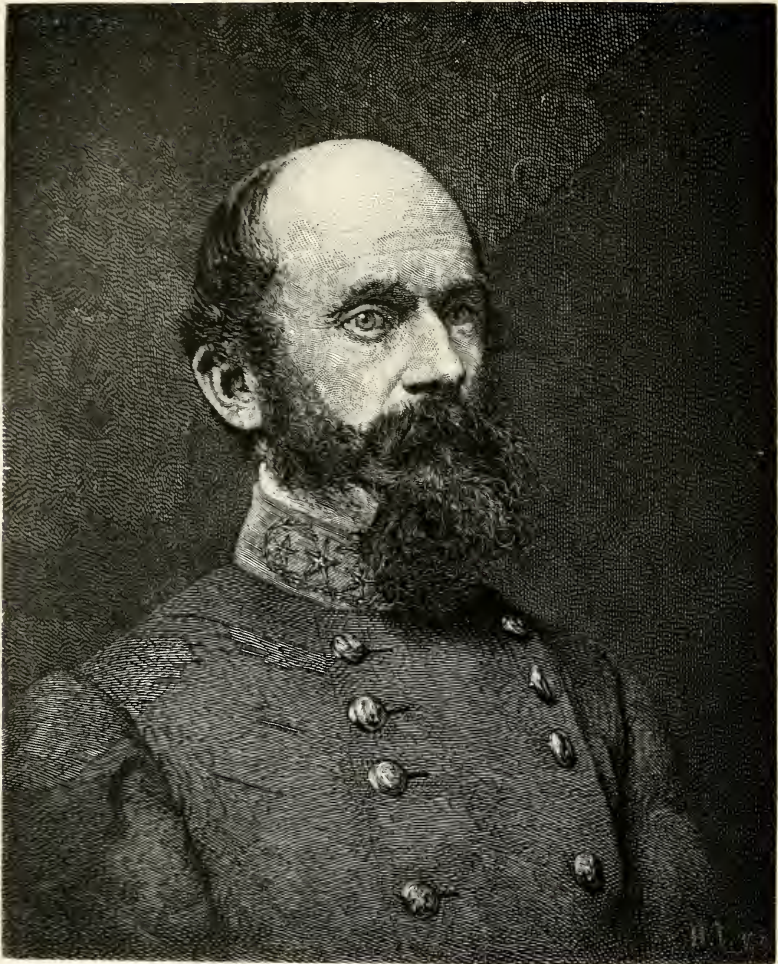
the diary of the Washington Artillery we filed down the turnpike at Gainesville at 11.30 A. M. The general impression was that we were there earlier; but as this is the only record of time made on the ground we cannot gainsay it. We marched steadily from daylight till we reached the field, with the exception of an hour's halt to permit Stuart's cavalry to file from west to east of us. There were many of Jackson's men—several thousand—straggling at points along the road, who were taken for my men, and reported as such.

Passing through Gainesville we filed off to the left down the turnpike, and soon came in sight of the troops held at bay by Jackson. Our line of march brought us in on the left and rear of the Federals. At sight of this favorable opportunity our artillery was ordered up, with the leading brigades for its support. Our advance was discovered, however, and the Federals withdrew from attack, retiring their left across the pike behind Groveton, and taking strong defensive ground. The battalion of Washington Artillery was thrown forward to a favorable position on Jackson's right, and from near its position my line was deployed, extending to the right some distance beyond the Manassas Gap railroad. An army corps was reported to be at Manassas Junction that morning, and we trail-traced Ricketts's division toward the same point; so that my line was arranged for attack in front and also to guard against the force in direction of the Junction. This preparation must have taken an hour, possibly more.

As soon as the troops were arranged, General Lee expressed his wish to have me attack. The change of position on the part of the Fed-



LONGSTREET'S MARCH THROUGH THOROUGHFARE GAP.



GENERAL RICHARD S. EWELL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

General Ewell, of Jackson's Corps, was severely wounded in the conflict with King's division on August 28.

erals, however, involved sufficient delay for a reconnoissance on our part. To hasten matters I rode over in the direction of Brewer's Spring, east of the Hampton Cole House (see map, page 611), to see the new position, and had a fair view of the Federal line, then extending some distance east of the turnpike. The position was not inviting, and I so reported to General Lee.

The two great armies were now face to face upon the memorable field of 1861; both in good defensible positions and both anxious to find a point for an entering wedge in the stronghold of the adversary. It appeared easy for us, but for the unknown quantity at Manassas Junction, to overleap the Federal left and strike a decisive blow. This force was a thorn in our side which could not be ignored. General Lee was quite disappointed by my report against immediate attack along the turnpike, and insisted that by throwing some of the brigades beyond the Federal left their posi-

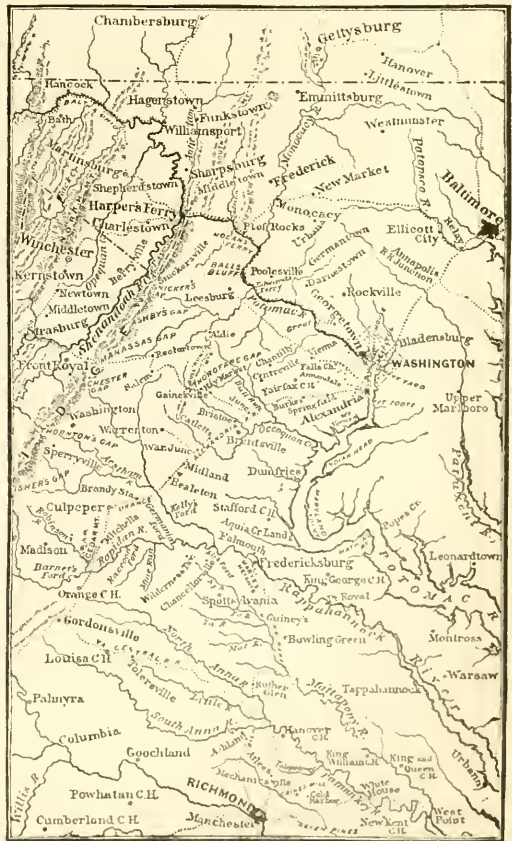
tion would be broken up and a favorable field gained. While talking the matter over, General Stuart reported the advance of heavy forces from the direction of Manassas Junction against my right. It proved to be McDowell and Porter. I called over three brigades, under Wilcox, and prepared to receive the attack. Battle was not offered, and I reported to General Lee some time afterward that I did not think the force on my right was strong enough to attack us. General Lee urged me to go in, and of course I was anxious to meet his wishes. At the same time I wanted, more than anything else, to know that my troops had a chance to accomplish what they might undertake. The ground before me was greatly to the advantage of the Federals, but if the attack had come from them it would have been a favorable opportunity for me. After a short while McDowell moved toward the Federal right,

leaving Porter in front of my right with nine thousand men. My estimate of his force, at the time, was ten thousand. General Lee, finding that attack was not likely, again became anxious to bring on the battle by attacking down the Groveton pike. I suggested that, the day being far spent, it might be as well to advance just before night upon a forced reconnoissance, get our troops into the most favorable positions, and have all things ready for battle at daylight the next morning. To this he gave reluctant consent, and our plans were laid accordingly. Wilcox returned to position on the left of the turnpike. Orders were given for an advance, to be pursued under cover of night till the main position could be carefully examined. It so happened that an order to advance was issued on the other side at the same time, so that the encounter was something of a surprise on both sides. A very spirited engagement was the result, we being successful, so far at least as to carry our point, capturing a piece of artillery and making our reconnoissance before midnight. As none of the reports of the Federal positions favored attack, I so reported to General Lee, and our forces were ordered back to their original positions. The captured gun was ordered cut down, spiked, and left on the ground.

When Saturday the 30th broke we were a little apprehensive that Pope was going to get away from us, and Pope was afraid we were going to get away from him. He telegraphed to Washington that I was in full retreat and he was preparing to follow, while we were making arrangements for moving by our left across Bull Run, so as to get over on the Little River pike and move down parallel to his lines and try to interpose between him and Washington, thinking he was trying to escape. We had about completed our arrangements, and took it for granted that Pope would move out that night by the Warrenton and Centreville pike, while we moved along with him by the Little River pike. General Lee was still anxious to give Pope battle on Manassas plains, but had given up the idea of attacking him in his strong position.

Shortly before nine on the 30th Pope's artillery began to play a little, and not long afterward some of his infantry force was seen in motion. We did not understand that as an offer of battle, but merely as a display to cover his movements to the rear. Later a considerable force moved out and began to attack us on our left, extending and engaging the whole of Jackson's line. Evidently Pope supposed I was gone, as he was ignoring me entirely. His whole army seemed to surge up against Jackson as if to crush him with an overwhelming mass. At the critical moment I happened to

be riding to the front of my line to find a place where I might get in for my share of the battle. I reached a point a few rods in front of my line on the left of the pike where I could plainly see the Federals as they rushed in heavy masses against the obstinate ranks of the Confederate left. It was a grand display of well-organized attack, thoroughly concentrated and operating cleverly. So terrible was the onslaught that Jackson sent to me and begged for reinforcements. About the same time I received an order from General Lee to the same effect. To retire from my advanced position in front of the Federals and get to Jackson would have taken an hour and a half. I had discovered a prominent position that commanded a view of the great struggle, and realizing the opportunity, I quickly ordered out three batteries, making twelve guns. They were placed in position to rake the Federal ranks that seemed determined to break through Jackson's lines. In a moment crash after crash of shot and shell was being poured into the thick ranks of the Federals. In ten minutes the stubborn Federals began to waver and give back. For a moment the mass was chaos;



OUTLINE MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN.

then order returned and they re-formed, apparently to renew the attack. Again from the crest of my little hill the fire of the twelve guns cut them down. As the cannons thundered the ranks broke, only to be formed again with dogged determination. A third time the batteries tore the Federals to pieces, and as they fell back under this terrible fire, I sprang everything to the charge. My troops leaped forward with exultant yells, and all along the line we pushed forward. Back and still farther back we pressed them, until at ten o'clock at night we had the field; Pope was across Bull Run, and the victorious Confederates lay down on the battle-field to sleep, while all around were strewn thousands of friend and foe sleeping the last sleep together.

The next morning the Federals were in a strong position at Centreville. I sent a brigade across the stream under General Pryor and occupied a point over there near Centreville. As our troops proceeded to bury their dead, it began to rain just as it had done on the day after the first battle of Manassas. As soon as General Lee could make his preparations, he ordered Jackson to cross Bull Run near Sudley's and turn the position of the Federals occupying Centreville; and the next day, Sept. 1, I followed him. As soon as the enemy found we were turning his position at Centreville, he abandoned it and put out toward Washington. Jackson, toward evening, encountered at Ox Hill a part of the Federal force, and attacking it, had quite a sharp engagement. I came up just before night and found his men coming back in a good deal of confusion. I asked Jackson what the situation was, and added that his men seemed to be pretty well dispersed. He said, "Yes, but I hope it will prove a victory."

I moved my troops out and occupied the lines where he had been, relieving the few men who were on picket. Just as we reached there General Kearny, a Federal officer, came along looking for his line, which had gone. It was raining in the woods, and late in the day, so that a Federal was not easily distinguished from a Confederate. Kearny did not seem to know he was in the Confederate line, and our troops did not notice that he was a Federal. He began to inquire about some command, and in a moment or so the troops saw he was a Federal officer. At the same moment he realized where he was. He was called upon to surrender, but instead of doing so he wheeled his horse, lay flat on the animal's neck, clapped spurs into his sides and dashed off. Instantly a half dozen shots rang out, and before he had gone thirty steps poor Kearny fell. He had been in the army all his life, and we all knew and respected

him. His body was sent over the lines under a flag of truce.

The forces we had been fighting at Ox Hill proved to be the rear-guard covering the retreat of the Federals into Washington. They escaped and we abandoned further pursuit.

The entire Bull Run campaign up to Ox Hill was clever and brilliant. It was conceived entirely by General Lee, who held no such consultation over it as he did in beginning the Seven Days' campaign. The movement around Pope was not as strong as it should have been. A skillful man could have concentrated against me or Jackson, and given us severe battles in detail. I suppose Pope tried to get too many men to Jackson before attacking him. If he had been satisfied with a reasonable force he might have overwhelmed Jackson.

General Pope, sanguine by nature, was not careful enough to keep himself informed about the movements of his enemy. At half-past four on the afternoon of the 29th, he issued an order for Porter to attack Jackson's right, supposing I was at Thoroughfare Gap, when in fact I had been in position since noon, and was anxiously awaiting attack. It has been said that General Stuart, by raising a dust in front of Porter, so impressed him that he did not offer battle. I know nothing of the truth of the story, and never heard of it till after the war. If from any such cause Porter was prevented from attacking me it was to our disadvantage, and delayed our victory twenty-four hours. Porter knew I was in his front. He had captured one or two of my men, which gave him information of my position before he actually saw me. If Porter had not appeared when he did I would have attacked by our right early in the afternoon. In that event Porter would have had a fine opportunity to take me on the wing and strike a fearful blow. As it was, he was a check upon my move against Pope's main position. If I had advanced upon Pope I would have been under an enfilade fire from Porter's batteries, and if I had advanced upon Porter I would have been under a fire from the batteries on Pope's front as severe as the raking fire from my batteries the next day, when Pope was massed against Jackson. Had Porter attacked me between noon and night on the 29th, I should have received his nine thousand with about double that number. I would have held my line to receive the attack, and as soon as his line developed its strength, I would have thrown three brigades forward beyond his extreme left. When my line of battle had broken up the attack, as it certainly would have done, these three brigades would have been thrown forward at the flank,

Colonel Marshal, of General Lee's staff, in his evidence before the Fitz John Porter Board puts my forces on the 29th at thirty thousand. It is difficult to see how Porter with nine thousand men was to march over thirty thousand of the best soldiers the world ever knew. Any move that would have precipitated battle would have been to our advantage, as we were ready at all points and waiting for an opportunity to fight. The situation will be better understood when we reflect that the armies were too evenly balanced to admit mistakes on either side. I was waiting for an opportunity to get into the Federal lines close upon the heels of their own troops. The opportunity came on the 30th, but the Federal army was then concentrated; had it come on the 29th I would have been greatly pleased.

It is proper to state that General Lee, upon hearing my guns on the 30th, sent me word if I had anything better than reinforcing Jackson to pursue it, and soon afterward rode forward and joined me. Jackson did not respond with spirit to my move, so my men were subjected to a severe artillery fire from batteries in front of him. General Lee, seeing this, renewed his orders for Jackson to press on to the front. The fire still continued severe, however, and General Lee, who remained with me, was greatly exposed to it. As we could not persuade him to drop back behind it, I finally induced him to ride into a ravine which threw a traverse between us and the fire, which was more annoying than fire from the front.

On the 31st we were engaged in caring for our wounded and cleaning up the battle-field. General Lee was quite satisfied with the results of the campaign, though he had very little to say. He was not given to expressions of pride. Under all circumstances he was a moderate talker, and in everything was unassuming. His headquarters were exceedingly simple. He had his tents just as the other officers — perhaps a few more, to accommodate his larger staff. There was no display of position or rank about him. Only when specially engaged could a sentinel be seen at the door of his tent. On the march he usually had his headquarters near mine.

I graduated with Pope at West Point. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, a splendid cavalryman, sitting his horse beautifully. I think he stood at the head for riding. He did not apply himself to his books very closely. He studied about as much as I did, but knew his lessons better. We graduated in 1842, but Pope saw little of active service till the opening of the Civil War. When he assumed command of the Army of Virginia he was in the prime of life, less than forty years old, and

had lost little if any of the dash and grace of his youth.

D. H. Hill, Lafayette McLaws, Mansfield Lovell, Gustavus W. Smith, R. H. Anderson, A. P. Stewart, and Earl Van Dorn were among the Confederate commanders who graduated in the same class with me. Of the Federal commanders, there were of that class — beside Pope — Generals John Newton, W. S. Rosecrans, George Sykes, Abner Doubleday, and others less prominent.

Stonewall Jackson came on four years after my class, and General Lee had preceded us about fourteen years. General Ewell, who was hurt at Bull Run, was in the same class with Tecumseh Sherman, and George H. Thomas, than whom a truer soldier and nobler spirit never drew sword.

"Jeb Stuart" was a very daring fellow and the best cavalryman America ever produced. At the Second Manassas, soon after we heard of the advance of McDowell and Porter, Stuart came in and made a report to General Lee. When he had done so General Lee said he had no orders at that moment, but he requested Stuart to wait awhile. Thereupon Stuart turned round in his tracks, lay down on the ground, put a stone under his head and instantly fell asleep. General Lee rode away and in an hour returned. Stuart was still sleeping. Lee asked for him, and Stuart sprang to his feet and said, "Here I am, General."

General Lee replied, "I want you to send a message to your troops over on the left to send a few more cavalry over to the right."

"I would better go myself," said Stuart, and with that he swung himself into the saddle and rode off at a rapid gallop, singing as loudly as he could, "Jine the cavalry."

General Toombs, our Georgia fire-eater, was given to criticising pretty severely all the officers of the regular army who had joined their fortunes with those of the Confederacy. He was hot-blooded and impatient, and chafed at the delays of the commanders in their preparations for battle. His general idea was that the troops went out to fight, and he thought they should be allowed to go at it at once. An incident that occurred in the second Manassas campaign will serve to illustrate his characteristic hot-headedness. As we were preparing to cross the Rapidan, Stuart sent me word that he had cut off a large cavalry force and had all the fords guarded except one. He asked that I detail a force to guard that point of escape. The work was assigned to the command under General Toombs, who was absent at the time. He had met a kindred spirit in the person of a wealthy Virginian named Morton, whom he had known in Congress, and was out dining with him.



DEATH OF GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

They were both good livers and loved to have their friends with them. In going back to his command General Toombs came upon his troops on the road and inquired what they were doing there. The explanation was made. Toombs had had a good dinner and felt independent. He said he would give the

general to understand that he must consult him before sending his troops out to guard a ford, and thereupon ordered them back to camp. As the mystified troops marched solemnly back, the matter was reported to me and I ordered Toombs under arrest. I allowed him to ride with his command as we

marched against Pope and expected that he would make some explanation of his conduct. He did not do so, and the next I heard of him he was stopping along the route making stump speeches to the troops and referring in anything but complimentary terms to the commander of his division. I sent him back to Gordonsville, with instructions to confine himself to the limits of that town in arrest until further orders. He obeyed the command and went to Gordonsville. Just as I was leaving the Rappahannock I received a long letter of apology from him, and directed him to join his command. As we were pre-

paring for the charge at Manassas, Toombs got there. He was riding rapidly, with his hat in his hand, and was much enthused. I was just sending a courier to his command with a dispatch.

"Let me carry it!" he exclaimed.

"With pleasure," I responded, and handed him the paper.

He put spurs to his horse and dashed off, accompanied by a courier. When he rode up and took command of his brigade there was wild enthusiasm, and everything being ready, an exultant shout was sent up, and the men sprang to the charge. I never had any more trouble with Toombs.

*In warm war afterwards
warm personal friend
James Longstreet.*

WITH JACKSON'S "FOOT-CAVALRY" AT THE SECOND MANASSAS.

IN the operations of 1862, in Northern Virginia, the men of Jackson's corps have always claimed a peculiar proprietorship. The reorganization of the disrupted forces of Banks, Frémont and McDowell under a new head seemed a direct challenge to the soldiers who had made the Valley Campaign, and the proclamation of the general with the itinerant head-

quarters betokened to the "foot-cavalry" an infringement of their specialty, demanding emphatic rebuke. Some remnant of the old *esprit de corps* yet survives, and prompts this narrative.

After the check to Pope's advance at Cedar Mountain, on the 9th of August, and while we awaited the arrival of Longstreet's troops, A. P. Hill's division rested in camp at Crenshaw's

Farm. Our brigade (Field's) was rather a new one in organization and experience, most of us having "smelt powder" for the first time in the Seven Days before Richmond. We got on the field at Cedar Mountain too late to be more than slightly engaged, but on the 10th and 11th covered the leisurely retreat to Orange Court House without molestation. When about a week later Pope began to retreat in the direction of the Rappahannock, we did some sharp marching through Stevensburg and Brandy Station, but did not come up with him until he was over the river. While our artillery was duelling with him across the stream, I passed the time with my head in the scant shade of a sassafras bush by the roadside, with a chill and fever brought from the Chickahominy low-grounds. In the latter connection, I improved the shining hours by inditing a pathetic request in my note-book, to whom it might concern, that my body might be decently buried.

For the next few days there was skirmishing at the fords, we moving up the south bank of the river, the enemy confronting us on the opposite side. The weather was very sultry, and the troops were much weakened by disorders induced by their diet of unsalted beef, eked out with green corn and unripe apples; as a consequence there was a good deal of straggling. I got behind several times, but managed to catch up from day to day. Once



some cavalry made a dash across the river at our train; I joined a party in arrears like myself, and we fought them off on our own hook until Trimble's brigade, the rear-guard, came up.

We were then opposite the Warrenton Springs, and were making a great show of crossing, Early's brigade having been thrown over the river and somewhat smartly engaged. I have since heard that this officer remonstrated more than once at the service required of him, receiving each time in reply a peremptory order from Jackson "to hold his position." He finally retorted: "Oh! well, old Jube can die, if *that's* what he wants, but tell General Jackson I'll be —— if this position can be held!"

The brigade moved off next morning, leaving me in the grip of my ague, which reported promptly for duty, and, thanks to a soaking over night, got in its work most effectually. The fever did not let go until about sundown, when I made two feeble trips to the porch of a house close by, where I passed the night without a blanket — mine having been stolen between the trips. I found a better one next morning thrown away in a field, and soon after came up with the command in bivouac, and breakfasting on some beef which had just been issued. Two ribs on a stump were indicated as my share, and I broiled them on the coals and made the first substantial meal for forty-eight hours. This was interrupted by artillery fire from beyond the river, and as I was taking my place in line, my colonel, whom I knew rather personally, considering our relative rank, ordered me to the ambulance to recruit. Here I got a dose of Fowler's solution, "in lieu of quinine," and at the wagon-camp that day fared better than for a long time before. Meanwhile, they were having a hot time down at Waterloo bridge, which the enemy's engineers were trying to burn, while some companies of sharpshooters under Lieutenant Robert Healey of "ours" — whose rank was no measure of his services or merit — were disputing the attempt. A concentrated fire from the Federal batteries failed to dislodge the plucky riflemen, while our guns were now brought up, and some hard pounding ensued. But at sunset the bridge still stood, and I "spread down" for the night, under the pole of a wagon, fully expecting a serious fight on the morrow.

I was roused by a courier's horse stepping on my leg, and found this rude waking meant orders to move. With no idea whither, we pulled out at half-past two in the morning, and for some time traveled by fields and "new cuts" in the woods, following no road, but by the growing dawn evidently keeping

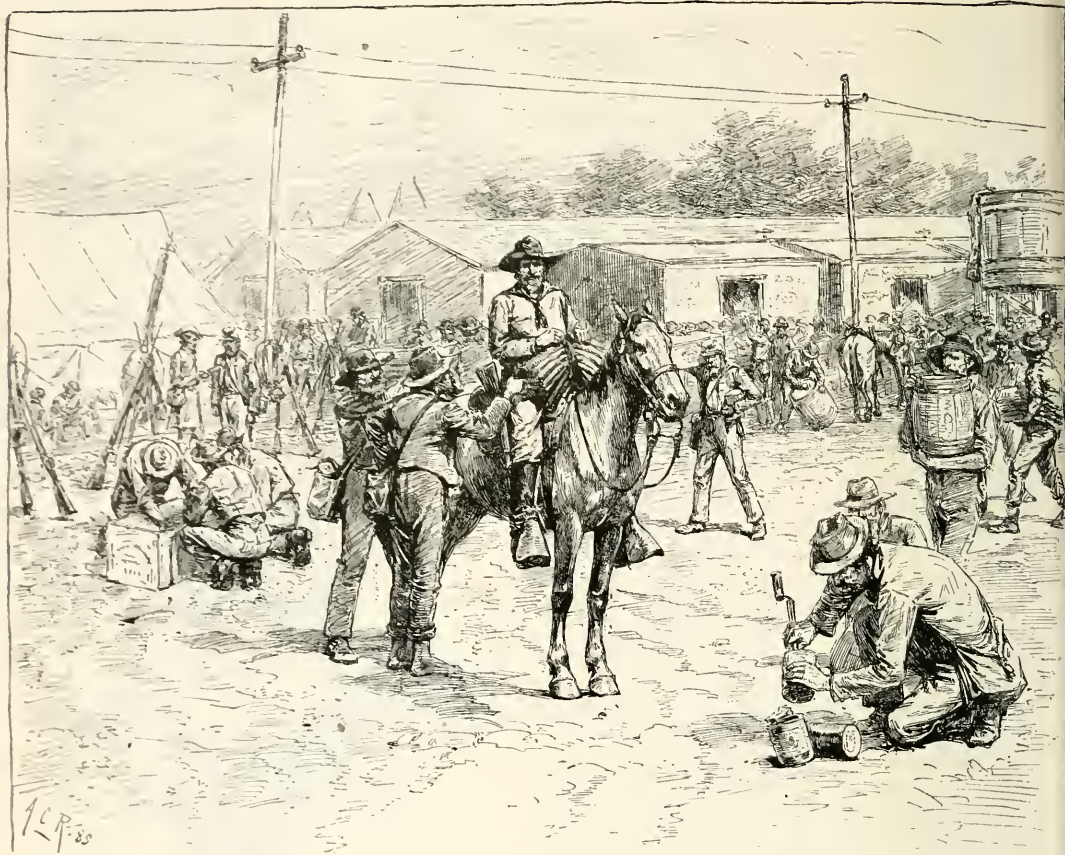
up the river. Now Hill's "Light Division" was to earn its name, and qualify itself for membership in Jackson's corps. The hot August sun rose up, clouds of choking dust enveloped the hurrying column, but on and on the march was pushed without relenting. Knapsacks had been left behind in the wagons, and haversacks were empty by noon; for the unsalted beef spoiled and was thrown away, and the column subsisted itself, without process of commissariat, upon green corn and apples from the fields and orchards along the route, devoured while marching; for there were no stated meal-times and no systematic halts for rest. It was far on in the night when the column stopped, and the weary men dropped beside their stacked muskets and



CONFEDERATE CAMP-SERVANT ON THE MARCH.

were instantly asleep, without so much as unrolling a blanket. A few hours of much-needed repose, and they were shaken up again long before "crack of day," and limped on in the darkness, only half awake. There was no mood for speech, nor breath to spare if there had been — only the shuffling tramp of the marching feet, the steady rumbling of wheels, the creak and rattle and clank of harness and accouterment, with an occasional order, uttered under the breath and always the same: "Close up! close up, men!"

All this time we had the vaguest notions as to our objective: at first we had expected to



JACKSON'S TROOPS PILLAGING THE UNION DEPOT OF SUPPLIES AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.

strike the enemy's flank, but as the march prolonged itself, a theory obtained that we were going to the Valley. But we threaded Thoroughfare Gap, heading eastward, and in the morning of the third day (Aug. 27) struck a railroad running north and south — Pope's "line of communication and supply." Manassas was ours!

What a prize it was! Here were long warehouses full of stores; cars loaded with boxes of new clothing *en route* to General Pope, but destined to adorn the "backs of his enemies"; camps, sutlers' shops — "no eating up" of good things. In view of the abundance, it was no easy matter to determine what we should eat and drink and wherewithal we should be clothed; one was limited in his choice to only so much as he could personally transport, and the one thing needful in each individual case was not always readily found. However, as the day wore on, an equitable distribution of our wealth was effected by barter, upon a crude and irregular tariff in which the rule of supply and demand was somewhat complicated by fluctuating estimates of the imminence of marching orders.

A mounted man would offer large odds in shirts or blankets for a pair of spurs or a bridle; and while in anxious quest of a pair of shoes I fell heir to a case of cavalry half-boots, which I would gladly have exchanged for the object of my search. For a change of underclothing and a pot of French mustard I owe grateful thanks to the major of the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with regrets that I could not use his library. Whisky was, of course, at a high premium, but a keg of "lager" — a drink less popular then than now — went begging in our company.

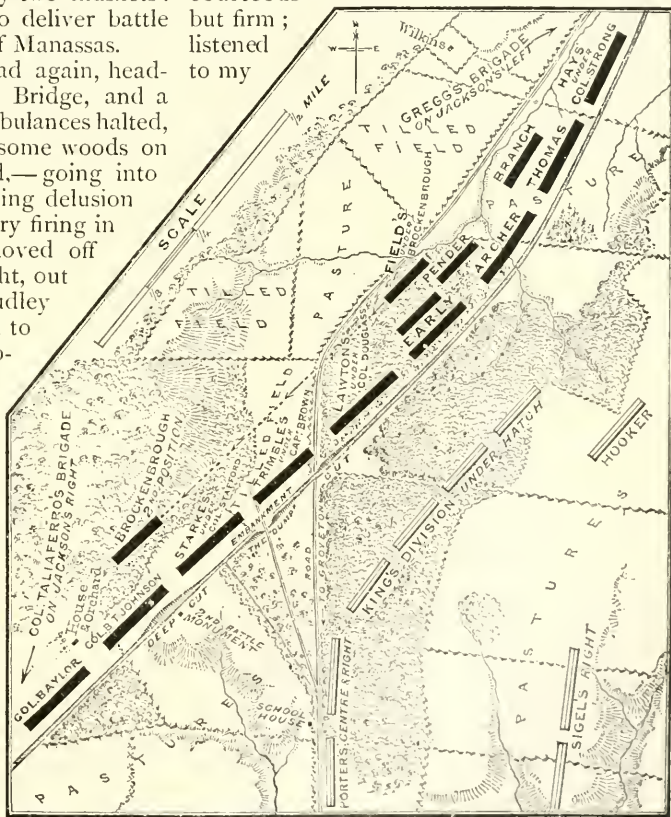
But our brief holiday was drawing to a close, for by this time General Pope had some inkling of the disaster which lurked in his rear. When, some time after dark, having set fire to the remnant of the stores, we took the road to Centreville, our mystification as to Jackson's plans was complete. Could he actually be moving on Washington with his small force, or was he only seeking escape to the mountains? The glare of our big bonfire lighted up the country for miles, and was just dying out when we reached Centreville. The corduroy road had been full of pitfalls and

stumbling-blocks, to some one of which our cracked axle had succumbed before we crossed Bull Run, and being on ahead, I did not know of the casualty until it was too late to save my personal belongings involved in the wreck. Thus suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, just as the gray dawn revealed the features of the forlorn little hamlet, typical of this war-harried region, I had a distinct sense of being a long way from home. The night's march had seemed to put the climax to the endurance of the jaded troops. Such specters of men they were,—gaunt-cheeked and hollow-eyed, hair, beard, clothing, and accoutrements covered with dust—only their faces and hands where mingled soil and sweat streaked and crusted the skin, showing any departure from the whitey-gray uniformity. The ranks were sadly thinned, too, by the stupendous work of the last week. Our regiment, which had begun the campaign 1015 strong and had carried into action at Richmond 620, counted off that Thursday morning (Aug. 28) just eighty-two muskets! Such were the troops about to deliver battle on the already historic field of Manassas.

We were soon on the road again, heading west; we crossed Stone Bridge, and a short distance beyond, our ambulances halted, the brigade having entered some woods on the right of the road ahead,—going into camp, I thought. This pleasing delusion was soon dispelled by artillery firing in front, and our train was moved off through the fields to the right, out of range, and parked near Sudley Church. Everything pointed to a battle next day; the customary hospital preparations were made, but few, if any, wounded came in that night, and I slept soundly, a thing to be grateful for. My bed-fellow and I had decided to report for duty in the morning, knowing that every musket would be needed. I had picked up a good "Enfield" with the proper trappings, on the road from Centreville, to replace my own left in the abandoned ambulance; and having broken my chills, and gained strength from marching unencumbered, was fit for service—as much so as were the rest at least.

Friday morning early, we started in what we supposed to be the right direction, gui-

ded by the firing, which more and more betokened that the fight was on. Once we stopped for a few moments at a field-hospital to make inquiries, and were informed that our brigade was farther along to the right. General Ewell was carried by on a stretcher while we were there, having lost his leg the evening before. Very soon we heard sharp musketry over a low ridge which we had been skirting, and almost immediately we became involved with stragglers from that direction—Georgians, I think they were. It looked as if a whole line was giving way, and we hurried on to gain our own colors before it should grow too hot. The proverbial effect of bad company was soon apparent. We were halted by a Louisiana major, who was trying to rally these fragments upon his own command. My companion took the short cut out of the scrape by showing his "sick permit," and was allowed to pass; mine, alas! was in my cartridge-box with my other belongings in that unlucky ambulance. The major was courteous but firm; listened to my



JACKSON'S LINE ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE LAST DAY, AUGUST 30.

The topography is after General Beauregard's map, made from survey after the first battle of Bull Run. The deep cut, and the embankment as far as the "Dump," were the scene of the fighting with stones, illustrated on page 620. Here the unfinished railroad embankment is made of earth and blasted rock taken from the cut. A break in the embankment, or rather a space which was never filled in, is locally known as the "Dump," and near it several hundred Union soldiers were buried.—EDITOR.

story with more attention than I could have expected, but attached my person all the same. "Better stay with us, my boy, and if you do your duty I'll make it right with your company officers when the fight's over. They won't find fault with you when they know you've been in with the 'Pelicans,'" he added, as he assigned me to company "F."

The command was as unlike my own as it was possible to conceive. Such a congress of nations only the cosmopolitan Crescent City could have sent forth, and the tongues of Babel seemed resurrected in its speech; English, German, French, and Spanish, all were represented, to say nothing of Doric brogue and local "gumbo," and its voluble exercise was set off by a vehemence of utterance and gesture curiously at variance with the reticence of our Virginians. On the whole, I did not take to my comrades very kindly, and cordially consigned Company "F" to a region even more redolent of sulphur than the scene of our enforced connection. In point of fact, we burned little powder that day, and my promised distinction as a "Pelican" *pro tem.* was cheaply earned. The battalion did a good deal of counter-marching and some skirmishing, but most of the time we were acting as support to a section of Cutshaw's battery. The tedium of this last service my companions relieved by games of "seven up," with a greasy, well-thumbed

deck, and in smoking cigarettes, rolled with great dexterity between the deals. Once, when a detail was ordered to go some distance under fire to fill the canteens of the company, a hand was dealt to determine who



THE UNION MONUMENT NEAR THE "DEEP CUT,"
FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1884. (SEE MAP, PRECEDING PAGE.)

should go, and the decision was accepted by the loser without demur. Our numerous shifts of position completely confused what vague ideas I had of the situation, but we must have been near our extreme left at Sudley Church, and never very far from my own brigade, which was warmly engaged that day and the day following.* Towards evening we were again within sight of Sudley Church. I could see the light of fires among the trees as if cooking for the wounded was going on, and the idea occurred to me that there I could easily learn the exact position of my proper people. Once clear of my major and his polyglot "Pelicans," the rest would be plain sailing.

My flank movement was easily effected, and I suddenly found myself the *most* private soldier on that field; there seemed to be nobody else anywhere near. I passed a farmhouse which seemed to have been used as a hospital, and where I picked up a Zouave fez. Some cavalymen were there, one of whom advised me not to "go down there," but as he gave no special reason and did not urge his views, I paid no heed to him, but went on my way down a long barren slope, ending at a small water-course at the bottom, beyond which the ground rose abruptly and was covered by small growth. The deepening twilight and strange solitude about me, with the remembrance of what had happened a year ago on this same ground, made me feel uncomfortably lonely. By this time I was close to the stream, and while noting the lay of the land on the opposite bank with regard to



COLONEL W. S. H. BAYLOR, COMMANDING THE "STONEWALL"
BRIGADE; KILLED AUGUST 30, 1862.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. BURDETTE.)

* A recent letter from Lieutenant Robert Healy, of the writer's regiment, the Fifty-fifth Virginia, says: "Thursday night we slept on our arms; Friday,



THE "DEEP CUT," FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1884.

If this picture were extended a little to the left it would include the Union monument. General Bradley T. Johnson, commanding a brigade in Jackson's old division, in his official report describes Porter's assault on Saturday as follows:

"About 4 P. M. the movements of the enemy were suddenly developed in a decided manner. They stormed my position, deploying in the woods in brigade front and then charging in a run, line after line, brigade after brigade, up the hill on the thicket held by the Forty-eighth and the railroad cut occupied by the Forty-second. . . . Before the railroad cut the fight was most obstinate. I saw a Federal flag hold its position for half an hour within ten yards of a flag of one of the regiments in the cut, and

go down six or eight times; and after the fight one hundred dead men were lying twenty yards from the cut, some of them within two feet of it. The men fought until their ammunition was exhausted and then threw stones. Lieutenant ——— of the battalion killed one with a stone, and I saw him after the fight with his skull fractured. Dr. Richard P. Johnson, on my volunteer staff, having no arms of any kind, was obliged to have recourse to this means of offense from the beginning. As line after line surged up the hill time after time, led up by their officers, they were dashed back on one another until the whole field was covered with a confused mass of struggling, running, routed Yankees."—EDITOR.

choice of a crossing-place, I became aware of a man observing me from the end of the cut above. I could not distinguish the color of his uniform, but the crown of his hat tapered suspiciously, I thought, and instinctively I dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground and reached behind me for a cartridge.

"Come here!" he called;—his accent was worse than his hat.

"Who are you?" I responded as I executed the movement of "tear cartridge."

He laughed and said something,—evidently not to me,—then invited me to "come and see." Meanwhile I was trying to draw my rammer, but this operation was arrested by the dry click of several gunlocks, and I found myself covered by half a dozen rifles, and my friend of the steeple-crown, with less urbanity in his

we charged a battery and took it, and in the evening got considerably worsted in an engagement with the enemy in a field on the left. Saturday morning we lay in reserve in the edge of the woods (see Brockenbrough's brigade on the map, page 617); about half-past two o'clock we received urgent orders to reinforce a portion of our line in the center, which was about to give way. We proceeded at double-quick to a point in the woods behind the deep cut, where we formed line. . . . We came in sight of the enemy when we had advanced a few yards, and were saluted with cannon. We pushed on, however, to the old railroad cut, in which most of Jackson's

troops lay. The troops occupying this place had expended their ammunition and were defending themselves with rocks . . . which seemed to have been picked or blasted out of the bed of the railroad, chips and slivers of stone which many were collecting and others were throwing. Of course, such a defense would have been overcome in a very short time, but our arrival seemed to be almost simultaneous with that of the enemy. We had ammunition (twenty rounds to the man) and we attacked the enemy and drove them headlong down the hill, across the valley and over the hill into the woods, where we were recalled by General Starke.—*Robert Healy.*"



STARKE'S LOUISIANA BRIGADE FIGHTING WITH STONES AT THE EMBANKMENT NEAR THE "DEEP CUT."

intonation, called out to me to "drop that." In our brief intercourse he had acquired a curious influence over me. I did so.

My captors were of Kearny's division, on picket. They told me they thought I was deserting until they saw me try to load. I could not account for their being where they were, and when they informed me that they had Jackson surrounded and that he must surrender next day, though I openly scouted the notion, I must own the weight of evidence seemed to be with them. The discussion of this and kindred topics was continued until a late hour that night with the sergeant of the guard at Kearny's headquarters, where I supped in unwonted luxury on hard-tack and "genuine" coffee, the sergeant explaining that the fare was no better because of our destruction of their supplies at the Junction. Kearny's orderly gave me a blanket, and so I

passed the night. We were early astir in the morning, (Aug. 30) and I saw Kearny as he passed with his staff to the front,—a spare, erect, military figure, looking every inch the fighter he was — but with the shadow of his doom hovering over him even then. He fell three days later, killed by some of my own brigade.*

Near Stone Bridge I found about five hundred other prisoners, mostly stragglers picked up along the line of our march. Here my polite provost-sergeant turned me over, and after drawing rations — hard-tack, and coffee and sugar mixed — we took the road to Centreville, having to stand a good deal of chaff on the way at our forlorn appearance, for that thoroughfare was thronged with troops, trains, and batteries. We were a motley crowd enough, certainly, and it *did* look as if our friends in blue were having their return innings.

* Captain James H. Haynes, Fifty-fifth Virginia regiment, says he was on the skirmish line at Chantilly, in the edge of a brushy place with a clearing in front. It was raining heavily and growing dark when Kearny rode suddenly upon the line, and asked what troops they were. Seeing his mistake, he turned and started across the open ground to escape, but was fired on and killed. His body was brought into the lines and recognized by General A. P. Hill, who said

sadly, "Poor Kearny! he deserved a better death than this."

The next day General Lee ordered that the body be carried to the Federal lines, and in a note to General Pope he said: "The body of General Philip Kearny was brought from the field last night and he was reported dead. I send it forward under a flag of truce, thinking the possession of his remains may be a consolation to his family."—A. C. R.

More than once that day as I thought of our thin line back yonder, I wondered how the boys were making it, for disturbing rumors came to us as we lay in a field near Centreville, exchanging rude *badinage* across the cordon of sentries surrounding us. We received recruits from time to time who brought the same unvarying story, "Jackson hard-pressed — no news of Longstreet yet." (He was there, but keeping silent.) So the day wore on. Towards evening there was a noticeable stir in the camps around us, much riding to and fro of couriers and orderlies, and now we thought we could hear more distinctly the deep-toned, jarring growl which had interjected itself at intervals all the afternoon through the trivial buzz about us. Watchful of indications, we noted too that the drift of wagons and ambulances was *from* the battle-field, and soon orders came for us to take the road in the same direction. The cannonading down the pike was sensibly nearer now, and

at times we could catch even the roll of musketry, and once we thought we could distinguish, faint and far off, a prolonged, murmurous modulation of sound familiar to our ears as the charging shout of the gray people — but this may have been fancy. All the same, we gave tongue to the cry, and shouts of "Longstreet! Longstreet's at 'em, boys! Hurrah for Longstreet!" went up from the column, while the guards trudged beside us in sulky silence.

There is not much more to tell. An all-day march on Sunday through rain and mud brought us to Alexandria, where we were locked up for the night in a cotton-factory. Monday we embarked on a transport steamer, and the next evening were off Fort Monroe, where we got news of Pope's defeat. I was paroled and back in Richmond within ten days of my capture, and then and there learned how completely Jackson had eclipsed his former fame on his baptismal battle-field.

Allen C. Redwood.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Comments on General Grant's "Chattanooga."

IN THE CENTURY for November is a most valuable and interesting article by General Grant on Chattanooga. Written at a time when he was enfeebled, and suffering intensely from a mortal malady, it has in it some statements which are at variance with official documents, and which may properly be attributed to any cause other than a desire to do injustice to others or to relate anything but facts. General Grant's description of the situation at Chattanooga at the time of his arrival is graphic, and might be added to without exaggeration. The condition of matters was known not only to all officers of rank and intelligence in the Army of the Cumberland, but was discussed among the soldiers, who expressed themselves as willing to starve before giving up Chattanooga, which was all that remained to them of the battle of Chickamauga. We were in truth short of food, medicine, ammunition, and clothing, and without prompt relief were rapidly drifting to utter destruction as an army, and to terrible loss of life.

On the 3d of October, 1863, having reported a day or two before to General Rosecrans, I was assigned to duty as chief engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, and it devolved on me as a part of my duty to lay out and construct the fortifications so as to enable a comparatively small force to hold the place, and also to look out for the communications by which the army was supplied. In the performance of that duty I was actively engaged in building boats and material for bridges, and was studying earnestly to find some way of restoring our short line of communications lost by the giving up of Lookout mountain and valley. I found a most excellent company of volunteers styled "Michigan Engineers and Mechanics," commanded by Captain Fox. They, before my arrival, had set up a saw-mill, and were engaged in making boats and flooring, etc.,

for military bridges. In pursuance of the one paramount necessity of finding some way of shortening our distance to the railroad at Bridgeport, on the 19th of October I started to make a personal examination of the north side of the Tennessee River below Chattanooga. The object was to find some point on the south side, the holding of which would secure to us the river from Bridgeport through the Raccoon Mountain, and the short road in the valley from there to Chattanooga. On returning unsuccessful in my search, to within about five miles of Chattanooga, I saw before me on a bluff, washed by the river, an earthwork in which was posted a field-battery commanding a road through a break in the hills on the opposite side, where had formerly been established a ferry, known as Brown's Ferry. The position struck me as worthy of close examination, and learning from the commanding officer of the battery that there was a tacit agreement that the pickets should not fire on each other, I left my horse in the battery and went down to the water's edge. There I spent an hour, studying the character of the hills, the roadway through the gorge, and marking and estimating the distances to the fires of the picket reserves of the enemy. I then rode back to headquarters, to find that during my absence General Rosecrans had been relieved from duty there and General Thomas put in command of the army.

The next morning, October 20th, General Thomas asked me what length of bridge material I had not in use, and directed me to throw another bridge across the river at Chattanooga. I asked him not to give the order till he had heard my report of my examination of the day before and had looked into a plan I had to propose for opening the river to our steamboats, of which there were two then partly disabled, but which had not been repaired by me lest they should eventually serve the purposes of the enemy. After a discussion which I think was finished in two days and by the 22d of October he gave his approval to the plan, and I

went to work at once, he giving the necessary orders for the coöperating movements from Bridgeport, which were a vital part of the operations. After that there was but one discussion between General Thomas and myself, which was as to the relative time Hooker's column was to move from Bridgeport. That took place after the arrival of General Grant at Chattanooga, all others having been concluded before General Grant made his appearance. Having now given my statement of the condition of matters prior to the arrival of General Grant, I will quote what General Grant says on the subject in the paper to which I refer.

"The next day we reached Chattanooga a little before dark. . . . The next day, the 24th of October, I started out to make a personal inspection, taking Thomas and Smith with me, besides most of the members of my personal staff. We crossed to the north side of the river, and moving to the north of detached spurs of hills, reached the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, some three miles below Lookout Mountain, unobserved by the enemy. Here we left our horses back from the river and approached the water on foot. . . . That night I issued orders for opening the route to Bridgeport—a cracker line, as the soldiers appropriately turned it."

There is not a word in the above to indicate that General Thomas had already approved a plan for opening the route to Bridgeport, and issued the necessary orders. I will now quote from the "Official Records" to show that General Grant trusted too much to his memory. The following dispatches from Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana, to Secretary Stanton, give the situation before and after the arrival of General Grant at Chattanooga. They are papers of record in the War Department.

"CHATTANOOGA, October 23d. To E. M. STANTON: No change in the situation here. Ten days' rations on hand. Thomas firmly resolved to hold at all events. Rain heavy since midnight, and roads worse to-day than yesterday. An immediate movement for the occupation of Raccoon Mountain and Lookout Valley is indispensable, but Hooker, though ordered" [by Rosecrans] "ten days since to concentrate his forces for the purpose, has not done so, but waits, on the ground that his wagons have not arrived from Nashville. The fact is that about one hundred have arrived, and besides *Thomas will not allow him to take any wagons at all in this movement.* But Hooker seems to show no zeal in the enterprise. *It will necessarily wait somewhat for the arrival of Grant, who will get in before night.* The interior line of fortifications is so far advanced that General Smith tells me only one day's work more is needed to make them tenable, and the place temporarily safe with a garrison of ten thousand men, though the works will still be far from finished. *The pontoons are done for a bridge across to Lookout Valley as soon as Hooker has entered into that position.*"

This dispatch shows that a move had been determined upon by Thomas both from Bridgeport and into Lookout Valley by a bridge, before the arrival of General Grant, although Mr. Dana was in error in stating that the bridge was to be thrown after the arrival of Hooker in that valley, as is shown by this dispatch:

"CHATTANOOGA, 10 A. M., October 24th. To E. M. STANTON: Grant arrived last night, * * * He is just going to reconnoiter an important position which General Smith has discovered at the mouth of Lookout Valley, which will be occupied from here simultaneously with Hooker's occupation of Raccoon Mountain. . . ."

Here it is shown that when Grant had been but about twelve hours in Chattanooga, and before he had even started on his trip to Brown's Ferry, Mr. Dana had sketched to the Secretary of War the substance of the whole movement. That General Thomas had, after General Grant's arrival, to put before him the plan

which he had determined upon, and that General Grant's approval was necessary, and that it was proper for him to go to Brown's Ferry at once to see the position before he gave his approval to it, cannot be gainsaid, but there is not the slightest reason for doubting that Thomas would have made the same move with the same men and with the same results, had General Grant been in Louisville, from which place he telegraphed the order putting Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland. General Grant does not overstate the importance of this movement to the army. It gave at once to the army food and clothing, with forage for the animals which were yet left alive, and last but not least, ammunition, of which General Grant says the Union army had "not enough for a day's fighting." From being an army in a condition in which it could not retreat,—for as General Grant says, "a retreat at that time would have been a terrible disaster," and "would have been attended with the loss of all the artillery. . . . and the annihilation of that army itself either by capture or demoralization,"—it became an army which, so soon as it was reinforced by the troops with Sherman, assumed the offensive, and under the leadership of General Grant helped to win the battle of Missionary Ridge, inflicting a mortal blow upon the army under Bragg. General Thomas was a man who observed strictly the proprieties and courtesies of military life; and had the plan "for opening the route to Bridgeport," and the orders necessary for its execution, emanated from General Grant, he would hardly have noticed the subject in the following words:

"To Brigadier-General W. F. Smith, chief engineer, should be accorded great praise for the ingenuity which conceived, and the ability which executed the movement at Brown's Ferry. The preparations were all made in secrecy, as was also the boat expedition which passed under the overhanging cliffs of Lookout, so much so that when the bridge was thrown at Brown's Ferry, on the morning of the 27th, the surprise was as great to the army within Chattanooga as it was to the army besieging it from without." [Vol. I., page 398, Van Horne's "History of the Army of the Cumberland."]

With some hesitation I will give a copy of a letter from General Grant to the Secretary of War, which, though speaking of me in possibly much too high terms, is yet important in this connection from its date. It was written two weeks after the opening of the river, and two weeks before the battle of Missionary Ridge. It could hardly have been written from General Grant's previous knowledge of me, for he says he "had no recollection of having met me, after my" [his] "graduation, in 1843, up to this time,"—the night of his arrival at Chattanooga—October 23, 1863. It could not have been written because I had shown zeal in establishing a saw-mill, making a steamboat or any amount of bridge material, nor yet because I had commanded two brigades in a surprise attack at Brown's Ferry. No other movement than the successful opening of the river had been made from the time of General Grant's arrival to the date of this letter. Was it possible that it arose from any other reason than that General Grant, appreciating fully the great and prompt change in the condition of the army, arising from the opening of the river, had perhaps overestimated the ability of the one who within his own knowledge had planned the movement? Circum-

stances afterward occurred to change the relations between General Grant and myself, to which it is not necessary to refer, and his opinion of me may and probably did afterward undergo a change, but at the time at which the letter was written there was some striking reason which produced it:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISS.

"CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Nov. 12, 1863.

"HON. E. M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"SIR: I would respectfully recommend that Brigadier-General William F. Smith be placed first on the list for promotion to the rank of major-general. He is possessed of one of the clearest military heads in the army—is very practical and industrious—no man in the service is better qualified than he for our largest commands.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Official)

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

"Signed, GEO. K. LEET, Assistant Adjutant-General."

Not only is it due to the truth of history that this evidence of General Grant's military appreciation of the movement on Brown's Ferry should appear, but it also establishes his generosity of character in giving credit where he felt it to be due.

At some future time I may have an opportunity of doing justice to the memory of General George H. Thomas, whose comparatively early death was so great a loss to the country. The civil war developed no higher character than his, viewed in all its aspects, either as soldier or civilian. There are no clouds on it to mar the brightness of his glory.

Wm. Farrar Smith.

NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

MAJOR J. L. COKER of Darlington, South Carolina, says of General Grant's description of the fighting in Lookout Valley on the night of October 28-29, 1863: "The engagement of Wauhatchie, or Lookout Valley, was of minor importance; but it is well to have errors corrected. General Geary's Federal division was not attacked by Longstreet's corps, but by Jenkins's South Carolina brigade, commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) John Bratton. No other troops fired a shot at Geary's men that night. The battle lasted about one hour and a half, and was brought to a close on account of General Howard's advance threatening Bratton's rear, and not by a Confederate stampede caused by a 'mule-charge' in the dark. When the order to retire was received, the brigade was withdrawn in good order. The writer, acting A. A. G. on Colonel Bratton's staff, was wounded and taken from the field at the close of the battle, and did not observe any disorder. General Howard was opposed by a small force, and made such progress that Jenkins's brigade was in danger of being cut off from the crossing over Lookout Creek. They were ordered out when they seemed to be getting the better of General Geary, who was surprised by the night attack, and no doubt thought himself 'greatly outnumbered,' and reported himself attacked by a corps instead of a brigade."

LIEUTENANT J. S. OSTRANDER, formerly of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, writing from Richmond, Indiana, says: In General Grant's paper there is a strange omission in describing the assault on Missionary Ridge. The General states that his order for the assault was communicated to General Wood in person and the assaulting column, consisting of the

divisions of Wood and Sheridan, at once moved and carried the ridge. As a matter of fact, the signal to advance was the firing of six guns from the battery on Orchard Knob, and instead of two divisions the assaulting column, counting from left to right, consisted of four divisions,—Baird, Sheridan, Wood, and Johnson (less one brigade of Johnson's, left in the trenches). The column moved in line, and to this day it is an open question which division first crowned the ridge."

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN F. HEGLER of Attica, Indiana, who was second in command of the Fifteenth Indiana, in the assault on Missionary Ridge, writes: "General Grant says of the assault on Missionary Ridge:

'The fire along the rebel line was terrific. Cannon and musket balls filled the air; but the damage done was in small proportion to the ammunition used.'

"The inference might be that the assault, though brilliant, was after all a rather harmless diversion. The Fifteenth Indiana, of Sheridan's division, started up the ridge just to the left of Bragg's headquarters with 337 officers and men, and lost 202 killed and wounded, in just forty-five minutes, the time taken to advance from the line of works at the foot of the ridge and to carry the crest. This report I made officially to General Sheridan near Chickamauga Creek the morning after the battle."

General Leggett's Brigade before Vicksburg.

IN my father's paper on "The Siege of Vicksburg," (September CENTURY, page 760) a sentence reads:

"At the point on the Jackson road in front of Ransom's brigade, a sap was run up to the enemy's parapet, and by the 25th of June we had it undermined and the mine charged."

This sentence should read:

"At three points on the Jackson road in front of Leggett's brigade," etc., etc.

These mistakes were probably made by me in copying my father's MS. Ransom commanded a division, and was not in Logan's command.

F. D. Grant.

[We have also received letters from General John A. Logan and General M. D. Leggett calling attention to this error.]—EDITOR.

The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill.

A FEW days ago, in Switzerland, my attention was called to a communication in the August number of THE CENTURY, page 642, which falsifies history. It is under the heading, "The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill," and is signed Henry E. Smith. Mr. Smith asserts that it was General Averell who commanded the rear-guard, and that to Averell, and not to Keyes, belongs the credit which General McClellan gives the latter in his article in THE CENTURY of May last. Mr. Smith cites authorities for his statements, and refers to the "Official Records of the Rebellion," Vol. XI., Part II., page 235, and to my report, page 193 same volume, in which he says there is "no mention of Averell." It is not unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Smith had read General McClellan's and my reports, since he refers to them, but it is certain that he discredits both, and that he rejects my claim to approval unceremoniously. General McClellan says

in his book, "Report * * * of the Army of the Potomac," etc., page 273 :

"The greater portion of the transportation of the army having been started for Harrison's Landing during the night of the 30th of June and the first of July, the order for the movement of the troops was at once issued upon the final repulse of the enemy at Malvern Hill.

"The order prescribed a movement by the left and rear, General Keyes's corps to cover the manœuvre. It was not carried out in detail as regards the divisions on the left, the roads being somewhat blocked by the rear of our trains. Porter and Couch were not able to move out as early as had been anticipated, and Porter found it necessary to place a rear-guard between his command and the enemy. Colonel Averell, of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, was intrusted with this delicate duty. He had under his command his own regiment and Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan's brigade of regular infantry and one battery. By a judicious use of the resources at his command, he deceived the enemy so as to cover the withdrawal of the left wing without being attacked, remaining himself on the previous day's battle-field until about 7 o'clock of the 2d of July. Meantime General Keyes, having received his orders, commenced vigorous preparations for covering the movement of the entire army, and protecting the trains. It being evident that the immense number of wagons and artillery pertaining to the army could not move with celerity along a single road, General Keyes took advantage of every accident of the ground to open new avenues, and to facilitate the movement. He made preparations for obstructing the roads after the army had passed so as to prevent any rapid pursuit, destroying effectually Turkey Bridge, on the main road, and rendering other roads and approaches temporarily impassable, by felling trees across them. He kept the trains well closed up, and directed the march so that the troops could move on each side of the road, not obstructing the passage, but being in good position to repel an attack from any quarter. His dispositions were so successful that, to use his own words: 'I do not think that more vehicles, or more public property were abandoned on the march from Turkey Bridge than would have been left, in the same state of the roads, if the army had been moving toward the enemy, instead of away from him,'—and when it is understood that the carriages and teams belonging to this army, stretched out in one line, would extend not far from forty miles, the energy and caution necessary for their safe withdrawal from the presence of an enemy vastly superior in numbers, will be appreciated, * * *. Great credit must be awarded to General Keyes for the skill and energy which characterized his performance of the important and delicate duties intrusted to his charge."

The above extract defines General Averell's duties on the field of Malvern, and gives him credit, and it is equally distinct in reference to me, but General McClellan's article in THE CENTURY for May is vague in its expressions regarding the same subjects. As Mr. Smith's article is historically erroneous, I trust you will consider it just to give place to this explanation, and to the following short account of "The Rear-Guard after Malvern Hill."

After the battle of Malvern Hill, which was fought on the 1st of July, 1862, the Army of the Potomac retired to Harrison's Landing on the James River. Late in the evening of that day I received orders from Adjutant-General Seth Williams to command the rear-guard. I spent nearly the whole night making preparatory arrangements; dispatched a party to destroy Turkey Bridge, with two of my aides, Jackson and Gibson, to see that it was done promptly; selected twenty-five expert axe-men under Captain Clarke, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, with orders to chop nearly through all the large trees that lined the road below the bridge. All my orders were well executed, and within fifteen minutes after the tail of the column passed, the bridge was destroyed without blowing up, and the road blocked

beyond the possibility of passage by wheels and cavalry, and made difficult for infantry for several hours.

The force composing the rear-guard consisted of Peck's division of infantry, and four batteries of artillery of my own corps; Gregg's Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Farnsworth's Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Averell's regiment of cavalry was also designated in a dispatch sent me by Adjutant-General Williams, and he may have taken part below the bridge, but I do not remember to have seen him during the day.

The danger to the trains arose from the fact that the narrow country roads were insufficient in number, and their composition was mostly clay, which was soon converted into mud by the torrents of rain which fell nearly the whole day, and from the liability to attack on the flank. The main road was skirted with woods on the left the entire distance, which is about seven miles from Turkey Bridge to Harrison's Landing. The opposite side of the main road was open, and the columns of troops could move parallel with the wagons. When General W. F. Smith came along at the head of his division, I was opposite an opening in the woods at the highest point of the road. Smith exclaimed to me: "Here's a good place for a battle!" "Would you like to have a fight?" said I. "Yes, just here, and now!" While the columns of troops were moving alongside the trains I felt no apprehension, but after they had all passed there still remained in rear not less than five hundred wagons struggling in the mud, and it was not above ten minutes after the last vehicle had entered the large field bordering the intended camp when the enemy appeared and commenced a cannonade upon us. Fortunately I had in position Miller's and McCarthy's batteries, and they replied with such effect that the attack was discontinued.

The anxiety at headquarters was such that I was authorized, in case of necessity, to cut the traces and drive the animals forward without their loads. Nothing of that kind was done, and we saved all the wagons except a small number that broke down and were as necessarily abandoned as a vessel in a convoy would be after it had sunk in the ocean.

About the middle of the day I received a note from headquarters at Harrison's Landing, of which the following is a copy :

"GENERAL: I have ordered back to your assistance all the cavalry that can be raised here. It is of the utmost importance that we should save all our artillery, and as many of our wagons as possible; and the commanding general feels the utmost confidence that you will do all that can be done to accomplish this. Permit me to say that if you bring in everything you will accomplish a most signal and meritorious exploit, which the commanding general will not fail to represent in its proper light to the Department. Very respectfully,

"(Signed) R. B. MARCY,
"BRIGADIER-GENERAL KEYES. Chief of Staff, July 2d."

General McClellan came out half a mile and met me. I was engaged sending forward sheaves of wheat to fill the ruts in the road near camp, which were so deep that in spite of all efforts to fill them, about 1200 wagons were parked for the night under guard outside. The general appeared well satisfied with what had been done by the rear-guard, and after all the proofs cited above, it is scarcely probable that he made a mistake in the name of its commander.

D. Keyes.

BLANGY, SEINE-INFÉRIEURE, FRANCE, August 20, 1885.

CAMPION.

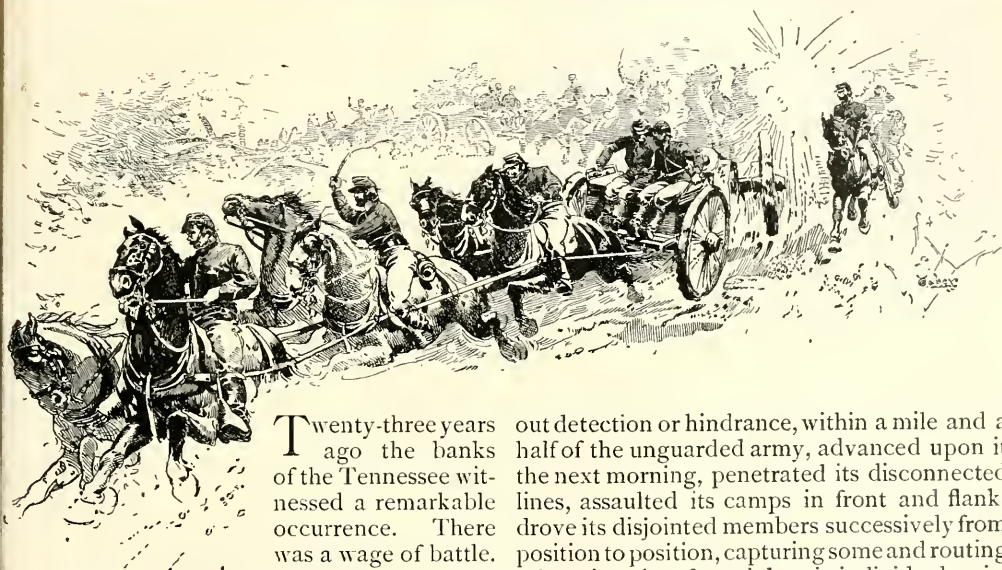
I PLACED a scarlet campion flower
 In the wreathed tresses of my head.
 "No damosel in hall or bower
 Is fairer than my love," he said.

Years after, in a folded book,
 I found a withered campion flower,
 And paled with that swift backward look
 That ghost-seers have at twilight hour.

O withered heart, O love long dead!
 "Poor faded flower that shone so fair,
 Well suits thy phantom bloom," I said,
 "With the white tresses of my hair."

Alice Williams Brotherton.

SHILOH REVIEWED.



BATTERY, FORWARD!

and the challenger failed to make his cause good. But there were peculiar circumstances which distinguished the combat from other trials of strength in the rebellion: An army comprising seventy regiments of infantry, twenty batteries of artillery, and a sufficiency of cavalry, lay for two weeks and more in isolated camps, with a river in its rear and a hostile army claimed to be superior in numbers twenty miles distant in its front, while the commander made his headquarters and passed his nights nine miles away on the opposite side of the river. It had no line or order of battle, no defensive works of any sort, no outposts, properly speaking, to give warning, or check the advance of an enemy, and no recognized head during the absence of the regular commander. On a Saturday the hostile force arrived and formed in order of battle, with-

out detection or hindrance, within a mile and a half of the unguarded army, advanced upon it the next morning, penetrated its disconnected lines, assaulted its camps in front and flank, drove its disjointed members successively from position to position, capturing some and routing others, in spite of much heroic individual resistance, and steadily drew near the landing and depot of its supplies in the pocket between the river and an impassable creek. At the moment near the close of the day when the remnant of the retrograding army was driven to refuge in the midst of its magazines, with the triumphant enemy at half-gunshot distance, the advance division of a reënforcing army arrived on the opposite bank of the river, crossed, and took position under fire at the point of attack; the attacking force was checked, and the battle ceased for the day. The next morning at dawn the reënforcing army and a fresh division belonging to the defeated force advanced against the assailants, followed or accompanied by such of the broken columns of the previous day as had not lost all cohesion, and after ten hours of conflict drove the enemy from the captured camps and the field of battle.



GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Such are the salient points in the popular conception and historical record of the battle of Shiloh. Scarcely less remarkable than the facts themselves are the means by which the responsible actors in the critical drama have endeavored to counteract them. At society reunions and festive entertainments, in newspaper interviews and dispatches, in letters and contributions to periodicals, afterthought official reports, biographies, memoirs, and other popular sketches, the subject of Shiloh from the first hour of the battle to the present time has been invaded by pretensions and exculpatory statements, which revive the discussion only to confirm the memory of the grave faults that brought an army into imminent peril. These defenses and assumptions, starting first, apparently half suggested, in the zeal of official attendants and other partisans, were soon taken up more or less directly by the persons in whose behalf they were put forward; and now it is virtually declared by the principals themselves, that the Army of the Ohio was an unnecessary intruder in the battle, and that the blood of more than two thousand of its members shed on that field was a gratuitous sacrifice.

With the origin of the animadversions that were current at the time upon the conduct of the battle, the Army of the Ohio had little to do, and it has not generally taken a willing

part in the subsequent discussion. They commenced in the ranks of the victims, and during all the years that have given unwonted influence to the names which they affected, the witnesses of the first reports have without show of prejudice or much reiteration firmly adhered to their earlier testimony. It does not impair the value of that testimony if extreme examples were cited to illustrate the general fact; nor constitute a defense that such examples were not the general rule. I have myself, though many years ago, made answer to the more formal pleas that concerned the army which I commanded, and I am now called upon in the same cause to review the circumstances of my connection with the battle, and investigate its condition when it was taken up by the Army of the Ohio.

WHEN by the separate or concurrent operations of the forces of the Department of the Missouri, commanded by General Halleck, and the Department of the Ohio, commanded by myself, the Confederate line had been broken, first at Mill Springs by General Thomas, and afterward at Fort Henry and at Fort Donelson by General Grant and the navy, and Nashville and Middle Tennessee were occupied by the Army of the Ohio, the shattered forces of the enemy fell back for the formation of a new line, and the Union armies prepared to follow for a fresh attack. It was apparent in advance that the Memphis and Charleston railroad between Memphis and Chattanooga would constitute the new line, and Corinth, the point of intersection of the Memphis and Charleston road running east



GENERAL THOMAS J. WOOD. (COPIED FROM AN ENGRAVING,
BY PERMISSION OF D. VAN NOSTRAND.)

and west, and the Mobile and Ohio road running north and south, soon developed as the main point of concentration.

While this new defense of the enemy and the means of assailing it by the Union forces were maturing, General Halleck's troops, for the moment under the immediate command of General C. F. Smith, were transported up the Tennessee by water to operate on the enemy's railroad communications. It was purely an expeditionary service not intended for the selection of a rendezvous or depot for future operations. After some attempts to debark at other points farther up the river, Pittsburg Landing was finally chosen as the most eligible for the temporary object; but when the concentration of the enemy at Corinth made that the objective point of a deliberate campaign, and the coöperation of General Halleck's troops and mine was arranged, Savannah, on the east bank of the river, was designated by Halleck as the point of rendezvous. This, though not as advisable a point as Florence, or some point between Florence and Eastport, was in a general sense proper. It placed the concentration under the shelter of the river and the gun-boats, and left the combined force at liberty to choose its point of crossing and line of attack.

On the restoration of General Grant to the immediate command of the troops, and his arrival at Savannah on the 17th of March, he converted the expeditionary encampment at Pittsburg Landing into the point of rendezvous of the two armies, by placing his whole force on the west side of the river, apparently on the advice of General Sherman, who, with his division, was already there. Nothing can be said upon any rule of military art or common expediency to justify that arrangement. An invading army may, indeed, as a preliminary step, throw an inferior force in advance upon the enemy's coast or across an intervening river to secure a harbor or other necessary foothold; but in such a case the first duty of the advanced force is to make itself secure by suitable works. Pittsburg Landing was in no sense a point of such necessity or desirability as to require any risk, or any great expenditure of means for its occupation. If the force established there was not safe alone, it had no business there; but having been placed there, still less can any justification be found for the neglect of all proper means to make it secure against a superior adversary. General Grant continued his headquarters at Savannah, leaving General Sherman with a sort of control at Pittsburg Landing. Sherman's rank did not allow him the command, but he was authorized to assign the arriving regiments to brigades and divisions

as he might think best, and designate the camping-grounds. In these and other ways he exercised an important influence upon the fate of the army.

The movement of the Army of the Ohio from Nashville for the appointed junction, was commenced on the night of the 15th of March by a rapid march of cavalry to secure the bridges in advance, which were then still guarded by the enemy. It was followed on the 16th and successive days by the infan-



GENERAL ALEXANDER MCD. MCCOOK.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

try divisions, McCook being in advance with instructions to move steadily forward; to ford the streams where they were fordable, and when it was necessary to make repairs in the roads, such as building bridges over streams which were liable to frequent interruption by high water, to leave only a sufficient working party and guard for that purpose; to use all possible industry and energy, so as to move forward steadily and as rapidly as possible without forcing the march or straggling; and to send forward at once to communicate with General Smith at Savannah, and learn his situation.

When the cavalry reached Columbia the bridge over Duck River was found in flames, and the river at flood stage. General McCook immediately commenced the construction of a frame bridge, but finding, after several days, that the work was progressing less rapidly than had been expected, I ordered the building of a boat bridge also, and both were completed on the 30th. On the same day the river became fordable. I arrived at Columbia on the 26th. General Nelson succeeded in getting a portion of his division across by fording on the 29th, and was given the ad-



GENERAL WILLIAM NELSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

General Nelson had an altercation with General Jefferson C. Davis in the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, on the morning of September 29, 1862. General Davis shot General Nelson, who died almost instantly.—EDITOR.

vance. Most of his troops crossed by fording on the 30th. The other divisions followed him on the march with intervals of six miles, so as not to incommode one another—in all five divisions, about thirty-seven thousand effective men. On the first day of April, General Halleck and General Grant were notified that I would concentrate at Savannah on

Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th, the distance being ninety miles. On the 4th General Nelson received notification from General Grant that he need not hasten his march, as he could not be put across the river before the following Tuesday, but the rate of march was not changed.

After seeing my divisions on the road, I

left Columbia on the evening of the 3d, and arrived at Savannah on the evening of the 5th with my chief of staff and an orderly, leaving the rest of my staff to follow rapidly with the headquarters train. Nelson had already arrived and gone into camp, and Crittenden was close in his rear. We were there to form a junction for the contemplated forward movement under the command of General Halleck in person, who was to leave St. Louis the first of the following week to join us. General Grant had been at Nelson's camp before my arrival, and said he would send boats for the division "Monday or Tuesday, or some time early in the week." "There will," he said, "be no fight at Pittsburg Landing; we will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified. If they come to attack us we can whip them, as I have more than twice as many troops as I had at Fort Donelson." I did not see General Grant that evening—probably because he was at Pittsburg Landing when I arrived, but he had made an appointment to meet me next day.

We were finishing breakfast at Nelson's camp Sunday morning, when the sound of artillery was heard up the river. We knew of no ground to apprehend a serious engagement, but the troops were promptly prepared to march, and I walked with my chief of staff, Colonel James B. Fry, to Grant's quarters at Savannah, but he had started up the river. I there saw General C. F. Smith, who was in his bed sick, but apparently not dangerously ill. He had no apprehension about a battle, thought it an affair of outposts, and said that Grant had sixty thousand men. This would agree approximately with the estimate which Grant himself made of his force, at Nelson's camp.

As the firing continued, and increased in volume, I determined to go to the scene of action. Nelson only waited for the services of a guide to march by land. The river bottom between Savannah and Pittsburg Landing was a labyrinth of roads from which the overflows had obliterated all recent signs of travel, and left them impassable except in certain places, and it was with great difficulty that a guide could be obtained. The artillery had to be left behind to be transported by water. After disposing of these matters and sending orders for the rear divisions to push forward without their trains, I took a small steamer at the Landing and proceeded up the river, accompanied only by my chief of staff. On the way we were met by a descending steamer which came alongside and delivered a letter from General Grant addressed to the "Commanding Officer, advanced forces, near Pittsburg, Tenn.," and couched in the following words:

"PITTSBURG, April 6, 1862.—GEN.: The attack on my forces has been very spirited since early this morning. The appearance of fresh troops on the field now would have a powerful effect, both by inspiring our men and disheartening the enemy. If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us. The rebel forces are estimated at over one hundred thousand men. My headquarters will be in the log building on the top of the hill, where you will be furnished a staff-officer to guide you to your place on the field.

"Respectfully, &c. U. S. GRANT, Maj.-Gen."

About half-way up we met a stream of fugitives that poured in a constantly swelling current along the west bank of the river. The mouth of Snake Creek was full of them swimming across. We arrived at the Landing about one o'clock. I inquired for General Grant and was informed that he was on his headquarters boat, nearly against which we had landed. I went on board, and was met by him at the door of the ladies' cabin, in which there were besides himself two or three members of his staff. Other officers may have entered afterward. He appeared to realize that he was beset by a pressing danger, and manifested by manner more than in words that he was relieved by my arrival as indicating the near approach of succor; but there was nothing in his deportment that the circumstances would not have justified without disparagement to the character of a courageous soldier. Certainly there was none of that masterly confidence which has since been assumed with reference to the occasion. After the first salutation, and as I walked to a seat, he remarked that he had just come in from the front, and held up his sword to call my attention to an indentation, which he said the scabbard had received from a shot. I did not particularly notice it, and after inquiring about the progress of the battle and requesting him to send steamers to bring up Crittenden's division, which was coming into Savannah as I left, I proposed that we should go ashore. As we reached the gangway I noticed that the horses of himself and his staff were being taken ashore. He mounted and rode away, while I walked up the hill; so that I saw him no more until the attack occurred at the Landing late in the evening. I state these particulars of our meeting with so much detail because a totally incorrect version of the place, manner, and substance of the interview has been used to give a false impression of the state of the battle, and a false coloring to personal traits which are assumed to have had the issue in control.

On the shore I encountered a scene which has often been described. The face of the bluff was crowded with stragglers from the battle. The number there at different hours has been estimated at from five thousand in the morn-



ing to fifteen thousand in the evening. The number at nightfall would not have fallen short of fifteen thousand, including those who had passed down the river, and the less callous but still broken and demoralized fragments about the camps on the plateau near the landing. At the top of the bluff all was confusion. Men mounted and on foot, and wagons with their teams and excited drivers, all struggling to force their way closer to the river, were mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion with a battery of artillery which was standing in park without men or horses to man or move it. The increasing throng already presented a barrier which it was evidently necessary to remove, in order to make way for the passage of my troops when they should arrive. In looking about for assistance I fell upon one officer, the quartermaster of an Ohio regiment, who preserved his senses, and was anxious to do something to abate the disorder. I instructed him to take control of the teams, and move them down the hill by a side road which led to the narrow bottom below the landing, and there park them. He went to work with alacrity and the efficiency of a strong will, and succeeded in clearing the ground of the wagons. It proved before night to have been a more important service than I had expected, for it not only opened the way for Nelson's division, but extricated the artillery and made it possible to get it into action when the attack occurred at the Landing about sunset.

It is now time to glance at the circumstances which had brought about and were urging on the state of affairs here imperfectly portrayed.

UPON learning on the 2d of April of the advance of the Army of the Ohio toward Savannah, General Sidney Johnston determined to anticipate the junction of that army with General Grant's force, by attacking the latter, and at once gave orders for the movement of his troops on the following day. It was his expectation to reach the front of the army at Pittsburg Landing on Friday, the 4th, and make the attack at daylight on Saturday; but the condition of the roads, and some confusion in the execution of orders, prevented him from getting into position for the attack until three o'clock on Saturday. This delay and an indiscreet reconnoissance which brought on a sharp engagement with the Federal pickets, rendered it so improbable that the Union commander would not be prepared for the attack, that General Beauregard advised the abandonment of the enterprise, to the success of which a surprise was deemed to be essential. General Johnston overruled the proposition, however, and the attack was ordered for the following morning. The army was drawn up in three parallel lines, covering the front of the Federal position. Hardee commanded the first line, Bragg the second, and Polk and Breckinridge the third, the latter being intended as a reserve.

The locality on which the storm of battle was about to burst has often been described with more or less of inaccuracy or incompleteness. It is an undulating table-land, quite broken in places, elevated a hundred feet or thereabout above the river; an irregular triangle in outline, nearly equilateral, with the sides four miles long, bordered on the east by the river, which here runs nearly due north, on the north-west by Snake Creek and its tributary, Owl Creek, and on the south, or south-west, by a range of hills which immediately border Lick Creek on the north bank, two hundred feet or more in height, and sloping gradually toward the battle-field. In these hills rise the eastern tributaries of Owl Creek, one of them, called Oak Creek, extending half-way across the front or south side of the battle-field, and interlocking with a ravine called Locust Grove Creek, which runs in the opposite direction into Lick Creek a mile from its mouth. Other short, deep ravines start from the table-land and empty into the river, the principal among them being Dill's Branch, six hundred yards above the Landing. Midway in the front, at the foot of the Lick Creek hills, start a number of surface drains which soon unite in somewhat difficult ravines and form Tillman's Creek, or Brier Creek. It runs almost due north, a mile and a quarter from the river, in a deep hollow, which divides the table-land into two main ridges. Tillman's Creek empties into Owl Creek half a mile above the Snake Creek bridge by which the division of Lew. Wallace arrived. Short, abrupt ravines break from the main ridges into Tillman's Hollow, and the broad surface of the west ridge is further broken by larger branches which empty into Owl Creek. Tillman's Hollow, only about a mile long, is a marked feature in the topography, and is identified with some important incidents of the battle.

Pittsburg Landing is three-quarters of a mile above the mouth of Snake Creek, and two and a quarter miles below the mouth of Lick Creek. Shiloh Church is on Oak Creek two miles and a half south-west of Pittsburg Landing. The table-land comes up boldly to the river at the Landing and for a mile south. Beyond those limits the river bends away from the high land, and the bottom gradually widens.

The principal roads are the River road, as it will here be called, which crosses Snake Creek at the bridge before mentioned, and running a mile west of Pittsburg Landing, obliquely along the ridge east of Tillman's Creek, crosses Lick Creek three quarters of a mile from the river at the east end of the Lick Creek hills; the Hamburg and Purdy road, which branches from the River road a mile and two-thirds in a straight line south of

Pittsburg Landing, and extends north-west four hundred yards north of Shiloh Church; and two roads that start at the Landing, cross the River road two-thirds of a mile apart, and also cross or run into the Hamburg and Purdy road nearly opposite the church. In the official reports these various roads are called with some confusion, but not altogether inaccurately, Crump's Landing road, Hamburg road, Corinth road or Purdy road, even over the same space, according to the idea of the writer. The Corinth road from the Landing has two principal branches. The western branch passes by the church, and the eastern passes a mile east of the church into the Bark road, which extends along the crest of the Lick Creek hills. The military maps show many other roads, some of them farm-roads, and some only well-worn tracks made in hauling for the troops. In some places the old roads were quite obliterated, and are improperly represented on the maps, as in the case of the River road, which is not shown on the official map between McArthur's and Hurlbut's headquarters, immediately west of the Landing. It is shown on Sherman's camp map, and its existence is not doubtful. At the time of the battle, much the largest part of the ground was in forest, sometimes open, sometimes almost impenetrable for horsemen, with occasional cleared fields of from twenty to eighty acres; and these variations operated in a signal manner upon the fortune of the combatants. There was not a cleared field within the limits of the battle that has not its history.

We may now locate the troops in their encampments, for there is where the battle found them, and its currents and eddies will frequently be discovered by the reference to certain camps in the official reports. The camp map which I received from General Sherman will serve as a useful guide, subject to some necessary modifications, to make a field sketch agree with an actual survey. But the regimental camps did not always conform to the lines laid down for the brigades and divisions. Sometimes they were in front, sometimes in rear of the general line. I have not pretended generally to introduce these variations into the map which I have prepared to accompany this article.

Starting at the Landing, we find the Second Division, commanded by W. H. L. Wallace, in the space bounded by the river, Snake Creek, the River road, and the right-hand road leading west from the Landing. Along that road are, in this order, the camps of the Twelfth, Seventh, Fourteenth and Second Iowa, and the Fifty-second and Ninth Illinois. At the point where that road crosses the River road,

in the south-west angle of the intersection, are the headquarters of General McArthur. On the east side of the River road, north of McArthur are, first, the Fourteenth Missouri, called "Birge's Sharpshooters" (not on the Sherman camp map), and next the Eighty-first Ohio. The Sixteenth Wisconsin has been assigned to Prentiss's division since the Sherman map was made, and the Thirtieth Missouri has probably taken that ground. All these points are particularly mentioned in the reports of the battle and have been verified.

On the left-hand road where it crosses the River road, three-quarters of a mile from the Landing, is the Fourth Division (Hurlbut's), its Third Brigade between the road and the river, and the line of the two other brigades bearing off to the north-west. I have located the Third Iowa, of that division, on the ground just in front of which Crittenden's division was first formed in line Monday morning, because it was stated to me at the time that General Prentiss was killed at that camp; the fact being that near that point Prentiss was captured and W. H. L. Wallace mortally wounded.

At the fork of the River road and the Hamburg and Purdy road, is the camp of Sherman's Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Stuart, two miles from the division to which it belongs, and one mile from Hurlbut's division. On both sides of the eastern Corinth road half a mile south of the Hamburg and Purdy road, is Prentiss's division (the Sixth) of two brigades. It is not shown on the Sherman map. Stretching across the western Corinth road at the Church, along Oak Creek, are the other three brigades of the Fifth Division (Sherman's)—Hildebrand's brigade being on the east side of the road, Buckland's next on the west side, and McDowell's next on Buckland's right. Only one regiment (the Sixth Iowa) of McDowell's brigade is shown on the Sherman map.

The official reports and other authority locate the First Division (McClelland's) as follows: The right of the Third Brigade is at the point where the western Corinth road crosses the Hamburg and Purdy road, five hundred yards

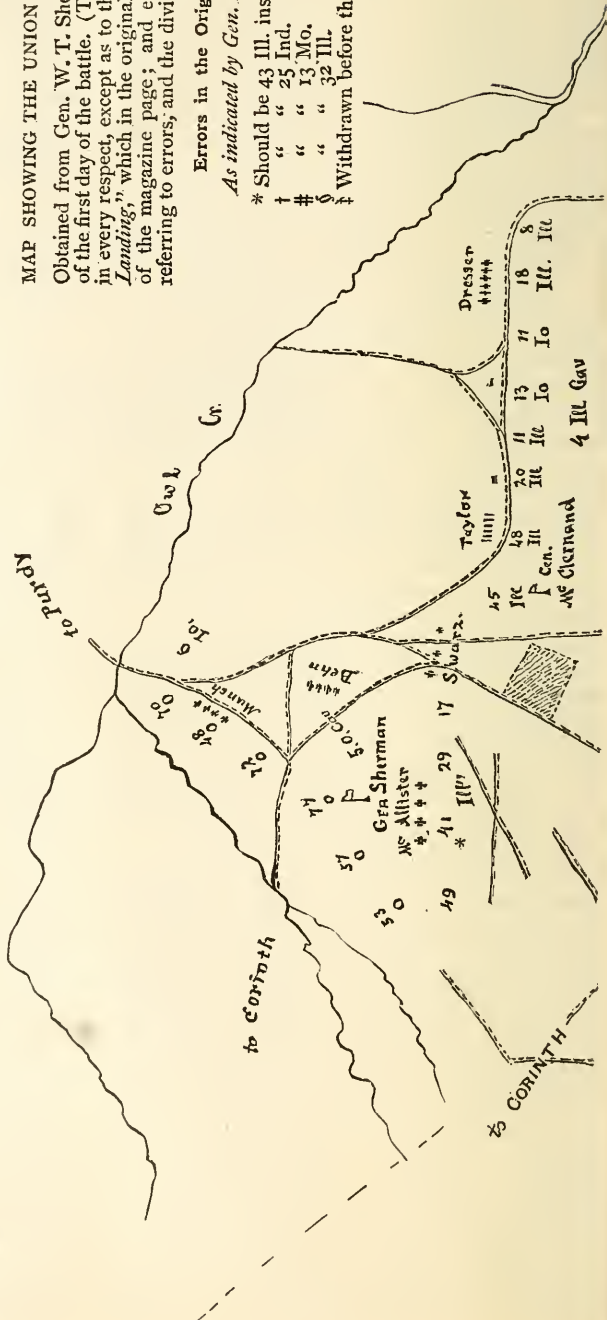
MAP SHOWING THE UNION CAMPS AT SHILOH,

Obtained from Gen. W. T. Sherman on the evening of the first day of the battle. (This map is a fac-simile in every respect, except as to the words "To Crump's Landing," which in the original are outside the limits of the magazine page; and except as to the signs referring to errors, and the division into two parts.)

Errors in the Original Map,

As indicated by Gen. D. C. Buell.

- * Should be 43 Ill. instead of 41 Ill.
- † " " 25 Io. " " 25 Io.
- ‡ " " 13 Mo. " " 12 Mo.
- § " " 32 Ill. " " 52 Ill.
- ‡ Withdrawn before the battle.



eral Sherman at 32,000 men; by General Grant at 33,000. General Wallace left two regiments of his division and a piece of artillery at Crump's Landing, and joined the army Sunday evening, with, as he states, not more than 5000 men.

I proceed now, in the light of the official reports and other evidence, to explain briefly what happened: the object being not so much to criticise the manner of the battle, or give a detailed description of it, as to trace it to its actual condition at the close of the first day, and outline its progress during the second. With this object the question of a surprise has little to do. I stop, therefore, only to remark that each revival of that question has placed the fact in a more glaring light. The enemy was known to be at hand, but no adequate steps were taken to ascertain in what force or with what design. The call to arms blended with the crash of the assault, and when the whole forest on the rising ground in front flashed with the gleam of bayonets, then General Sherman, as he reports, "became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack." Yet among the more watchful officers in the front divisions, there was a nervous feeling that their superiors were not giving due heed to the presence of hostile reconnoitering parties, though they little imagined the magnitude of the danger that impended. On Saturday General Sherman was notified of these parties. He answered that the pickets must be strengthened, and instructed to be vigilant; that he was embarrassed for the want of cavalry; his cavalry had been ordered away, and the cavalry he was to have instead had not arrived; as soon as they reported he would send them to the front and find out what was there. In one of his brigades the regimental commanders held a consultation, at which it was determined to strengthen the pickets. These are curious revelations to a soldier's ear.

Prentiss's vigilance gave the first warning of the actual danger, and in fact commenced the contest. On Saturday, disquieted by the frequent appearance of the enemy's cavalry, he increased his pickets, though he had no evidence of the presence of a large force. Early Sunday morning one of these picket-guards, startled no doubt by the hum of forty thousand men half a mile distant, waking up for battle, went forward to ascertain the cause, and soon came upon the enemy's pickets, which it promptly attacked. It was then a quarter-past five o'clock, and all things being ready, the Confederate general, accepting the signal of the pickets, at once gave the order to advance. Previously, however, General Prentiss, still apprehensive, had sent forward

Colonel Moore of the Twenty-first Missouri, with five companies to strengthen the picket-guard. On the way out Colonel Moore met the guard returning to camp with a number of its men killed and wounded. Sending the latter on to camp and calling for the remaining companies of his regiment, he proceeded to the front in time to take a good position on the border of a cleared field and open fire upon the enemy's skirmishers, checking them for a while; but the main body forced him back upon the division with a considerable list of wounded, himself among the number. All this occurred in front of Sherman's camp, not in front of Prentiss's. This spirited beginning, unexpected on both sides, gave the first alarm to the divisions of Sherman and Prentiss. The latter promptly formed his division at the first news from the front, and moved a quarter of a mile in advance of his camp, where he was attacked before Sherman was under arms. He held his position until the enemy on his right passed him in attacking Sherman, whose left regiment immediately broke into rout. He then retired in some disorder, renewing the resistance in his camp but forced back in still greater disorder, until at nine o'clock he came upon the line which Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were forming half a mile in rear.

Upon the first alarm in his camp, which was simultaneous with the attack upon Sherman, McClelland rapidly got under arms, and endeavored to support Sherman's left with his Third Brigade, only two hundred yards in rear, while he placed his First and Second Brigades in inverted order still farther to the rear and left, to oppose the enemy's columns pouring in upon his left flank through the opening on Sherman's left; but his Third Brigade was forced back with the fugitives from Sherman's broken line by the advancing enemy, and endeavored with only partial success to form on the right of McClelland's line, which at first was formed with the left a little south, and the center north of the Corinth road. Before the formation was completed the line was compelled to retire by the pressure on its front and left flank, with the loss of six pieces of artillery, but it re-formed three hundred yards in rear.

Hildebrand's brigade had now disappeared in complete disorder from the front, leaving three pieces of artillery in the hands of the enemy. Buckland formed promptly at the first alarm, and in order to keep the enemy back endeavored by Sherman's direction to throw a regiment beyond Oak Creek, which covered his front at a distance of two hundred yards, but on reaching the brow of the low hill bordering the stream the enemy was

encountered on the hither side. Nevertheless the brigade resisted effectively for about two hours the efforts of the assailants to cross the boggy stream in force. The enemy suffered great loss in these efforts, but succeeded at last. Before being quite forced back, Buckland received orders from Sherman to form line on the Purdy road four hundred yards in rear, to connect with McClermand's right. Orders were also given to McDowell, who had not yet been engaged, to close to the left on the same line. These orders were in effect defeated in both cases, and five pieces of artillery lost by faults in the execution and the rapid advance of the enemy. Sherman's division as an organized body disappeared from the field from this time until the close of the day. McDowell's brigade preserved a sort of identity for a while. Sherman reports that at "about 10:30 A. M. the enemy had made a furious attack on General McClermand's whole front. Finding him pressed, I moved McDowell's brigade against the left flank of the enemy, forced him back some distance, and then directed the men to avail themselves of every cover—trees, fallen timber, and a wooded valley to our right." It sounds like the signal to disperse, and a little after one o'clock the brigade and regiments are seen no more. Some fragments of the division and the commander himself attached themselves to McClermand's command, which now, owing to its composite and irregular organization, could hardly be denominated a division.

The contest which raged in McClermand's camp was of a fluctuating character. The ground was lost and won more than once, but each ebb and flow of the struggle left the Union side in a worse condition. In his fifth position McClermand was driven to the camp of his First Brigade, half of his command facing to the south and half to the west, to meet the converging attack of the enemy. His nominal connection with the left wing of the army across the head of Tillman's Hollow had been severed, by the dispersion or defeat of the detached commands that formed it. Another reverse to his thinned ranks would drive him over the bluff into Owl Creek bottom, and perhaps cut him off from the river. He determined, therefore, between two and three o'clock to retire across Tillman's Hollow in the direction of the Landing. That movement was effected with a good deal of irregularity, but with the repulse of a small body of pursuing cavalry, and a new line was formed on the opposite ridge along the River road, north of Hurlbut's headquarters. I shall have occasion farther along to remark upon the display of force on the right of this line in

the vicinity of McArthur's headquarters. The movement must have been completed about three o'clock. Leaving the right wing, as it may be called, in this position prior to the attack of four o'clock, which drove it still farther back, we will return to the current of events in the left wing.

With Stuart on the extreme left, as with the other commanders, the presence of the enemy was the first warning of danger. He was soon compelled to fall back from his camp to a new position, and presently again to a third, which located him on the prolongation and extreme left of the line formed by Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, but without having any connection with it. As soon as the first advance of the enemy was known, these two commanders were called upon by those in front for support. In the absence of a common superior it was sent forward by regiments or brigades in such manner as seemed proper to the officer appealed to, and after that was left to its own devices. It seldom formed the connection desired, or came under the direction of a common superior. Indeed, the want of cohesion and concert in the Union ranks, is conspicuously indicated in the official reports. A regiment is rarely overcome in front, but falls back because the regiment on its right or left has done so, and exposed its flank. It continues its backward movement at least until it is well under shelter, thus exposing the flank of its neighbor, who then must also needs fall back. Once in operation, the process repeats itself indefinitely. In a broken and covered country which affords occasional rallying points and obstructs the pursuit, it proceeds step by step. On an open field in the presence of light artillery and cavalry, it would run rapidly into general rout.

This outflanking, so common in the Union reports at Shiloh, is not a mere excuse of the inferior commanders. It is the practical consequence of the absence of a common head, and the judicious use of reserves to counteract partial reverses and preserve the front of battle. The want of a general direction is seen also in the distribution of Hurlbut's and Wallace's divisions. Hurlbut sent a brigade under Colonel Veatch, to support Sherman's left; Wallace sent one under General McArthur to the opposite extreme to support Stuart; and the two remaining brigades of each were between the extremes—Wallace on Veatch's left but not in connection with it, and Hurlbut on McArthur's right, also without connection. Stuart himself with his brigade was two miles to the left of Sherman's division to which he belonged. When the three Confederate lines were brought together successively at the front, there was, of course, a great apparent

mingling of organizations; but it was not in their case attended with the confusion that might be supposed, because each division area was thereby supplied with a triple complement of brigade and division officers, and the whole front was under the close supervision of four remarkably efficient corps commanders. The evils of disjointed command are plainly to be seen in the arrangement of the Federal line, but the position of the left wing after the forced correction of the first faulty disposition of Hurlbut's brigades was exceedingly strong, and in the center was held without a break against oft-repeated assaults from nine o'clock until five o'clock. From twelve until two it was identical with the second position taken by Nelson and Crittenden on Monday, and it was equally formidable against attack from both directions. Its peculiar feature consisted in a wood in the center, with a thick undergrowth, flanked on either side by open fields, and with open but sheltering woods in front and rear. The Confederates gave the name of Hornets' Nest to the thicket part of it on Sunday, and it was in the open ground on the east flank that General Sidney Johnston was killed.

On this line, between and under the shelter of Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, Prentiss rallied a considerable force, perhaps a thousand men, of his routed division at nine o'clock, and fought stubbornly until near the close of the day. By three o'clock the withdrawal of the right wing, accompanied by Veatch's brigade, exposed Wallace's right flank, which also partially crumbled away; and the retirement of Stuart about the same hour before the strong attack brought against him, and of Hurlbut at four o'clock under the same powerful pressure upon his left flank, left Prentiss, and Wallace with his remaining regiments isolated and unsupported. Still they held their ground while the enemy closed upon each flank. As they were about being completely enveloped, Wallace endeavored to extricate his command, and was mortally wounded in the attempt at five o'clock. Some of his regiments under Colonel Tuttle fought their way through the cross-fire of the contracting lines of the enemy, but six regiments of the two divisions held fast until the encompassment was complete, and one by one with Prentiss, between half-past five and six o'clock, they were forced to surrender. This gallant resistance, and the delay caused by the necessary disposition of the captives, weakened the force of the attack which McClernand sustained in his seventh position on the River road at four o'clock, and retarded the onward movement of the enemy for nearly three hours after the retirement of the right wing from the west side of Tillman's Creek.

Before the incumbrance of their success

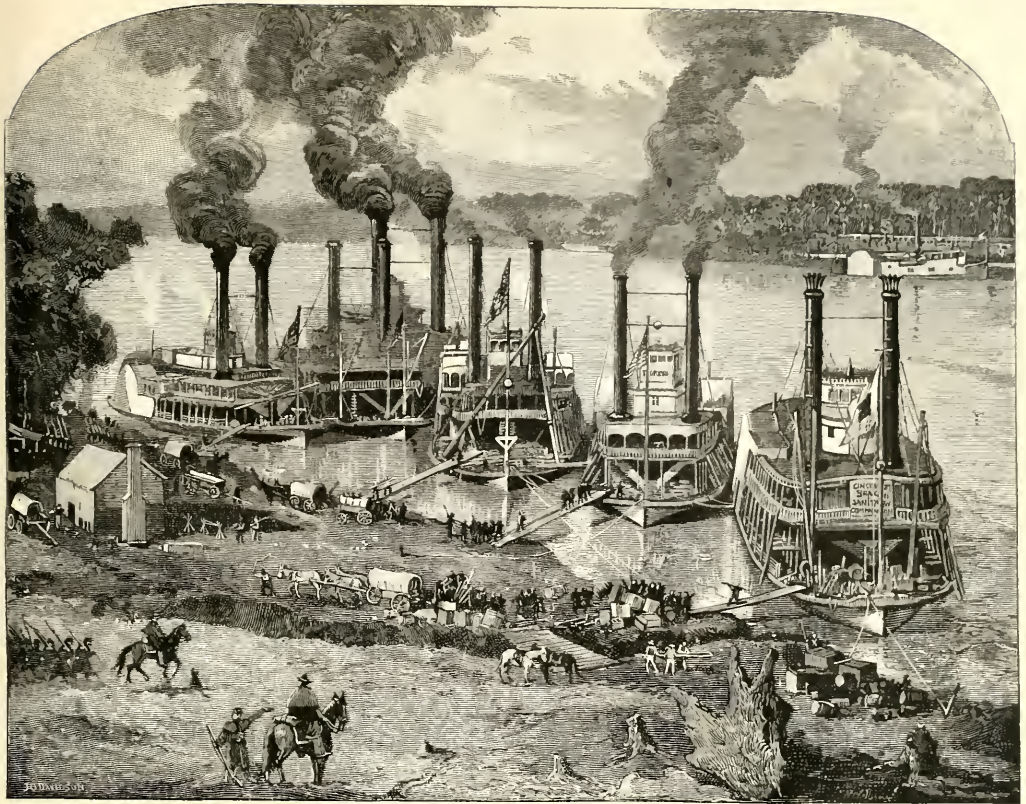
was entirely put out of the way the Confederates pressed forward to complete a seemingly assured victory, but it was too late. Jackson's brigade, and the Ninth and Tenth Mississippi of Chalmers's brigade crossed Dill's ravine, and their artillery on the south side swept the bluff at the landing, the missiles falling into the river far beyond. Hurlbut had hurriedly got into line in rear of the reserve artillery five hundred yards from the river, but from there to the Landing there was not a soldier in ranks or any organized means of defense. Just as the danger was perceived Colonel Webster, Grant's chief of artillery, rapidly approached Colonel Fry and myself. The idea of getting the battery which was standing in park into action was expressed simultaneously by the three, and was promptly executed by Colonel Webster's immediate exertion. General Grant came up a few minutes later, and a member of his escort was killed in that position. Chalmers's skirmishers approached to within one hundred yards of the battery. The number in view was not large, but the gunners were already abandoning their pieces, when Ammen's brigade, accompanied by Nelson, came into action. The attack was repelled, and the engagement ended for the day.

In his report of April 9, to General Halleck, General Grant says of this incident:

"At a late hour in the afternoon a desperate effort was made by the enemy to turn our left and get possession of the landing, transports, &c. This point was guarded by the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, Captains Gwin and Shirk, U. S. Navy, commanding, four twenty-pounder Parrott guns, and a battery of rifled guns. As there is a deep and impassable ravine for artillery or cavalry, and very difficult for infantry, at this point, no troops were stationed here, except the necessary artillerists and a small infantry force for their support. Just at this moment the advance of Maj.-Gen. Buell's column (a part of the division under General Nelson) arrived, the two generals named both being present. An advance was immediately made upon the point of attack and the enemy soon driven back. In this repulse, much is due to the presence of the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, and their able commanders, Captains Gwin and Shirk."

My own official report is to the same effect. In a calm review of the battle, not unfriendly to General Grant, and written some years after the occurrence, General Hurlbut said:

"About six p. m. this movement (for a final attack at the Landing) was reported to General Hurlbut. He at once took measures to change the front of two regiments, or parts of regiments, of which the Fifty-fifth Illinois was one, and to turn six pieces of artillery to bear upon the point of danger. At that instant, he being near the head of the Landing road, General Grant came up from the river, closely followed by Ammen's brigade of Nelson's division. Information of the expected attack was promptly given, and two of Ammen's regiments deployed into line, moved rapidly forward, and after a few sharp exchanges of volleys from them, the enemy fell back, and the bloody series of engagements of Sunday at Pittsburg Landing closed with that last repulse."



PITTSBURG LANDING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.)

Of the six transports, the one farthest up stream, on the right, is the *Tycoon*, which was dispatched by the Cincinnati Branch of the Sanitary Commission with stores for the wounded. The next steamer, lower down, is the *Tigress*, which was General Grant's headquarters boat. On the opposite side of the river is seen the gun-boat *Tyler*.—EDITOR.

The reports of all the officers who took part in the action at the Landing, Nelson, Ammen, and the regimental commanders, fully sustain the main point in these accounts, and are totally at variance with General Grant's statement in his *CENTURY* article. I have myself never described the attack at the Landing as "a desperate effort" of the enemy; but I have said that the condition of affairs at that point made the occasion critical. We know from the Confederate reports that the attack was undertaken by Jackson's and Chalmers's brigades as above stated; that the reserve artillery could effect nothing against the attacking force under the shelter of Dill's ravine; that the fire of the gun-boats was equally harmless on account of the elevation which it was necessary to give the guns in order to clear the top of the bluff; and that the final assault, owing to the show of resistance, was delayed. Jackson's brigade made its advance without cartridges. When they came to the crest of the hill and found the artillery supported by infantry, they shrank from the assault with bayonets alone, and Jackson went in search of coöperation and

support. In the meantime the attack was superseded by the order of the Confederate commander calling off his troops for the night. The attack was poorly organized, but it was not repelled until Ammen arrived, and it cannot be affirmed under the circumstances that the action of his brigade in delaying and repelling the enemy was not of the most vital importance. Had the attack been made before Nelson could arrive, with the means which the enemy had abundantly at hand, it would have succeeded beyond all question.

As fast as Nelson's division arrived it was formed in line of battle in front of Grant's troops, pickets were thrown across Dill's ravine, and the dawn of another day was awaited to begin the second stage in the battle; or speaking more correctly, to fight the second battle of Shiloh. Let us in the meantime examine more in detail the condition in which the first day had left General Grant's command, and its prospects unaided for the morrow.

THE evidence relied upon to refute the accepted belief in the critical condition of



PITTSBURG LANDING, VIEWED FROM THE FERRY LANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Grant's command on Sunday evening is of two sorts: first, the *official map*, as it is called, and second, the personal statements and assumptions of General Grant and General Sherman. I shall examine these data upon the evidence of the official reports and my own observation.

The official map was prepared after the arrival of General Halleck at Pittsburg Landing, by his topographical engineer, General Thom. The topographical part of it was made from an approximate survey, and though not strictly accurate, is sufficiently so for an intelligent study of the battle. For the errors in the location of the troops General Thom cannot be supposed to be responsible, since he could have no knowledge of the facts except what he derived from the statements of others; but in what is given and what is withheld they are of a very misleading nature. They consist, first, in the extension of Grant's line on the evening of the 6th a full half-mile to the west of its true limit — placing Hurlbut's division on the front actually occupied by McClelland, McClelland on and four hundred yards beyond Sherman's ground, and Sherman entirely on the west side of Tillman's Hollow on the right of the camping-ground of McClelland's division, and within the lines occupied by the Confederates. On the morning of the 7th they place, from left to right, McClelland, then Sherman, then Lew. Wallace, along the bluff bordering Owl Creek bottom, all west of Tillman's Creek, and on ground which we did

not possess until after four hours of fighting; followed on the left by Hurlbut's division; thus occupying a solid front of a mile and a third, in comparison with which the undeveloped front of my army presents a very subordinate appearance. They give no account of the positions during the battle, in which the right of that army was substantially in contact with Wallace's division on the extreme right. They give two of its positions,—one in the first formation before its front was developed, and the other at the close of the day, when Grant's troops had taken possession of their camps again, and mine had been withdrawn from the ground on which they fought. These two positions are taken from my official map, but not the intermediate positions shown on that map. On the copy of the Thom map published with General Grant's article in the February number of *THE CENTURY* (1885), it is stated that "the positions of the troops were indicated in accordance with information furnished at the time by Generals Grant, Buell, and Sherman." It would be presumed that Grant and Sherman, the latter especially, in consequence of his intimate relations with Halleck's headquarters, were consulted about the location of the troops; and it is not to be doubted that their information was the guide. If any information of mine was adopted, it was only through the map that accompanied my report, and with reference to the position of my own troops.

Nineteen years after the battle General



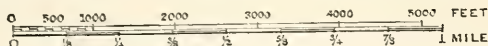
ABOVE THE LANDING—THE STORE, AND A PART OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

Sherman revised the official map, and deposited his version with the archives of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for historical use. Ostensibly it accepts the topography of the Thom map, but modifies the positions of the troops in the most radical manner. On the Thom map the line of battle Sunday evening is represented as being along the right-hand road leading west from the Landing, with the reserve artillery and Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions on the left, and Hurlbut, McClernand, and Sherman in the order mentioned, toward the right. The modification of this position of the troops by the Sherman edition, may be described as follows: Looking west over the map, we see a line on the east bank of the river marked "Buell." No part of my army is represented on the west bank. On the west side of the river, four hundred yards back from the Landing and parallel with the river, is a line one hundred yards long marked "Grant." Extending back from the river along Dill's Branch, is a line half a mile long marked "Detachments." This might mean the Reserve Artillery. From the outer extremity of the "Detachments" is a line two-thirds of a mile long running west, but swelling in the center well to the south, with its right resting on Tillman's Creek, and marked "Hurlbut." On the right of Hurlbut extending in the same west course, and entirely on the west side of Tillman's Creek, is a double line one-eighth of a mile long marked "McClernand." Then commencing one hundred yards north-west of McClernand's right and extending due north,

along the edge of the field in front of the camp of McClernand's First Brigade, is a line two-thirds of a mile long marked "Sherman." On the right of this line are three houses covered in front by a sort of demi-lune and wing, between which and the main Sherman line is a bastion-like arrangement. The demi-lune figure General Sherman designates as a "strong flank," and says it was occupied by Birge's Sharpshooters. Off to the right is seen Lew. Wallace's division crossing Snake Creek bridge, and marching toward the demi-lune by a road which had no existence in fact or on the original Thom map. At the angle between Sherman and McClernand is a ravine which extends into the camp of McClernand's division, and along the sides of this ravine from the right and left respectively of McClernand and Sherman are two dotted lines terminating in a point at the head of the ravine. In his speech submitting his map to the society, General Sherman explains how that horn-like projection was formed, with other particulars, as follows:

"In the very crisis of the battle of April 6, about four o'clock p. m., when my division occupied the line from Snake Creek bridge to the forks of the Corinth and Purdy road, there occurred an incident I have never seen recorded. Birge's Sharpshooters, or 'Squirrel Tails,' occupied the stables, granaries and house near the bridge as a strong flank. My division occupied a double line from it along what had once been a lane with its fences thrown down, and the blackberry and sassafras bushes still marking the border of an open cotton-field in front, and the left was in a ravine near which Major Ezra Taylor had assembled some ten or twelve guns. This ravine was densely wooded and extended to the front near two hundred

SCALE



EXPLANATIONS:

- Army of the Ohio.
- Army of the Tenn.
- Confederate Lines.
- Regimental Camps at the date of the battle.
- Headquarters.

REFERENCES:

- A. McCook, 2d Division,
- B. Nelson, 4th Division,
- C. Crittenden, 5th Division,
- D. Wood, 6th Division,
- E. Terrill's Battery,
- F. Mendenhall's Battery,
- G. Bartlett's Battery,
- H. McClernand, 1st Division,
- I. W. H. L. Wallace, 2d Div.
- K. Lew Wallace, 3d Division,
- L. Hurlbut, 4th Division,
- M. Sherman, 5th Division,
- N. Prentiss, 6th Division,
- O. McArthur.
- P. Oglesby.
- Q. Birge's Sharpshooters (14 th Mo.)
- R. 13th Missouri.
- S. 43d Illinois.
- T. McDowell.
- U. Stuart.
- V. Thompson's & Thurber's Batteries.
- W. McAllister's Battery.

Brigades: a, 1st; b, 2d; c, 3d; d, 4th.

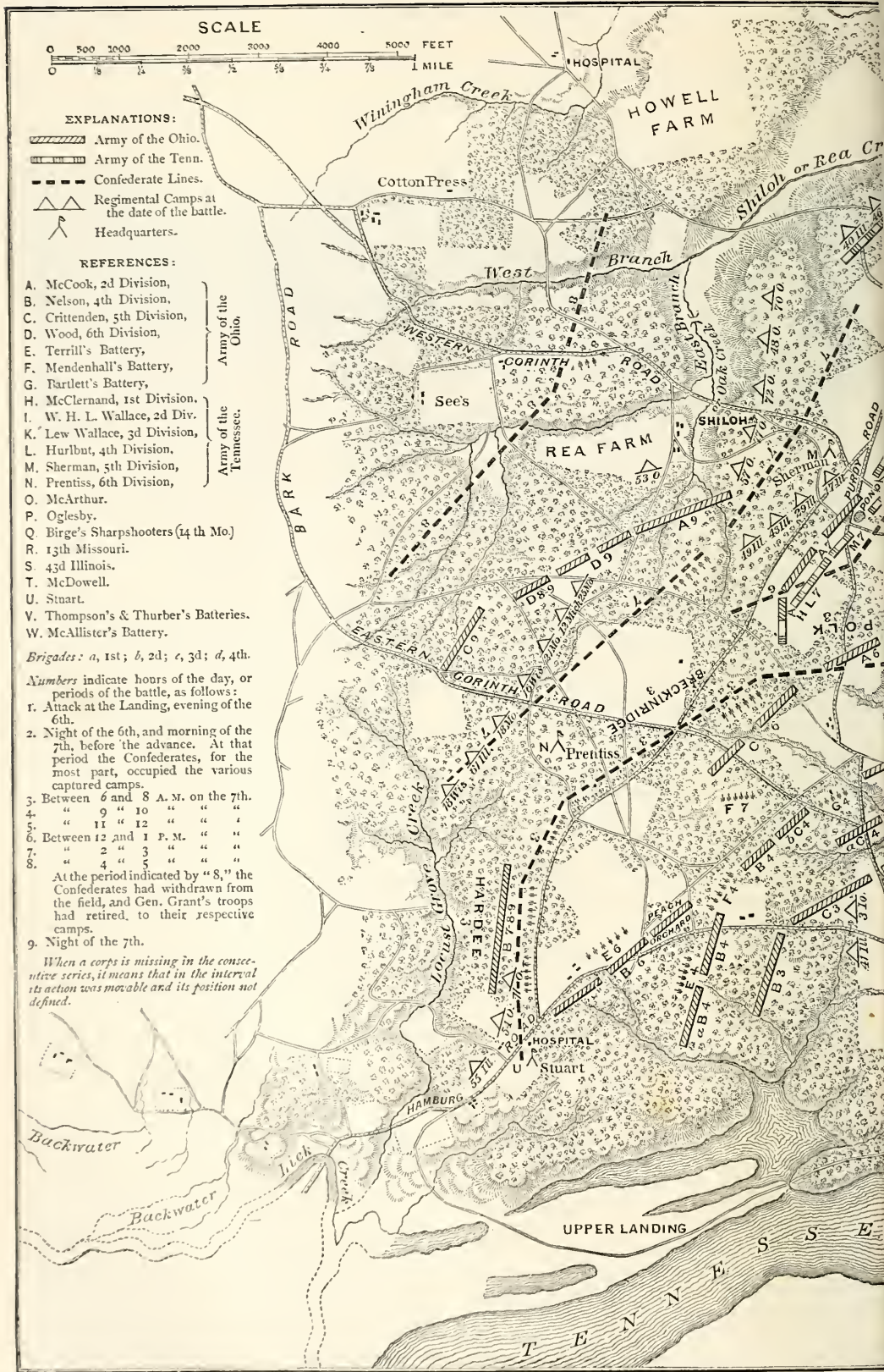
Numbers indicate hours of the day, or periods of the battle, as follows:

1. Attack at the Landing, evening of the 6th.
2. Night of the 6th, and morning of the 7th, before the advance. At that period the Confederates, for the most part, occupied the various captured camps.
3. Between 6 and 8 A. M. on the 7th.
4. " 9 " 10 " " "
5. " 11 " 12 " " "
6. Between 12 and 1 P. M. " "
7. " 2 " 3 " " "
8. " 4 " 5 " " "

At the period indicated by "8," the Confederates had withdrawn from the field, and Gen. Grant's troops had retired to their respective camps.

9. Night of the 7th.

When a corps is missing in the consecutive series, it means that in the interval its action was movable and its position not defined.



MAP OF THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

Near Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., showing the positions of the U. S. forces under the command of Maj.-Gen'l U. S. Grant, U. S. Vol., and Maj.-Gen'l D. C. Buell, U. S. Vol., on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. Surveyed under the direction of Col. Geo. Thom, Chief of Top'l Eng'rs, Dept. of the Mississippi.

REVISED AND AMENDED BY GEN. D. C. BUELL.

Note.—The topography is substantially that of the original Thom, or "Official Map," with some proper corrections taken from a survey made under the direction of Capt. A. T. Andreas, an officer in the battle, and now President of the Western Art Association; and from the official map of the Army of the Ohio, made by Capt. Michler, Topographical Engineers.

The camps are located partly in accordance with a camp map made prior to the battle, and obtained from Gen. W. T. Sherman; partly from information, original or confirmatory, obligingly furnished by Capt. Andreas, and from other authority. All camps referred to in the official reports have been carefully identified.

The positions, A, B, and C, numbers, 3 and 9, agree with the positions of McCook, Nelson, and Crittenden for "the morning," and "evening of the 7th" on the Thom map, and also on the Michler map.

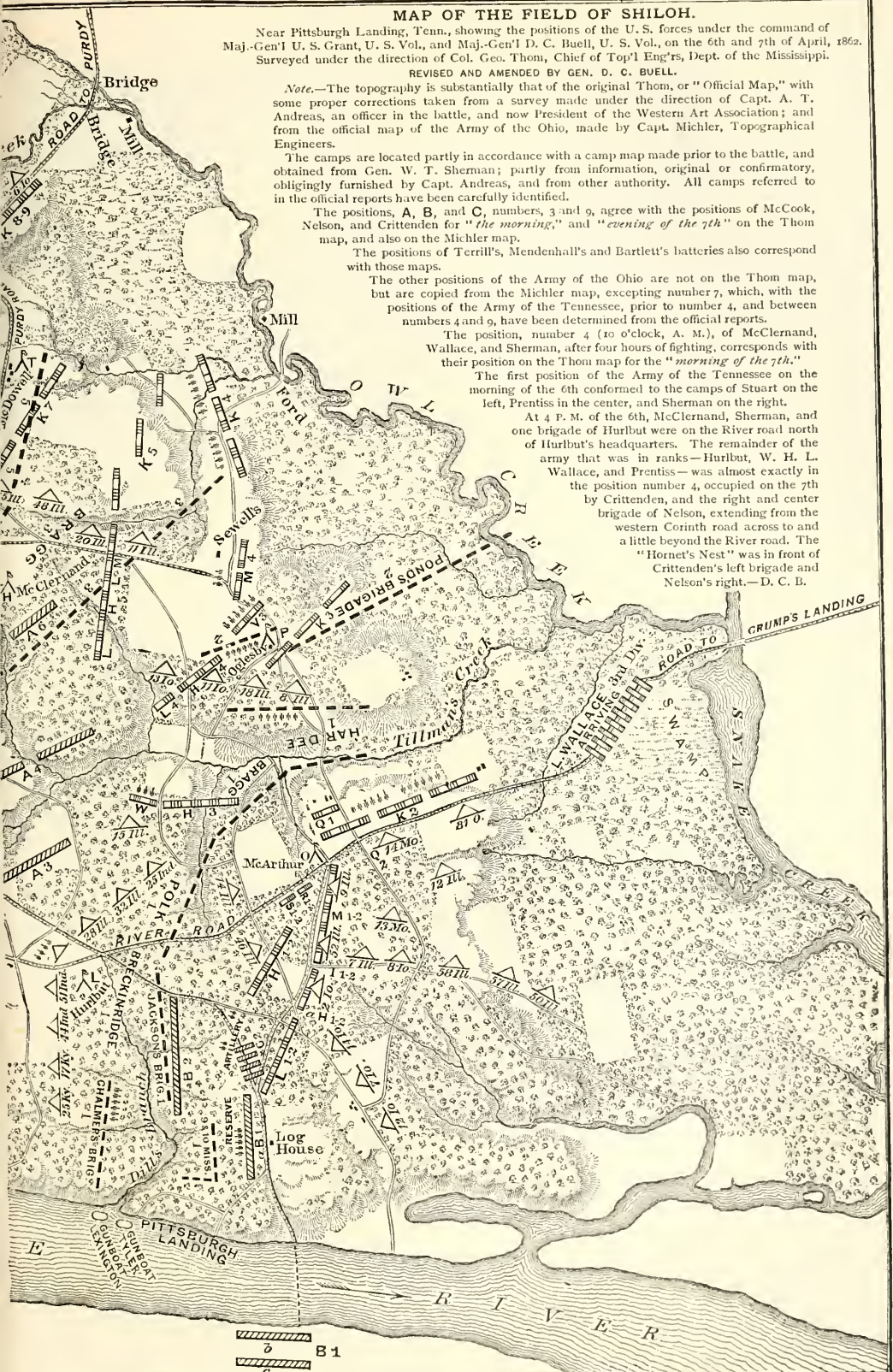
The positions of Terrill's, Mendenhall's and Bartlett's batteries also correspond with those maps.

The other positions of the Army of the Ohio are not on the Thom map, but are copied from the Michler map, excepting number 7, which, with the positions of the Army of the Tennessee, prior to number 4, and between numbers 4 and 9, have been determined from the official reports.

The position, number 4 (10 o'clock, A. M.), of McClernand, Wallace, and Sherman, after four hours of fighting, corresponds with their position on the Thom map for the "morning of the 7th."

The first position of the Army of the Tennessee on the morning of the 6th conformed to the camps of Stuart on the left, Prentiss in the center, and Sherman on the right.

At 4 P. M. of the 6th, McClernand, Sherman, and one brigade of Hurlbut were on the River road north of Hurlbut's headquarters. The remainder of the army that was in ranks—Hurlbut, W. H. L. Wallace, and Prentiss—was almost exactly in the position number 4, occupied on the 7th by Crittenden, and the right and center brigade of Nelson, extending from the western Corinth road across to and a little beyond the River road. The "Hornet's Nest" was in front of Crittenden's left brigade and Nelson's right.—D. C. B.





THE SIEGE BATTERY, ABOVE THE LANDING, THAT WAS A PART OF THE "LAST LINE" IN THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.)

yards, and I feared it might be occupied by the enemy, who from behind the trees could drive the gunners from their posts. I ordered the colonel of one of my regiments to occupy that ravine to anticipate the enemy, but he did not quickly catch my meaning or comprehend the tactics by which he could fulfill my purpose. I remember well that Colonel Thomas W. Sweeny, a one-armed officer who had lost an arm in the Mexican War and did not belong to my command, stood near by and quickly spoke up: 'I understand perfectly what you want; let me do it.' 'Certainly,' said I, 'Sweeny, go at once and occupy that ravine, converting it into a regular bastion.' He did it, and I attach more importance to that event than to any of the hundred achievements which I have since heard 'saved the day,' for we held that line and ravine all night, and the next morning advanced from them to certain victory."

And yet it will be seen that this new line, prepared with such elaboration of detail and introduced with such richness of anecdotal embellishment, was a thorough delusion; that Birge's Sharpshooters were not there, and that General Sherman was in a different place! Setting aside historical accuracy, however, the advantage of the revised arrangement is obvious. It extended General Grant's territory a half mile to the south, fully as much to the west, taking in Tillman's Hollow, one-third of McClelland's captured camp, and a large part of the Confederate army, giving a battle front of two miles and a half instead of one mile, and requiring no greater power of imagination to man it than to devise it. In presenting his map to the society, General Sherman said: "The map as thus modified tells the story of the battle!"

There can be no doubt that General Sher-

man's position will carry unhesitating credence to his naked assertion in the minds of a considerable number of persons; while the more cautious but still unsearching readers will say, that until the accuracy of the official map is disproved, it must be accepted as the standard representation of the battle. It is proper, therefore, to cite the proof which rejects both, and establishes a materially different version. The investigation may be confined, for the present, to the location of the Federal line of battle on Sunday evening. The other errors in the maps will be developed incidentally as the general subject progresses. Moreover, the inquiry will be directed specifically to the Sherman map, as that includes the faults of the Thom map as well as its own peculiar errors.

It is unnecessary to remark upon the exclusion of Nelson's leading brigade from the west bank of the river on the Sherman map. Its presence there at the time in question is as notorious as the battle itself. The distance from the Landing to Dill's Branch is six hundred yards. Sherman places his "Detachments," *i. e.*, the "Reserve Artillery," exactly on the line of that branch, whereas, they were five hundred yards north of it. During the engagement the Confederates passed the ravine and reached the crest of the hill on the north side. After the engagement Nelson's division occupied the ravine, and his pickets held ground beyond it during the night. None of Grant's troops were ever in that position.

In adducing evidence from the official reports to determine the further position of the

Union line, the extracts will be somewhat extended when the context is pertinent, in order to show at the same time the number and condition of the troops occupying it. The reader will be spared the impression of some irrelevancy if he will keep these additional objects in mind.

Of the position of General Hurlbut's division, the next on the right of the "Detachments," that officer says in his official report :

"On reaching the twenty-four-pounder siege-guns in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle *in rear of the guns.*"

That brought his division on the line of the right-hand road leading back from the river, but not entirely to the right of the artillery where the Thom map places it. He adds :

"I passed to the right and found myself in communication with General Sherman, and received his instructions. In a short time the enemy appeared on the crest of the ridge, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana," etc. . . . "General Sherman's artillery also was rapidly engaged, and after an artillery contest of some duration, the enemy fell back." . . . "About dark the firing ceased. I advanced my division one hundred yards to the front, threw out pickets, and officers and men bivouacked in a heavy storm of rain. About twelve p. m. General Nelson's leading columns passed through my line and went to the front, and I called in my advance guard."

The next division in the regular order is McClelland's, though the reader will not have failed to observe the presence of General Sherman, with at least a portion of his command, in communication with Hurlbut's right. General Sherman, it will be remembered, locates this division (McClelland's) on the west side of Tillman's Creek. We trace its retrogression step by step, from its permanent camp, across Tillman's Hollow, at the close of the day, by the following extracts from General McClelland's report :

"Continuing this sanguinary conflict until several regiments of my division had exhausted their ammunition, and its right flank had been borne back, and it was in danger of being turned, the remainder of my command . . . also fell back to the camp of the First Brigade. Here the portion that had first fallen back re-formed parallel with the camp, and fronting the approach of the enemy from the west, while the other portion formed at right angles with it, still fronting the approach of the enemy from the south. . . . It was two o'clock when my fifth line had been thus formed. . . . Deterred from direct advance, he (the enemy) moved a considerable force by the right flank, with the evident intention of turning my left. To defeat this purpose, I ordered my command to fall back in the direction of the Landing, across a deep hollow and to re-form on the east side of another field, in the skirts of a wood. This was my sixth line. Here we rested a half hour, continuing to supply our men with ammunition.

until the enemy's cavalry were seen rapidly crossing the field to the charge. Waiting until they approached within some thirty paces of our line, I ordered a fire, which was delivered with great coolness and destructive effect. First halting, then wavering, they turned and fled in confusion, leaving behind a number of riders and horses dead on the field. The Twenty-ninth Illinois Infantry, inspired by the courageous example of their commanding officer, Lt.-Colonel Ferrell, bore the chief part in this engagement. . . . In the meantime, under cover of this demonstration strengthened by large additions from other portions of the field yielded by our forces, the enemy continued his endeavors to turn the flanks of my line, and to cut me off from the landing. To prevent this I ordered my left wing to fall back a short distance and form an obtuse angle with the center, opposing a double front to the enemy's approach. Thus disposed, my left held the enemy in check, while my whole line slowly fell back to my seventh position. Here I re-formed the worn and famishing remnant of my division, on favorable ground along a north and south road, supported on my right by fragments of General Sherman's division, and on my left by the [Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana] under command of Colonel Veatch, acting brigadier-general."

The identity of this seventh position of General McClelland is determined by the following extracts. Colonel Marsh, commanding McClelland's Second Brigade, says :

"At this time, my command having been reduced to a merely nominal one, I received orders to fall a short distance to the rear and form a new line, detaining all



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM K. TERRILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)
General Terrill, who, as Captain, was Chief of Artillery of McCook's Division at Shiloh, was killed at the battle of Perryville, October 8th, 1862.—EDITOR.

stragglers, portions of commands, and commands which should attempt to pass. In obedience to this, though with some difficulty as regarded portions of some commands, whose officers seemed little inclined to halt short of the river, . . . I had gathered quite a force, and formed a line near the camp of the Second Division, concealing my men in the timber facing an open field. I here requested Colonel Davis, of the Forty-sixth



VICINITY OF THE "HORNETS' NEST."
(FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.)

The stump in the field on the right is said to mark the spot where General Albert Sidney Johnston was killed. The point of woods beyond the field is supposed to be the place which the Confederates called the "Hornets' Nest." The "peach orchard" was a little to the left of the field in the middle ground, and behind the house which is across the road from the field in which General Johnston was killed. — EDITOR.

near General McArthur's headquarters. We here took up quarters for the night, bivouacking without fires within four hundred yards of our regimental camp."

Illinois, to take position on my right. He promptly and cheerfully responded . . . In a short time General McClernand, with portions of the First and Third Brigades of his own division, and two regiments of Ohio troops, came up and formed on the left of the line I had already established."

Colonel Davis, of the Forty-sixth Ill., says :

"It being now one o'clock, my ammunition exhausted, the men tired and hungry, and myself exhausted, having lost my horse in the first engagement, and compelled to go on foot the balance of the time, and finding myself within one-half mile of my regimental encampment, I marched my men to it and got dinner for them. Calling my men into line immediately after dinner, I formed them upon the right of the brigade commanded by Colonel C. C. Marsh, at his request, in front and to the left of my camp, where we again met the enemy on Sunday evening."

Colonel Engelmann, of the Forty-third Illinois, whose report in many respects is a remarkably clear and interesting one, says :

"We now fell back by degrees (from McClernand's sixth position), and a new line being formed, we found ourselves posted between the Forty-sixth Illinois and the Thirteenth Missouri, our position being midway between the encampments of the Forty-sixth and Ninth Illinois."

Colonel Wright, Thirteenth Mo., of McArthur's brigade, Second Division, but attached during the battle to Sherman's division, says :

"After advancing and falling back several times, the regiment was forced to retire, with all the others there, to the road which crosses the Purdy road at right angles

The "Purdy road" here mentioned is the continuation of the right-hand road leading from the Landing. The camp of the Ninth Illinois was in the north-east angle of the intersection of that road with the River road, and General McArthur's headquarters were in the south-west angle of the same intersection. The camp of the Forty-sixth Illinois was located in the south-east angle of the intersection of the River road and a middle road leading west from the Landing, about five hundred yards from McArthur's headquarters. These reports plainly identify General McClernand's seventh position, of which General Sherman formed part, with the River road between McArthur's and Hurlbut's headquarters. It is a full half-mile in rear of the position given to Sherman's division on the Thom map, and of the position which General Sherman assigns to himself on his edition, with the deep hollow of Tillman's Creek intervening.

The struggle which drove General McClernand from his seventh position is described by that officer as follows :

"The enemy renewed the contest by trying to shell us from our position. . . . Advancing in heavy columns led by the Louisiana Zouaves to break our center, we awaited his approach within sure range, and opened a terrific fire upon him. The head of the

column was instantly mowed down; the remainder of it swayed to and fro for a few seconds, and turned and fled. This second success of the last two engagements terminated a conflict of ten and a half hours' duration, from 6 o'clock a. m. to 4:30 o'clock p. m. and probably saved our army, transports and all, from capture. Strange, however, at the very moment of the flight of the enemy, the right of our line gave way, and immediately after, notwithstanding the indignant and heroic resistance of Colonel Veatch, the left, comprising the [Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana] was irresistibly swept back by the tide of fugitive soldiers and trains seeking vain security at the Landing. . . . *Left unsupported and alone, the Twentieth and Seventeenth Illinois, together with other portions of my division not borne back by the retreating multitude, retired in good order under the immediate command of Colonel Marsh and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, and re-formed under my direction, the right resting near the former line, and the left at an acute angle with it. A more extended line, comprising portions of regiments, brigades, and divisions, was soon formed on this nucleus by the efforts of General Sherman, myself, and other officers. Here, in the eighth position occupied by my division during the day, we rested in line of battle upon our arms, uncovered and exposed to a drenching rain during the night.*"

This last position would locate McClermand, excepting his First Brigade, perhaps three hundred yards south of, and obliquely with reference to the right-hand road leading from the Landing, facing a little to the west. His First Brigade is traced to within half a mile of the river, where it was rallied by its commander "in front of the camp-ground of the Fourteenth Iowa," on the road to the Landing. It did not join the division again until after the battle, but acted in connection with my troops. Colonel Veatch, who was on McClermand's left with the Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana in the seventh position, fell back in rear of the reserve artillery, and became reunited there with Hurlbut's division to which he belonged. The space along the road in rear of McClermand was filled in with various fragments which constituted Sherman's command, including at last Buckland's two regiments. General Sherman describes Colonel Sweeny as being with him. No doubt some of Sweeny's men also were there. It was the camp-ground of his brigade — the camp of his own regiment, the Fifty-second Illinois, being immediately on the road. Two of his regiments were captured with Prentiss, and the remainder had been driven back from W. H. L. Wallace's right and virtually broken up. One of his regiments, the Fiftieth Illinois, was sent in the morning to support Colonel Stuart on the extreme left, and shared the fate of the sufferers in that quarter. The space along the road between Sherman and Hurlbut was occupied by the remnant of Colonel Tuttle's brigade and a portion of McClermand's First Brigade which united itself to Tuttle. It was Tuttle's camp-ground. Two of his regiments had been captured with Prentiss.

From the reports of the Thirteenth Missouri:

VOL. XXXI.—80.

and Forty-third Illinois it is inferred that those two regiments did not move from their position on the River road in the last falling back. But that, if certain, is not important. They were at any rate substantially on the general line above indicated. The same, in a careless reading, might be presumed of the Forty-sixth Illinois, which was immediately on the left of the Forty-third. The report of that regiment says: "The regiments both *on my right and left fell back*, but my line did not *waver under the fire of the enemy.*" But it evidently fell back at last, for the report continues: "After breakfast on Monday morning, still retaining my position on the right of Colonel Marsh's brigade, I moved with him until I *reached and went beyond the ground of our last engagement of Sunday*, where our pickets were driven in," etc. It remains now to determine the question of the extreme right of the general line.

General Sherman says, and his statement on that point is sustained by the reports, that Birge's Sharpshooters were immediately on his right and constituted the extreme right of the line. The official report of that regiment shows that during the afternoon it occupied a "*position near Colonel McArthur's headquarters*" in an open field. Its camp was in its rear along the opposite or east side of the River road. This would fix General Sherman's right at the cross-roads near McArthur's headquarters. It is more than a mile from the Snake Creek bridge. Other evidence confirms these positions. The official reports of Lew. Wallace's division show that he marched along the River road from the bridge, and formed in line of battle, facing Tillman's Creek in front of the camp of Birge's Sharpshooters and the Eighty-first Ohio, the right of the division being in front of the latter, and the left in front of the former; and that it came in actual contact with the "Sharpshooters," who occupied their camp that night and received the new-comers with cheers. This is clearly and more circumstantially explained by General Force in his book entitled "From Fort Henry to Corinth," page 163. He was present and commanded the right regiment of Lew. Wallace's division on that occasion. The position thus assigned to Wallace must have taken his left well up to the cross-road at McArthur's headquarters, and covered the entire field toward the north; for the distance from the cross-road to the right of the camp of the Eighty-first Ohio was only half a mile.

It is particularly to be observed that in no report, either from Sherman's division or from Lew. Wallace's, is there any mention of actual contact or of any definite proximity of these two divisions on the evening of the sixth, or earlier than ten o'clock on the morning of the

seventh. The inference is, that at the time of Wallace's arrival and subsequently, no part of Sherman's division was on the River road, or anywhere along the heights of Tillman's Creek north of McArthur's headquarters. General Sherman, in his report, says: "General Wallace arrived from Crump's Landing shortly after dark, and formed his line to my right and rear." That relative position could only exist by assuming that Sherman's command was on the road leading to the landing east of McArthur's headquarters, and nearly at right angles with Wallace,—a supposition which is strengthened by the condition indicated in Sherman's revised map, that Birge's Sharpshooters were on his right—not entirely in his front, as they would have been if his front had been on the River road. It is also sustained by General Buckland's statement in the "Journal of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee" for 1881, p. 82: "About dark," he says, "General Wallace's division commenced arriving, and formed to the right of my brigade." Buckland states in his report and in the "Journal" that he lay "on the road." If he had been on the River road, Wallace would have come in contact with him, and when he formed in line would have been entirely in his front—not in rear or on his right. Buckland seems to know nothing about Birge's Sharpshooters. The probable explanation is that when he came along the road from the bridge they were on the west side of the road, in the field near McArthur's headquarters. After Lew. Wallace arrived and formed in front of them, they probably retired to their camp on the east side of the road. The explanation of Buckland's position is that, after the retreat across Tillman's Creek from the west side, he found himself, as he says, near Snake Creek bridge "late in the afternoon, after the repulse of the right of the line," entirely apart from the rest of the army, and that to reestablish his connection with it he started on the road to the Landing, where one of his regiments actually went and remained over night; and that he came upon the outer flank of the new line where General Sherman soon after found him, east of McArthur's headquarters, and thus placed himself where he is described by Sherman as being, between Birge's Sharpshooters and the rest of the line.

The Confederate reports mention a considerable appearance of force in a camp opposite their extreme left in the afternoon, evidently referring to McArthur's camp. The student of the reports will not be misled by this appearance. It was caused by the force that clustered with Sherman on McClernand's right near McArthur's headquarters; by the

Ninth Illinois, Eighty-first Ohio, and Birge's Sharpshooters, all belonging to McArthur's brigade; and by the movement of Buckland's regiments from the bridge as already explained. The Sharpshooters and the Eighty-first Ohio had been posted at the bridge, and returned to their camps probably at the time of the retreat from the west side of Tillman's Creek. The Ninth Illinois had during the morning been engaged on the extreme left under its brigade commander. It had lost two hundred and fifty men out of five hundred and fifty, and was ordered to its camp "to replenish cartridge-boxes, clean guns, and be ready for action." While there at three o'clock it was ordered "to support the right wing of General Sherman's division," as the report expresses it, and in the subsequent engagements retired to within half a mile of the Landing. Birge's Sharpshooters retained their position at or in front of their camp. The movements of the Eighty-first Ohio are not very clearly defined, but in the advance next morning, it is found on McClernand's left. The "ten or twelve guns" mentioned by General Sherman in his map-presentation speech as being near a ravine on his left, Sunday afternoon, were Taylor's battery, as it was called, though commanded by Captain Barrett, and Bouton's battery. The former had retired for ammunition from McClernand's camp, probably to near McArthur's headquarters, but afterwards evidently went near the river, where it received "one lieutenant and twenty-four men with three horses" from Fitch's battery. Bouton's battery was taken into action in the field in front of McClernand's right about four o'clock, and was forced to retire, its support helping to draw off its guns. Both the battery and the support went back toward the river, for in the advance next morning the support is found on McClernand's left, and the battery was brought into service with McCook in the afternoon. Sherman had no artillery with him on Monday until about ten o'clock. Major Taylor then brought up three pieces of an Illinois battery under Lieutenant Wood, not belonging to Sherman's command. The final retreat from McClernand's seventh position, Sunday evening, undoubtedly carried with it all of the fragments connected with Sherman near McArthur's headquarters, along the road toward the river, where I found him about dark, excepting Birge's Sharpshooters, the Thirteenth Missouri, and the Forty-third Illinois. The latter belonged to McClernand's Third Brigade, but remained with the Thirteenth Missouri Sunday night. After crossing Tillman's Creek next morning, both were brought into line on McClernand's left, and

did not form with Sherman, though the Thirtieth Missouri subsequently joined him.

My own observation as to the position and extent of General Grant's line accords substantially with the evidence of the reports. In the dusk of the evening after the close of the engagement on Sunday, I walked out with my chief-of-staff, following the road and the line of the troops. My object was to gain information by which to determine the formation of my divisions, and I not only observed all that I could see at such an hour, but I made inquiry as I passed along. I came to Hurlbut's left five hundred yards from the river; I passed to the front and came to troops that answered as McClernand's, and which I supposed at the time to constitute his division, but which were probably his First Brigade only; I passed to the front of these troops, and when I turned in toward the road again, I came upon Sherman's line, as it happened, not far from where he was, and I was conducted to him. It was then growing dark. I judge the distance to have been about three-quarters of a mile from the river — less than half a mile from Hurlbut's left, and I think now that it was near the camp of Colonel Sweeny's regiment, the Fifty-second Illinois, that I found General Sherman.

The impression made upon my mind by that interview has remained as vivid as the circumstances were peculiar. I had no thought of seeing General Sherman when I set out, but on every score I was glad to meet him, and I was there to gain information. By what precise words I sought and he gave it, I would not pretend at this day to repeat. It is sufficient for the present to say that I learned the nature of the ground in front; that his right flank was some three hundred yards from us; and that the bridge by which Lew. Wallace was to cross Snake Creek was to his right and rear at an angle, as he pointed, of about forty degrees. I do not know whether I asked the question, but I know now that it was a mile and a quarter from his flank, and that he did not cover it in any practical sense, though in advancing Wallace would approach by his right and rear. I also see now that I was mistaken in supposing that these several commands retained a regular organization and had distinct limits; whereas they were in fact much intermixed.

Of course we talked of other incidental matters. In all his career he has, I venture to say, never appeared to better advantage. There was the frank, brave soldier, rather subdued, realizing the critical situation in which causes of some sort, perchance his own fault chiefly, had placed him, but ready, without affectation or bravado, to do any-

thing that duty required of him. He asked me what the plans were for the morrow. I answered that I was going to attack the enemy at daylight, and he expressed gratification at my reply, though apparently not because of any unmixed confidence in the result. I had had no consultation with General Grant, and knew nothing of his purpose. I presumed that we would be in accord, but I had been only a few hours within the limits of his authority, and I did not look upon him as my commander, though I would zealously have obeyed his orders. General Sherman allowed me to take with me the map of which a fac-simile accompanies this article. I never imagined that in the future it would have the interest which now attaches to it, and after the battle it was laid aside and forgotten.

Within two years after that meeting, quite contrary opinions developed themselves between General Sherman and myself concerning the battle of Shiloh, and his Memoirs give a different account of the interview above described. He says that he handed the map to my engineer-officer, Captain Michler, who, in fact, was not present, and complains that it was never returned to him. He says that I grumbled about the stragglers, and that he feared I would not bring my army across the river. One would suppose that his fears would have been allayed by the fact that at that very moment my troops were arriving and covering his front as fast as legs and steamboats could carry them.

In the execution of the retreat described in the reports of McClernand and Sherman, from the west to the east side of Tillman's Creek, there was a quite thorough disintegration of divisions and brigades, lacking nothing but the pressure of a vigorous pursuit to convert it into a complete rout. In its seventh position, McClernand's division recovered some force, and preserved a recognized organization; but not so with Sherman's. Indeed, in that division the disorganization occurred, as has already been stated, at an earlier period. In Hildebrand's brigade it was almost coincident with the enemy's first assault. With McDowell's it commenced with the unsuccessful attempt to form line of battle along the Purdy road, and was complete very soon after one o'clock; and these two brigades never recovered their aggregation again until after the battle. With Buckland's brigade also it occurred at the miscarriage at the Purdy road about ten o'clock, but it was not so thorough as in the other brigades—at least it was afterwards partially repaired during the first day, as his report explains. He says, after the retreat from his camp about ten o'clock, "We formed line on

the Purdy road, but the fleeing mass from the left broke through our lines, and many of our men caught the infection and fled with the crowd. Colonel Cockerill became separated from Colonel Sullivan and myself, and was afterward engaged with part of his command at McClernand's camp. Colonel Sullivan and myself kept together, and made every effort to rally our men, but with very poor success. They had become scattered in all directions. We were borne considerably to the left, but finally succeeded in forming a line, and had a short engagement with the enemy, who made his appearance soon after our line was formed. The enemy fell back, and we proceeded to the road where you (General Sherman) found us. At this point I was joined by Colonel Cockerill, and we there formed line of battle and slept on our arms Sunday night. Colonel Sullivan being out of ammunition, marched to the landing for a supply, and while there was ordered to support a battery at that point."

It is only after a close examination of the records that we can understand the full significance of the following passage in General Sherman's report :

"In this position we rested for the night. My command had become decidedly of a mixed character. Buckland's brigade was the only one with me that retained its organization. Colonel Hildebrand was personally there, but his brigade was not. Colonel McDowell had been severely injured by a fall from his horse, and had gone to the river, and the three regiments of his brigade were not in line. The Thirteenth Missouri, Colonel Crafts J. Wright, had reported to me on the field, and fought well, retaining its regimental organization, and it formed part of my line during Sunday night and all of Monday; other fragments of regiments and companies had also fallen into my division, and acted with it during the remainder of the battle."

It thus appears that from about one o'clock until the time when General Sherman found Colonel Buckland with two regiments on the road from the bridge to the Landing, not a single regiment of his division excepting Cockerill's, and not one prominent individual representative of it excepting that officer and Colonel Hildebrand, was present with him. The only body of troops besides Cockerill's regiment having any recognized organization was the Thirteenth Missouri, which belonged to another division. All the rest were squads or individual stragglers. In all the official reports, not a regiment or part of a regiment is described as being with him at this juncture or for several hours before. Of the nine regiments that composed the three brigades under his immediate command at the church, only five rendered reports, and three of these were from Buckland's brigade. The division did not exist except in the person of its com-

mander. Such is the story of the official reports. The number of men present could not have been large. Less than one thousand, including Buckland's two regiments after they were found, would have told the number that lay on their arms in Sherman's ranks on Sunday night.

This explains the close relation of McClernand and Sherman during the last five hours of Sunday, and the identity of their experiences. General Sherman has nothing to report of his own command distinctively. Everything is conjunctive and general as between McClernand and himself. "*We* held this position, General McClernand and myself acting in perfect concert." "*General McClernand and I*, on consultation, selected a new line." "*We* fell back as well as we could." "The enemy's cavalry charged *us*, and was handsomely repulsed." General McClernand's account of this incident has been quoted on a preceding page. When Colonel Hildebrand lost his brigade, it is not with General Sherman that he is identified, but with McClernand, on whose staff he served part of the day. Hildebrand seems to have been active, but not under the direction of his division commander. "About three o'clock," he says, "I assumed command of a regiment already formed of fragmentary regiments. I marched in a northwestern direction, where I aided a regiment of sharpshooters in defeating the enemy in an attempt to flank our rear." This movement was evidently made from McClernand's and Sherman's seventh position, and the troops assisted were Birge's Sharpshooters. General Sherman makes no mention of this significant if not important occurrence. His right flank was threatened, and the regiment of Sharpshooters posted in the field near McArthur's headquarters met and, in conjunction with Hildebrand's temporary regiment, repelled the danger.

We have in the official reports a good clue to the condition of McClernand's division also. It was in a far better state. It was shattered and worn, but it was represented by at least some recognized following of regiments and brigades. One of the brigades had five hundred men, and another, the commander reports, was "merely nominal," not long before McClernand took up his seventh position. In the last collision, one of the brigades became entirely separated from the division, and did not return to it until after the battle. Fifteen hundred, exclusive of that brigade, would cover the number of men that rested that night under McClernand's colors.

Hurlbut's division was in a somewhat better condition than either of the others. Its loss in killed and wounded was greater than

McClelland's, but it had not like the latter been affected in its organization by oft repeated shocks sustained in a cramped and embarrassing position, and his command had received some accessions from the driftings of other divisions. The estimate which he makes of his force is wholly fallacious. It could not have stood on the space which he occupied. There may have been two thousand men in his line on the night of the 6th. These three divisions, if they may be so called, and Tuttle's command, with Birge's Sharpshooters on the extreme right, and the reserve artillery on the left, which, according to General Grant's report, consisted of "four twenty-pounder Parrott guns and a battery of rifled guns," constituted the line of battle, which extended a mile from the river. Five thousand men occupied it. Other partially organized fragments were crowded together about the river and the camps on the plateau, and with proper effort could have been fitted for good service; but no steps to that end were taken. The defect in the command that opened the way for the disaster, facilitated its progress at every step—the want of a strong executive hand guided by a clear organizing head. Some of these fragmentary commands sought places for themselves in the advance next day. The remnant of the Second Division under Colonel Tuttle was one of these. Indeed it deserves a higher name. It presented itself to me on the field without orders, and rendered efficient service with my divisions. There may have been fifteen hundred or two thousand men of these unrecognized commands that went to the front on Monday without instructions. Seven thousand men at the utmost besides Lew. Wallace's five thousand, were ready Sunday night to take part in the struggle which was to be renewed in the morning. Of the original force seven thousand were killed or wounded, three thousand were prisoners, at least fifteen thousand were absent from the ranks and hopelessly disorganized, and about thirty pieces of artillery were in the hands of the enemy.

The physical condition of the army was an exact type of its moral condition. The ties of discipline, not yet of long enough duration or rigidly enough enforced to be very strong, were in much the largest part of the army thoroughly severed. An unbroken tide of disaster had obliterated the distance between grades, and brought all men to the standard of personal qualities. The feeble groups that still clung together, were held by force of individual character more than by discipline, and a disbelief in the ability of the army unaided to extricate itself from the peril that environed it, was, I do not hesitate to affirm, universal. In my opinion that feeling was

shared by the commander himself. A week after the battle the army had not recovered from its shattered and prostrated condition. On the 14th, three days after Halleck's arrival, he instructed Grant: "Divisions and brigades should, where necessary, be reorganized and put in position, and all stragglers returned to their companies and regiments. Your army is not now in condition to resist an attack." We are told that the enemy had stragglers too. Yes, every cause which demands effort and sacrifice will have them; but there is a difference between the straggling which is not restrained by the smile of fortune, and that which tries to elude the pursuit of fate—it is the difference between victory and defeat. The Confederates in their official reports make no concealment of their skeletons, but when the time for action arrived they were vital bodies, and, on Sunday, always in sufficient force to do the work at last.

General McClelland, it will have been observed, ascribes the breaking up of his seventh position to a panic among the troops, but the other reports show a different reason. Colonel Veatch on McClelland's left says:

"Our men were much encouraged by the strength of our position, and our fire was telling with terrible effect. Our forces were eager to advance and charge him (the enemy), when we were surprised by his driving back the whole left wing of our army, and advancing close to our rear near General Hurlbut's headquarters. A dense mass of baggage wagons and artillery crowded upon our ranks, while we were exposed to a heavy fire of the enemy both in front and rear."

General Hurlbut thus describes the crisis at that stage of the battle:

"I had hoped to make a stand on the line of my camp, but masses of the enemy were pressing rapidly on each flank, while their light artillery was closing rapidly in the rear. On reaching the 24-pounder siege-guns in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of the guns."

We see here that there was a stern cause for the falling back. It was the tide of defeat and pursuit from the left wing of the army, and was compulsory in the strictest sense. How fortunate that it did not set in an hour earlier, and strike in flank the disorganized material of the right wing as it struggled across the ravines of Tillman's Creek! How more than fortunate that the onward current of the victor was obstructed still an hour longer by the unyielding tenacity of the remaining regiments of W. H. L. Wallace and Prentiss! From the self-assuring interview in which, according to one of General Sherman's reminiscences, it was "agreed that the enemy had expended the furor of his attack" at four o'clock, and General Grant told the "anecdote of his Donelson battle," that officer was aroused by the renewal of the din of the strife, and made his way to the river through

the disorganized throng of his retreating army. While those mutual felicitations were in progress, the enemy, a mile to the left, was disarming and marching six captured regiments to the rear. Thus disembarrassed, his *furor* revived, and manifested itself at last at the very Landing. What worse state of affairs than this could have existed when at noon General Grant wrote: "If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us."

Under the circumstances here described, General Grant and General Sherman have said that reënforcements other than Lew. Wallace's division were in no wise necessary at the close of the first day, and that, without reference to them, General Grant would have assumed the offensive and defeated the Confederate army next morning. Those who study the subject attentively will find no ground to accept that declaration as regards either the purpose or the result. The former indeed presents an intangible question which it would seem to be useless to discuss. At the time it is alleged to have been entertained, the reënforcements were actually at hand, and their presence gives to the announcement the semblance of a vain boast, which could never have been put to the test of reality. That with the reënforcements from my army, General Grant confidently expected that the enemy would be defeated the following day, it is impossible to doubt; but it was not known Sunday night that the enemy had withdrawn from our immediate front, and the evidence establishes that General Grant had not determined upon or had not promulgated a plan of action in the morning. Not an order was given or a note of preparation sounded for the struggle which, with or without his assistance, was to begin at daybreak. To my certain knowledge, if words and actions were not wholly misleading, General Sherman when I saw him on the night of the 6th, did not consider that any instructions had been given for battle, and if he had such instructions he did not obey them. His report sustains the impression which I derived from our interview. "At daylight on Monday," he says, "I received General Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps." Then only it was that he dispatched several members of his staff to bring up all the men they could find. Is that the way in which General Sherman would have acquitted himself of the obligation of orders received the day before to engage in battle? I answer unhesitatingly, no! The reports of the other division commanders are to the same effect. General McClelland says: "Your (General

Grant's) order of the morning of the 7th for a forward movement," etc. The hour of the delivery of this order is indicated approximately by the following passage in the report of Colonel Marsh:

"At daylight on Monday morning the men in line were supplied with some provisions. While this was being done firing opened on our right, afterwards ascertained to come from a portion of General Lew Wallace's command. Directly afterwards, firing commenced to our left and front, both artillery and musketry, supposed by me to be a portion of General Buell's command, who, I had been informed during the night, had taken position on our left and considerably in advance. I now received orders from General McClelland to throw out skirmishers and follow with my whole command."

We must presume that General McClelland proceeded to the execution of General Grant's order as soon as it was received, which must then have been after the commencement of the battle in front of Nelson.

General Hurlbut says: "On Monday, about eight a. m., my division was formed in line close to the river bank, and I obtained a few crackers for my men. About nine a. m., I was ordered by General Grant to move up to the support of General McClelland." Colonel Tuttle, commanding the Second Division, acted without any orders. He says: "On Monday morning I collected all of the division that could be found, and such other detached regiments as volunteered to join me, and formed them in column by battalion closed in mass as a reserve for General Buell." The action of General Lew. Wallace was not the result of orders, but proceeded from his own motion on discovering the enemy in his front at daylight across Tillman's Hollow. While that action was in progress, General Grant came up and gave Wallace "the direction of his attack." Nelson had been in motion an hour, and was sharply engaged before any of these orders were given.

General Grant's official reports of the battle are in accord with the subordinate reports upon this question. In his first telegraphic announcement of the battle to General Halleck, he says:

"Yesterday the rebels attacked us here with an overwhelming force, driving our troops in from their advanced position to near the Landing. General Wallace was immediately ordered up from Crump's Landing, and in the evening, one division of General Buell's army and General Buell in person arrived. During the night one other division arrived, and still another to-day. *This morning, at the break of day, I ordered an attack, which resulted in a fight, which continued until late this afternoon, with severe loss on both sides, but a complete repulse of the enemy. I shall follow to-morrow far enough to see that no immediate renewal of an attack is contemplated.*"

In his more detailed report of April 9th he says:

"During the night (Sunday) all was quiet, and feeling that a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party, an advance was ordered

as soon as day dawned. The result was a gradual repulse of the enemy at all parts of the line from morning until probably five o'clock in the afternoon, when it became evident that the enemy was retreating. Before the close of the action the advance of General T. J. Wood's division arrived in time to take part in the action. *My force was too much fatigued from two days' hard fighting and exposure in the open air to a drenching rain during the intervening night, to pursue immediately.* Night closed in cloudy and with heavy rain, making the roads impracticable for artillery by the next morning. General Sherman, however, followed the enemy, *finding that the main part of the army had retreated in good order."*

Several points worthy of note present themselves in these dispatches of General Grant. There is still, at the close of the second day, the impression of the enemy's overwhelming force, which the day before he "estimated at over one hundred thousand men." He felt on Monday, after the arrival of reinforcements to the number of twenty-five thousand fresh troops, that "a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party." There was, then, a question in his mind, namely, to attack, or to await attack; it was necessary to consider all the advantages, moral and physical; he concluded to secure the former at least, and accordingly gave the order, not on Sunday but on Monday "at break of day," to attack. The severity of the contest on Monday is affirmed in both dispatches; it was of such a nature as to prevent an immediate pursuit, which at any rate he would only make the next morning after the battle, far enough to see that no immediate renewal of the attack was contemplated. The pursuit was made on that plan, and found "that the main part of the army had retreated in good order." If the fact were not duly authenticated, one would wonder whether these dispatches were actually written by an officer who, twenty-three years afterwards, said with boastful assurance over his own signature, "Victory was assured when Wallace arrived with his division of five thousand effective veterans, even if there had been no other support!"

With this tedious but necessary review of the results of the first day, I take up the story of the second.

THE engagement was brought on, Monday morning, not by General Grant's order, but by the advance of Nelson's division along the Riverroad in line of battle, at the first dawn of day, followed by Crittenden's division in column. The enemy was encountered at 5:20 o'clock, and a little in advance of Hurlbut's camp Nelson was halted while Crittenden came into line on his right. By this time the head of McCook's division came up and was formed on the right of Crittenden. Before McCook's rear brigade was up the line moved forward, pushing back the enemy's light troops, until

Nelson and Crittenden reached the very position occupied by Hurlbut, Prentiss, and W. H. L. Wallace at four o'clock the previous day where the enemy was found in force. McCook was on the north side of the western Corinth road, and eventually swept across half of McClelland's camp and released his headquarters. "The Hornets' Nest" was in front of Crittenden's left brigade; and "the peach orchard" and the ground where Albert Sidney Johnston fell were in front of Nelson.

Without following the vicissitudes of the struggle in this part of the field, I enter with a little more detail, but still cursorily, upon the operations of Grant's troops, which have not been connectedly explained in any official report. The action here was commenced by Lew. Wallace, one of whose batteries at half-past five o'clock opened fire on the enemy, who was discovered on the high ground across Tillman's Hollow. There is some diversity of statement among the official reports as to the priority of artillery firing in front of Nelson and Wallace. Colonel Hovey, who was in immediate support of Wallace's battery, gives the priority to Nelson, while Colonel Marsh, who was half a mile farther to the left, gives it to Wallace. But this is unimportant. Nelson was in motion three-quarters of an hour before that time, and had been engaged with the enemy's light troops. The first artillery fire was from the enemy, Nelson at first having no artillery. Wallace's action was not yet aggressive, no orders having been given for his advance; but while the firing was in progress General Grant came up, and gave him his "direction of attack, which was formed at a right angle with the river, with which at the time his line ran almost parallel." The enemy's battery and its supports having been driven from the opposite height by the artillery of Wallace, the latter moved his line forward about seven o'clock, crossed the hollow, and gained the crest of the hill almost without opposition. "Here," he says, "as General Sherman's division, next on my left, had not made its appearance to support my advance, a halt was ordered for it to come up." Wallace was now on the edge of the large oblong field which was in front of the encampment of McClelland's right brigade.

The next of Grant's commands to advance was McClelland's. The orders to that effect have already been cited, and their execution is explained by Colonel Marsh, into whose brigade what was present of McClelland's division seems to have merged. He says:

"Moving steadily forward for half a mile, I discovered a movement of troops on the hill nearly a quarter of a mile in front. Dispatching scouts to ascertain who they were, they were met by a message from Colonel

Smith, commanding the left brigade of the Third Division (Wallace's), informing me that he would take position on the right and wait my coming up."

Sherman, it thus appears, was not yet in motion. Hurlbut moved out about nine o'clock, and formed one brigade on McClelland's left.

When Lew. Wallace advanced across Tillman's Hollow, followed next on the left by McClelland, the force opposed to him fell gradually back upon reinforcements beyond the field on the edge of which was the encampment of McClelland's First Brigade; the enemy's left then clinging a little to the bluffs of Owl Creek in that quarter, but yielding without a very stubborn resistance, chiefly because of McCook's vigorous pressure along the western Corinth road, until it fell into a general line running through the center of McClelland's camp, and nearly parallel with the Hamburg and Purdy road. This swinging back of the enemy's left, and the direction of the Owl Creek bluffs, naturally caused a change in the direction of Wallace's front, until about ten o'clock it faced south at right angles to its direction in the beginning. A sharp artillery contest and some infantry fighting had been going on all the time. It was at ten o'clock, according to Sherman's report, that McClelland formed line obliquely in rear of the camp of his First Brigade, to advance against the enemy's position. Here for the first time Sherman's division appears in the movement, from which its absence at an earlier period is mentioned by both McClelland and Wallace. The statement in General Sherman's report in regard to its movements, is as follows:

"At daylight I received General Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps. I dispatched several members of my staff to bring up all the men they could find, and especially the brigade of Colonel Stuart, which had been separated from the division all the day before; and at the appointed time the division, or, rather, what remained of it, with the Thirtieth Missouri and other fragments, marched forward and reoccupied the ground on the extreme right of General McClelland's camp, where we attracted the fire of a battery located near Colonel McDowell's former headquarters. Here I remained patiently waiting for the sound of General Buell's advance upon the main Corinth road. About ten a. m. the heavy firing in that direction and its steady approach satisfied me, and General Wallace being on our right flank with his well-conducted division, I led the head of my column to General McClelland's right, formed line of battle, facing south, with Buckland's brigade directly across the ridge, and Stuart's brigade on its right in the woods, and thus advanced slowly and steadily under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery."

The contest thus inaugurated in and around McClelland's camp involved the whole of Grant's available force and McCook's division of the Army of the Ohio, and continued with great violence from ten until four o'clock. The significant facts connected with it are, the narrowness of the space covered by the

interior divisions,—McClelland's, Hurlbut's, and Sherman's,—the lapping over them by McCook, so as to form, in fact, a connection with the division of Wallace on the extreme right, and the decisive part ascribed to McCook's division in that part of the field in the reports of McClelland, Wallace and Sherman. McClelland says:

"Here one of the severest conflicts ensued that occurred during the two days. We drove the enemy back . . . to the edge of a field . . . where reserves came to his support. Our position at this moment was most critical, and a repulse seemed inevitable; but fortunately the Louisville Legion, forming part of General Rousseau's brigade, came up at my request and succored me. Extending and strengthening my line, this gallant body poured into the enemy's ranks one of the most terrible fires I ever witnessed. Thus breaking his center, he fell back in disorder, and thenceforth he was beaten at all points."

General Wallace mentions particularly an important service rendered to the left of his division at a crisis in its operations, by one of McCook's regiments.

Colonel McGinnis, of the Eleventh Indiana, whose regiment was on Wallace's extreme left, describes this incident as follows:

"At 2:30 o'clock I discovered that the Federal forces on our left were falling back and the rebels advancing, and that they were nearly in rear of our left flank. I immediately notified you (the brigade commander) of their position, changed front with our left wing, opened our fire upon them, and sent to you for assistance. During this the most trying moment to us of the day, I received your order to fall back if it got too hot for us. . . . Fortunately and much to our relief, at this critical moment the Thirty-second Indiana, Colonel Willich, came up on our left, and with their assistance the advancing enemy was compelled to retire."

General Sherman says:

"We advanced until we reached the point where the Corinth road crosses the line of McClelland's camp, and here I saw for the first time the well-ordered and compact columns of General Buell's Kentucky forces, whose soldierly movements at once gave confidence to our newer and less-disciplined forces. Here I saw Willich's regiment advance upon a point of water-oaks and thicket behind which, I knew the enemy was in great strength, and enter it in beautiful style. Then arose the severest musketry fire I ever heard, which lasted some twenty minutes, when this splendid regiment had to fall back. This green point of timber is about five hundred yards east of Shiloh Meeting House, and it was evident that here was to be the struggle. The enemy could be seen forming his lines to the south. . . . This was about two o'clock p. m. . . . Willich's regiment had been repulsed, but a whole brigade of McCook's division advanced beautifully, deployed, and entered this dreaded woods. . . . Rousseau's brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it."

This occurred in front of Sherman, who was between McClelland and Wallace, for he says: "I ordered my Second Brigade . . . to form on its right, and my Fourth Brigade, Colonel Buckland, on its right, all to advance abreast with this Kentucky brigade." Of the action of McCook's division, General Sherman further says: "I concede that General McCook's

splendid division from Kentucky drove back the enemy along the Corinth road, which was the great central line of this battle."

The conclusion to be drawn from these several reports is that at this stage of the battle McCook's division reached across and practically connected the Army of the Ohio with Wallace's division, which formed the extreme right of Grant's force, and that its steady valor and effective service, not without the coöperation of McClelland's, Hurlbut's, and Sherman's commands, decided the issue of the conflict on that portion of the field. The result, however, was not brought about without the concurrence of decisive action, at other points.

While the battle was going on in McClelland's camp, it raged with great fury from an earlier hour in front of Nelson and Crittenden on the left, and vigorously but with less destructive effects in front of Wallace on the right. As soon as the enemy's right began to yield, the splendid batteries of Mendenhall and Terrill directed an enfilading fire upon the Confederate batteries playing fiercely upon McCook, and they were soon silenced. General Sherman ascribes that result to the action of two pieces of artillery to which he says he gave personal direction, but it is probable that he mistook the principal cause. A Confederate view of the contest in front of Nelson and Crittenden is seen in the report of Colonel Trabue, whose brigade at a certain stage of the battle (about one o'clock) was moved with Anderson's brigade to their right, in front of Crittenden. The report describes the conflict at this point as terrific, the ground being crossed and recrossed four times in the course of it. I refer to it, chiefly because in some accounts of the battle it has erroneously been identified with McCook's front, where Trabue's brigade was first engaged.

Without going further into details in which the official reports abound, it may be sufficient to add briefly, that at four o'clock the flag of the Union floated again upon the line from which it had been driven the previous day, and General Grant's troops at once resumed their camps.

What more need be said? Must I sketch the scenes with twenty thousand of the soldiers of the Army of the Ohio left out of their place in the combat, as it is described by General Grant and his own officers? Shall I not, indeed, already have wearied the reader with the citation of evidence to substantiate a view of the case which unbiased intelligence is forbidden to deny?

But if the Army of the Ohio had not arrived, and General Grant had remained on the defensive, what then? Some of those who

frankly acknowledge the reality of their discomfiture on Sunday, like now to believe with natural pride and the difficulties that beset them then far in the past, that they would have been more successful the second day; and it has been argued that the withdrawal of the Confederates from their advanced positions on the night of the 6th threw doubt upon the final result. A newspaper interviewer has even said for General Grant that they were then preparing to retreat. The inconsistency of that observation is evident. A general who stops to fight a fresh army is not likely to have had it in contemplation to flee before one that he had already defeated on the same ground. The published reports show that the withdrawal on Sunday night did not proceed from any faltering of the Confederate commander. On the contrary, he believed the victory to have been substantially won, and that the fruit would certainly be gathered the following day. His confidence in that respect was shared in the fullest manner by his entire army, backed by a particularly able body of high officers. All demanded to be led against the last position: not one doubted the result. We can imagine the effort such an army would have put forth when animated by such a spirit.

With the usual apologies for defeat on Monday, they rated their strength at 20,000 men, but with the fruits of victory in view, it will be safe to say they would have brought at least 25,000 into action; and it has been claimed that 25,000, according to the Confederate method of computation, would have been equal to about 28,000 according to the Federal method. Their relative strength would have been materially increased by the large accession of captured cannon. They had also improved their condition by exchanging their inferior arms for better captured ones. Comparatively, the enemy was in a more efficient state than before the battle.

The Union ranks might have been swelled to 15,000 — not more. That force could not on such ground have ventured to cover a line of more than a mile — its left at the river and its right near the ravines of Tillman's Creek. The high ground beyond the creek would have enfiladed it, and the ravines would have afforded a lodgment and shelter for the enemy. Dill's ravine on the left might also have proved an element of weakness, and though that flank could not be turned, the peculiar advantage of position that aided the Union troops on the left so much on Sunday would not have existed on Monday. — The field of action in front was a uniform wooded surface.

Nowhere in history is the profane idea that

in a fair field fight, Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions, more uniformly sustained than in our Civil War. It presents no example of the triumph of 15,000 or even 20,000 men against 25,000. It affords some such instances where the stronger force was surprised by rapid and unexpected movements, and still others where it was directed with a want of skill against chosen positions strengthened by the art of defense; but nowhere else. The weaker force is uniformly defeated or compelled to retire. In this case the missiles of the assailant would have found a target in the battle-line of the defense and in the transportation and masses of stragglers crowded together about the Landing. The height of the bluff would have rendered the gun-boats powerless—the example of Belmont could only have been partially repeated, if at all—the bulk of the defeated force must have laid down its arms. There are those who have met the question with the argument that General Grant's personal qualities were a guarantee for his triumph. That is a poor sort of logic, and there are thousands of patriotic citizens, not unfriendly to General Grant, who would draw back in alarm from the contemplation of any contingency that would have deprived the Union cause of its superior numbers at more than one period of his career.

In the usual extravagant newspaper dispatches from the field of battle there was a statement of charges led by General Grant and his staff, which were assumed to have decided the fate of the day on Monday, or at least to have given a crowning touch to the victory. It would be a satire to reproduce that statement in its original form at this time. Its adoption, however, by various books and sketches, and especially the reference to such an incident by General Grant in his recent *CENTURY* article, makes it properly an object of inquiry. Such an act as leading a charge is a conspicuous incident rarely resorted to by the commander of an army. General Grant in some former newspaper interview is made to assume that General Sidney Johnston lost his life under such circumstances, from which he argues the failing fortune of the Confederate attack on Sunday. General Johnston's conduct in that affair is described in the Confederate reports. It was an outburst of impatient valor not caused by any crisis in the battle, though an attack at a certain point had been repulsed. He did not lose his life in the act, and the most substantial successes of the Confederates were achieved at a later hour. We likewise naturally look in the official reports for a circumstantial account of the charge said to have

been led by General Grant, for no colonel of a regiment is likely to overlook the honor of having been led in a charge by the commander of the army.

In the report of Colonel Veatch of Hurlbut's division there occurs the following passage: "Maj.-Gen. Grant now ordered me forward to charge the enemy. I formed my brigade in column of battalions, and moved forward in double-quick through our deserted camps and to the thick woods beyond our lines in pursuit of the retreating enemy, following until we were in advance of our other forces, and were ordered to fall back by General Buell." It is proper to remark that I witnessed this movement. I was in advance on the line toward which it was made, and understand its bearing. It does not answer the description of a charge led by General Grant, since he is not said to have been present in it.

In the report of General Rousseau occurs the following:

"When thus repulsed, the enemy fell back and his retreat began; soon after which I saw two regiments of government troops advancing in double-quick time across the open fields in our front, and saw that one of them was the First Ohio, which had been moved to our left to wait for ammunition. I galloped to the regiment and ordered it to halt, as I had not ordered the movement, but was informed that it was advancing by order of General Grant, whom I then saw in rear of the line with his staff. I ordered the regiment to advance with the other, which it did some two or three hundred yards farther, when it was halted, and a fire was opened upon it from one of our camps, then occupied by the enemy. The fire was instantly returned, and the enemy soon fled, after wounding eight men of the First Ohio."

There is in the official reports no other mention of such an occurrence. This must have been the charge referred to, though it does not satisfy the description, since it appears that General Grant was not taken into the enemy's fire; and there is nothing in it which fills the definition of a charge. The professional soldier at least understands that the term implies something more serious than a movement of troops upon the field of battle, even at a rapid pace, in the presence of an enemy. But putting out of the question all appropriate distinctions in the use of terms, there was nothing in the occasion or in these simple movements which promised any advantage, or entitled them to the slightest prominence. The enemy had retired from the last line, and was believed to be in retreat; but he had withdrawn in good order, and it is known that he halted a half-mile beyond, fully prepared to repel a careless pursuit. The topographical feature of larger fields and intervening woods made the left and left-center of the battle-field more difficult for attack than the ground about McCler-

nand's camp, as was illustrated by the battle of the previous day. The antagonists, except when in immediate contact, were kept at a greater distance apart, and were more screened from the observation of each other. The resistance, quelled for the moment, would be renewed unexpectedly by reinforcements or on a new line with increased vigor, and did not always allow the assailant to retain the advantage he had gained.

Nelson and Crittenden were working their way step by step over this difficult ground, when the cheers of victory commenced on the right where the enemy could be better observed. It was my misfortune to know nothing about the topography in front, and when at that moment the enemy on the left was found to be yielding readily to our advance, it was my mistake to suppose that the retirement was more precipitate and disordered than proved to be the case. On that supposition Nelson was ordered rapidly to the lower ford of Lick Creek, by which I supposed a part of the enemy had advanced and would retreat, and was thus out of position for the state of the case as it turned out. The last attack of Crittenden was made through thick woods, and his division had become a good deal scattered; but a brigade of Wood's division came up just then and was pushed forward on the eastern Corinth road. It soon came upon and engaged the enemy's skirmishers, and was attracting a flank fire from a battery a considerable distance off on the right. The orderly withdrawal of the enemy was now discovered, and indicated that a single brigade unsupported would be insufficient for a pursuit. Wood's brigade was therefore halted while its skirmishers occupied the enemy's cavalry, and orders were sent to McCook and Crittenden to form on the new line. Just at that moment a feeble column was seen to the right and rear of Wood's brigade, moving in a direction which would bring it into the flank fire of the enemy's artillery on the right. I therefore ordered it to be halted until other dispositions were made; but misapprehending the object of the order, or deeming perhaps that enough had been done for one day, it withdrew altogether, and like the rest of Grant's troops, retired to its camp. Following the same example, and most probably with General Grant's authority, McCook's division had started to the river. Before these misconceptions could be corrected, and my divisions got into position, night came on, and the time for a further forward movement passed for the day. Indeed, while my troops were being called up, I received from General Grant, who had retired to the Landing, the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS DIST. OF W. TENN., PITTSBURG, April 7, 1862. Major-General D. C. Buell, Gen.: When I left the field this evening, my intention was to occupy the most advanced position possible for the night, with the infantry engaged through the day, and follow up our success with cavalry and fresh troops expected to arrive during my last absence on the field. The great fatigue of our men—they having been engaged in two days' fight, and subject to a march yesterday and a fight to-day—would preclude the idea of making any advance to-night without the arrival of the expected reinforcements. My plan, therefore, will be to feel out in the morning, with all the troops on the outer lines, until our cavalry force can be organized (one regiment of your army will finish crossing soon), and a sufficient artillery and infantry support to follow them are ready for a move. Under the instructions which I have previously received, and a dispatch also of to-day from Major-General Halleck, it will not then do to advance beyond Pea Ridge, or some point which we can reach and return in a day. General Halleck will probably be here himself to-morrow. Instructions have been sent to the division commanders, not included in your command, to be ready in the morning either to find if an enemy was in front, or to advance. Very respectfully, Your obedient Servant, U. S. Grant, Major-General Commanding."

This letter implies the hypothesis expressed also in General Grant's dispatch of the same evening to General Halleck, that the enemy might still be in our front with the intention of renewing the attack. I make no comment on that point further than to contrast it with the later pretensions with which the battle has been reviewed by General Grant and his friends. The idea is again indicated in his orders to his division commanders on the eighth:

"I have instructed Taylor's cavalry to push out the road toward Corinth to ascertain if the enemy have retreated. . . . Should they be retreating, I want all the cavalry to follow them."

Something in the same vein, which I would by no means be understood as dwelling upon censoriously, is seen in a dispatch of the next day to Halleck

"I do not" [he says] "like to suggest, but it appears to me that it would be demoralizing upon our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite bank of the river, and unsafe to remain on this many weeks without large reinforcements."

The passage is chiefly noteworthy as showing that the fault of Shiloh was not in an excess of rashness or contempt for the adversary, and that the lesson of the occasion had not yet pointed out a means of security other than in reinforcements or retreat. The introduction of the evidence is not to be ascribed to any motive of disparagement. It is entirely pertinent to the subject under consideration.

General Grant has recently admitted that a pursuit ought to have been made, and vaguely intimates that somebody else than himself was responsible that it was not done. The reason given in his letter to me is, of course, insufficient. General McCook may have told him that his men were hungry and tired; but if the order had been issued, both McCook

and his troops would cheerfully have shown how much tired and hungry soldiers can do when an emergency demands it. If General Grant meant to imply that I was responsible that the pursuit was not made, I might perhaps answer that it is always to be expected that the chief officer in command will determine the course to be pursued at such a juncture, when he is immediately upon the ground; but I inwardly imposed upon myself the obligation of employing the army under my command as though the whole duty of the occasion rested upon it. There was no doubt in my mind or hesitation in my conduct as to the propriety of continuing the action, at least as long as the enemy was in our presence, as I considered him still to be; and I make no attempt to excuse myself or blame others when I say that General Grant's troops, the lowest individual among them not more than the commander himself, appear to have thought that the object of the battle was sufficiently accomplished when they were reinstated in their camps; and that in some way that idea obstructed the reorganization of my line until a further advance that day became impracticable.

MUCH harsh criticism has been passed upon General Lew. Wallace for having failed to reach the field in time to participate in the battle on Sunday. The naked fact is apt to be judged severely, and the reports made a year afterward by General Grant's staff-officers—the report of Colonel Rawlins especially—are calculated to increase the unfavorable impression. But some qualification of that evidence must be made, on account of the anxiety produced in the minds of those officers by their peculiar connection with the exciting circumstances of the battle. The statement of Rawlins is particularly to be received with reservation. They found Wallace on a different road from the one by which they expected him, and assumed that he was wrongfully there. Rawlins pretends to give the words of a verbal order that would have taken him to a different place. Wallace denies that version of the order, and the circumstances do not sustain it. He was on the road to and not far from the upper ford of Owl Creek, which would have brought him on the right flank of the Federal line, as it was in the morning, and as he presumed it still to be. It would have been at least an honest if not a reasonable interpretation of the order that took him to a point where the responsibility and danger were liable to be greatly increased. The impression of Major Rowley, repeated more strongly by General Grant in his *CENTURY* article, that when found he was farther from the battle-field

than when he started, the map shows to have been incorrect. The statement of Rawlins that he did not make a mile and a half an hour, is also not correct of the whole day's march. He actually marched nearly fifteen miles in six hours and a half. That is not particularly rapid marching, but it does not indicate any loitering. At the same time it must be said that, under the circumstances, the manner in which the order was given to Wallace is liable to unqualified disapproval, both as it concerned the public interest and the good name of the officer.

To these qualifying facts it must be added that a presumption of honest endeavor is due to Wallace's character. He did good service at Donelson, and at Shiloh on the 7th, and on no other occasion have his zeal and courage been impugned.* The verdict must perhaps remain that his action did not respond to the emergency as it turned out, but that might fall far short of a technical criminality, unless under a more austere standard of discipline than prevailed at that, or indeed at any other, period of the war. If he had moved energetically after McPherson and Rawlins arrived and informed him of the urgency of the occasion, no just censure could be cast upon his conduct. The reports of those officers imply that he did not do so, but McPherson, who was most likely to be correct, is least positive on that point. It would probably be easy in any of the armies to point to similar examples of a lack of ardent effort which led to grave disappointment without being challenged, and to many more that would have been attended with serious consequences if any emergency had arisen. It was a defect in the discipline which it was not possible at that time to remedy completely.

WHEN this article was urged upon me by the recent revival of the discussion, I was advised by friends in whose judgment I have great confidence, to write an *impersonal* account of the battle. The idea was perfectly in harmony with my disposition, but a moment's reflection showed me that it was impracticable. It would ignore the characteristics which have made the battle of Shiloh the most famous, and to both sides the most interesting of the war. The whole theme is full of personality. The battle might be called, almost properly, a personal one. It was ushered in by faults that were personal, and the resistance that prolonged it until succor came was personal. This does not pretend to be a history of it, but only a review of some of the prominent facts which determined its character and foreshadowed its result. Even

this fragmentary treatment of the subject would be incomplete without a revision of the roll of honor. The task is not difficult, for the evidence is not meager or doubtful. It says of McClelland, that, crippled at the start by the rudeness of the unexpected attack and the wreck of the division in his front, before he had time well to establish his line, he struggled gallantly and long with varying fortune to keep back the columns of the enemy; and though he failed in that, he was still able to present an organized nucleus which attracted the disrupted elements of other divisions: of Hurlbut, that he posted the two brigades under his immediate command, not in the strongest manner at first, but with judgment to afford prompt shelter to the defeated division of Prentiss, and maintained his front with some serious reverses to his left flank, for seven hours and until his left was turned, with a greater list of mortality than any other division sustained: of W. H. L. Wallace, that, never dislodged, he sacrificed his life in a heroic effort with Prentiss to maintain his front between the enemy and the Landing: of Prentiss, that with the rawest troops in the army his vigilance gave the earliest warning of the magnitude of the danger, and offered a resolute resistance to its approach; that, though overwhelmed and broken in advance, he rallied in effective force on the line of Hurlbut and Wallace, and firmly held his ground until completely surrounded and overpowered: and of Sherman, that he too strove bravely, but from an early hour with a feeble and ineffective force, to stay the tide of disaster for which his shortcoming in the position of an advanced guard was largely responsible; but it discloses no fact to justify the announcement of General Halleck that he "saved the fortune of the day on the 6th." On the contrary it shows, that of all the division com-

manders, not one was less entitled to that distinction. This will be a strange and may seem like a harsh utterance to many readers, but it is the verdict of the record. The similar indorsement of General Grant a year later that "he held the key-point to the Landing" is equally alien to the evidence, and still further without intelligent meaning. If the key-point was any other than the Landing itself, it was on the left where the attack was strongest and the resistance longest maintained.

Into the list of brave men in the inferior grades — captains and even lieutenants who for the moment led the wrecks of regiments and brigades, and field-officers who represented brigades and divisions, and who poured out their lives on the field or survived its carnage — I cannot here pretend to enter, though it is a most interesting chapter in the battle.

And of Grant himself — is nothing to be said? The record is silent and tradition adverse to any marked influence that he exerted upon the fortune of the day. The contemporaneous and subsequent newspaper accounts of personal adventure are alike destitute of authenticity and dignity. If he could have done anything in the beginning, he was not on the ground in time. The determining act in the drama was completed by ten o'clock. From Sherman's report and later reminiscences we learn that he was with that officer about that hour, and again, it would seem, at three and five o'clock, and he was with Prentiss between ten and eleven; but he is not seen anywhere else in front. We read of some indefinite or unimportant directions given without effect to straggling bodies of troops in rear. That is all. But he was one of the many there who would have resisted while resistance could avail. That is all that can be said, but it is an honorable record.

AIRDRIE, KY., June, 1885.

D. C. Buell.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Controversies in regard to Shiloh.

A STAFF-OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK AND WITHDRAWAL.

AT the time of the battle of Shiloh I was on General Bragg's staff as his chief engineer, with the rank of captain. On the night of April 5th I accompanied him to General Johnston's headquarters, where the last council of war was held. I was not present at the meeting of the generals, but with a number of other staff-officers remained near by. We could hear the low, earnest discussion of our superiors, but could not distinguish the words spoken.

When the council closed, and General Bragg started to his own bivouac, I joined him, and received the following instructions: That as the attack would be

made at daylight, the next morning at four o'clock I should proceed to the front along the Bark road, with Lieutenant Steel of the engineers and a squad of cavalry, until I came to the enemy's camp; that I should very carefully and cautiously reconnoiter the camp from where I struck it towards the enemy's left flank; that I should by no means allow any firing by my little force, or do anything to attract attention; that my duty was to get all the information possible about the enemy's position and condition, and send it back by couriers from point to point, as my judgment should suggest. Those orders I carried out the next morning. Lieutenant Steel, now Major Steel, of Nashville, Tenn., had been a civil engineer and surveyor in that section of the country, had already made

several daring and valuable reconnaissances of the Federal camps, and knew the country thoroughly. He was a splendid scout, and as brave a man as ever lived. Under his skillful guidance I reached in safety a point which he said was not more than a few hundred yards from the Federal camps. Here our cavalry escort and our own horses were left, and we two, leaving the road, passed down a narrow valley or gorge, got beyond the Federal pickets, and came within a few rods of a sleepy camp sentinel leaning against a tree. In front of us was a large camp as still and silent as the grave; no signs of life except a few smoldering fires of the last night's supper. Noting these facts, and without disturbing the man at the tree, we returned to our cavalry squad, and I dispatched a courier to General Bragg with a note telling what I had seen. We then moved by our right flank through the woods, from a quarter to half a mile, and repeated our former manoeuvre. This time we found the cooks of the camp astir preparing breakfast. While we were watching the process reveille was sounded, and I saw one or two regiments form by companies, answer to roll-call, and then disperse to their tents. Once more I returned to my cavalry and dispatched a courier.

A third time I made a descent from the hills, down a narrow hollow, still farther to our right, and saw Federal soldiers cleaning their guns and accouterments and getting ready for Sunday morning inspection. By this time firing had begun on our left, and I could see that it caused some commotion in the camps, but it was evident that it was not understood. Soon the firing became more rapid and clearer and closer, and I saw officers begin to stir out of their tents, evidently anxious to find out what it all meant. Then couriers began to arrive, and there was great bustle and confusion; the long roll was beaten; there was rapid falling in, and the whole party in front of me was so thoroughly awake and alarmed that I thought my safest course was to retreat while I could and send another courier to the rear.

How long all this took I cannot now recall, but perhaps not more than an hour and a half or two hours. When I reached my cavalry squad I knew that the battle had opened in earnest, but I determined to have one more look at the Federal position and moved once more to the right. Without getting as near as our former positions, I had a good view of another camp with a line of soldiers formed in front of it. Meantime the Confederate troops had moved on down the hills, and I could plainly see from the firing that there was hot and heavy work on my left and in advance of my present position. I then began to fear that the division in front of me would swing around and take our forces in flank, as it was manifest that the Federal line extended farther in that direction than ours. I therefore disposed my little cavalry force as skirmishers, and sent a courier with a sketch of the ground to General Bragg, and urged the importance of having our right flank protected. How long I waited and watched at this point it is hard to say. Finally, becoming very uneasy at the state of affairs, I left Lieutenant Steel with the cavalry and rode to the left myself to make a personal report. In this ride I passed right down the line of battle of the Confederate forces, and saw some splendid duels both of artillery and infantry. Finally, as I have always thought,

about eleven o'clock, I came to General A. S. Johnston and his staff standing on the brow of a hill watching the conflict in their front. I rode up to General Johnston, saluted him, and said I wished to make a report of the state of affairs on our extreme right. He said he had received that report and a sketch from Captain Lockett of the engineers. I told him I was Captain Lockett. He replied, "Well, sir, tell me as briefly and quickly as possible what you have to say." When my report was finished he said, "That is what I gathered from your note and sketch, and I have already ordered General Breckinridge to send forces to fill up the space on our right. Ride back, sir, towards the right, and you will probably meet General Breckinridge; lead him to the position you indicate, and tell him to drive the enemy he may find in his front into the river. He needs no further orders." The words are, as near as I can remember them, exactly the ones General Johnston used. I obeyed the order given, met General Breckinridge, conducted him to the place where I had left my cavalry, but found both them and the Federal division gone. I rode with General Breckinridge a few hundred yards forward, and we soon received a volley which let us know that the Federal forces had retired but a very short distance from their original position. General Breckinridge deployed Bowen's and Statham's brigades, moved them forward, and soon engaged the Federal forces. I bade the General good-day and good luck, and once more rode down the line of battle until I found General Bragg. With him I remained, excepting when carrying orders and making reconnaissances under his orders, until the close of the first day's fight.

I witnessed the various bloody and unsuccessful attacks on the "hornets' nest." During one of the dreadful repulses of our forces, General Bragg directed me to ride forward to the central regiment of a brigade of troops that was recoiling across an open field, to take its colors and carry them forward. "The flag must not go back again," he said. Obeying the order, I dashed through the line of battle, seized the colors from the color-bearer, and said to him, "General Bragg says these colors must not go to the rear." While talking to him the color-sergeant was shot down. A moment or two afterwards I was almost alone on horseback in the open field between the two lines of battle. An officer came up to me with a bullet-hole in each cheek, the blood streaming from his mouth, and asked, "What are you doing with my colors, sir?" "I am obeying General Bragg's orders, sir, to hold them where they are," was my reply. "Let me have them," he said. "If any man but my color-bearer carries these colors, I am the man. Tell General Bragg I will see that these colors are in the right place. But he must attack this position in flank; we can never carry it alone from the front." It was Colonel Allen, afterwards Governor Allen of Louisiana. I returned, miraculously preserved, to General Bragg, and reported Colonel Allen's words. I then carried an order to the same troops, giving the order I think to General Gibson, to fall back to the fence in the rear and reorganize. This was done, and then General Bragg dispatched me to the right, and Colonel Frank Gardner (afterwards Major-General) to the left, to inform the brigade and division commanders on either side that a combined movement would be made on the

front and flanks of that position. The movements were made, and Prentiss was captured.

As Colonel William Preston Johnston says, that capture was a dear triumph to us—dear for the many soldiers we had lost in the first fruitless attacks, but still dearer on account of the valuable time it cost us. The time consumed in gathering Prentiss's command together, in taking their arms, in marching them to the rear, was inestimably valuable. Not only that; the news of the capture spread, and grew as it spread; many soldiers and officers believed we had captured the bulk of the Federal army, and hundreds left their positions and came to see the "captured Yanks." But after a while the Confederates were gotten into ranks, and a perfect line of battle was formed, with our left wing resting on Owl Creek and our right on the Tennessee River. General Polk was on the left, then Bragg, then Hardee, then Breckinridge. In our front only one single point was showing fight, a hill crowned with artillery. I was with General Bragg, and rode with him along the front of his corps. I heard him say over and over again, "One more charge, my men, and we will capture them all." While this was going on a staff-officer (or rather, I think, it was one of the detailed clerks of General Beauregard's headquarters, for he wore no uniform) came up to General Bragg and said, "The General directs that the pursuit be stopped; the victory is sufficiently complete; it is needless to expose our men to the fire of the gun-boats." General Bragg said, "My God, was a victory ever sufficiently complete?" and added, "Have you given that order to any one else?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "to General Polk, on your left; and if you will look to the left, you will see that the order is being obeyed." General Bragg looked, and said, "My God, my God, it is too late!" and turning to me he said, "Captain, carry that order to the troops on the right"; and to Captain Frank Parker, "You carry it to the left." In a short time the troops were all falling back—and *the victory was lost*. Captain Parker and myself were the only members of General Bragg's staff who were with him at that time. Captain Parker, I think, is still living in South Carolina, and will surely remember all that I have narrated.

In this hasty sketch I have intentionally omitted everything but the beginning and end of that day's operations, to throw what light I can upon the two grand points of dispute: Was the Federal army surprised by our attack? and whose fault was it that the victory was not sufficiently complete on the first day?

In regard to the second day's fight I will touch upon but one point. I, like a great many other staff-officers, was principally occupied in the early hours of the second day in gathering together our scattered men and getting them into some sort of manageable organization. In this duty I collected and organized a body of men about a thousand strong. They were composed of men of at least a half-dozen different regiments. The Seventh Kentucky, with a tattered flag, and the Ninth Arkansas were the most numerous represented. We had not one single field-officer in the command. When I reported to General Beauregard that I had the troops divided into companies, had assigned a captain to duty as lieutenant-colonel and a first lieutenant as major, he himself put me in command of them as colonel. In order that

my command might have a name, I dubbed it the "Beauregard Regiment,"—a name that was received with three rousing cheers. Not long after my regiment was thus officered and christened, a message came from General Breckinridge on our extreme right that he was hard pressed, and needed reinforcements. My regiment, which was at the time just behind General Beauregard, held in reserve by his orders, was sent by him to General Breckinridge's assistance. We marched down the line of battle to the extreme right, passed beyond General Breckinridge's right, wheeled by companies into line of battle, and went in with the "rebel yell." The men on our left took up the yell and the charge, and we gained several hundred yards of ground. From this point we fought back slowly and steadily for several hours, until word came that the army was ordered to retreat, that the commands would fall back in succession from the left, and that the right wing would be the rear-guard. This order was carried out, and when night came the right wing was slowly falling back with face to the foe. We halted on the same ground we had occupied on the morning of the 6th, just before the battle began. If there was any "breaking" and "starting," as General Grant expresses it, I did not witness it.

As a sequel I will state that in the retreat of our troops before General Sherman from Jackson to Meridian in 1864, I was lieutenant-colonel and chief engineer of the Confederate forces; and in one of our day's marches to the rear, while I was passing the army to select a defensive position for our next halt, I recognized the captain whom I had made lieutenant-colonel at the battle of Shiloh. He was then a real lieutenant-colonel, commanding the Ninth Arkansas Regiment. We had not met since the battle of Shiloh, and I could not but slacken my pace a little to recall old memories. I have forgotten his name, but I trust he is still alive. He was as brave as a lion, and led the Beauregard Regiment into that charge at Shiloh like a veteran of a thousand battles.

S. H. Lockett.

THE PLAN OF THE BATTLE, AND THE WITHDRAWAL
OF THE FIRST DAY.

In his paper published in THE CENTURY for February, 1885, Colonel William Preston Johnston, assuming to give the Confederate version of the campaign and battle of Shiloh, at which he was not present, has adventured material statements regarding operations on that field, which must have been based on misinformation or misunderstanding in essential particulars, as I take occasion to assert from personal knowledge acquired as an eye-witness and aide-de-camp on the staff of General Beauregard. My personal knowledge runs counter to many of his statements and deductions, but I shall here confine myself to two points.

First, I must dispute that the battle order as promulgated was in any wise different from the one submitted by General Beauregard at his own quarters at Corinth, early in the morning of the 3d of April, to General A. S. Johnston, and which was accepted without modification or suggestion. This assertion I base on these facts: About one o'clock in the morning the adjutant-general of the Confederate forces, Colonel Jordan, aroused me from sleep in my tent, close by General Beauregard's chamber, and desired

me to inform the General at dawn that General Johnston had agreed to his recommendation to move offensively against Pittsburg Landing at meridian that day, and that the circular orders to the corps commanders had been already issued by Colonel Jordan to that effect. Acting upon this request, I found that General Beauregard had already during the night made full notes on loose scraps of paper of the order of march and battle, from which he read aloud for me to copy — my copy being given to Colonel Jordan as soon as completed, as the basis of the official order that he was to frame, and did frame and issue in the name of General Johnston. And that is the order which Colonel Johnston erroneously alleges upon the posthumous authority of General Bragg to differ essentially from the plan settled upon by General Johnston for the battle. This allegation I know to be unfounded, as the order as issued varies in no wise from the notes dictated to me by General Beauregard, excepting the mere verbiage and the details relating to transportation and ordnance service added by Colonel Jordan: that is to say, the plan explained by General Beauregard and accepted by General Johnston at the quarters of the former.

Being limited as to space, I shall pass over a throng of facts within my personal knowledge, which would establish that General Beauregard was as actively and directly handling the Confederate forces engaged in their general conduct of the battle before the death of General Johnston, as he was after that incident. I shall confine myself on this occasion to relating that after General Beauregard became cognizant of the death of General Johnston, he dispatched me to the front with orders that led to the concentration of the widely scattered and disarrayed Confederate forces, which resulted in the capture of General Prentiss and so many of his division after five o'clock on the 6th.

I also, later in the day, carried orders to Hardee, who was engaged on our extreme left or Federal right, where I remained with that officer until almost dark, up to which time no orders had reached him to cease fighting. On the contrary, he was doing his best to force back the enemy in his front. As he was without any of his staff about him for the nonce, I acted as his aide-de-camp. Meantime the gun-boats were shelling furiously, and their huge missiles crushed through the branches of the trees overhead with such a fearful din, frequency, and closeness, that, despite the excitement of our apparently complete victory, there was room left in our minds for some most unpleasant sensations, especially when the top of some lofty tree, cut off by a shell, would come toppling down among the men.

Possibly, had Colonel Johnston been present on the field at that last hour of the battle of the 6th, a witness of the actual fruitless efforts made to storm the last position held by the enemy upon the ridge covering the immediate landing-place, known as Pittsburg, he might be better informed why it was that that position was not carried, and be less disposed to adduce such testimony as that of General Bragg, to the effect that but for the order given by Beauregard to withdraw from action he would have carried all before him.

It so happened that I rejoined General Beauregard at a point near Shiloh Chapel (having escorted General Prentiss from the field to General Beaure-

gard), when General Bragg rode up from the front and I heard him say in an excited manner: "General, we have carried everything before us to the Tennessee River. I have ridden from Owl to Lick Creek, and there is none of the enemy to be seen." Beauregard quietly replied: "Then, General, do not unnecessarily expose your command to the fire of the gun-boats."

Alexander Robert Chisolm.

The Fourth Regular Infantry at Gaines's Mill.

PROBABLY not much credit attaches to the particular organized force which was the last to cross the Chickahominy River after the battle of Gaines's Mill; but in order to settle the question I desire to state that the cavalry was not the last to cross the river — even if they did leave at the time General Merritt states in the September CENTURY. The Fourth U. S. Infantry was the last organization which crossed, and that regiment passed over about *two hours after daylight* on the morning of the 28th, and a bridge had to be partly relaid to enable it to do so. This regiment was posted on the extreme right flank of the army at the battle of Gaines's Mill, and was ordered to support Weed's battery. Weed was afterwards reinforced by Tidball's battery, and the Fourth Infantry held its position from the commencement of the engagement (about 11 A. M. until twilight of the 27th, without receiving an order or stirring from its position until Weed reported that he had no more ammunition, and retired from the field by way of the Cold Harbor road, covered by the Fourth Infantry. Night came upon the regiment as was retiring on this road. It went into bivouac, in line of battle, in the Chickahominy Valley on the road at which it retired from the field. When daylight came we expected orders to renew the engagement, and took up our march to return to the battle-field, about a mile and a half distant. It was then that some wounded were met, who informed that all the army had crossed during the night. We then marched from Grapevine Bridge to Alexander's Bridge, in sight of the enemy's pickets, and when we arrived on the south side we were astonished to find that it was though we had been captured. We learned afterwards that orders had been sent to the Fourth Infantry during the action but the officer who started with them was killed; another who took them was wounded before they could be delivered, and an orderly who was subsequently dispatched with them did not arrive at the destination, and was never heard of afterwards.

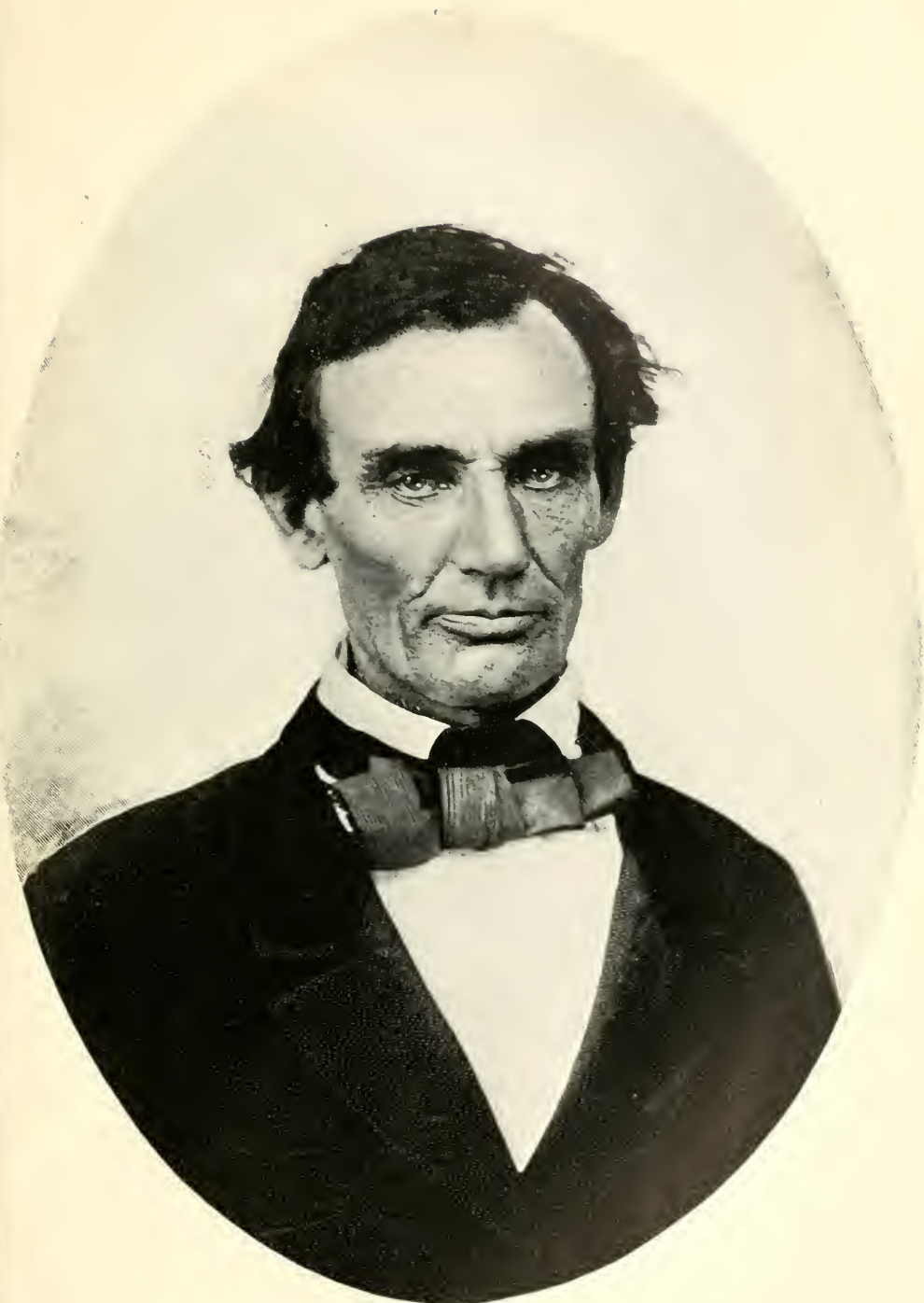
FORT OMAHA, September 8, 1885. *William H. Powell,*
Captain Fourth Infantry, Brevet-Major U. S.

A Correction from General Longstreet.

My attention has just been called to a dispatch of General Johnston to Buford, written on August 20th, 1862, at 9:30 A. M., in which gives information of my troops moving through Gainesville some three-quarters of an hour before his note was written. This was the place the head of my column at Gainesville about 9 A. M., and the line deployed and ready for battle at 12 M., which agrees with my recollection, and with my evidence in the F. J. Porter case. It seems that the Washington Artillery was halted some distance rear to await my selection of the position to which it was assigned hence the late hour (12:30) mentioned in the diary from which quoted, in my article in the February CENTURY, in fixing the hour of our arrival at Gainesville.

James Longstreet

GAINESVILLE, GA., 8th January, 1886.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1858.

From an ambrotype owned by Miss Hattie Gilmer of Pittsfield, Illinois. The Gilmer ambrotype was taken by C. Jackson, in Pittsfield, October 1, 1858, during the Lincoln and Douglas campaign, immediately after Lincoln had made a speech in the public square. Lincoln was the guest of his friend, D. H. Gilmer, a lawyer. He sat for two pictures, one of which was finished for Mr. Gilmer. The other picture is supposed to have been destroyed.



MADONNA AND CHILD. G. BARGELLINI, A LIVING ITALIAN PAINTER.

(See the article "Madonna and Child," by Will H. Low, page 33 of this Magazine.)

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CREOLE SLAVE SONGS.

THE QUADROONS.

THE patois in which these songs are found is common, with broad local variations, wherever the black man and the French language are met in the mainland or island regions that border the Gulf and the Caribbean sea. It approaches probably nearer to good French in Louisiana than anywhere in the Antilles. Yet it is not merely bad or broken French; it is the natural result from the effort of a savage people to take up the language of an old and highly refined civilization, and much more than a jargon. The humble condition and great numbers of the slave-caste promoted this evolution of an African-Creole dialect. The facile character of the French master-caste, made more so by the languorous climate of the Gulf, easily tolerated and often condescended to use the new tongue. It chimed well with the fierce notions of caste to have one language for the master and another for the slave, and at the same time it was convenient that the servile speech should belong to and draw its existence chiefly from the master's. Its growth entirely by ear where there were so many more African ears than French tongues, and when those tongues had so many Gallic archaisms which they were glad to give away and get rid of, resulted in a broad grotesqueness all its own.

We had better not go aside to study it here. Books have been written on the subject. They may be thin, but they stand for years of labor. A Creole lady writes me almost as I write this, "It takes a whole life to speak such a language in form." Mr. Thomas of Trinidad has given a complete grammar of it as spoken there. M. Marbot has versified some fifty of La Fontaine's fables in the tongue. Père

Gaux has made a catechism in, and M. Turinault a complete grammatical work on, the Martinique variety. Dr. Armand Mercier, a Louisiana Creole, and Professor James A. Harrison, an Anglo-Louisianian, have written valuable papers on the dialect as spoken in the Mississippi delta. Mr. John Bigelow has done the same for the tongue as heard in Hayti. It is an amusing study. Certain tribes of Africa had no knowledge of the *v* and *z* sounds. The sprightly Franc-Congos, for all their chatter, could hardly master even this African-Creole dialect so as to make their wants intelligible. The Louisiana negro's *r*'s were ever being lost or mislaid. He changed *dormir* to *dromi'*. His master's children called the little fiddler-crab *Tourlourou*; he simplified the articulations to *Troolooloo*. Wherever the *r* added to a syllable's quantity, he either shifted it or dropped it overboard. *Pôté ça ! Non !* not if he could avoid it. It was the same with many other sounds. For example, final *le*; a thing so needless — he couldn't be burdened with it; *li pas capab'*! He found himself profitably understood when he called his master *aimab' et nob'*, and thought it not well to be *trop sensib'* about a trifling *l* or two. The French *u* was vinegar to his teeth. He substituted *i* or *ei* before a consonant and *oo* before a vowel, or dropped it altogether; for *une*, he said *eine*; for *puis, p'is*; *absolument* he made *assoliment*; *tu* was nearly always *to*; a *mulâtresse* was a *milatraise*. In the West Indies he changed *s* into *ch* or *tch*, making *songer* *chongé*, and *suite* *tchooite*; while in Louisiana he reversed the process and turned *ch* into *s* — *c'ere'é* for *cherchez* or *chercher*.

He misconstrued the liaisons of correct French, and omitted limiting adjectives where he conveniently could, or retained only their final sound carried over and prefixed to the noun: *nhomme* — *zanimaux* — *zherbes* — *zaf-*

fares. He made odd substitutions of one word for another. For the verb to go he oftener than otherwise used a word that better signified his slavish pretense of alacrity, the verb to run: *mo courri*,—*mo* always, never *je*.—*mo courri*, *to courri*, *li courri*; always seizing whatever form of a verb was handiest and holding to it without change; *no courri*, *vo courri*, *yé courri*. Sometimes the plural was *no zôtt*—we others—*courri*, *vo zôtt courri*, *yé zôtt courri*; *no zôtt courri dans bois*—we are going to the woods. His auxiliary verb in imperfect and pluperfect tenses was not to have, but to be in the past participial form *été*, but shortened to one syllable. I have gone, thou hadst gone: *mo 'té courri*, *to 'té courri*.

There is an affluence of bitter meaning

hidden under these apparently nonsensical lines.* It mocks the helpless lot of three types of human life in old Louisiana whose fate was truly deplorable. *Milatraisse* was, in Creole song, the generic term for all that class, famous wherever New Orleans was famous in those days when all foot-passengers by night picked their way through the mud by the ray of a hand-lantern—the freed or free-born quadroon or mulatto woman. *Cocodrie* (Spanish, *cocodrilla*, the crocodile or alligator) was the nickname for the unmixed black man, while *trouloulou* was applied to the free mulatto quadroon, who could find admittance to the quadroon balls only in the capacity, in those days distinctly menial, of musician—fiddler. Now sing it!

“Yellow girl goes to the ball;
Nigger lights her to the hall.

Fiddler man!

Now, what is that to you?

Say, what is that to you,

Fiddler man?”



THE FIDDLER.

It was much to him; but it might as well have been little. What could he do? As they say, “*Ravette zamein tini raison divant poule*” (“Cockroach can never justify himself to the hungry chicken”). He could only let his black half-brother celebrate on Congo Plains the mingled humor and outrage of it in satirical songs of double meaning. They readily passed unchallenged among the numerous nonsense rhymes—that often rhymed lamely or not at all—which beguiled the hours afield or the moonlight gatherings in the “quarters,” as well as served to fit the wild chants of some of their dances. Here is one whose characteristics tempt us to suppose it a calinda, and whose humor consists only in a childish play on words. (*Quand Mo 'Te*, page 824.)

There is another nonsense song that may or may not have been a dance. Its movement has the true wriggle. The dances were many; there were some popular in the West Indies that seem to have remained comparatively unknown in Louisiana: the *belair*, *bèlè*, or *béla*; the *cosaque*; the *biguine*. The *guiouba* was probably the famed *juba* of Georgia and the Carolinas. (*Neg' pas Capa' Marché*, page 824.)

Mi - la - traisse cour - ri dans bal, Co - co - drie po' - té fa - nal, Trou-lou-

lou! C'est pas zaf - faire à tou, C'est pas zaf - faire à tou, Trou-lou - lou!



CALALOU.

II.

THE LOVE-SONG.

AMONG the songs which seem to have been sung for their own sake, and not for the dance, are certain sentimental ones of slow movement, tinged with that faint and gentle melancholy that every one of Southern experience has noticed in the glance of the African slave's eye; a sentiment ready to be turned, at any instant that may demand the change, into a droll, self-abasing humor. They have thus a special charm that has kept for them a place even in the regard of the Creole of to-day. How many ten thousands of black or tawny nurse "mammies," with heads wrapped in stiffly starched Madras kerchief turbans, and holding *'tit mail'e* or *'tit maitresse* to their

bosoms, have made the infants' lullabies these gently sad strains of disappointed love or regretted youth, will never be known. Now and then the song would find its way through some master's growing child of musical ear, into the drawing-room; and it is from a Creole drawing-room in the Rue Esplanade that we draw the following, so familiar to all Creole ears and rendered with many variations of text and measure. (Ah Suzette, page 824.)

One may very safely suppose this song to have sprung from the poetic invention of some free black far away in the Gulf. A Louisiana slave would hardly have thought it possible to earn money for himself in the sugar-cane fields. The mention of mountains points back to St. Domingo.

It is strange to note in all this African-Creole lyric product how rarely its producers seem



A NURSE MAMMIE.

to have recognized the myriad charms of nature. The landscape, the seasons, the sun, moon, stars, the clouds, the storm, the peace that follows, the forest's solemn depths, the vast prairie, birds, insects, the breeze, the flowers — they are passed in silence. Was it because of the soul-destroying weight of bondage? Did the slave feel so painfully that the beauties of the natural earth were not for him? Was it because the overseer's eye was on him that his was not lifted upon them? It may have been — in part. But another truth goes with these. His songs were not often contemplative. They voiced not outward nature, but the inner emotions and passions of a nearly naked serpent-worshiper, and these looked not to the surrounding scene for sympathy; the surrounding scene belonged to his master. But love was his, and toil, and anger, and superstition, and malady. Sleep was his balm, food his reinforcement, the dance his pleasure, rum his longed-for nepenthe, and

death the road back to Africa. These were his themes, and furnished the few scant figures of his verse.

The moment we meet the offspring of his contemplative thought, as we do in his apothegms and riddles, we find a change, and any or every object in sight, great or trivial, comely or homely, is wrought into the web of his traditional wit and wisdom. "Vo mié, savon, passé godron," he says, to teach a lesson of gentle forbearance ("Soap is worth more than tar"). And then, to point the opposite truth, — "Pas marré so chien avé saucisse" ("Don't chain your dog with links of sausage"). "Qui zamein 'tendé souris fé so nid dan zoré ç'at?" ("Who ever heard of mouse making nest in cat's ear?") And so, too, when love was his theme, apart from the madness of the dance — when his note fell to soft cooings the verse became pastoral. So it was in the song last quoted. And so, too, in this very African bit, whose air I have not:

"Si to té tit zozo,
Et mo-même, mo té fizi,
Mo sré tchoué toé — boum
Ah! tchère bizou
D'acazou,
Mo laimein ou
Comme cochon laimein la bou!"

Shall we translate literally?

"If you were a little bird
And myself, I were a gun,
I would shoot you — boum!
Ah! dear jewel
Of mahogany,
I love you
As the hog loves mud."

One of the best of these Creole love-songs — one that the famed Gottschalk, himself a New Orleans Creole of pure blood, made use of — is the tender lament of one who sees the girl of his heart's choice the victim of chagrin in beholding a female rival wearing those vestments of extra quality that could only be the favors which both women had coveted from the hand of some one in the proud master-caste whence alone such favors could come. "Calalou," says the song, "has an embroidered petticoat, and Lolotte, or Zizi," as it is often sung, "has a — heartache." Calalou, here, I take to be a derisive nickname. Originally it is the term for a West Indian dish, a noted ragout. It must be intended to apply here to the quadroon women who swarmed into New Orleans in 1809 as refugees from Cuba, Guadeloupe, and other islands where the war against Napoleon exposed them to Spanish and British aggression. It was with this great influx of persons neither savage nor enlightened, neither white nor black, neither slave nor truly free, that the famous quadroon caste arose and flourished. If Calalou, in the verse, was one of these quadroon fair ones, the song is its own explanation. (See Pov'piti Momzel Zizi, page 825.)

"Poor little Miss Zizi!" is what it means — "She has pain, pain in her little heart." "À li" is simply the Creole possessive form; "corps à moin" would signify simply myself. Calalou is wearing a Madras turban; she has on an embroidered petticoat; [they tell their story and] Zizi has achings in her heart. And the second stanza moralizes: "When you wear the chain of love" — maybe we can make it rhyme:

"When love's chains upon thee lie
Bid all happiness good-bye."

Poor little Zizi! say we also. Triumphant Calalou! We see that even her sort of freedom had its tawdry victories at the expense of the slave. A poor freedom it was, indeed: To have f. m. c. or f. w. c. tacked in small letters upon one's name perforce and by law, that all might know that the bearer was not a

real freeman or freewoman, but only a free man (or woman) of color,—a title that could not be indicated by capital initials; to be the unlawful mates of luxurious bachelors, and take their pay in muslins, embroideries, prunella, and good living, taking with them the loathing of honest women and the salacious derision of the blackamoor; to be the sister, mother, father, or brother of Calalou; to fall heir to property by sufferance, not by law; to be taxed for public education and not allowed to give that education to one's own children; to be shut out of all occupations that the master class could reconcile with the vague title of gentleman; to live in the knowledge that the law pronounced "death or imprisonment at hard labor for life" against whoever should be guilty of "writing, printing, publishing, or distributing anything having a tendency to create discontent among the free colored population": that it threatened death against whosoever should utter such things in private conversation; and that it decreed expulsion from the State to Calalou and all her kin of any age or condition if only they had come in across its bounds since 1807. In the enjoyment of such ghastly freedom as this the flesh-pots of Egypt sometimes made the mouth water and provoked the tongue to sing its regrets for a past that seemed better than the present. (See Bon D'je, page 826.)

Word for word we should have to render it,— "In times when I was young I never pondered — indulged in reverie, took on care," an archaic French word, *zongler*, still in use among the Acadians also in Louisiana; "mo zamein zonglé, bon D'jé" — "good Lord!" "*Aqtair*" is "à cette heure" — "at this hour," that is, "now — these days." "These days I am getting old — I am pondering, good Lord!" etc. Some time in the future, it may be, some Creole will give us translations of these things, worthy to be called so. Meantime suffer this:

"In the days of my youth not a dream had I, good Lord!
These times I am growing old, full of dreams am I,
good Lord!
I have dreams of those good times gone by! (*ter*)

When I was a slave, one boss had I, good Lord!
These times when I'm needing rest all hands serve I,
good Lord!
I have dreams," etc.

III.

THE LAV AND THE DIRGE.

THERE were other strains of misery, the cry or the vagabond laugh and song of the friendless orphan for whom no asylum door would open, but who found harbor and food in the fields and wildwood and the forbidden

places of the wicked town. When that Creole whom we hope for does come with his good translations, correcting the hundred and one errors that may be in these pages, we must ask him if he knows the air to this:

"Pitis sans popa, pitis sans moman,
Qui ça 'ou' zaut' fè pou' gainein l'a'zanc,¹
No courri l'aut' bord' pou' cercé patt' ç'at'²
No tournein bayou pou' pég'è patassa;³
Et v'là comm' ça no té fè nou' l'a'zan.

"Pitis sans popa, pitis sans moman,
Qui ça 'ou' zaut' fè, etc.
No courri dans bois fouillé latanié⁴,
No vend' so racin' pou' fou'bi' planç'è;
Et v'là comm' ça, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
Pou' fè di thé n'a fouillé sassaf'as,
Pou' fè di l'enc' no po'té grain' sougras;⁵
Et v'là, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
No courri dans bois ramassé cancos;
Avé' nou' la caze no trappé zozos;⁷
Et v'là, etc.

"Pitis sans popa, etc.
No courri à soir c'ez Mom'selle Maroto,
Dans la rie St. Ann ou no té zoué loto;
Et v'là," etc.

"Little ones without father, little ones without mother,
What do you to keep soul and body together?
The river we cross for wild berries to search;
We follow the bayou a-fishing for perch;
And that's how we keep soul and body together.

"Little ones without, etc.
Palmetto we dig from the swamp's bristling stores
And sell its stout roots for scrubbing the floors;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
The sassafraz root we dig up; it makes tea;
For ink the ripe pokeberry clusters bring we;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
We go to the woods *cancos* berries to fetch,
And in our trap cages the nonpareils⁸ catch;
And that's how, etc.

"Little ones, etc.
At evening we visit Mom'selle Maroto,
In St. Ann's street, to gamble awhile at keno;
And that's how we keep soul and body together."

Here was companionship with nature — the companionship of the vagabond. We need not

¹ L'argent — money.

² "We go to the other side" [of the river] "to get cats' paws," a delicious little blue swamp herry

³ The perch — The little sunfish or "pumpkin seed," miscalled through the southwest.

⁴ Dwarf palmetto, whose root is used by the Creoles as a scrubbing-brush.

⁵ Pokeberries. ⁶ *Cancos*, Indian name for a wild purple berry.

⁷ Oiseaux, birds.

⁸ The nonpareil, pape, or painted bunting, is the favorite victim of the youthful bird-trappers.

⁹ Chevaux — chevaux.

doubt that these little orphan vagrants could have sung for us the song, from which in an earlier article we have already quoted a line or two, of Cayetano's circus, probably the most welcome intruder that ever shared with the man Friday and his song-dancing fellows and sweethearts the green, tough sod of Congo Square.

"C'est Miché Cayétane,
Qui sorti la Havane
Avec so chouals⁹ et so macacs.¹⁰
Li gainein ein n'homme qui dancé dans sac;
Li gainein qui dancé si yé la main;
Li gainein zaut', à choual, qui boir' di vin;
Li gainein oussi ein zein, zoli mom'selle,
Qui monté choual sans bride et sans selle!
Pou' di' tou' ça mo pas capab';
Mé mo souvien ein qui 'valé sab'!
Yé n'en oussi tou' sort' bétail.
Yé pas montré pou la négrail';
Gniapas là dotchians dos-brilé,¹¹
Pou' fè tapaze et pou' hirlé;
Cé gros madame et gros miché,
Qui méinein là tous pitits yé,
'Oir Miché Cayétane,
Qui 'rivé la Havane
Avec so chouals et so macacs."

Should the Louisiana Creole negro undertake to render his song to us in English, it would not be exactly the African-English of any other State in the Union. Much less would it resemble the gross dialects of the English-torturing negroes of Jamaica, or Barbadoes, or the Sea Islands of Carolina. If we may venture —

"Dass Cap'm Cayetano,
W'at comin' fum Havano,*
Wid 'is monkey' an' 'is nag'!
An' one man w'at dance in bag,
An' mans dance on dey han' — cut shine!
An' gallop hoss sem time drink wine!
An' b'u'ful young missy dah beside,
Ridin' 'dout air sadd' aw brid'e;¹²
To tell h-all dat — he cann' be tole.
Man teck a sword an' swall' 'im whole!
Beas'es?¹³ ev'y sawt o' figgah!
Dat show ain't fo' no common niggah!
Dey don' got deh no po' white cuss' —
Sunbu'nt back! — to holla an' fuss.
Dass ladies fine, and gennymuns gran',
Fetchin' dey chilluns dah — all han'!
Fo' see Cayetano,
W'at come fum Havano
Wid 'is monkey' an' 'is nag'!"

¹⁰ Macaques.

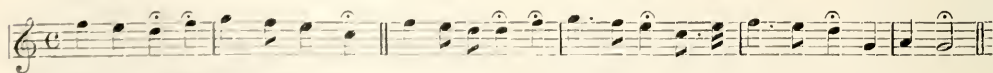
¹¹ "Gniapas là dotchians dos-brilé."

¹² "Il n'y a pas là des dotchians avec les dos brûlés."

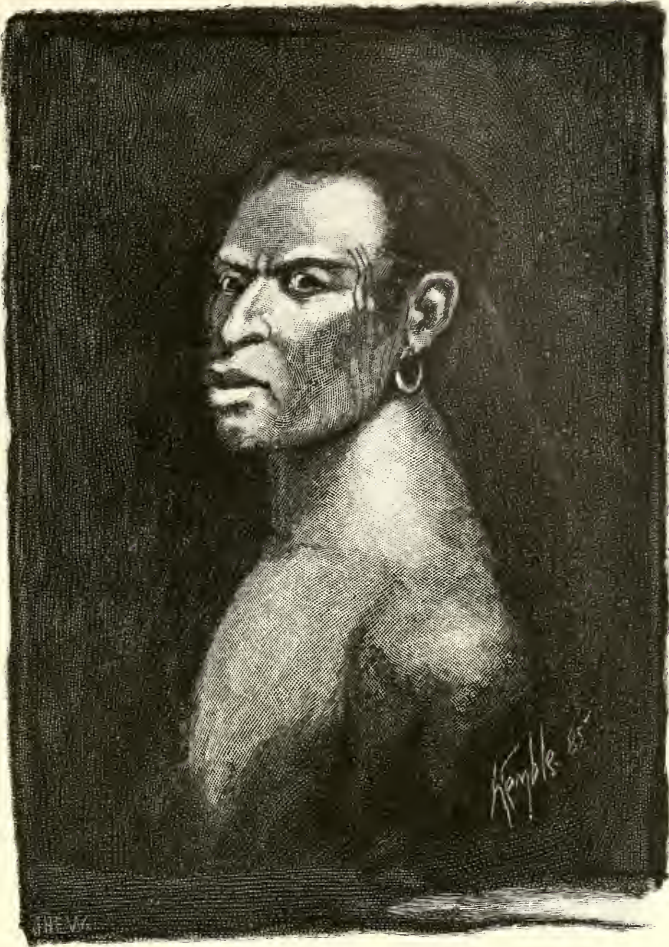
The *dotchian dos-brile* is the white trash with sunburnt back, the result of working in the fields. It is an expression of supreme contempt for the *pitits blancs* — low whites — to contrast them with the *gros madames et gros michies*.

¹³ Beasts — wild animals.

* To turn final *a* into *o* for the purpose of rhyme is the special delight of the singing negro. I used to hear as part of a moonlight game, —



Come, young man, what chews tobacco, I had a wife in South Cal-li - no; Her name was ole Aunt Di-noh.



A CANDJO.

A remarkable peculiarity of these African Creole songs of every sort is that almost without exception they appear to have originated in the masculine mind, and to be the expression of the masculine heart. Untrained as birds, their males made the songs. We come now, however, to the only exception I have any knowledge of, a song expressive of feminine sentiment, the capitulation of some belle Layotte to the tender enticement of a Creole-born chief or *candjo*. The pleading tone of the singer's defense against those who laugh at her pretty chagrin is—it seems to me—touching. (See *Criole Candjo*, page 826.)

But we began this chapter in order to speak of songs that bear more distinctly than anything yet quoted the features of the true lay or historical narrative song, commemorating pointedly and in detail some important episode in the history of the community.

It is interesting to contrast the solemnity with which these events are treated when their heroes were black, and the broad buffoonery of the song when the affair it celebrates was one that mainly concerned the masters. Hear, for example, through all the savage simplicity of the following rhymeless lines, the melancholy note that rises and falls but never intermits. The song is said to be very old, dating from the last century. It is still sung, but the Creole gentleman who procured it for me from a former slave was not able to transcribe or remember the air.

LUBIN.

Tremblant-terr¹ vini 'branlé moulin ;
 Tonner' chiel² tombé bourlé³ moulin ;
 Tou' moun⁴ dans moulin là péri.
 Temoins vini qui vend⁵ Libin.
 Yé dit Libin metté di fé.
 Yé hissé saffaud⁶ pou' so la tête.⁷

¹ Tremblement de terre — earthquake.
⁶ Echafaud.

² Ciel.

³ Brulé.

⁴ Tout le monde.

⁵ Vendaient — sold, betrayed.

⁷ So la tête : Creole possessive form for *his head*.



"MISTRESS FLEW INTO A PASSION."

Saïda! m'allé mourri, Saïda!
 Mo zamis di comm' ça: "Libin,
 Faut to donn' Zilié to bitin'."
 Cofaire² mo sré donneïn Zilié?
 Pou' moin Zilié zameïn lavé;³
 Zilié zameïn 'passé⁴ pou moin.
 Saïda! m'allé mourri, Saïda!

An earthquake came and shook the mill;
 The heavens' thunders fell and burned it;
 Every soul in the mill perished.
 Witnesses came who betrayed Lubin.
 They said he set the mill on fire.
 They raised a scaffold to take off his head.

Saïda! I am going to die!
 My friends speak in this way: "Lubin,
 You ought to give Julia your plunder."
 Why should I give it to Julia?
 For me Julia never washed clothes;
 Julia never ironed for me.

Saïda! I am going to die!

Or notice again the stately tone of lamentation over the fate of a famous negro insurrectionist, as sung by old Madeleine of St. Bernard parish to the same Creole friend already mentioned, who kindly wrote down the lines on the spot for this collection. They are fragmentary, extorted by litanies from the shattered memory of the ancient crone. Their allusion to the Cabildo places their origin in the days when that old colonial council administered Spanish rule over the province.

¹ *Butin*: literally plunder, but used, as the word plunder is by the negro, for personal property. ² *Pourquoi faire.*
³ Washed (clothes). ⁴ Ironed. ⁵ Attachée. ⁶ Amarré, an archaism, common to negroes and
 Acadians: moored, for fastened. ⁷ Accusée. ⁸ Juge. ⁹ Puis.

OUARRÀ ST. MALO.

Aïe! zéïn zens, vini fé ouarrà
 Pou' pòv' St. Malo dans l'embas!
 Yé ç'assé li avec yé chien,
 Yé tiré li ein coup d'fizi,

Yé halé li la cyprier,
 So bras yé 'tassé⁵ par derrier,
 Yé 'tassé so la main divant;
 Yé 'marré⁶ li apé queue choual,
 Yé trainein li zouqu'à la ville.
 Divant michés là dans Cabil'e
 Yé quisé⁷ li li fé complot
 Pou' coupé cou à tout ye blancs.
 Yé 'mandé li qui so compères;
 Pòv' St. Malo pas di' a-rien!
 Zize⁸ là li lir' so la sentence,
 Et pis⁹ li fé dressé potence.
 Yé halé choual — ç'arette parti —
 Pòv' St. Malo resté pendi!
 Eine hèr soleil deza levée
 Quand yé pend li si la levée.
 Yé laissé so corps balancé
 Pou' caranco gagançin manzé.

THE DIRGE OF ST. MALO.

Alas! young men, come, make lament
 For poor St. Malo in distress!
 They chased, they hunted him with dogs,
 They fired at him with a gun,

They hauled him from the cypress swamp.
 His arms they tied behind his back,
 They tied his hands in front of him;

They tied him to a horse's tail,
 They dragged him up into the town.
 Before those grand Cabildo men
 They charged that he had made a plot
 To cut the throats of all the whites.
 They asked him who his comrades were;
 Poor St. Malo said not a word!
 The judge his sentence read to him,
 And then they raised the gallows-tree.
 They drew the horse — the cart moved off—
 And left St. Malo hanging there.
 The sun was up an hour high
 When on the Levee he was hung;
 They left his body swinging there,
 For carrion crows to feed upon.

Madam' li prend' ein coup d'colère;
 Li fé donn' moin ein quat' piquié,
 Passequ' mo pas sivi mouchié;
 Mais moin, mo vo mié quat' piquié
 Passé ein coup d'fizi z'Anglé!"

"The English muskets went bim! bim!
 Kentucky rifles went zim! zim!
 I said to myself, save your skin!
 I scampered along the water's edge;
 When I got back it was day-break.
 Mistress flew into a passion;
 She had me whipped at the 'four stakes,'
 Because I didn't stay with master;
 But the 'four stakes' for me is better than
 A musket shot from an Englishman."

It would be curious, did the limits of these pages allow, to turn from such an outcry of wild mourning as this, and contrast with it the clownish flippancy with which the great events are sung, upon whose issue from time to time the fate of the whole land — society, government, the fireside, the lives of thousands — hung in agonies of suspense. At the same time it could not escape notice how completely in each case, while how differently in the two, the African has smitten his image into every line: in the one sort, the white, uprolled eyes and low wail of the savage captive, who dares not lift the cry of mourning high enough for the jealous ear of the master; in the other, the antic form, the grimacing face, the brazen laugh, and self-abasing confessions of the buffoon, almost within the whisk of the public jailer's lash. I have before me two songs of dates almost fifty years apart. The one celebrates the invasion of Louisiana by the British under Admiral Cochrane and General Pakenham in 1814; the other, the capture and occupation of New Orleans by Commodore Farragut and General Butler in 1862.

It was on the morning of the twenty-third of December, 1814, that the British columns, landing from a fleet of barges and hurrying along the narrow bank of a small canal in a swamp forest, gained a position in the open plain on the banks of the Mississippi only six miles below New Orleans, and with no defenses to oppose them between their vantage-ground and the city. The surprise was so complete that, though they issued from the woods an hour before noon, it was nearly three hours before the news reached the town. But at nightfall General Jackson fell upon them and fought in the dark the engagement which the song commemorates, the indecisive battle of Chalmette.

The singer ends thus:

"Fizi z'Anglé yé fé bim! bim!
 Carabin Kaintock yé fé zim! zim!
 Mo di' moin, sauvé to la peau!
 Mo zété corps au bord do l'eau;
 Quand mo rivé li té fé clair.

The story of Farragut's victory and Butler's advent in April, 1862, is sung with the still lighter heart of one in whose day the "quatre piquets" was no longer a feature of the calaboose. Its refrain is:

"An-hé!
 Qui ça qui rivé?
 C'est Ferraguitt et p'i Botlair,
 Qui rivé."

The story is long and silly, much in the humor of

"Hark! hark!
 The dogs do bark."

We will lay it on the table.

IV.

THE VOODOOS.

THE dance and song entered into the negro worship. That worship was as dark and horrid as bestialized savagery could make the adoration of serpents. So revolting was it, and so morally hideous, that even in the West Indian French possessions a hundred years ago, with the slave-trade in full blast and the West Indian planter and slave what they were, the orgies of the Voodooos were forbidden. Yet both there and in Louisiana they were practiced.

The Aradas, St. Méry tells us, introduced them. They brought them from their homes beyond the Slave Coast, one of the most dreadfully benighted regions of all Africa. He makes the word *Vaudaux*. In Louisiana it is written *Voudou* and *Voodoo*, and is often changed on the negro's lips to *Hoodoo*. It is the name of an imaginary being of vast supernatural powers residing in the form of a harmless snake. This spiritual influence or potentate is the recognized antagonist and opposite of *Obi*, the great African manitou or deity, or him whom the Congoes vaguely generalize as *Zombi*. In Louisiana, as I have been told by that learned Creole scholar the late Alexander Dimitry, *Voodoo* bore as a title of



THE VOODOO DANCE.

greater solemnity the additional name of Maignan, and that even in the Calinda dance, which he had witnessed innumerable times, was sometimes heard, at the height of its frenzy, the invocation—

“Aïe! Aïe!
Voodoo Magnan!”

The worship of Voodoo is paid to a snake kept in a box. The worshipers are not merely a sect, but in some rude, savage way also an order. A man and woman chosen from their own number to be the oracles of the serpent deity are called the king and queen. The queen is the more important of the two, and even in the present dilapidated state of the worship in Louisiana, where the king's office has almost or quite disappeared, the queen is still a person of great note.

She reigns as long as she continues to live. She comes to power not by inheritance, but by election or its barbarous equivalent. Chosen for such qualities as would give her a natural supremacy, personal attractions among the rest, and ruling over superstitious fears and desires of every fierce and ignoble sort, she wields no trivial influence. I once saw, in her extreme old age, the famed Marie Laveau. Her dwelling was in the quadroom quarter of New Orleans, but a step or two from Congo Square, a small adobe cabin just off the sidewalk, scarcely higher than its close board fence, whose batten gate yielded to the touch and revealed the crazy doors and windows spread wide to the warm air, and one or two tawny faces within, whose expression was divided between a pretense of contemptuous inattention and a frowning resentment of the intrusion. In the center of a small room whose ancient cypress floor was worn with scrubbing and sprinkled with crumbs of soft brick—a Creole affectation of superior cleanliness—sat, quaking with feebleness in an ill-looking old rocking-chair, her body bowed, and her wild, gray witch's tresses hanging about her shriveled, yellow neck, the queen



A VOODOO.

of the Voodoos. Three generations of her children were within the faint beckon of her helpless, wagging wrist and fingers. They said she was over a hundred years old, and there was nothing to cast doubt upon the statement. She had shrunken away from her skin; it was like a turtle's. Yet withal one could hardly help but see that the face, now so withered, had once been handsome and commanding. There was still a faint shadow of departed beauty on the forehead, the spark

of an old fire in the sunken, glistening eyes, and a vestige of imperiousness in the fine, slightly aquiline nose, and even about her silent, woe-begone mouth. Her grandson stood by, an uninteresting quadron between forty and fifty years old, looking strong, empty-minded, and trivial enough; but his mother, her daughter, was also present, a woman of some seventy years, and a most striking and majestic figure. In features, stature, and bearing she was regal. One had but to look on her, impute her brilliancies — too untamable and severe to be called charms or graces — to her mother, and remember what New Orleans was long years ago, to understand how the name of Marie Laveau should have driven itself inextricably into the traditions of the town and the times. Had this visit been postponed a few months it would have been too late. Marie Laveau is dead; Malvina Latour is queen. As she appeared presiding over a Voodoo ceremony on the night of the 23d of June, 1884, she is described as a bright mulattress of about forty-eight, of "extremely handsome figure," dignified bearing, and a face indicative of a comparatively high order of intelligence. She wore a neat blue, white-dotted calico gown, and a "brilliant *tignon* (turban) gracefully tied."

It is pleasant to say that this worship, in Louisiana, at least, and in comparison with what it once was, has grown to be a rather trivial affair. The practice of its midnight forest rites seemed to sink into inanition along with Marie Laveau. It long ago diminished in frequency to once a year, the chosen night always being the Eve of St. John. For several years past even these annual celebrations have been suspended; but in the summer of 1884 they were — let it be hoped, only for the once — resumed.

When the queen decides that such a celebration shall take place, she appoints a night for the gathering, and some remote, secluded spot in the forest for the rendezvous. Thither all the worshipers are summoned. St. Méry, careless of the power of the scene, draws in practical, unimaginative lines the picture of such a gathering in St. Domingo, in the times when the "*véritable Vaudaux*" had lost but little of the primitive African character. The worshipers are met, decked with kerchiefs more or less numerous, red being everywhere the predominating color. The king, abundantly adorned with them, wears one of pure red about his forehead as a diadem. A blue ornamental cord completes his insignia. The queen, in simple dress and wearing a red cord and a heavily decorated belt, is beside him near a rude altar. The silence of midnight is overhead, the gigantic forms and shadows and still, dank airs of the tropical

forest close in around, and on the altar, in a small box ornamented with little tinkling bells, lies, unseen, the living serpent. The worshipers have begun their devotions to it by presenting themselves before it in a body, and uttering professions of their fidelity and belief in its power. They cease, and now the royal pair, in tones of parental authority and protection, are extolling the great privilege of being a devotee, and inviting the faithful to consult the oracle. The crowd makes room, and a single petitioner draws near. He is the senior member of the order. His prayer is made. The king becomes deeply agitated by the presence within him of the spirit invoked. Suddenly he takes the box from the altar and sets it on the ground. The queen steps upon it and with convulsive movements utters the answers of the deity beneath her feet. Another and another suppliant, approaching in the order of seniority, present, singly, their petitions, and humbly or exultingly, according to the nature of the responses, which hangs on the fierce caprice of the priestess, accept these utterances and make way for the next, with his prayer of fear or covetousness, love, jealousy, petty spite or deadly malice. At length the last petitioner is answered. Now a circle is formed, the caged snake is restored to the altar, and the humble and multifarious oblations of the worshipers are received, to be devoted not only to the trivial expenses of this worship, but also to the relief of members of the order whose distresses call for such aid. Again the royal ones are speaking, issuing orders for execution in the future, orders that have not always in view, mildly says St. Méry, good order and public tranquillity. Presently the ceremonies become more forbidding. They are taking a horrid oath, smearing their lips with the blood of some slaughtered animal, and swearing to suffer death rather than disclose any secret of the order, and to inflict death on any who may commit such treason. Now a new applicant for membership steps into their circle, there are a few trivial formalities, and the Voodoo dance begins. The postulant dances frantically in the middle of the ring, only pausing from time to time to receive heavy alcoholic draughts in great haste and return more wildly to his leaping and writhings until he falls in convulsions. He is lifted, restored, and presently conducted to the altar, takes his oath, and by a ceremonial stroke from one of the sovereigns is admitted a full participant in the privileges and obligations of the devilish freemasonry. But the dance goes on about the snake. The contortions of the upper part of the body, especially of the neck and shoulders, are such as threaten to dislocate them. The queen shakes the box



MARIE LAVEAU.

and tinkles its bells, the rum-bottle gurgles, the chant alternates between king and chorus —

“Eh! eh! Bomba, honc! honc! *
 Canga bafio tay,
 Canga moon day lay,
 Canga do keelah,
 Canga li —”

* “Hen! hen!” in St. Méry’s spelling of it for French pronunciation. As he further describes the sound in a foot-note, it must have been a horrid grunt.

There are swoonings and ravings, nervous tremblings beyond control, incessant writhings and turnings, tearing of garments, even biting of the flesh — every imaginable invention of the devil.

St. Méry tells us of another dance invented in the West Indies by a negro, analogous to

the Voodoo dance, but more rapid, and in which dancers had been known to fall dead. This was the "Dance of Don Pedro." The best efforts of police had, in his day, only partially suppressed it. Did it ever reach Louisiana? Let us, at a venture, say no.

To what extent the Voodoo worship still obtains here would be difficult to say with certainty. The affair of June, 1884, as described by Messrs. Augustin and Whitney, eye-witnesses, was an orgy already grown horrid enough when they turned their backs upon it. It took place at a wild and lonely spot where the dismal cypress swamp behind New Orleans meets the waters of Lake Pontchartrain in a wilderness of cypress stumps and rushes. It would be hard to find in nature a more painfully desolate region. Here in a fisherman's cabin sat the Voodoo worshipers cross-legged on the floor about an Indian basket of herbs and some beans, some bits of bone, some oddly wrought bunches of feathers, and some saucers of small cakes. The queen presided, sitting on the only chair in the room. There was no king, no snake — at least none visible to the onlookers. Two drummers beat with their thumbs on gourds covered with sheepskin, and a white-wooled old man scraped that hideous combination of banjo and violin, whose head is covered with rattlesnake skin, and of which the Chinese are the makers and masters. There was singing — "*M'allé couri dans désér*" ("I am going into the wilderness"), a chant and refrain not worth the room they would take — and there was frenzy and a circling march, wild shouts, delirious gesticulations and posturings, drinking, and amongst other frightful nonsense the old trick of making fire blaze from the mouth by spraying alcohol from it upon the flame of a candle.

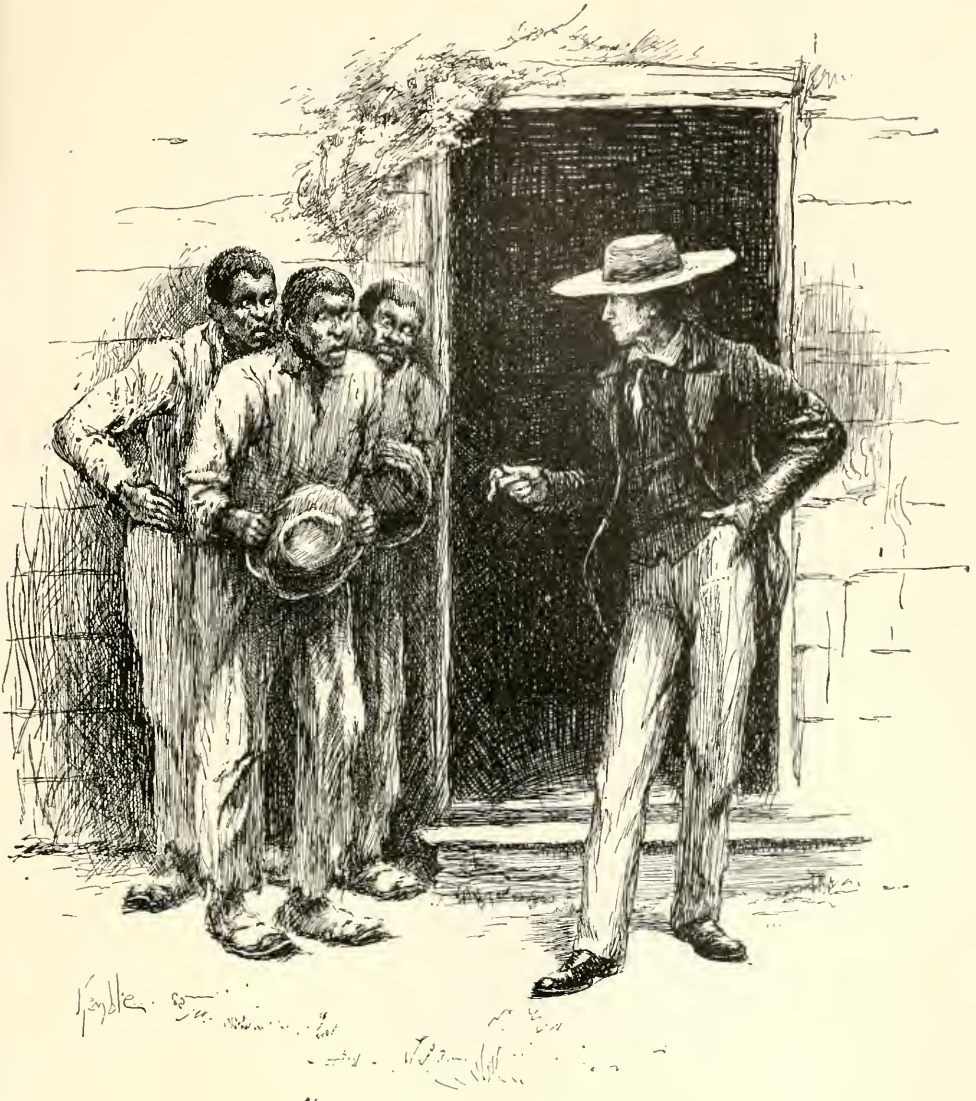
But whatever may be the quantity of the Voodoo *worship* left in Louisiana, its superstitions are many and are everywhere. Its charms are resorted to by the malicious, the jealous, the revengeful, or the avaricious, or held in terror, not by the timorous only, but by the strong, the courageous, the desperate. To find under his mattress an acorn hollowed out, stuffed with the hair of some dead person, pierced with four holes on four sides, and two

small chicken feathers drawn through them so as to cross inside the acorn; or to discover on his door-sill at daybreak a little box containing a dough or waxen heart stuck full of pins; or to hear that his avowed foe or rival has been pouring cheap champagne in the four corners of Congo Square at midnight, when there was no moon, will strike more abject fear into the heart of many a stalwart negro or melancholy quadroon than to face a leveled revolver. And it is not only the colored man that holds to these practices and fears. Many a white Creole gives them full credence. What wonder, when African Creoles were the nurses of so nearly all of them? Many shrewd men and women, generally colored persons, drive a trade in these charms and in oracular directions for their use or evasion; many a Creole — white as well as other tints — female, too, as well as male — will pay a Voodoo "*monteur*" to "make a work," *i. e.*, to weave a spell, for the prospering of some scheme or wish too ignoble to be prayed for at any shrine inside the church. These milder incantations are performed within the witch's or wizard's own house, and are made up, for the most part, of a little pound cake, some lighted candle ends, a little syrup of sugar-cane, pins, knitting-needles, and a trifle of anisette. But fear naught; an Obi charm will enable you to smile defiance against all such mischief; or if you will but consent to be a magician, it is they, the Voodoos, one and all, who will hold you in absolute terror. Or, easier, a frizzly chicken! If you have on your premises a frizzly chicken, you can lie down and laugh — it is a checkmate!

A planter once found a Voodoo charm, or *ouanga* (wongah); this time it was a bit of cotton cloth folded about three cow-peas and some breast feathers of a barn-yard fowl, and covered with a tight wrapping of thread. When he proposed to take it to New Orleans his slaves were full of consternation. "Marse Ed, ef ye go on d'boat wid dat-ah, de boat'll sink wi' yer. Fore d'Lord, it will!" For some reason it did not. Here is a genuine Voodoo song, given me by Lafcadio Hearn, though what the words mean none could be more ignorant of than the present writer. They are rendered phonetically in French.

Hé - ron man - dé, Hé - ron man - dé, Ti - gui li pa - pa, Hé - ron man - dé, Ti - gui
li pa - pa, Hé - ron man - dé, Hé - ron man - dé, Hé - ron man - dé, Do sé dan go - do.

D. C.



PLANTER AND VOODOO CHARM.

And another phrase: "Ah tingouai yé, Ah tingouai yé, Ah ouai ya, Ah ouai ya, Ah tingouai yé, Do sé dan go-do, Ah tingouai yé," etc.

v.

SONGS OF WOODS AND WATERS.

A LAST page to the songs of the chase and of the boat. The circumstances that produced them have disappeared. There was a time, not so long ago, when traveling in Louisiana was done almost wholly by means of the paddle, the oar, or the "sweep." Every plantation had its river or bayou front, and every planter his boat and skilled crew of black

oarsmen. The throb of their song measured the sweep of the oars, and as their bare or turbaned heads and shining bodies, naked to the waist, bowed forward and straightened back in ceaseless alternation, their strong voices chanted the praise of the silent, broad-hatted master who sat in the stern. Now and then a line was interjected in manly boast to their own brawn, and often the praise of the master softened off into tender laudations of the charms of some black or tawny Zilié, 'Zabette, or Zalli. From the treasures of the old chest already mentioned comes to my hand, from the last century most likely, on a ragged yellow sheet of paper, written with a green ink, one of these old songs. It would



THE BLACK HUNTER.

take up much room; I have made a close translation of its stanzas:

ROWERS' SONG.

Sing, lads; our master bids us sing.
For master cry out loud and strong.
The water with the long oar strike.
Sing, lads, and let us haste along.

'Tis for our master we will sing.
We'll sing for our young mistresses.
And sweethearts we must not forget —
Zoé, Mérente, Zabelle, Louise.

Sing, fellows, for our own true loves.
My lottery prize! Zoé, my belle!
She's like a wild young doe, she knows
The way to jump and dance so well!

Black diamonds are her bright, black eyes,
Her teeth and lilies are alike.
Sing, fellows, for my true love, and
The water with the long oar strike.

See! see! the town! Hurrah! hurrah!
Master returns in pleasant mood.
He's going to treat his boys all 'round.
Hurrah! hurrah for master good!

From the same treasury comes a hunting song. Each stanza begins and ends with the loud refrain: "*Bomboula! bomboula!*" Some one who has studied African tongues may be able to say whether this word is one with *Bamboula*, the name of the dance and of the drum that dominates it. *Oula* seems to be an

infinitive termination of many Congo verbs, and *boula*, De Lanzières says, means to beat. However, the dark hunters of a hundred years ago knew, and between their outcries of the loud, rumbling word sang, in this song, their mutual exhortation to rise, take guns, fill powder-horns, load up, call dogs, make haste and be off to the woods to find game for master's table and their own grosser *cuisine*; for the one, deer, squirrels, rabbits, birds; for the other, *chat oués* (raccoons), that make "*si bon gombo*" (such good gumbo!). "Don't fail to kill them, boys,—and the tiger-cats that eat men; and if we meet a bear, we'll vanquish him! Bomboula! bomboula!" The lines have a fine African ring in them, but — one mustn't print everything.

Another song, of wood and water both, though only the water is mentioned, I have direct from former Creole negro slaves. It is a runaway's song of defiance addressed to the high sheriff Fleuriau (Charles Jean Baptiste Fleuriau, Alguazil mayor), a Creole of the Cabildo a hundred and fifteen years ago. At least one can think so, for the name is not to be found elsewhere.

of operations, and seeking his adventures not so far from the hen-coop and pig-pen as rigid principles would have dictated. Now that he is free, he is willing to reveal these little pleasantries—as one of the by-gones—to the cager historian. Much nocturnal prowling was done on the waters of the deep, forest-darkened bayous, in *pirogues* (dug-outs). For secret signals to accomplices on shore they resorted to singing. What is so innocent as music! The words were in some African tongue. We have one of these songs from the negroes themselves, with their own translation and their own assurance that the translation is correct. The words have a very Congo-ish sound. The Congo tongue knows no *r*; but the fact is familiar that in America the negro interchanges the sounds of *r* and *l* as readily as does the Chinaman. We will use both an English and a French spelling. (De Zab, page 827.)

The whole chant consists of but six words besides a single conjunction. It means, its singers avowed, "Out from under the trees our boat moves into the open water—bring us large game and small game!" *Dé zab* sounds like *des arbs*, and they called it French,

O Zé - né - ral Flo - ri - do! C'est vrai yé pas ca - pab' pran moin! O
 O Gen - e - ral Flo - ri - do! In - deed fo' true dey can't catch me! O

Zé - né - ral La Flo - ri - o! C'est vrai yé pas ca - pab' pran moin!
 Gen - e - ral La Fleu - ri - au! In - deed fo' true dey can't catch me!

- 2. Yen a ein counan si la mer } *Bis.*
 C'est vrai, etc.
- 2. Dey got* one schooner out at sea } *Bis.*
 Indeed fo' true, etc.

but the rest they claimed as good "Affykin." We cannot say. We are sappers and miners in this quest, not philologists. When they come on behind, if they ever think it worth their while to do so, the interpretation of this strange song may be not more difficult than that of the famous inscription discovered by Mr. Pickwick. But, as well as the present writer can know, all that have been given here are genuine antiques.

* "Dey got" is a vulgarism of Louisiana Creoles, white and colored, for "There is." It is a transfer into English of the French idiom *Il y a*.



QUAND MO 'TE.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.

1st and 2d time. 3d time.

Quand mo 'te dans grand chi-min Mo con-tré nion vié pa-pa.
 Mo 'man-dé quel heure li ye, Li dit moïn mi-di pas-sé.
 Mo 'man-dé mou-choi ta-bac, Li don moïn mou-[OMIT.....] choi Ma-dras.

Prise to-bac jam-bette à cou-teau, Taf-fia doux pas-sé si-rop. sé si-rop.

NEG' PAS CAPA' MARCHÉ.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.

Allegro

1. Neg pas ca-pa' mar-ché sans ma is dans poche, c'est pou vo-lé poule.
 2. Millate pas ca-pa' mar-ché sans la corde dans poche, c'est pou volé choul.
 3. Blanc pas ca-pa' mar-ché sans la'zen dans poche, c'est pou vo-lé filles.

After last verse.

AH! SUZETTE.

ARR. BY MADAME L. LEJEUNE.

Ah! Su-zette, Su-zette to vé pas chère. Ah! Su-zette, chère a-mie,

Fine.

to pas lai-mein moïn. 1. M'al-lé haut mon-tagne za-mié, M'al-lé cou-pé
 2. Mo cour-ri dans bois, za-mié, Pou' tou-é zo-

D. C.

canne za - mie, M'al - lé fé l'a' - zent, chère a - mie, Pou' po' - té donne toi.
 zo, za - mie, Pou'... fé l'a' - zent, chère a - mie, Pou' mo baille Su - zette.

POV' PITI MOMZEL ZIZI.

ARR. BY MME. L. LEJEUNE.

S. mp Pov' pi - ti Momzel Zi - zi, Pov' pi - ti Mom - zel Zi - zi, Li gag - in bo - bo, bo - bo

cres. dim. mf Dans so pi - ti kèr à li. Pov' pi - ti Mom - zel Zi - zi, Pov' pi - ti Mom - zel Zi - zi,

pp Li gag - in bo - bo, bo - bo *dim.* Dans so pi - ti kèr à li. 1. Cal - a - lon po - té ma - drasse Li po - Adieu, 2. D'amour quand poté la chaine.

*After the Closing Stanza omit to *.*

dim. D. S. té ji - pon gar - ni; Cal - a - lon po - té ma - drasse Li po - té ji - pon gar - ni!
 cour - ri tout bon - hèr; D'amour quand po - té la chaine. A - dieu, cour - ri tout bon - hèr!

* *Ending of Refrain after the Closing Stanza.* *dim.*

- bo li gag-nin bo - bo, bo - bo,.... bo - bo,.... Li gagnin bo - bo,.... dans kèr à li.

BON D'JE.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

1. Dans tan mo té zène Mo zamein zonglé, bon Djé! A ç'tair m'a-pé vi - ni vié, M'a - pé zonglé, bon
2. Dans tan mo té nesclave Mo servis mo maïte, bon Djé! A ç'tair mo be-soïn re - pos, Mo sers ton moune, bon

Djé! M'apé zong-lé bon tan qui pas-sé, M'apé zonglé bon tan qui pas-sé, M'a-pé zong-lé bon tan qui pas-sé.
Djé! M'apé zong-lé, etc.

CRIOLE CANDJO.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

Andante.

1. In zou' in zène Cri - ole Can - djo, Belle pas - sé blanc dan - dan là
2. Mo cour - ri dans youn bois voi - sin; Mais Cri - ole là prend même ci

Una Corda.

yo, Li té tout tans a - pé dire, "Vi - ni, za - mi, pou' nous rire."
min Et tous tans li m'a - pé dire, "Vi - ni, etc."

Non, mi - ché, m'pas ou - lé ri - re, moin. Non, mi - ché, m'pas ou - lé ri - re.

rit.
Non, mi - ché, m'pas ou - lé ri - re, moin, Non, mi - ché, m'pas ou - lé ri - re.

3. Mais li té tant cicané moi,
Pou' li té quitté moin youn fois
Mo té 'blizé pou li dire,
Oui, miché, mo oulé rire.
Oui miché, etc.

4. Zaut tous qu'ap'es rire moin là bas,
Si zaut té conné Candjo là,
Qui belle façon li pou' rire,
Djé pini moin! zaut s'ré dire,
"Oui, miché," etc.

I go teck walk in wood close by;
But Creole tek' sem road, and try
All time, all time, to meck free —
"Swithawt, meck merrie wid me."
"Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie, me.
Naw, sah, I dawn't want meck merrie."

But him slide roun' an' roun' dis chile,
Tell, jis' fo' sheck 'im off lill while,
Me, I was bleedze fo' say, "Shoo!
If I'll meck merrie wid you?
O, yass, I ziss leave meck merrie, me;
Yass, seh, I ziss leave meck merrie."

You-alls w'at laugh at me so well,
I wish you'd knowed dat Creole swell,
Wid all 'is swit, smilin' trick'.
'Pon my soul! you'd done say, quick,
"O, yass, I ziss leave meck merrie, me;
Yass, seh, I ziss leave meck merrie."

DÉ ZAB.

ARR. BY MISS M. L. BARTLETT.

mf
Day zab, day zab, day koo - noo wi wi, Day zab, day zab, day koo - noo wi wi, Koo - noo
Dé zab, dé zab, dé kou - nou ouaie, ouaie, Dé zab, dé zab, dé kou - nou ouaie, ouaie, Kou - nou

wi wi wi wi, Koo - noo wi wi wi wi, Koo - noo wi wi wi mom - zah..... Mom -
ouaie, ouaie, ouaie, ouaie, Kounou ouaie, ouaie, ouaie, ouaie. Kounou ouaie, ouaie, ouaie, mom - za..... Mom -

mf *dim.* *mf* *p*
 zah, mom - zah, mom - zah, mom - zah, Ro - zah, ro - zah, ro - zah a-a mom - zah.
 za, mom - za, mom - za, mom - za, Ro - za, ro - za, ro - za et mom - za.

George W. Cable.

COMPENSATION.

IN that new world toward which our feet are set,
 Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
 Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
 Has heaven a spell divine enough for this?
 For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,
 When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
 When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
 And little birds break out in rippling song?

O sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,
 The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,
 The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,
 The sunflecked shadow of the stately trees,
 The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,
 The warm, delicious, happy summer rain,
 When the grass brightens and the days grow long,
 And little birds break out in rippling song!

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,
 Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and sunset's tender light!
 O fair, familiar features, changes sweet
 Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet
 And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space,
 From snow to roses,—and how dear her face,
 When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,
 And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved!
 What recompense have we, from thee removed?
 One hope we have that overtops the whole,—
 The hope of finding every vanished soul,
 We love and long for daily, and for this
 Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,
 Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,
 And little birds break out in rippling song.

Celia Thaxter.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S OPINION OF GENERAL GRANT.

[THE letter which follows is printed from the original, in possession of the person to whom it was addressed. It is significant as representing, fourteen years after the war, General Sherman's frank and deliberate judgment of General Grant's characteristics.—THE EDITOR.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 18, 1879.

DEAR —: . . . I don't believe Grant's head has been turned or confused one iota by the extraordinary displays in his honor at San Francisco or elsewhere. He is a strange character. Nothing like it is portrayed by Plutarch or the many who have striven to portray the great men of ancient or modern times. I knew him as a cadet at West Point, as a lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, as a citizen of St. Louis, and as a growing general all through a bloody civil war. Yet to me he is a mystery, and I believe he is a mystery to himself. I am just back from Chicago, where he had a reception equal in numbers and display to that of San Francisco. I was president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, the first he commanded, with which he achieved the great victories of Forts Henry and Donelson, of Shiloh, and of Vicksburg. As such I presided at two great assemblages of people, at the theater and at the banquet-hall. In both cases I sat by him, and directed all the proceedings. He was as simple, as awkward, as when he was a cadet; but all he did and all he said had good sense and modesty as the basis. No man in America has held higher office or been more instrumental in guiding great events, and without elaborating, I'll give you what I construe to be the philosophy of his life: a simple faith that our country must go on, and by keeping up with the events of the day he will be always right—for «whatever is is right.» He don't lead in one sense, and don't attempt to change natural results. Thus the world accounts him the typical man, and therefore adores him. Our people want

success, progress, and unity, and in these Grant has been, is, and will be accepted as the type. . . .

Here at this moment crowds are assembled to unveil the equestrian statue of General George H. Thomas, another of the heroes of the Civil War, who died in California in 1870, and who now lies buried at Troy, New York. He, too, was my classmate at West Point from 1836 to '40, served with me in the same regiment for ten years, and, last, was my most trusted commander in the great campaign of Atlanta. . . .

I will be present at all, but will have a modest part, because most of the audience will think that my turn comes next, and many that I, too, ought to have died long since to make room for ambitious subordinates. But somehow I linger on—it may be, «superfluous on the stage»; but I reason that I have taken a reasonable share of chances to be killed by bullets and by sickness, and it is not my fault that I have survived Thomas and McPherson and others of my war comrades. When my turn does come I suppose that the world will have forgotten the days of 1864-5, and forget the gratitude then felt and expressed for the men who fought and won the battle for our national union and liberty. Don't forget it yourself, but be thankful that your children thereby escaped the horrors of battle, the terrible conflicts of passion and feeling, which had to be in 1861-5 or at some subsequent time. Now all is peace and glory; America now stands at the head of civilized nations, and many must exist who know the truth, and bear in honor and affectionate remembrance the men who fought that glorious peace might be possible. . . .

Yours,

W. T. SHERMAN.

J. W. Mackey. Mrs. M. G. Gillette. U. S. Grant, Jr. Mrs. U. S. Grant. General H. B. Grant. R. Yonah. Mrs. J. G. Fair. Col. J. G. Fair.



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GENERAL GRANT AT THE BONANZA MINES.

PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY NAPOLEON WELLS.

In October, 1879, General Grant after his trip around the world, went to Virginia City Nevada, for the purpose of going down into the mines. After they were dressed for the descent, General Grant remarked to Mr. Mackey that Mrs. Grant would not go down. Mr. Mackey said, «Oh, yes, she will—she is all ready.» General Grant then said that he knew her of old; she would go to the shaft, and then back out. Mr. Mackey again expressed his belief that she would go down, upon which General Grant said, «I will bet you a dollar in silver that she will do just as I have said.» The party arrived at the head of the shaft, and sure enough, when Mrs. Grant had taken one look down into it, she exclaimed with great earnestness, «I would n't go down in that hole for the whole mine.» Mr. Mackey told her of the bet he had made with her husband, while the latter enjoyed his discomfiture. This put Mrs. Grant on her mettle, and she at once descended with the party, declaring with much spirit that if the general had bet against her courage in that way, she would disappoint him.

Frederick D. Grant.



McCLELLAN AND HIS "MISSION."

A STUDY BY MAJOR-GENERAL FRY.



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, son of the distinguished physician and surgeon George McClellan and of Elizabeth Brinton McClellan, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., December 3, 1826. His home education and training were careful and thorough, and in the year 1842 he entered the military academy at West Point. He graduated in 1846, No. 2 in a class of 59, was appointed second lieutenant of engineers, and joined the army under General Scott in Mexico. From the close of the Mexican war in 1848 to 1852 he served with credit as an officer of engineers, and in 1852-54 conducted with marked ability and energy government explorations and surveys in the far West. Promoted to a captaincy of cavalry in 1855, he was in that year sent abroad as one of a government commission to study foreign military systems. In January, 1857, he resigned, and became chief engineer, then vice-president, of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and later president of the eastern division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company, with his residence in Cincinnati. He was appointed major-general by the governor of Ohio, April 23, 1861. Before he had rendered any military services of note, indeed

before the military operations of the rebellion had begun in reality, he was appointed major-general in the army of the United States (May 14, 1861), and assigned to the command of the Department of the Ohio. He invaded western Virginia in June with some twenty-seven regiments of raw volunteers, and was successful at Rich Mountain and Beverly. On July 22, after the battle of Bull Run, he was called to Washington, arriving there July 26, and was assigned to the command of the Division of the Potomac. On November 1, 1861, General Scott was placed on the retired list, and McClellan succeeded him as General-in-chief. Between July 26, 1861, and November 7, 1862, the Army of the Potomac was organized, the Peninsular campaign and the Antietam campaign were made by McClellan, and on the latter date he was relieved from duty, and his military career ended. In 1864 he was the Democratic party's candidate for the Presidency against Lincoln. After resigning from the army in November, 1864, he was employed mainly as an engineer, but was elected governor of his adopted State, New Jersey. After the election of President Cleveland he was offered, and declined, the office of minister to Russia. He died at Orange, New Jersey, October 29, 1885.

Nothing since the assassination of Lincoln more deeply affected the popular heart than McClellan's death. The President of the United States expressed the feelings of thousands in his telegram to Mrs. McClellan saying: "I am shocked by the news of your husband's death; and while I know how futile are all human efforts to console, I must assure you of my deep sympathy in your great grief, and express to you my own sense of affliction at the loss of so good a friend," and he correctly characterized McClellan as "a distinguished soldier and citizen, whose military ability and civil virtues have shed luster upon the history of his country." McClellan's mourners were sincere. His pall was borne and his body was followed by those who loved him; and as the solemn procession passed along the aisle for the last services, his bier was sprinkled by the tears of veterans.

As a cadet at the military academy, McClellan was intelligent, attentive, prompt, obedient, studious, and respectful. His manner was cordial, frank, and cheerful. He was a great favorite, and, though very young, exerted from the beginning a marked influence among his associates. His career in the Mexican war was characterized by energy, intelligence, and intrepidity. Gallant in bearing, and fascinating in manner, he attracted the favorable notice not only of Colonel R. E. Lee, then chief engineer of the army in Mexico, but of General Scott, the commander of that army. From the close of the Mexican war until the outbreak of the rebellion, in military and in civil life, McClellan was noted for the traits that command admiration, respect, and affection. His integrity, his sincerity, his piety, his purity of character, his loftiness of purpose, his fidelity to obligations personal and official, his affectionate consideration for others, were known to all men with whom he was thrown in contact, and the resultant of all these qualities constituted his so-called personal magnetism, which was a potent, if not an irresistible, force. He possessed the confidence of the General Government, of his native and adopted States, and of the people to whom he was known. His campaign in western Virginia (June and July, 1861), promptly opened with the raw levies at hand, vigorously prosecuted, and attended with triumph, elicited not only universal applause, but a vote of thanks from Congress for his "series of brilliant and decisive victories." It was therefore in compliance

with sound judgment as well as with popular feeling that he was called to Washington to retrieve the disaster of the battle of Bull Run.

His career as a leader covered a period of about fourteen months only, beginning in July, 1861, and ending in November, 1862. In all things not connected with that period he exhibited after November, 1862, the same purity of character, the same integrity, the same fidelity, the same ability, that had characterized his life prior to 1861. No part of his career before he was called to Washington in July, or after he left the Army of the Potomac the following November, gave rise to a doubt of his ability, his learning, his integrity, his devoutness, his fidelity, obedience, and subordination. But endowed with the confidence of the people, and clothed with great responsibility and all the power the Government could bestow, he no sooner entered upon the duties of his high calling than a change came over him. To General Scott, his early friend and lawful superior, his conduct was insubordinate and disrespectful. To the President of the United States he showed neither the consideration due to the chief magistrate of the nation, nor the obedience due to the constitutional commander-in-chief. For his brothers-in-arms, who were doing heroically their respective parts, he expressed no appreciation;¹ while for the so-called politicians he showed utter contempt. Such were the relations he assumed toward those engaged in the cause of the Union. His relations toward the common enemy also underwent a change. The boldness, the resolution, the confidence, the promptness that had budded in Mexico, and bloomed in western Virginia, were blighted by delay, hesitation, doubt, timidity. The belief that he had been called to "save the country" had seized upon him, and though by no means a bigot, the strong religious element in his character served to fasten the conviction and blind him to the obligations and influences which governed him at other times.² Under the power of this hallucination he was insensible of his own weaknesses and errors, and of the merits and claims of others, and, as he expressed it in a letter to his wife, he carried "this thing on *en grand*." By his own estimate of his mission, he could not be insubordinate, disrespectful, or disobedient. He was all in all, and his own status ruled out all questions between him and others.³ The day after he arrived in Washington, July 27, he wrote to his wife, "By some strange ope-

¹ Except that in speaking of his staff in a letter, August 13, he says, "Quite a fine-looking set they are." In his "Own Story," written long after the war, he says: "Fortunately I had some excellent officers at my disposal, and at once made use of them," and commends a few of his generals.

² "I will not fight a battle on Sunday if I can help it," he wrote to his wife, May 23.

³ "I had only my own unwavering sense of right to sustain me." "Everything was to be done. An army was to be created *ab initio*, out of nothing."—"McClellan's Own Story."

ration of magic I seem to have become the power of the land." Three days later he wrote:

I have been working this morning at a bill allowing me to appoint as many aides as I please from civil life and from the army. . . . I went to the Senate to get it through,¹ and was quite overwhelmed by the congratulations I received, and the respect with which I was treated. . . . It seems to strike everybody that I am very young. They give me my way in everything, full swing and unbounded confidence. All tell me that I am held responsible for the fate of the nation, and that all its resources shall be placed at my disposal. It is an immense task that I have on my hands, but I believe that I can accomplish it. . . . When I was in the Senate Chamber to-day, and found those old men flocking around me; when I afterward stood in the Library looking over the capital of our great nation, and saw the crowd gathering around to stare at me, I began to feel how great the task committed to me. Oh, how sincerely I pray to God that I may be endowed with the wisdom and courage necessary to accomplish the work. Who would have thought when we were married that I should so soon be called upon to *save my country*?

On August 9 he wrote:

The people call upon me to *save the country*. I must *save it*. I receive letter after letter, have conversation after conversation, calling on me to *save the nation*, alluding to the presidency, dictatorship, etc. As I hope one day to be united with you forever in heaven, I have no such aspiration. I would cheerfully take the dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the *country is saved*. I am not spoiled by my unexpected new position. I feel sure that God will give me the strength and wisdom to *preserve this great nation*; but I tell you, who share all my thoughts, that I have no selfish feeling in this matter. I feel that *God has placed a great work in my hands*. I have not sought it. I know how weak I am, but I know that I mean to do right, and I believe that God will help me, and give me the wisdom I do not possess. Pray for me that I may be able to accomplish my task, the greatest, perhaps, any poor weak mortal ever had to do.

On October 31 he wrote his wife:

I appreciate all the difficulties in my path; the impatience of the people, the venality and bad faith of the politicians, the gross neglect that has occurred in obtaining arms, clothing, etc., and above all I feel in my inmost soul how small is my ability in comparison with the gigantic dimensions of the task, and that even if I had the greatest intellect that was ever given to man, the result remains in the hands of God. I do not feel that I am an instrument worthy of the great task, but I *do* feel that I did not seek it. It was thrust upon me. I *was called to it*; my previous life seems to have been *unwittingly directed to this great end*; and I know that God can accomplish the greatest results with the weakest instruments — *therein lies my hope*.

¹ It was passed as he wanted it.

The occasion called only for an able, energetic, aggressive military commander. But, according to McClellan's belief, "God" had placed in his hands the "great work" of "saving the nation"; his "previous life" had "been unwittingly directed to this great end." The mission was divine, and metamorphosed him. The change of character from subordinate general to savior of the nation was fatal to McClellan. It necessarily involved the assumption of danger bearing due proportion in magnitude and imminence to his conception of the task God had put in his hands, and that task, he said, was perhaps the greatest "any poor weak mortal ever had to do." This led him to wild exaggeration of the enemy's force and enterprise, and thence to an anxious and cautious, though active, defensive. Hence we find him saying, August 9:

General Scott is the great obstacle. He will not comprehend the danger. I have to fight my way against him.

August 15:

General Scott is the most dangerous antagonist I have. Our ideas are so widely different that it is impossible for us to work together much longer.

August 16:

I am here in a terrible place; the enemy have from three to four times my force; the President, the old General, cannot or will not see the true state of affairs. . . . I have, I believe, made the best possible disposition of the few men under my command; will quietly await events, and, if the enemy attacks, will try to make my movements as rapid and desperate as may be. If my men will only fight I think I can thrash him, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. As it is, *I trust to God to give success to our arms*. . . . only wish to *save my country*, and find the incapables around me will not permit it. They sit on the verge of the precipice, and cannot realize what they see. . . . Providence is aiding me by heavy rains which are swelling the Potomac, which may be impassable for a week; if so, *we are saved*.

August 18 (also to his wife):

The true reason why I did not bring you here was that I did not deem it safe.

Again, on August 20, he wrote:

I have now about 80 field guns (there were but 49 at Bull Run), and by Saturday will have 112. There were only some 400 cavalry at Bull Run; I now have about 1200, and by the close of the week will have some 3000. . . . In a week I ought to be perfectly safe.

August 25:

Friend Beauregard has allowed the chance to escape him. I have now some 65,000 effective

men; will have 75,000 by end of week. Last week he certainly had double our force. I feel sure that the dangerous moment has passed.

As late as September 8 McClellan made a formal report to the Secretary of War, in which he said:

It is well understood that, although the ultimate design of the enemy is to possess himself of the city of Washington, his first efforts will probably be directed toward Baltimore with the intention of cutting our line of communication and supplies. . . . To accomplish this he will no doubt show a certain portion of his force in front of our positions on the other side of the Potomac, in order to engage our attention there and induce us to leave a large portion of our force for the defense of those positions. He will probably also make demonstrations in the vicinity of Aquia Creek, Mathias Point, and Occoquan, in order still further to induce us still further to disseminate our forces. His main and real movement will doubtless be to cross the Potomac between Washington and Point of Rocks, probably not far from Seneca Falls, and most likely at more points than one. His hope will be so to engage our attention by the diversions already named, as to enable him to move with a large force direct and unopposed on Baltimore. I see no reason to doubt the possibility of his attempting this with a column of at least 100,000 effective troops. If he has only 130,000 under arms, he can make all the diversions I have mentioned with his raw and badly armed troops, leaving 100,000 effective men for his real movement.

This is enough to illustrate the dangers, as McClellan saw them, from which he was called upon to save the nation.

By October Washington was fairly well fortified, and a great army, organized, armed, equipped, and tolerably well drilled, rested behind the line of intrenchments. The country was saved (for the first time) in spite of those who would not, or could not, see the danger. McClellan was supreme. As early as August 2, though a junior officer serving in the presence of his General-in-chief, he says he "handed to the President a carefully considered plan for conducting the war on a large scale"; at the same time he found the President, Cabinet, General Scott, and all deferring to him; and in September he inclosed to his wife "a card just received from 'A. Lincoln,'" and said, "It shows too much deference to be shown outside."¹ Standing between a junior officer who assumed to be the savior of his country, and a President and people who first caused and then encouraged the assumption, General Scott was

of course soon crowded out. McClellan did not intrigue against his superior officer. He had lost the consciousness that he had a superior. Regardless of General Scott and everybody else, he went ahead conscientiously, as required by the higher law of his sacred mission.

Notwithstanding Lincoln's great cares and exacting duties, he even then saw dimly what the trouble was; but from lack of experience in high office, and ignorance of military affairs, neither his perception of it nor his relation to it was plain enough to make him say positively to McClellan, as he said at a later date to Hooker, "You go ahead and gain victories, and I will take care of the dictatorship." Hence McClellan's functions as savior of the nation were not canceled, though they were somewhat changed by the course of events.

The prayer of the public, "Lord, deliver me from mine enemies!" was changed into, "Lord, deliver mine enemies into my hands!" The Union was chafing under the disaster of Ball's Bluff, the blockade of the Potomac by the enemies' batteries on its banks, the danger of foreign intervention, the enormous expenditures for a war in which no battles were being fought, the sight of the rebel flag south of the Potomac, and a deep sense of wrongs too long endured. The weather during the months of October, November, and December was remarkably favorable for military operations in Virginia. The offensive was demanded from all quarters, and in all ways; but McClellan would not move. He was fully aware of the deep and widespread feeling, and no doubt knew that his own *prestige* was endangered by ignoring it. Yet he was too conscientious in the fulfilment of his high mission to be influenced by the wishes of the Government, by popular clamor, or by selfish or personal considerations. He felt as he wrote his wife in August: "God has placed a great work in *my* hands. I have no selfish feeling in this matter." He knew, however, that though the country was "saved" for the time its enemies in arms must be overcome, and he maintained, in the report of September 8 to the Secretary of War, that "the Army of the Potomac should number not less than 300,000 men, in order to insure complete success, and an early termination of the war"; and urged that all the available troops in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, and at least 10,000 of the Illinois troops, and all those of the Eastern and Northern States be at once ordered to report to me for duty." So he went on increasing his strength, but would not move. The Northern people continued their rush to arms. The General Government had only to accept and muster into its service men who were raised, organized into batteries, companies, and regiments by the States. The troops

¹ Concerning the appointment of Stanton as Secretary of War, McClellan says in his "Own Story," "The next day the President came to my house to apologize for not 'consulting me on the subject.'"

for the Army of the Potomac as a rule reached Washington uniformed, armed, and partly equipped. The ample and efficient general staff of the army was at hand to supply all needed arms, ammunition, clothing, and transportation as rapidly as it was possible to procure them; and there was no limit to the Government's expenditures for that purpose. Yet in his hallucination McClellan said and repeated that he was thwarted by "incapables," and that *he* had to "create an army out of nothing." On the contrary, he was right when he stated in his letter of July 30, "They give me my way in everything, full swing and unbounded confidence." All the resources of the country were at his disposal, and he was remarkably efficient in organization. His army grew, and so did the desire of the Government and the public for it to advance. July 27, before he thought he was the savior of the country, McClellan wrote his wife that he would "crush the rebels in one campaign." On October 6, he said to her,

I shall take my own time to make an army that will be sure of success. . . . I do not expect to fight a battle near Washington; probably none will be fought till I advance and that *I will not do till I am fully ready*. My plans depend on circumstances. So soon as I feel that my army is well-organized, and well-disciplined, and strong enough, I will advance, and force the rebels to a battle in a field of my own selection. A long time must yet elapse before I can do this, and *I expect all the newspapers to abuse me for delay, but I will not mind that*.

This was fidelity to his mission.

How I wish [he wrote to his wife November 17] that God had permitted me to live quietly and unknown with you. But his will be done! I will do my best, try to preserve an honest mind, do my duty as best I may, and will ever continue to pray that he will give me that wisdom, courage, and strength, that are so necessary to me now.

Here was the religious soul, the man with a mission from God that raised him above newspapers, politicians, and even above the President, who, he says in the letter just quoted, "is honest, and means well." Late in November he wrote:

I cannot guess at my movements, for they are not within my control. I cannot move without more means. . . . I still trust that God will support me and bear me out. *He could not have placed me here for nothing*. . . . I am doing [he says, late in November] all I can to get ready to move before winter sets in, but it now begins to look as if we were condemned to a winter of inactivity,

because the army was not large enough, and well enough organized, equipped, drilled, and disciplined.

Its want of readiness, he says, was no fault of his, but was due to his being "thwarted and deceived by these incapables at every turn."

While the extensive preparations were going on to make the Army of the Potomac three hundred thousand strong, McClellan discovered a new danger growing out of the general urgency for an advance, from which he felt that he must "save the country." It was a "treasonable conspiracy" within the Union. The "Radical leaders," in the cabinet and out of it, he says, finding that they could not use him, and seeing that

if I achieved marked success, my influence would necessarily be very great throughout the country, . . . determined to ruin me in any event and by any means: first, by endeavoring to force me into premature movements, knowing that a failure would probably end my military career; afterward by withholding the means necessary to achieve success. . . . They determined that I should not succeed, and carried out their determination only too well, and at fearful sacrifice of blood, time, and treasure. . . . I do not base my assertions as to the motives of the Radical leaders upon mere surmises but upon facts. . . . [In the opinion of these conspirators] the great end and aim of the war was to abolish slavery. To end the war before the nation was ready for that would be a failure. The war must be prolonged and conducted so as to achieve that. . . . The people of the North were not yet ready to accept that view, and it would not answer to permit me to succeed until the people had been worked up to the proper pitch on that question.

The war would not be finished until that result was reached, and therefore it was not their policy to strengthen General McClellan so as to insure success.

. . . Had I been successful in my first campaign [he says], the rebellion would perhaps have been terminated without the immediate abolition of slavery.

In his opinion, if not one of the conspirators, President Lincoln was their tool. McClellan says:

The Radicals never again lost their influence with the President, and henceforth directed all their efforts to prevent my achieving success. After this time [January 12, 13, 1862] Secretary Chase worked with them, and became my enemy.

An order issued by the President in March restricting his authority to the Army of the Potomac was

one of the steps taken to tie my hands in order to secure the failure of the approaching campaign. . . . The Administration, and especially the Secretary of War were inimical to me, and did not desire my success.

An order to discontinue recruiting, issued on the score of economy,¹ April 3, 1862, is offered as evidence of "a desire for the failure of the campaign."

THESE quotations are from what McClellan wrote in his "Own Story," long after the war. He did not at the time fully realize "the length to which these men were prepared to go in carrying out their schemes," but he saw the "conspiracy," and felt that it was part of his mission to "save the country" from it. With a conspiracy embracing the President and Cabinet to have his army defeated, and an opposing army in his front exceeding his own in numbers, two-, three- or fourfold, according to his estimate, and bent like his own Government upon his destruction, McClellan's task had certainly become, as he expressed it, "the greatest any poor weak mortal ever had to do." With the Union and the Confederacy in bitter hostility to each other, McClellan, with an army raised by the one to put down the other, felt that he was called upon to use that army in such a way as to defeat the purposes of both. No wonder he did not advance! He had no political aims — at that time at least — and no sinister purpose. But, laboring under an overruling hallucination, he not only failed as a leader, but made a record that is inconsistent with his real character. The reasons which he gives for his refusal to advance are that

it was not till late in November, 1861, that the Army of the Potomac was in any condition to move, nor even then were they capable of assaulting entrenched positions. By that time the roads had ceased to be practicable for the movement of armies. . . . Any success gained at that time in front of Washington could not have been followed up, and a victory would have given us the barren

¹ At that time there was a military force of 637,126 men in the service, and it was the general impression that this force was sufficient to put down all armed resistance to the Government.

² Events have not proved the wisdom of the plan in all particulars. In November Halleck was sent to command in Missouri, and Buell in Kentucky, and McClellan says that when Buell arrived in Kentucky "he found a complete state of disorganization; not only so, but that nothing was being done to mend the matter and no steps being taken to prepare the troops for the field." Nevertheless, in his letter of instructions, dated November 7, to Buell, he said, "Throw the mass of your forces by rapid marches by Cumberland Gap, or Walker's Gap, on Knoxville, in order to occupy the railroad at that point, and thus enable the loyal citizens of Eastern Tennessee to rise, while you at the same time cut off the enemy's communication between Eastern Virginia and the Mississippi." This service was further directed in a letter from McClellan to Buell on the 12th of November, and McClellan states that he "constantly urged Buell to send a column to that region." To "throw the mass of his forces on Knoxville," Buell, with wagon transportation of which he had but little, would have had to march in mid-winter, with troops

possession of the field of battle with a longer and more difficult line of supply during the rest of the winter.

The general assertions made in July that he would "crush the rebels in one campaign" and in October that the "crushing defeat of the rebel army at Manassas" was the great object, and that the advance of that army should not be postponed beyond November 25, were not verified. But another cause of delay was that after McClellan became General-in-chief, November 1, his

plan comprehended in its scope the operation of all the armies of the Union, the Army of the Potomac as well. It was my intention, for reasons easy to be seen, that its various parts should be carried out simultaneously, or nearly so, and in coöperation along the whole line. If this plan was wise,² and events have failed to prove that it was not, then it is unnecessary to defend any delay which would have enabled the Army of the Potomac to perform its share in the execution of the whole work.

This "plan" required that

the Western armies should commence their advance so much earlier than that of the Army of the Potomac as to engage all the Confederate Western forces on their own ground, and thus prevent them from reinforcing their army in front of Richmond.

That was done effectually. The "Western armies" were active, and kept the opposing forces so fully occupied that there was no transfer of their troops from West to East.

To say nothing of minor affairs, Garfield, of Buell's army, by a difficult campaign, ending in the battle of Middle Creek, January 10, drove Humphrey Marshall out of eastern Ken-

"disorganized" and "not prepared for the field," a distance greater than from Washington to Richmond, cross a formidable range of mountains in which the enemy held the gaps, and use wagon roads worse than those in Virginia which McClellan pronounced at that season impracticable "for the movement of armies." But supposing that "the mass" of Buell's forces had been pushed through to Knoxville, it could not have been supported or supplied, and with the great railroad, a vital artery, running through Knoxville and connecting eastern Virginia with the southwest, the enemy could — and with no military operations going on in Virginia certainly would — have concentrated by rail an overwhelming force at Knoxville, and a surrender or a Moscow retreat would have been the result. To establish and maintain a force in east Tennessee was even at that early date well known to be one of the most important of the Union's military measures. But it could not be done at that time, and was accomplished some two years later, only by the direct operations of one army and the coöperation of another army, both better prepared and equipped than Buell's at that time. This part of McClellan's plan, being impracticable, was unwise. Hence the wisdom of the plan cannot pass as a defense of the delay of the Army of the Potomac.

tucky; and Thomas, also of Buell's army, in midwinter advanced upon Zollicoffer, defeated him at the battle of Mill Springs, January 19, 20, killing the commander and dispersing and driving his forces across the Cumberland River. Grant, of Halleck's army, fought the battle of Belmont November 7, captured Fort Henry February 6, and Fort Donelson February 16, and his forces were pushed by Halleck up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing. Before the end of February the mass of Buell's army was in middle Tennessee with a detached column, working its way to Cumberland Gap,—which it captured June 18,—and Buell had advanced his headquarters from Louisville to Nashville.

McClellan's plan was that the movement of the Western armies and that of the Army of the Potomac should be made "simultaneously, or nearly so, and in coöperation." The Western armies, poorly armed, equipped, and drilled, as compared with the Army of the Potomac, were active and successful, fully occupying the forces opposed to them, and, in addition to this reason for moving, the President *ordered*, January 27, that an advance of all the armies should be made on February 22; and on January 31 issued a special order that the Army of the Potomac should move forward on or before February 22, and seize and occupy a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas Junction. But to the requirements of his own plan for simultaneous movements, and to the President's general and special orders, McClellan felt that he was required by the great mission intrusted to him by God to turn a deaf ear. The "coöperation along the whole line," required by his plan, failed upon his part of the line, and the Army of the Potomac did not then "perform its share in the execution of the whole work." It did not coöperate with the Western and sea-coast forces, did not advance as ordered by the President, did not even brush away the Potomac batteries which blockaded Washington. Yet in the impatience which its inaction aroused McClellan saw only proofs of the "conspiracy" to "force" him "into premature movements," and "failure." It was not until the enemy evacuated Centerville and Manassas, March 9, and got out of reach by moving behind the Rappahannock, that the Army of the Potomac was moved at all. Then it went only as far as Fairfax Court-House; "partly," McClellan says, "with the hope that I might be able to take advantage of some accident and bring Johnston to battle under favorable circumstances." But the "accident" did not happen, and McClellan merely rode over the field that the enemy, not one half his strength, had occupied, undisturbed, for the preceding eight months. When Johnston

abandoned Manassas, the "Urbana" route to Richmond, which the President had approved March 8, lost its promise, and was abandoned also. The struggle between the President and McClellan concerning the line to be taken by the Army of the Potomac in the new condition of affairs, was renewed, the former still advocating the direct overland route, with Washington as a base, and the latter contending for a transfer of the army to the lower Chesapeake, and the use of Old Point Comfort as a base, McClellan having said, in his report of February 3:

I would prefer the move from Fortress Monroe as above, as a certain, though less brilliant, movement than that from Urbana, to an attack upon Manassas.

This was the "lower Chesapeake," or Peninsular route.¹ In advocating its adoption, McClellan said in his report of February 3:

The roads in that region are passable at all seasons of the year. The country now alluded to is much more favorable for offensive operations than that in front of Washington (which is *very* unfavorable), much more level, more cleared land, the woods less dense, the soil more sandy, and the spring some two or three weeks earlier.

As it turned out, McClellan was misinformed concerning the region he advocated; and his movement to it divided his own forces and concentrated the forces of the enemy, and, after all, he was forced against intrenchments as formidable as those which he dreaded at Manassas. But the President yielded to his generals. McClellan's plan, agreed upon conditionally, at Fairfax Court-House, March 13, by a council of war composed of corps commanders, required

operations to be carried on . . . from Old Point Comfort between the York and James rivers—*Provided*, 1st, that the enemy's vessel *Merrimac* can be neutralized; 2d, that the means of transportation sufficient for an immediate transfer of the force to its new base can be ready at Washington and Alexandria to move down the Potomac; and 3d, that a naval auxiliary force can be had to silence, or aid in silencing, the enemy's batteries on the York River; 4th, that the force to be left to cover Washington shall be such as to give an entire feeling of security for its safety from menace.

These are the four conditions upon which the council of war approved McClellan's proposition to transfer the Army of the Potomac

¹ In his "Own Story," McClellan says, p. 194: "The Administration had neither the courage nor the military insight to understand the effect of the plan I desired to carry out."

to the Peninsula. Having laid down these conditions, the council said:

If the foregoing cannot be, the army should then be moved against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment.

On March 13, the day that the council of war reported, the President, though not giving the plan his approval, authorized its execution by a letter, as follows, from the Secretary of War to McClellan:

The President, having considered the plan of operations agreed upon by yourself and the commanders of army corps, makes no objection to the same, but gives the following directions as to its execution:

1. Leave such force at Manassas Junction as shall make it entirely certain that the enemy shall not repossess himself of that position and line of communication.

2. Leave Washington entirely secure.

3. Move the remainder of the force down the Potomac, choosing a new base at Fortress Monroe or anywhere between here and there; or at all events move such remainder of the army at once in pursuit of the enemy by some route.

It must be noted the fourth condition of the council of war was not that the force to be left to cover Washington should be sufficient to make the capital secure, or prevent its capture; but it was to "be such as to give an *entire feeling of security for its safety from menace*." Manifestly this condition was impossible of fulfilment, and nothing but blind reliance upon a higher than human power could have led McClellan to transfer the army to the Peninsula with the consequences of that condition staring him in the face; especially as the President had added his positive order to "leave Washington entirely secure."

After enunciating the four conditions upon which the transfer of the Army of the Potomac might be made, the council said: "If the foregoing cannot be, the army should then be moved against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment." That is to say, the council of war recommended to McClellan two plans of campaign, the first or Peninsula plan to be adopted only in case four distinctly stated conditions could be fulfilled. If not, then the second, or overland, plan of moving directly "against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment" was recommended. If the state of things upon which the council based its recommendation of the first plan did not exist, then its recommendation was unquestionably for the second plan. By McClellan's approval of the council's report, he was committed to the observance of the conditions embodied in it, and

the question is, Did he know they could be fulfilled? The answer must be, Certainly not. It is only necessary to read the conditions in the light of the facts of the time, to decide that. It follows that by the recommendation of the council of war, and his own approval of that recommendation, McClellan was bound to move directly "against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment." That was the plain logic of the case. But he says in his "Own Story," that "as early as December, 1861, I had determined not to follow the line of operations leading by land from Washington to Richmond, but to conduct a sufficient force by water," etc. It will be remembered also that on January 31 the President ordered that by February 22 the Army of the Potomac should advance by the overland route. To this McClellan objected, and on February 3 the President wrote him saying: "You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake . . . mine to move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas." McClellan submitted a strong argument in favor of his plan, and said, in opposition to the President's plan, "In the unprecedented and impassable condition of the roads, it will be evident that no precise period can be fixed upon for the movement on this line." In consequence of McClellan's urgency in support of his own plan, and his assertion of inability to fix any "precise period" for movement under the President's plan, the latter, when the report of the council of war was laid before him with McClellan's approval, authorized, though he did not approve, the movement to the lower Chesapeake. That the President's inability to endure further delay was a moving cause of his sanction, is shown by the last words of his letter heretofore quoted, authorizing the transfer. "At all events," he says, "move *such remainder of the army at once in pursuit of the enemy by some route*."

As McClellan moved his army to the Peninsula without the fulfilment of the conditions stipulated by his council of war, and against the judgment of the President, it is plain that he was still acting according to the dictates of his mission from God, to save the country in his own way.

But no sooner had he in person, and the larger part of his army, gone to the Peninsula, than a feeling that Washington was insecure took possession of the authorities,—that is to say, the failure of the fourth condition expressed itself,—and the President directed two of his military advisers, General E. A. Hitchcock and Adjutant-General L. Thomas, to examine and give a distinct opinion, whether General Mc-

Clellan had complied or not with the order of the President in relation to the entire security of Washington. The opinion, dated April 2, was that the order of the President "has not been fully complied with"; and on April 4 the President directed that McDowell's First Corps, consisting of Franklin's, McCall's, and King's divisions, then in front of Washington, should be detained for the defense of the capital. In response to McClellan's complaints of the withdrawal of Blenker's division and McDowell's corps, the President wrote him April 9:

Blenker's division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you, . . . as I thought, acquiesced in it — certainly not without reluctance. After you left I ascertained that less than 20,000 unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defense of Washington and Manassas Junction; ¹ and part of this even was to go to General Hooker's old position. General Banks's corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was diverted and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the Upper Potomac and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. . . . My explicit order that Washington should . . . be left entirely secure had been neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell.

Notwithstanding the President's explanation, McClellan regarded the detention of McDowell's corps as "*the most infamous thing that history has recorded.*" Franklin's division, however, was, at McClellan's urgent request, sent to him after only a week's detention, and McCall's division was, for like reason, sent to him while he was on the Chickahominy. But notwithstanding the fact that the best two thirds of McDowell's corps joined McClellan, he alleged that he had been deprived of *that corps*, and that is the main specification in support of the charge that a "conspiracy of traitors who are willing to sacrifice the country and its army for personal spite and personal aims" was at work to secure his defeat "by withholding the means necessary to success."

His feeling against the supposed conspirators and traitors was of course intensely bitter, and he attributed his failure to their machinations. In his "Own Story," he specifies the particular act of the executive which caused the fail-

ure of the Peninsular campaign. It was this: On May 18, the Secretary of War addressed a letter to McClellan in answer to a call for McDowell's force to be sent by water, in which he said:

The President is not willing to uncover the capital entirely; and it is believed that even if this were prudent, it would require more time to effect a junction between your army and that of the Rappahannock ² by the way of the Potomac and York rivers than by a land march. In order, therefore, to increase the strength of the attack upon Richmond at the earliest moment, General McDowell has been ordered to march upon that city by the shortest route.

He is ordered, keeping himself always in position to save the capital from any possible attack, so to operate as to put his left wing in communication with your right wing, and you are instructed to cooperate so as to establish this communication as soon as possible, by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond.

McClellan says:

This order rendered it impossible for me to use the James River as a line of operations, and forced me to establish our depots on the Pamunkey and to approach Richmond from the north. *Herein lay the failure of the campaign.* . . . As it was impossible to get at Richmond, and the enemy's army covering it, without crossing the Chickahominy, I was obliged to divide the Army of the Potomac into two parts, separated by that stream.

The facts of record are at variance with the foregoing quotation. The *Merrimac* was not destroyed till May 11, and prior to that date the Confederates held Norfolk and the James River. McClellan of his own free will had established his depots on the Pamunkey before the President's order of May 18 was received — before it was even made. He had taken locomotives and cars in his transports for the purpose of using the railroad from White House to Richmond as his line of operations. Though free and vigorous in his protests against such action on the President's part as he did not like, McClellan at the time did not allege that the letter of May 18 forced him to the Pamunkey as a base, ³ or that he had any objection to that base. It was the base he had intended to use in his favorite plan of advancing by Urbana.

¹ It is a fair presumption that an order from the President to McClellan to leave Washington entirely secure empowered McClellan to judge what would constitute entire security. But an "entire feeling of security from menace" — indeed an entire feeling of security from capture — could not prevail in Washington after the Army of the Potomac had been transferred to the Peninsula, and though McClellan was in or near Washington some two weeks after his movement, with its conditions, had been sanctioned, he had, so far as appears, no understanding or even discussion with the Executive as to the force which would make Washing-

ton secure from "menace" or capture. He left at Manassas and Washington — or ordered there — all that he deemed necessary to garrison those places, and also posted a force under Banks in the Shenandoah Valley.

² The forces gathered under McDowell on the Washington overland line after McClellan went to the Peninsula were named the Army of the Rappahannock.

³ In McClellan's testimony before the committee on the conduct of the war, the following appears: "*Question:* Could not the advance on Richmond from Williamsburg have been made with better prospects of

McClellan in person arrived at the White House May 16, and wrote his wife: "Have just arrived over horrid roads. No further movement possible till they improve." The next day, May 17, he wrote her: "I expect to have our advance parties near [enough to] Bottom's Bridge to-day"; he added that all the bridges were burned, but that the river was fordable, so the difficulty was "not insuperable by any means," showing that he did not know that the Chickahominy was going to be a serious obstacle. On the 18th he wrote: "We will go to Tunstall's or perhaps a little beyond it, and will now soon close up on the Chickahominy, and find out what Secesh is doing. I think he will fight us there, or between that and Richmond."

It is not only true that McClellan established his depots on the Pamunkey of his own accord, but it is further true that it was his intention before leaving Washington to establish them there. In a report to the Secretary of War, dated March 19, he said:

I have the honor to submit the following notes on the proposed operations of the active portion of the Army of the Potomac. The proposed plan of campaign is to assume Fort Monroe as the first base of operations, *taking the line of Yorktown and West Point upon Richmond as the line of operations*, Richmond being the objective point. It is assumed that the fall of Richmond involves that of Norfolk, and the whole of Virginia; *also that we shall fight a decisive battle between West Point and Richmond. . . . It is also clear that West Point should as possible be reached and used as our main depot.*

Here the objective, the base, and the line of operations (upon which he expected a *decisive battle "between West Point and Richmond"*) are laid down with mathematical accuracy by McClellan himself before starting from Washington; and he indicated no purpose, and expressed no wish, to change the base or line until the enemy turned or was turning his right flank late in June. Nothing but hallucination growing out of his higher-law mission could have induced McClellan, in face of these facts, to write after the war that he was "forced" by

success by the James River than by the route pursued, and what were the reasons for taking the route adopted?

Answer: I do not think that the navy at that time was in a condition to make the line of the James River perfectly secure for our supplies. The line of the Pamunkey offered greater advantages in that respect. The place was in a better position to effect a junction with any troops that might move from Washington on the Fredericksburg line. I remember that the idea of moving on the James River was seriously discussed at that time. But the conclusion was arrived at that under the circumstances then existing the route actually followed was the best. I think the *Merrimac* was destroyed while we were at Williamsburg."

the Secretary's letter of May 18 to "establish our depots on the Pamunkey, and to approach Richmond from the north"; and to add, speaking of the army after it had been driven to the James by the enemy, "it was at last upon its true line of operations,¹ which I had been unable to adopt at an earlier day in consequence of the Secretary of War's peremptory order of May 18, requiring the right wing to be extended to the north of Richmond."

The "decisive battle between West Point and Richmond," predicted by McClellan, was fought, beginning June 26, by the enemy in full force attacking the right flank of the Army of the Potomac after it had lain six weeks astride of the Chickahominy. McClellan was forced to the James River, which had come into possession of our gunboats, after the fall of Norfolk and destruction of the *Merrimac*, May 11. Even before the attack his mind seems to have been fastened, not upon taking Richmond, but upon "saving" the Army of the Potomac and the country. At 6:15 P. M., on June 25, he telegraphed Stanton:

I have just returned from the field, and find your despatch in regard to Jackson. Several contrabands, just in, give information confirming the supposition that Jackson's advance is at or near Hanover Court House, and that Beauregard arrived with strong reinforcements in Richmond yesterday. I incline to think that Jackson will attack my right and rear. The rebel force is estimated at two hundred thousand. . . . This army will do all in the power of men to *hold their position and repulse any attack*. I regret my great inferiority of numbers. . . . If the result of the action, which will probably occur to-morrow, or within a short time, is a disaster, the responsibility cannot be thrown on my shoulders; it must rest where it belongs.

On the 28th he sent a long telegram to the Secretary of War reporting the disaster, and closed it by saying, no doubt with the assumed conspiracy of "traitors" and his mission to "save" the country still uppermost in his mind,

The Government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now the game is lost. *If I*

¹ After McClellan reached the James he said in a communication to the President, July 4, "Our communications by the James River are not secure. There are points where the enemy can establish themselves with cannon or musketry and command the river, and where it is not certain that our gunboats can drive them out. In case of this, or in case our front is broken, I will still make every effort to preserve at least the *personnel* of the army," and added, July 7, "I have been anxious about my communications. Had long consultation about it with Flag-Officer Goldsborough last night."

This is the line to which he says he changed base as the "true line of operations."

save this army now, I tell you plainly I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

This was the language of a man laboring under a deep-seated hallucination. On June 26, the day the battle opened, he telegraphed to his wife:

You may be sure that your husband will not disgrace you, and I am confident that God will smile upon my efforts and give our arms success.

On June 11 he wrote her:

I *must* be careful, for it would be utter destruction to this army were I to be disabled.

Even after the Seven Days' fight was over, he was still in pursuance of the sacred mission imposed upon him alone of saving the army and the country.

On July 17 he said:

I did have a terrible time during that week, for I stood alone without any one to help me.

On July 8 he says:

I have written a strong, frank letter to the President. . . . If he acts upon it *the country will be saved*—

and at midnight he added,

I am alone with you and the Almighty, whose good and powerful hand *has saved me and my army.*

And as late as August 23 he wrote her:

I take it for granted that my orders will be as disagreeable as it is possible to make them unless Pope is beaten, in *which case they will want me to save Washington again.*

But the most striking proof of McClellan's hallucination is afforded by his so-called "Harrison's Bar letter" of July 7. He begins by saying to the President, who was then at his camp,

You have been fully informed that the rebel army is in our front, with the purpose of overwhelming us by attacking our positions, or reducing us *by blocking our river communications.*¹ I cannot but regard our condition as critical—

and then tells the President that

the time has come when the Government must determine upon a civil and military policy covering the whole ground of our national trouble.

¹ Yet after the war he says in his "Own Story" that at last the army, being on the James, was upon "its true line of operations."

² The editor of McClellan's "Own Story" denies that "the letter was written in consultation with friends at the North as a political document"; and says, p. 489,

Thereupon he proceeded to lay down a definite course for the Government to pursue in the broad field of its "civil and military policy." It is easy to understand, as McClellan says in his "Own Story" of the President's treatment of the letter, that after "he read it in my presence," he did not allude "further to it during his visit, or at any time after that."

This letter under the circumstances is one of the most extraordinary productions on record.² When McClellan wrote it he was not General-in-chief. His only functions were those of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and that army, worsted in a seven days' fight, had been driven to the cover of the gunboats on James River, and, as McClellan himself reported, was in danger of being cut off from supplies, and overwhelmed by an attack in front. In this condition of affairs he addressed a carefully prepared letter to the President, laying down a civil and military policy for the United States, covering among other things the question of slavery, and urging the extremity of his own military situation as an argument for the adoption of his views upon political as well as military policies. In a letter to his wife of August 30, McClellan said, "You know that I have a way of attending to most other things than my own affairs." No better proof of that could be offered than his "Harrison's Bar letter," written under the hallucination that he was the chosen savior of the country. Engaged in actual war, with the cause he was fighting for at stake upon the use of his sword, he proceeded to "save the country" with his pen.

From what the President saw and heard at Harrison's Bar, and with McClellan's letter in his pocket, it must have been with a heavy heart that he returned to Washington on July 9. According to McClellan, the Army of the Potomac, the mainstay of the Union, far away upon the Peninsula, was besieged, with its line of communication by James River insecure, its front in danger of being overwhelmed, and the rebel army victorious, and 200,000 strong, between McClellan and Washington, in the finest season for military operations.

On the 11th the President ordered that General Halleck "be assigned to command the whole land-forces of the United States as general-in-chief, and that he repair to this capital." Halleck reached Washington July 23, and was confronted by the great military problem then pressing for solution. Pope's "Army

"No one of McClellan's most intimate personal friends at the North knew even of the existence of this letter, until rumors about it came from members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet."

This goes to show that the letter was evolved by McClellan's own sense of his mission.

of Virginia," some 40,000 strong, made up of McDowell's, Frémont's, and Banks's forces, was in front of Washington, and McClellan's Army of the Potomac, about 90,000 effective, was beleaguered in the Peninsula, and the rebel army, estimated by McClellan at 200,000 men, was between them. The Union forces were to be united, and Washington was to be protected. McClellan maintained that he should be heavily reinforced, but whether he could after his repulse take Richmond against the enormous force he thought opposed to him was a matter of grave doubt, and if he could, might it not result in an exchange of capitals — the enemy giving up Richmond, and taking Washington? Before deciding the momentous question that met him at the threshold of his new office, Halleck, the day after his arrival in Washington, started to the Peninsula to confer with McClellan. He reached Harrison's Bar July 25, had a full conference with McClellan, and on his return to Washington made a report — July 27 — to the Secretary of War, the correctness of which McClellan never disputed.

In that report Halleck says:

I stated to the general that the object of my visit was to ascertain from him his views and wishes in regard to future operations. He said that he proposed to cross the James River at that point, attack Petersburg, and cut off the enemy's communications by that route south, making no further demonstration for the present against Richmond. I stated to him very frankly my views in regard to the danger and impracticability of the plan, to most of which he finally agreed.

I then told him that it seemed to me a military necessity to concentrate his forces, with those of General Pope, on some point where they could at the same time cover Washington, and operate against Richmond, unless he felt strong enough to attack the latter place with a strong probability of success, with the reinforcements which could be given to him. He expressed the opinion that with 30,000 reinforcements he could attack Richmond with a "good chance of success." I replied that I was authorized by the President to promise only 20,000, and that if he could not take Richmond with that number, we must devise some plan for withdrawing his troops from their present position to some point where they could unite with those of General Pope without exposing Washington. He thought there would be no serious difficulty in withdrawing his forces for that purpose, but the movement he said would have a demoralizing influence on his own troops, and suggested the propriety of their holding their present position till sufficient reinforcements could be collected. I told him that I had no authority to consider that proposition, and that he must decide between advising the withdrawal of his forces to some point, to be agreed upon, to meet General Pope, or to advance on Richmond with the reinforcements which the President had offered; that I was not sufficiently advised in regard to the posi-

tion of our forces, and those of the enemy, to say how many additional troops could be given to him with safety, but that the President had decided that question by fixing his reinforcements at 20,000, and I could promise no addition to that number.

I inferred from his remarks that under these circumstances he would prefer to withdraw and unite with General Pope; but I advised him to consult his officers, and give me a final answer in the morning. He did so, and the next morning informed me that he would attack Richmond with the reinforcements promised. He would not say that he thought the probabilities of success were in his favor, but that there was "a chance," and he was "willing to try it." In regard to the force of the enemy, he expressed the opinion that it was not less than 200,000, and I found that in this estimate most of his officers agreed. His own effective force was, officers and men, about 90,000, which, with, 20,000 reinforcements, would make 110,000. I had no time or opportunity to investigate the facts upon which these estimates were based, and therefore can give no opinion as to their correctness. His officers, as I understood, were about equally divided in opinion in regard to the policy of withdrawing or risking an attack on Richmond.

It is plain from this that McClellan's plan was not to resume his advance upon Richmond, but to put his army across James River to cut the enemy's communications with the South. He would not say that he thought the probabilities of success "were in his favor," in case of another advance against that city, but merely that there was a "chance." That he meant nothing more than this is supported by the statement in a letter to his wife, August 8, "My only hope is that I can induce the enemy to attack me." The Government was not willing to take the "chance," and the result was his withdrawal from the Peninsula. This, of course, was a severe blow to him. Prior to this he does not appear even to have thought evil of Halleck. July 25, before Halleck arrived, McClellan wrote to his wife, "I think Halleck will support me." August 1, after Halleck's return to Washington, he wrote, "I have a very friendly letter from Halleck this morning"; but his relations with the Government had not improved. August 2 he said in a letter to his wife,

When you contrast the policy I urge in my letter to the President with that of Congress and of Mr. Pope, you can readily agree with me that there can be but little natural confidence between the Government and myself. We are the antipodes of each other.

By August 4 he received Halleck's order to withdraw the Army of the Potomac, and then, though not characterized as a "conspirator" or traitor, Halleck was put down as one of that "herd," and was denounced as a suspicious

character and as hopelessly stupid. August 4 McClellan wrote his wife, "Halleck has begun to show the cloven foot"; August 8, "I strongly suspect him"; August 10:

Halleck is turning out just like the rest of the herd. . . . The absurdity of Halleck's course in ordering the army away from here is that it cannot possibly reach Washington in time to do any good, but will necessarily be too late. I am sorry to say that I am forced to the conclusion that H. is very dull and very incompetent. Alas! poor country!

and finally, in his "Own Story," written twenty years after the war, he says:

Of all men whom I have encountered in high position, Halleck was the most hopelessly stupid. It was more difficult to get an idea through his head than can be conceived by any one who never made the attempt. I do not think he ever had a correct military idea from beginning to end.

His superiors were all "incapables," or "conspirators," and it belonged to him alone to save the country. After the withdrawal from the Peninsula was begun, in pursuance of the orders of August 4, McClellan says:

It was continued with the utmost rapidity until all the troops and material were *en route* both by land and water on the morning of the 16th; [and he adds] late in the afternoon of that day, when the last man had disappeared from the deserted camps, I followed with my personal staff in the track of the grand Army of the Potomac, bidding farewell to the scenes still covered with the marks of its presence, and to *be forever memorable in history as the vicinity of its most brilliant exploits*.

This touching picture was drawn in his official report of August 4, 1863, and repeated in his "Own Story." No one can dispute the individual heroism and fortitude of the men composing the Army of the Potomac in that campaign, but this great general, one of the purest and most intelligent of men, must have been laboring under a delusion when he pronounced the failure of the Army of the Potomac in the Peninsula to be more "brilliant" than the subsequent exploits of that army in capturing Richmond and all the opposing forces.

Pope's defeat carried consternation from Bull Run to Washington for the second time, and McClellan was again called to power, notwithstanding the bad relations between him and the Government. His Peninsula campaign had failed, his army had been brought back to Washington against his will, and Halleck had superseded him as Commander-in-chief. Adversity partly dispelled his hallucination, and he entered with vigor and ability upon the per-

formance of his new duties as commander of the defenses of Washington. The capital, however, was not in danger. Its intrenchments were formidable,¹ as McClellan knew before he left the city in the spring; the battles that had been fought had not been without heavy losses to the enemy, and though Pope's army was defeated, it was far from destroyed. Only a little more than one corps of the Army of the Potomac had been seriously engaged under Pope. They had suffered severely, but had lost neither spirit nor organization. The other corps of the Army of the Potomac were intact and in good order, having had no engagements since the Seven Days' fight on the Peninsula nearly two months before.

McClellan wrote his wife, September 2:

Pope is ordered to fall back upon Washington, and as he reënters everything is to come under my command again. A terrible and thankless task. Yet I will do my best with God's blessing to perform it. God knows that I need His help. Pray that God will help me in the great task now imposed upon me. . . . I only consent to take it for my country's sake and with the humble hope *God has called me to it*.

Here again was an earnest and honest conviction of a sacred mission.

McClellan with great promptness and industry gathered up his forces, and with good generalship marched forth to give battle to Lee, who was moving into Maryland. He won the battles of South Mountain September 14, and Antietam September 17, but the functions of the subordinate general were again supplanted by those of the savior of the country. September 5 he wrote his wife:

The case is desperate, but with God's help I will try unselfishly to do my best, and, if He wills it, accomplish the *salvation of the nation*. . . . How weary I am of this struggle against adversity! But one thing sustains me—that is my trust in God. . . . Truly God is trying me in the fire.

It is noteworthy that in a despatch to his wife, dated September 7, McClellan said:

The feeling of the Government toward me I am sure is kind and trusting. I hope with God's blessing to justify the great confidence they now repose in me, and will bury the past in oblivion.

September 20, after Antietam, he wrote:

I feel some little pride in having with a beaten and demoralized army defeated Lee so utterly and *saved the North so completely*. . . . Since I left Washington, Stanton has again asserted that I, not Pope, lost the battle of Manassas, No. 2.

¹ In his "Own Story," p. 196, he calls them "numerous well-built and well-armed fortifications."

I am tired of fighting against such disadvantages, and feel that it is now time for the country to come to my help and remove these difficulties from my path. . . . I feel that I have done all that can be asked in twice saving the country. If I continue in its service, I have at least the right to demand a guarantee that I shall not be interfered with. I know I cannot have that assurance so long as Stanton continues in the position of Secretary of War, and Halleck as general-in-chief.

The subordinate general who admitted on the 7th the "kind feeling" and "great confidence of the Government," and buried "the past in oblivion," after two weeks of success was again the savior of the country, demanding the dismissal of his two military superiors, the Secretary of War and the General-in-chief!

September 22 he wrote his wife :

I am confident that the poison still rankles in the veins of my enemies at Washington, and that so long as they live it will remain there.

It will be remembered that in a telegram to Stanton of June 28, during the Seven Days' fight, he said :

If I save this army now, I tell you plainly I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.

This probably is some of the "poison" to which he refers, because in a letter of July 20 he said in relation to the bitter charge just made :

Of course they will never forgive me for that. I knew it when I wrote it.

It was no doubt true that McClellan had bitter enemies in Washington. His own conduct rendered that inevitable, and, as shown by the quotation just made, he knew that he had said what they could "never forgive." It was a life and death struggle between him and them. But the trial really took place before the tribunal of public opinion. McClellan was defeated there, not by the action of his enemies in Washington, but by his own inaction in the field. Having defeated Lee and driven him across the Potomac, the Government and the public demanded an active pursuit, and, in refusing that, McClellan lost his case. Antietam was fought on the 17th of September. On the 18th the rebel army recrossed the Potomac into Virginia. McClellan would not pursue for various reasons — want of transportation, of clothing and equipage, etc., and because

the entire army had been greatly exhausted by unavoidable overwork, fatiguing marches, hunger,

a want of sleep and rest, [he] did not feel authorized to cross the river with the main army, over a very deep and difficult ford, in pursuit of the retreating enemy, known to be in strong force on the south bank, and thereby place that stream, which was liable at any time to rise above a fording stage, between my army and its base of supply.

The Government and the public, believing that the advantage gained ought to be followed up, and that the rebel army, far from Richmond, must be quite as greatly reduced in numbers and supplies, and as much worn out by marching and fighting, as the Army of the Potomac, insisted upon an active continuation of the campaign. McClellan insisted upon rest and further preparation. On September 22 he telegraphed Halleck :

As soon as the exigencies of the service will admit of it, this army should be reorganized. It is absolutely necessary, to secure its efficiency, that the old skeleton regiments should be filled up at once . . .

And on September 27 he said in a long report :

This army is not now in condition to undertake another campaign, nor to bring on another battle unless great advantages are offered. . . . The new regiments need instruction. . . . My present purpose is to hold the army about as it is now, rendering Harper's Ferry secure and watching the river closely, intending to attack the enemy should he attempt to cross to this side. . . . When the river rises so that the enemy cannot cross in force, I purpose concentrating the army somewhere near Harper's Ferry and then acting according to circumstances.

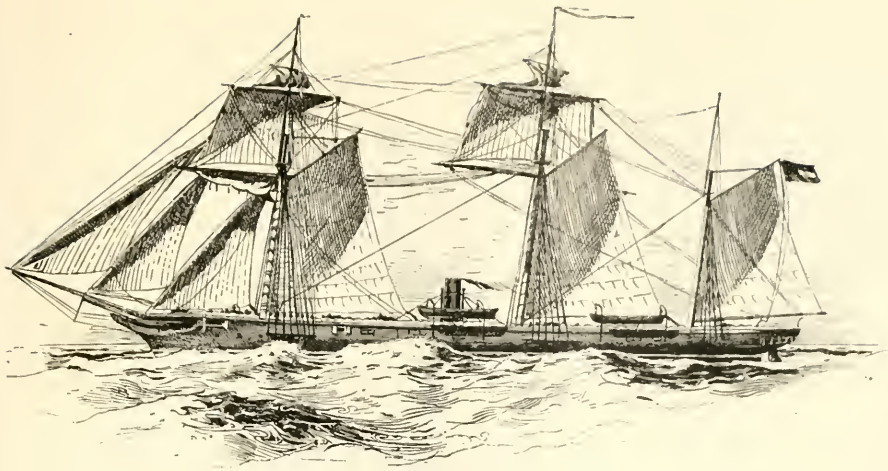
He was waiting for the river to rise so that the enemy could not get at him, when the Government was thankful that it remained low, expecting him to get at the enemy. He said further :

I rather apprehend a renewal of the attempt in Maryland, should the river remain low for a great length of time and should they receive considerable addition to their force. . . . In the last battles the enemy was undoubtedly greatly superior to us in numbers, and it was only by very hard fighting that we gained the advantage we did.

On September 29 he wrote his wife :

I think Secesh has gone to Winchester. . . . If he has gone there I will be able to arrange my troops more with a view to comfort, and if it will only rain a little so as to raise the river, will feel quite justified in asking for a short leave.

All this was in the season for offensive operations, and when the Government wanted activity. It gave McClellan's enemies in Wash-



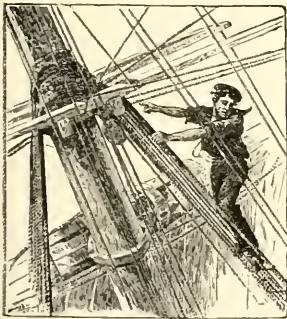
THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER "ALABAMA."

This sketch was made from a photograph (of a drawing) which Captain Semmes gave to a friend, with the remark that it was a correct picture of his ship. On the stocks, and until she went into commission, the *Alabama* was known as "No. 290," that being her number on the list of ships built by the Lairds. According to the volume, "Our Cruise in the Confederate States' War Steamer *Alabama*," she was a bark-rigged wooden propeller, of 1040 tons register; length of keel, 210 feet; length over all, 220; beam, 32; depth, 17. She carried two horizontal engines, each of 300 horse-power; she had stowage for 350 tons of coal. All her standing rigging was of wire. She had a double wheel placed just before the mizzen-mast, and on it was inscribed the motto, "*Aide-toi et Dieu l'aidera.*"

The bridge was in the center, just before the funnel. She carried five boats: cutter and launch amidships, gig and whale-boat between the main and mizzen mast, and dingy astern. The main deck was pierced for twelve guns. She was elliptic stem; billet head; high bulwarks; cabin accommodations first-class; ward-room furnished with a handsome suite of state-rooms; the starboard steerage was for midshipmen, the port for engineers. Next came the engine-room, coal-bunkers, etc.; then the berth-deck, capable of accommodating 120 men. Under the ward-room were store-rooms; and under the steerage were shell-rooms; just forward of the fireams came the hold; next, the magazines; and forward of all, the boatswain's and sail-maker's store-rooms; the hold was all under the berth-deck.—EDITOR.

LIFE ON THE "ALABAMA."

BY ONE OF THE CREW.



SHIP AHoy!

ON the 3d of July, 1862, I signed in Liverpool the articles that made me one of the crew of the "290"—afterwards the *Alabama*. The shipping agent, Campbell, warned me against Yankee spies, and assured me

After a day's delay we sailed round the north coast of Ireland, and in thirteen days arrived at Terceira, one of the Azore Islands. The "290" was by no means as fast as I had expected from report; she did not make over ten knots during her first trip, and had a fashion of burying herself when driven to speed, that set everything afloat. Of course her crew, in the "berth-deck," were none the more comfortable for this.

In a few days we were joined by an English bark, loaded with guns and war material, and went to work laying platforms for the heavy guns, and mounting the pivot-guns, one a very fine Blakely rifled hundred-pounder, and the other an eight-inch sixty-eight-pounder, smooth bore. As the Portuguese governor had ordered us out of the harbor, we had to do our work in a rolling sea, three miles from an anchorage. Before we had finished the steamer *Bahama* came in, bringing Captain Semmes and the remainder of the crew, also more guns, and, it was said, a large sum of money.

We all got liberty and went ashore. Familiar as I was with sailors' antics, this surpassed everything. The few policemen of the town were seized and mounted on the men's backs; the authorities were defied, and although no serious outrage was committed, the Portuguese

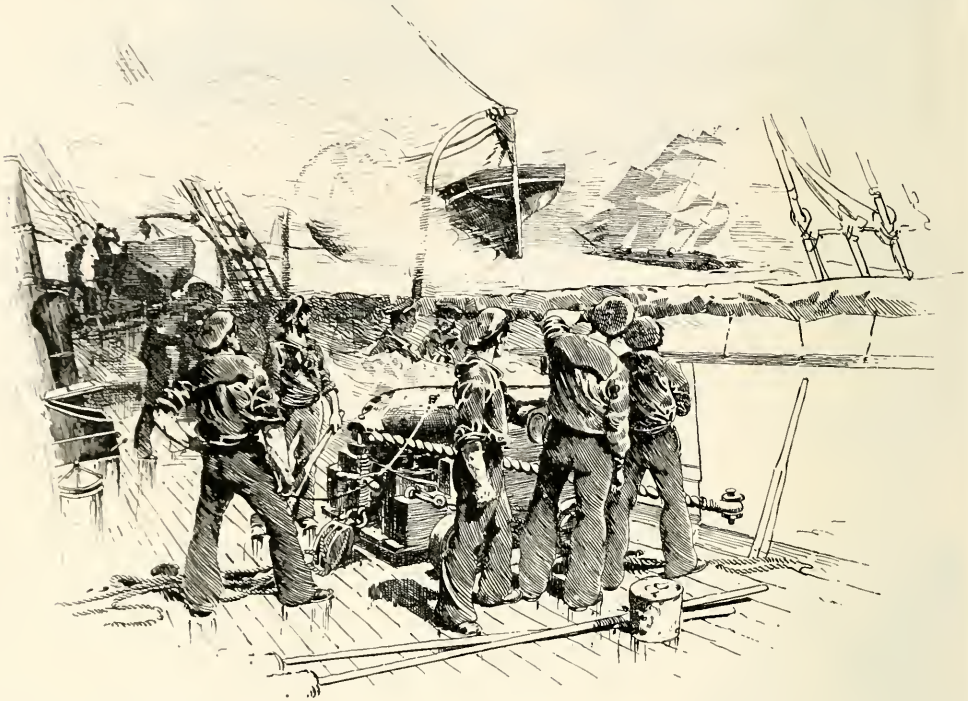
that in three months Great Britain would declare war against the United States. Next day I went aboard, and liked the look of the vessel. Everything, to a practiced eye, indicated the character of the ship. No platforms were laid, but the places for the pivot-guns were plainly marked; her magazines were finished and shot-boxes were lying about.

On the 28th of July, the *Alabama* passed out of the Mersey, on a supposed trial-trip, and anchored in a bay on the Welsh coast, where she was joined by most of her crew. We had about one hundred men, half of them sailors, the others being coal-passers, etc.

We all got liberty and went ashore. Familiar as I was with sailors' antics, this surpassed everything. The few policemen of the town were seized and mounted on the men's backs; the authorities were defied, and although no serious outrage was committed, the Portuguese

officials remonstrated with Semmes for turning such a gang loose on them. Most of these men had not yet signed articles, and of course the officers of the *Alabama* could not control them. When the time came for signing they were told they could stay or go; they "quit backing and filling," and came forward at once and were sent on board. The ship was "all adrift" like a midshipman's chest, and the

laughed at him, and suggested that "Chucks, the marine," had been at his tricks. Chucks is the "Robin Goodfellow" on board an English man-o'-war, who bears the blame of all mischief that can't be found out. I had been looking over the crew, and made up my mind that, on the whole, I had never been on a ship with such a bad lot. They were all sailors from clew to earing,—no haymakers



INVITATION TO "HEAVE TO."

boatswain's pipe was going all the time. We worked hard to clean the ship, and got her in order in two days. The crew were now divided into watches, and the routine life of a man-o'-war commenced.

We left Angra on a bright Sunday morning in company with the *Bahama*. Our officers came out in "full fig"; the scratch band played "Dixie"; all hands were mustered, and we saw the flag we were to fight under, for the first time, and heard the first of Captain Semmes's exhortations. He told us among other things that Providence would bless our endeavors to free the South from the Yankees, etc. A boatswain's mate behind me growled, "Yass, Providence likely to bless this yer crew!" During the night some one ornamented a bread-bag with a terrific skull and cross-bones and managed to fasten it to one of the mizzen-braces. In the morning the master-at-arms was hunting for the delinquent, but the men only

among them,—but they were mostly of that class, found in seaport towns all over the world, that ship for the "run" (from port to port), and not for the voyage, and are always a rough, mutinous set. They did not seem to care for the ship's officers, and were determined to stand no "man-o'-war dickey" from them.

When off watch the men began to overhaul each other's log, and to tell lies about their voyages. I was pleased to find that I had not an old shipmate aboard. The best man in the port watch, to which I belonged, was a Scotchman named Gill. He was about forty, very powerful, and could hold an ordinary man at arm's length clear of the deck. He was saturated with Calvinism, and could quote Scripture and sermons by the hour, but was, all the same, a daring, dangerous ruffian. According to his own account, he had been in numerous mutinies, in one case taking a Span-



LOOTING A PRIZE. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

ish brig, killing the officers, beaching her on the Deseada Key, in the Leeward Islands, and getting to Porto Rico in the launch with the plunder. This man's influence was bad, and he was the cause of much of the insubordination that took place on board.

I hadn't a great deal of admiration for our officers, First Officer Kell being the best; but the truth is, the only officer that sailors respect is a sharp, resolute, driving one. Fear is the best basis for discipline on a ship. The men got it into their heads that our captain had been a parson; and knowing the versatility of the average American, I would not have been surprised, as I had once sailed under an officer who had been an editor, school-master, Baptist preacher, had been in the legislature, and I believe in the penitentiary for slave-trading, and was withal a first-rate sailor. This did not raise Captain Semmes in the regard of the crew, who cursed him for a psalm-singer, and a "jury captain"; but the fact that with such a company he cruised nearly two years and kept his ship, shows that he had both judgment and resolution.

On the 3d of September we took our first prize, a whaling schooner, and for the first time in my life I saw a burning vessel. When the boat returned with the pris-

oners, there was some excitement, but it soon became a commonplace matter. The prisoners were placed on deck under a spar-rigged sail, and fared badly in stormy weather. Our berth-deck was so crowded that the hammocks touched all over, and this gave opportunities to the rough to annoy their quieter shipmates. My hammock was cut down three times in one night, the knittles being rendered useless, and I had to finish my "turn in" on the deck. As soon as our watch was called I waited for the guilty man at the forward companion-way, and nearly battered the life out of him. I was duly reported and lost my "grog" for ten days, but I was not "dumped" any more.

We were now taking prizes rapidly, being not over four hundred miles from New York, in the "rolling forties" directly in the track of American commerce. The treatment of the prisoners was fairly good and they were



DIVERSION ON DECK.



CHRISTMAS AT ARCAS KEYS. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

not ill-used on board, but the conduct of the boarding-crews was shameful; the officer in charge of the boat had no control over them, and they rushed below like a gang of pirates, breaking open the sailors' chests and taking from the persons of the prisoners everything that took their fancy. I never saw them in-

jure prisoners or use their weapons except to frighten their victims, but the wanton destruction of the clothes and effects of captured sailors was simply disgraceful. This sort of thing seriously affected the *morale* of the men, and had we then met an enemy of equal force, but of the usual standard of man-o'-



QUELLING A RIOT ON THE "ALABAMA." (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR. SEE PAGE 906.)

war discipline, we should have made a very poor show. The prisoners were of all nationalities, but their officers all seemed to be Americans by birth and were mostly a fine, gentlemanly lot. The old sea-dog element so common among English skippers in the East does not seem to exist among the American officers of the merchant marine; they might easily be mistaken for clerks, or even professors. Not so the old sailors in command of the "tea wagons" and East Indian ships,—their walk and lingo proclaim them sailors, and nothing else. One of the mates of a whaling-ship we took and burnt was a parson-like man and preached and prayed to his fellows. He was long and lanky, and two of our roughs began to haze him: but they mistook their calling, and in two minutes were so mauled and manhandled that it was reported aft; but the first officer said it served them right, much to the satisfaction of the honest man between decks.

On one of the prizes a man named George Forest was found. He had deserted from the Confederate service on the *Sumter*, and was recognized and put in irons. The same day the *Tonawanda* was taken; she was bonded and not burned. Forest was tried by court-martial, and lost his pay, etc.; then he was sent forward and put in our watch, where he at once fraternized with the Scotchman Gill and began to organize opposition. George Forest was a Yankee Irishman, born on Long Island. He was a first-class sailor, and had he possessed an education would have made his mark. He was tall, powerful, and had considerable manly beauty, and could talk to sailors better than any man I ever knew. He was a born mutineer, but was not as dangerous as old Gill, who could hold his tongue, which Forest could not. Having, as he said, nothing to lose but his life, as his pay was confiscated, he was openly insolent and defiant, and constantly in trouble, while the petty officers were afraid of him and his set. On a regular man-o'-war he would soon have ended his career; but, as Gill argued ingenuously, the *Alabama* had never been in a Southern port and was outside of the law, and it would be no mutiny to take the ship. There must have been something in this, or the officers would never have permitted what they did. In truth the expulsion of a dozen men would have made the captain secure in his authority, and I never could understand his forbearance. One means of maintaining discipline and subordination was wanting on the *Alabama*, and that was constant work. Where officers are enabled to command obedience to orders this is never neglected. "Teasing time" is well understood by merchant skippers, and

consists in overhauling the rigging, restowing stores, frequent mustering, and inspecting bags and hammocks. But we were so heavily manned, and so full of stores (a prime necessity in the case of a ship that could not command a port when needed), that we had barely room to swing our hammocks; in fact we could scarcely move without tumbling over somebody. The monotony was dreadful. After we had swept the ocean of prizes we had no excitement, and we cast about in every way to amuse ourselves. The ruffianly por-



AN OBJECT OF CURIOSITY. (AFTER A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.)

tion of the crew found their pleasure in hazing and ill-treating their duller and less resolute shipmates, and there were some fearful examples of this kind of work. We had sparring matches and single-stick playing, in both of which I excelled. Spinning yarns and singing songs were resources that never failed. The starboard watch made every man sing in turn under penalty of a pannikin of salt water, and our poets were kept busy in composing new ditties. One man had a splendid tenor voice; he was well educated and had been, he said, an officer in the Royal Navy, and was, like all disgraced gentlemen that I have ever met, a "vicious and irreclaimable blackguard." How strange to hear him sing "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," and "My Mary in Heaven" with taste and feeling, and the next moment disgust even his rude associates by a burst of obscene blasphemy. One sailor, a wonderful story-teller, who generally prefaced his yarns

with "When I sailed in the *Taprobane*, East Ingyman," was known as "Top-robbin." His imagination was prolific of horrors, and his grim and sepulchral visage aided in producing an effect on his hearers. His tales were of phantom ships, that sailed in the teeth of wind and current, and of ghastly women that came aboard in the height of storms, etc., and so realistic and impressive was his delivery that some of the worst ruffians in the watch sought their hammocks in fear and trembling. But the poor fellow came to grief in this wise. It was remarked that he had always missed his "tip" in the singing and had rather avoided the tuneful choir. He was on this particular night ordered to "pipe up" and no more temporizing about it. He put on a look of intense misery, and commenced:

"How Jerry Lee was hung at sea
For stabbing of his messmate true,
And his body did swing, a horrible thing,
At the sport of the wild sea-mew."

What a voice!—it was at once a squeaky treble and a hoarse bass. With one accord the men yelled to him to stop. He was assured "If you ever sing again in this ere watch while we're off soundings, we'll fire you through a lee port. Such a voice as that would raise a harrycane." Poor Top-robbin seemed glad to quit, remarking that he didn't sing for his own "diversion," and we all agreed with him.

Most of the songs would not look well in print, but they were nearly all squibs on the "Captain and his officers," and were bawled out without mitigation of voice, and no doubt heard in the mess-room aft. The belief that Captain Semmes had been a parson inspired many of these ditties, one of which ran as follows:

"Oh, our captain said, 'When my fortune's made,
I'll buy a church to preach in,
And fill it full of toots and horns,
And have a jolly Methodee screechin."

"And I'll pray the Lord from night to morn
To weather Old Yankee Doodle —
And I'll run a hinfant Sunday-school
With part of the Yankee's boodle."

The following was the last effort of the Muse and was sung the Saturday night before we left Cherbourg:

"We're homeward bound, we're homeward bound,
And soon shall land on English ground;
But ere that English land we see,
We first must lick the *Kersar-gee*."

But we didn't lick the *Kersar-gee*, and the poor poet realized the alternative, for I saw him crushed and mangled under a gun, just before I went over the side.

October 17th we struck a spell of bad weather, lasting five days. At one time I thought we should founder. The weather

main-brace parted, losing us the main-yard, fore-top and stay-sail. At one time the vessel was fairly on her beam-ends, and the decks were straight up and down. The ship was well handled, but was not, in my opinion, a weatherly craft, and I came to the conclusion that if we ran across one of the fast Yankee cruisers our career would come to an end.

November 18th we arrived at Martinique, and had an "ovation"; the exultation of the French over the disasters to Yankee commerce impressed me. A French corvette lying there gave a dinner to the officers. Gill licked two of the Frenchman's petty officers nearly to death, as his share of the entertainment, and our liberty was stopped in consequence. Forest swam on shore that night, and eluding sharks and lookouts, was hauled into one of the berth-deck ports with five gallons of the worst liquor I ever drank. It set the entire watch crazy. Forest kept comparatively sober, but old Gill "bowed up his jib" until he could scarcely stand. Such an uproar I never heard; the lanterns were lit in defiance, and when the watch was called, the officer of the deck was saluted with all manner of "skrim-shander." The boatswain was knocked down and hurt by a blow from a belaying-pin, and everything loose was fired aft. The officers and marines, with the sober portion of the crew, now charged forward, and a terrible *mêlée* ensued. Gill knocked a gunner's mate's jaw out of place, and was laid out by a capstan-bar, and finally the drunken men were secured. Forest was identified by a port guard from shore, as the man who got the liquor, and as defiant as ever, was placed in double irons and under guard.

We now heard that a Yankee cruiser, the *San Jacinto*, was outside awaiting us. The general sentiment of the crew was to fight. We were tired of the monotony of hunting merchantmen and, win or lose, wanted a change. But our officers thought otherwise, and by the open and undisguised assistance of the French naval officers and shore authorities, signals were set to mislead the Yankee commander, and a pilot took us out by a route that enabled us to leave the island far astern by daybreak. On the 27th of November we arrived at the island of Blanquilla and coaled. We were about one hundred miles from the coast of South America. Forest was here sentenced to be sent ashore, to lose his pay and to be dismissed the service in disgrace. He snapped his fingers and swore to be even with the officers. We made up eighty dollars for him, and one of the boatmen took it ashore to him. I thought it a good riddance, but kept my opinion to myself.

After looking into Porto Rico we went

through the Mona passage, on the lookout for California steamers, and on the 27th of December we captured the *Ariel*. She was boldly sailed, and only came to, after a shot from our Blakely rifle had barely missed hulling her. As she was full of passengers, she was bonded and let go. We had up to this time taken nineteen prizes. December 24th, we came to the Arcas Keys, desolate sand-banks on the Caribbean Sea. Here we were to coal, and spend our Christmas-day, at liberty on shore. "Liberty on Christmas, the mean pirate!" sang out one of the port watch. "Well, here's for a quiet life—I can lick anything in the starboard watch!" In five minutes the whole front of the island was covered with combatants. Every one hit everybody else, and when the officer of the day sent a guard and boats to bring the men off, they had their hands full. Some of the men were badly hurt, and we had cause to remember our Christmas festivities at Arcas.

Sunday was our busy day. Half our prizes were taken on that day, and now our first action was to take place on Sunday, January 11, 1863. We knew from the orders given that we were in an enemy's vicinity and, accordingly, were at the guns when we saw through the dusk the bows of a small steamer, coming towards us. Her officers had no need to be taken unawares, as any good seaman would have seen that we were at quarters, guns manned. But she came within one hundred yards of us before hailing. We answered: "This is Her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Petrel*!" The answer came back, "This is the United States steamer *Hatteras*!" At the same moment we answered: "This is the Confederate steamer *Alabama*!" In fact, before they could well make out the hail, we gave her the whole broadside of our starboard batteries. We were not more than fifty yards away, and we heard the crash of the shot. She at once returned our fire—but it was evident her armament was light. After ten minutes' rapid firing some one called out, "The enemy is sinking," and we were ordered to stop firing, as the vessel had surrendered. Boats were manned, and in a few strokes of the oars we were alongside. Her bow was in the air, and she was going down stern foremost. In a few minutes her men and wounded were in the boats, and giving a wallow, the *Hatteras* went down. To me she looked more like a flimsy river steamer than a war vessel. Indeed, most Yankee cruisers look slim and slight compared with the more sturdy build of the English men-o'-war.

Much was said of our victory until we learned that the armament of the *Hatteras* had been four thirty-two-pounders, and that

we had only killed and wounded five of her crew. With our weight of guns we should have done more harm; but the truth is, that we had but few skilled gunners on board, and they were not at the heavy guns. Our gun drills were farcical, in my opinion. In fact, we never came within distance of man-o'-war drill or discipline.

We now sailed for Jamaica, going into Port Royal, and had a pleasant time. Here something occurred that few knew of. An Irishman called "King-post," from his build, being short and thick, was suspected of giving the officers information of the plans of Forest and his mates. He was closely watched and he knew it, but was on his guard. He took his liberty with the others, and of course got drunk. Seeing Gill and another man leading a third and going toward the suburbs, I followed and made out the third man to be King-post. I missed them, and as I knew that Gill was well acquainted with the Port, I at once conjectured, that he had seen me following them, and had changed his course. An hour after both men came back, and I joined them. I asked where the Irishman was. Gill looked at me with his hard gray eyes, and significantly said: "I dunna know, laddie, but he'll haud his tongue noo; and ye had better say naithing, yir a wise fallou." King-post never came back and was supposed to have deserted; but no doubt he fell a victim to those two ruffians. The crew broke all bounds here and nearly all the petty officers were disrated, much to their satisfaction, as they had no respect from the crew and were responsible for them to their officers. I could have been quartermaster, but declined.

We were now on the coast of San Domingo, a lovely view of wooded mountains and tropical vegetation. On the 2d of July the cry of fire was raised, and after much confusion all was made right. It came from the spirit-room, where one of the petty officers had entered with a naked light. We were making prizes now and then, and burning them, but to-day we were fairly beaten by a sailing vessel. When the lookout saw her it was toward sunset, and we set the English ensign, our usual ruse to deceive Uncle Sam; but this captain was wideawake, and piling on canvas he kept the weather-gauge. We could see that he was using every device that a good sailor knew to beat us. Our boatswain was an old clipper sailor and I asked him whether we were gaining on the chase. "Not an inch, and we are doing our best." The wind freshened and we tried long shot with our rifle-gun, but it was no use. The chase was a cloud of canvas, and was beautifully handled, and in my heart I wished her success. It

was now getting dark, and several times we saw a light and felt assured that we were forereaching on the ship, when our lookout on the yard sang out, "That's a floating light." Our Yankee had fooled us by this old device, for we saw no more of him.

It was a very common thing for the crews that boarded a prize to bring liquor back with them. Once some fifteen bottles of brandy were smuggled aboard, and all hands partook. As usual, there was a terrible time between decks. One petty officer was so badly hurt that it was thought he would die. Many of the men had grape-shot in a netted bag fastened to the wrist by a lanyard, and many a coward blow was given with these.

We hailed a large ship, June 30th, and fired a gun, which was at once returned, when we found that we were trying to bring to a British man-of-war, the *Diomedé*. She did not answer our ensign, but kept on her way in apparent disdain. We now left the South American coast and made for the Cape of Good Hope, taking a few prizes on the way, and late in July anchored in Saldanha Bay, about one hundred miles north of Cape Town. Here one of the engineers shot himself by accident and was buried. We sailed for Cape Town and many of the crew deserted. At Simon's Town the entire crew broke away, petty officers and all, and the quartermaster and twelve men left us.

We now sailed for the Eastern seas, and making captures here and there, arrived at Singapore December 22. We had one long chase after a fine clipper ship, the *Contest*, that but for our guns would have outsailed us. Her mate was an Englishman, and was put in irons after knocking down one of the officers and offering to fight any "pirate" on board. At one small island near the Straits of Sunda, garrisoned by Frenchmen, we had a stand-up fight with a gang of large baboons, and two of our men were badly bitten. I had my jacket taken clean off, at one clutch, and was glad to escape so easily. They threw stones and clubs like Tipperary men.

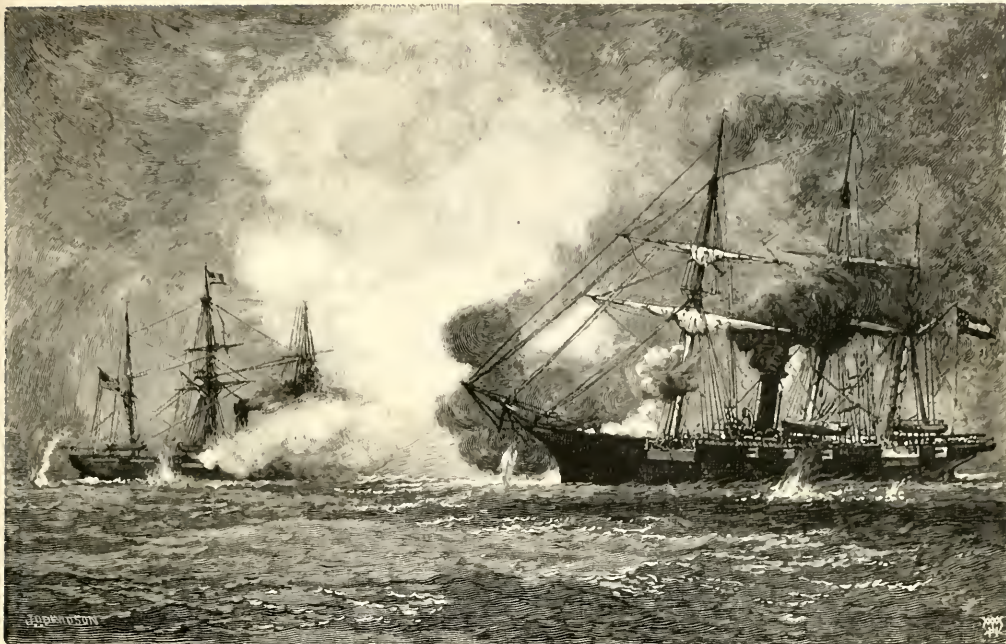
We sailed from Singapore for Table Bay, the weather being fearfully hot, and got there March 13th. I was approached in the middle watch by a man known as "Shakings," from his bushy yellow hair. He was a great crony of Gill's and told me that if I would stand in, they would make a rush aft, on the next night, and that we could easily take the ship; that the American consul would guarantee us one hundred thousand dollars, and see that no harm would come to us. I asked him who were with him, and he said four of the petty officers, and some twenty of the crew. I did not like this man, he had a bad eye, and I said I would think of it. I knew

Gill, bad as he was, could be trusted, and I spoke to him. He assured me that we would not be opposed by the petty officers, and one determined rush would do it! I told him that I was sure the officers were on the alert and that as we were going to England soon, it would scarce pay—and that the American consul would repudiate the whole affair and we would bring ourselves in the grip of English law. If we could run her into a Yankee port, it would be different. I thought of the wretched man at Port Royal and kept my own counsel.

We were told that our course was now for England and this had a good effect on the men. The Yankee flag seemed to become a stranger on the seas, and we had a dull time after leaving the African coast. We were off Lizard Point June 8th, with England dim and misty on the port bow. We took a pilot aboard and made Cherbourg on the 13th of June. There is no doubt that the ship needed repairs. She forged through the water, showing that her copper was stripping and that she had become a very tub in sailing. Her engines were out of order, and there was a constant thumping and fizzing in the engine-room. It was generally understood that in all probability her cruising would come to an end, for if she ventured into an English port that would be the last of her, as the English Government would stop her going out again. I do not think that I was ever so glad to get ashore in my life. On shore we soon heard of the U. S. steamer *Kearsarge*, and we were glad that we would have an opportunity of trying our guns on something like our match. The police in Cherbourg being well organized, our men behaved fairly well.

On the 15th of June at an early hour, it was told through the ship that the *Kearsarge* was coming through the east end of the harbor. From the berth-deck ports we had a fair look at her. She seemed low in the water, but was evidently in fighting trim. She steamed past us, at the rate of about nine knots, and out of the west opening. We heard from the gossip of the ward-room servants that Semmes had challenged the American consul. The men who worked the guns had no confidence in any but the Blakely rifle."

We got everything ship-shape and left Cherbourg for our last cruise on a bright Sunday morning, June 19th. We were escorted by a French armored vessel, and when we got outside we could see the *Kearsarge* awaiting us, about four miles away. Captain Semmes made us a short speech which was well received, though it seemed odd to me that an American should appeal to an Englishman's love of glory to animate him to fight the

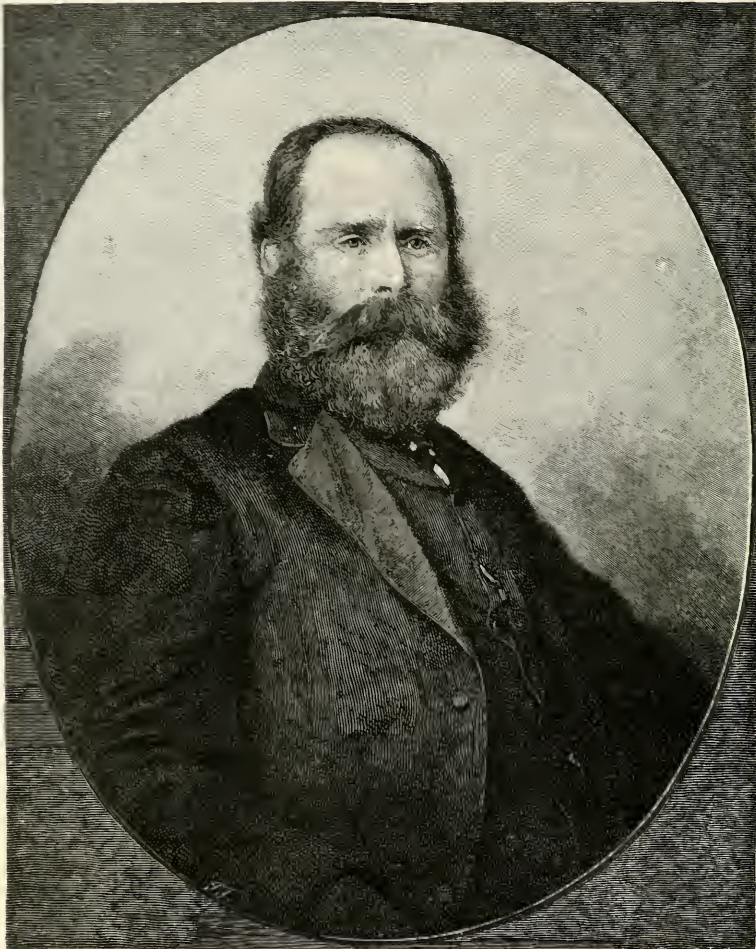


"THE FIRST SHOT THAT STRUCK US MADE THE SHIP REEL."

speaker's own countrymen. But we cheered, and the French ship leaving us, we steamed straight for the *Kearsarge*. There is no doubt that Semmes was flurried and commenced firing too soon. We were, I should say, nearly a mile away, and I do not think a single shot told. The enemy circled around us and did not return our fire until within seven or eight hundred yards and then she let us have it. The first shot that struck us made the ship reel and shake all over. I was serving on one of the thirty-two-pounders, and my sponger was an old man-o'-war's man, who remarked after a look out of the port, "We might as well fire batter puddens as these pop-guns; a few more biffs like that last and we may turn turtle." He had scarcely spoken when a shell burst under our pivot-gun, tilting it out of range and killing five of the crew. "What is wrong with the rifle-gun?" was asked. "We don't seem to be doing the enemy any harm," while with slow precision came the crash of the heavy shell of the Yankee. One missile that seemed as big as a haystack whizzed over our heads, taking a section of the port bulwarks away, fortunately missing a man that was handling shot. He only remarked that he believed the Yankee was firing "steam-b'ilers" at us. Another shell struck us amidships, causing the ship to list to port so that our gun weighing three tons raced in, pinning one poor fellow against the port-sill. He died before we could get him clear. This was the missile that sunk the *Alabama*. "She's going down!" was the

cry, and all was confusion. Another shell struck about the water-line, and the vessel reeled like a drunken man: The dead and wounded were lying about the deck, which was red with blood. Our officers did their duty and the men at once began to get up the wounded. The cutter and launch were in the water, and the officers were trying to keep the men back till the wounded were all in; but certainly many of them were left, for I saw several on the berth-deck when I went below, and the boats were then full and pushing off. When it was certain that the ship was sinking, all order was at an end. I had £10 and a watch in a locker between decks, and I ran below, but they were gone.

"All hands on deck — ship's going down!" was called, and I had just got on the upper step of the forward companion-way when the water, entering the berth-deck ports, forced the air up and almost carried me off my legs. I cast my eyes around for a moment. Old Gill, with his head crushed under the carriage of the eight-inch gun, was lying there, his brawny hands clinching the breast of his jumper. Just as the water came over the stern I went over the port bulwarks. I was a good swimmer, and had not been in the water five minutes when a French pilot-boat came running past, and a brawny fellow in petticoats and top-boots dragged me out of the water. Three of our crew were on board and two more were picked up. One of the men told me that he had been hailed by the doctor to aid him in



CAPTAIN JOHN MCINTOSH KELL, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "ALABAMA."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SOUTHAMPTON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FIGHT.)

bringing a man from the lower deck, but did not wait, as the water was then coming into the lower deck ports. I had seen an officer at the after companion-way just before going over the side, and this was no doubt Dr. Llewellyn, who was drowned.

A steam-yacht was passing westward, which I recognized as the *Deerhound*, having seen her at Cherbourg. I had a good look at the *Kearsarge*, whose boats were approaching, but she did not seem injured in the least. Our French lugger bore away for Cherbourg, landing us about four in the afternoon. I had deposited £90 with a French money-changer before the action, so I was not badly off. We were beset with questions by Englishmen staying there, and I was amazed at their desire to belittle the victory of the *Kearsarge*. One grim old tar, who had been quartermaster in the Royal Navy and was saved with me, said

to the point, "We was whipped because she was a better ship, better manned; had better guns, better served; that's about the size of it," and he walked away. The next day I induced an English fishing-smack to take me to England, landing at Portsmouth.

We had inflicted great loss on private owners, but I am sure we did not aid the cause we fought for, in the least. I have seen somewhere an account of the taking of the *Hatteras*, that made it a daring achievement. To sneak up to an enemy under a false hail, and pour in a broadside of metal much heavier than she could return — surely, no English sailor will see anything to the national credit in this. The poor show we made with the *Kearsarge* however, disposed of the glory we achieved in burning defenseless merchantmen; and the "meteor flag," that Captain Semmes was so proud of, came down with a run.

CRUISE AND COMBATS OF THE "ALABAMA."

BY HER EXECUTIVE OFFICER.



THE *Alabama* was built by the Lairds, of Birkenhead, England, for the Confederate States Government, and in violation of no law. In the House of Commons the senior partner of the constructors stated "that she left Liverpool a perfectly legitimate transaction." Captain James D. Bulloch, as agent for the Confederacy, superintended her construction. As a "ruse" she was sent on a trial trip,

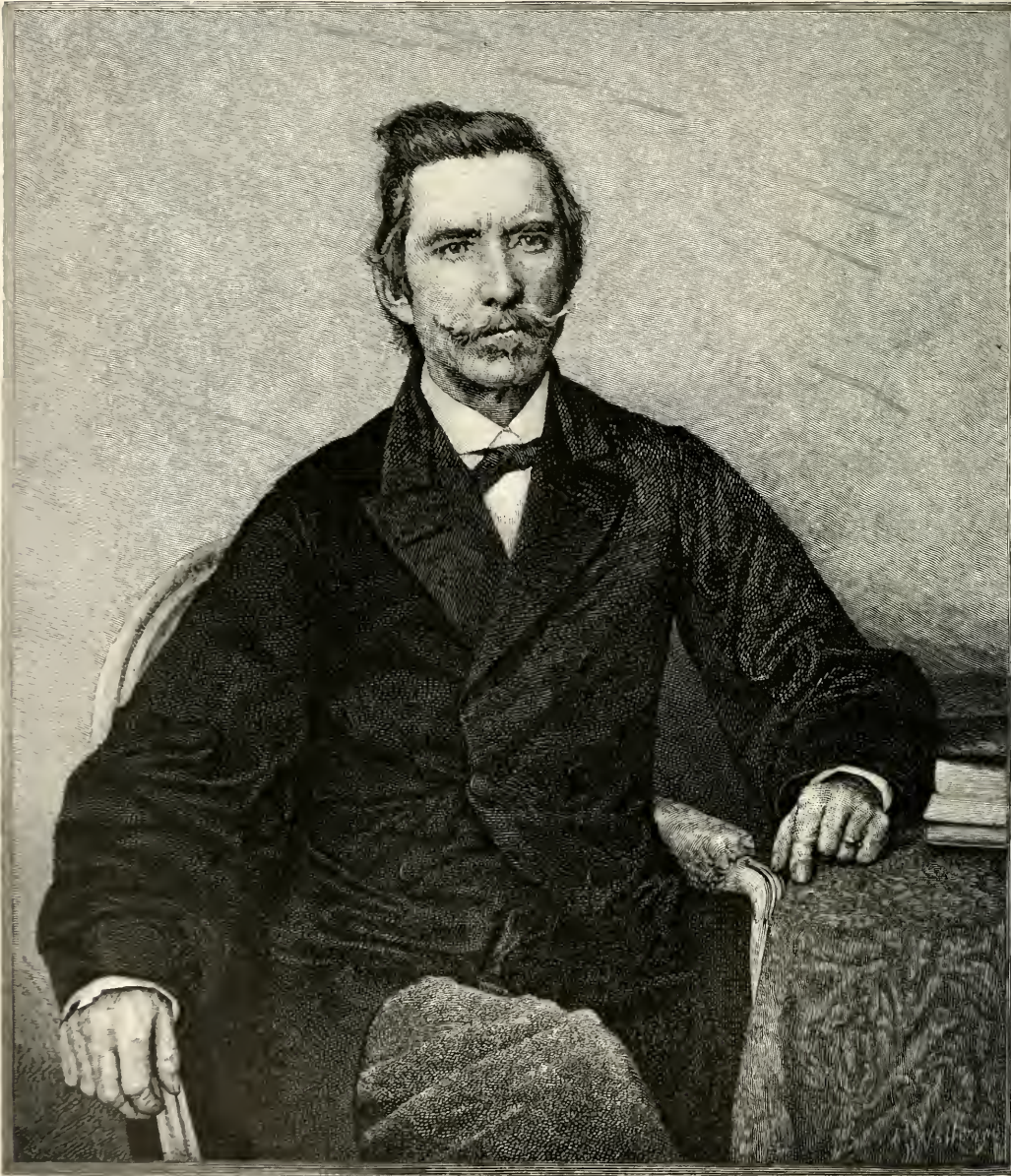
with a large party of ladies and gentlemen. A tug met the ship in the channel, and took off the guests, while the two hundred and ninetieth ship built in the Laird yard proceeded on her voyage to the island of Terceira, among the Azores, whither a transport had preceded her with war material. Captain Raphael Semmes, with his officers, carried by the *Bahama*, met her there. Under the lee of the island, outside the marine league, we lashed our ships together, and made the transfer of armament and stores.

Arriving on Wednesday, August 20th, 1862, by Saturday night we had completed the transfer, and on Sunday morning, under a cloudless sky, upon the broad Atlantic, a common heritage, we put in commission the *Alabama*, by authority of the Confederate States Government. Thus empowered, we proceeded to ship such men from the crews of the several ships as were willing to sign the articles. Eighty men signed, and these formed the nucleus of our crew, the full complement being soon made up from the crews of our prizes. From the above date we commenced our cruise of twenty-two months, which was the most successful accomplishment of the work for which she was constructed of any single ship of any nation in any age.

The *Alabama* was built for speed rather than battle. Her lines were symmetrical and

fine; her material of the best. In fifteen minutes her propeller could be hoisted, and she could go through every evolution under sail without any impediment. In less time her propeller could be lowered; with sails furled, and yards braced within two points of a head-wind, she was a perfect steamer. Her speed, independent, was from ten to twelve knots; combined, and under favorable circumstances, she could make fifteen knots. When ready for sea she drew fifteen feet of water. She was barkentine rigged, with long lower masts, which enabled her to carry an immense spread of lower canvas, and to lay close to the wind. Her engines were three hundred horse-power, with a condensing apparatus that was indispensable. Since we lived principally upon provisions taken from our prizes, their water-supply was never sufficient. Our condenser enabled us to keep the sea for long periods, we having to seek a port only for coals.

Our armament consisted of eight guns: one Blakely hundred-pounder rifled gun, pivoted forward; one eight-inch solid-shot gun, pivoted abaft the mainmast; and six thirty-two pounders in broadside. Our crew numbered about one hundred and twenty men and twenty-four officers. Captain Semmes, an officer of high standing in the old navy, had studied law, paying particular attention to the international branch, and was admitted to the bar in Alabama, of which State he was a citizen. Thus he was eminently qualified for the position he was now called upon to assume. During the Mexican war he commanded the brig *Somers* in the blockade of Vera Cruz, and lost that unfortunate vessel in chase, during a norther, and narrowly escaped drowning. He afterwards accompanied the army to the city of Mexico, ever foremost in the path of duty and daring heroism. The writer, his executive officer, had served twenty years in the old navy, and had had the good fortune to accompany every expedition of a warlike nature fitted out by the United States during that period. In the Mexican war, on the coast of California, I served ashore and afloat; then with the gallant Commodore Perry, in his expedition to Japan, and again in the Paraguay expedition. Our second lieutenant, R. F. Armstrong, from Georgia, and third lieutenant, J. D. Wilson, from Florida, came out with us in the *Sumter*.



REAR-ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES, CAPTAIN OF THE "ALABAMA."
 (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF MRS. J. MCINTOSH KELL; TAKEN IN ENGLAND AFTER THE LOSS OF HIS SHIP.)

They were just from Annapolis, each having resigned on the secession of their respective States. Both the father and grandfather of our fourth lieutenant, Arthur Sinclair, Jr., of Virginia, had been captains in the United States Navy. Our fifth lieutenant, John Lowe, of Georgia, had seen some service, and was a most efficient officer; our Acting Master I. D. Bulloch, of Georgia, was a younger brother of Captain James D. Bulloch. It will thus be

seen that the watch-officers of the ward-room were not ordinary material. A few months' experience in active service gave them confidence, and it may safely be affirmed that older heads could not have filled their places with greater efficiency. The remainder of our ward-room mess was made up of our surgeon, Dr. F. J. Galt, of Virginia, also of the old service; Dr. D. H. Llewellyn, of Wiltshire, England, who, as surgeon, came out in the ship when

under English colors, and joined us as assistant surgeon. First Lieutenant B. K. Howell, of the Marine Corps, brother-in-law to President Davis, was from Mississippi, and Mr. Miles J. Freeman, our chief engineer, had been with us in the *Sumter*. The steerage mess was made up of three midshipmen — E. M. Anderson of Georgia; E. A. Maffit of North Carolina, the son of the captain of the Confederate States steamer *Florida*; and George T. Sinclair of Virginia. The latter was afterwards detached from the *Alabama*, and made executive officer to Lieutenant Lowe on the *Tuscaloosa*, a tender that we commissioned. The *Tuscaloosa* had been the bark *Conrad* of Philadelphia, captured by us June 21, 1863. Upon our arrival at Cherbourg, Sinclair came at once to join his old ship, having heard of the contemplated engagement. Accompanying him came also Lieutenant William C. Whittle, Jr., of Virginia, a gallant young son of Commodore W. C. Whittle of the old navy, and Lieutenant John Grimball, a South Carolinian, offering their services for any position during the engagement. They were not permitted to join us, on the ground that it would be a violation of French neutrality. The remainder of the steerage mess was made up of young master's mates and engineers, most of whom had come out with us in the *Sumter*.

The eleventh day after going into commission we captured our first prize, not one hundred miles from where we hoisted our flag. After working round the Azores for some weeks, with fine breezes, we shaped our course for Sandy Hook. But we encountered frequent gales off the Newfoundland banks, and on the 16th of October lost our main-yard in a cyclone. Being considerably shaken up, we decided to seek a milder latitude. Running down to the Windward Islands, we entered the Caribbean Sea. Our prizes gave us regularly the mails from the United States, from which we gathered the fitting out of the army under General Banks for the attack on Galveston and the invasion of Texas, and the day on which the fleet would sail. Whereupon, Captain Semmes calculated about the time they would arrive, and shaped his course accordingly, coaling and refitting ship at the Arcas Keys. He informed me of his plan of attack, which was to sight the shipping off Galveston about the time that General Banks was due with his large fleet of transports, under the convoy perhaps of a few vessels of war. The entire fleet would anchor in the outer roadstead, as there is only sufficient water on the bar for light-drafts. All attention at such a time would be given to the disembarkation of the army, as there were no enemy's cruisers to molest them; our presence in

the Gulf was not even known. We were to take the bearing of the fleet, and after the mid watch was set and all quieted down, silently approach, steam among them with both batteries in action, slowly steam through their midst, pouring in a continuous discharge of shell to fire and sink as we went, and before the convoys could move we expected to accomplish our work and be off on another cruise.

But instead of sighting General Banks's fleet of transports we sighted five vessels of war at anchor, and soon after, our lookout reported a steamer standing out for us. We were then under topsails, only, with a light breeze, heading off shore, and gradually drawing our pursuer from the squadron. About dark she came up with us, and in an action of thirteen minutes we had sunk the *Hatteras*! She carried a larger crew than our own, and every living man on board of her was saved. General Banks, as it proved, had gone up the Mississippi with his fleet of transports. Knowing that the squadron would soon be upon us, every light on board ship was put under cover and we shaped our course for broader waters. During the night one of those fearful northers came sweeping after us, and under the circumstances was a welcome gale. Hoisting our propeller, we crowded all the sail she could bear, and soon were out of harm's way. As Captain Blake of the *Hatteras* (whom I had known in the old service) came on deck, he remarked upon the speed we were making, and gracefully saluted me with, "Fortune favors the brave, sir!" I wished him a pleasant voyage with us; and I am sure he, with his officers and men, received every attention while on board the *Alabama*.

We paroled them at Kingston, Jamaica, and after repairing a few shot-holes and coaling ship, we passed on to our work in the South Atlantic, taking our position at the cross-roads of the homeward-bound East India and Pacific trade, as pointed out by Commodore Matthew F. Maury, whose wind and current charts have marked the highways of commerce on the ocean as plainly as do the mile-posts on our public roads. After a few weeks of good work in that locality and along the coast of Brazil, we crossed over to the Cape of Good Hope, where we played "hide and seek" with the United States steamer *Vanderbilt*, whose commander, Captain Baldwin, had generously explained to Sir Baldwin Walker, the English admiral of the station at Simon's Town, "that he did not intend to fire a gun at the *Alabama*, but to run her down and sink her." We were not disposed to try issues with the *Vanderbilt*: so one night about eleven o'clock, while it blew a gale of wind from the south-east, we hove anchor

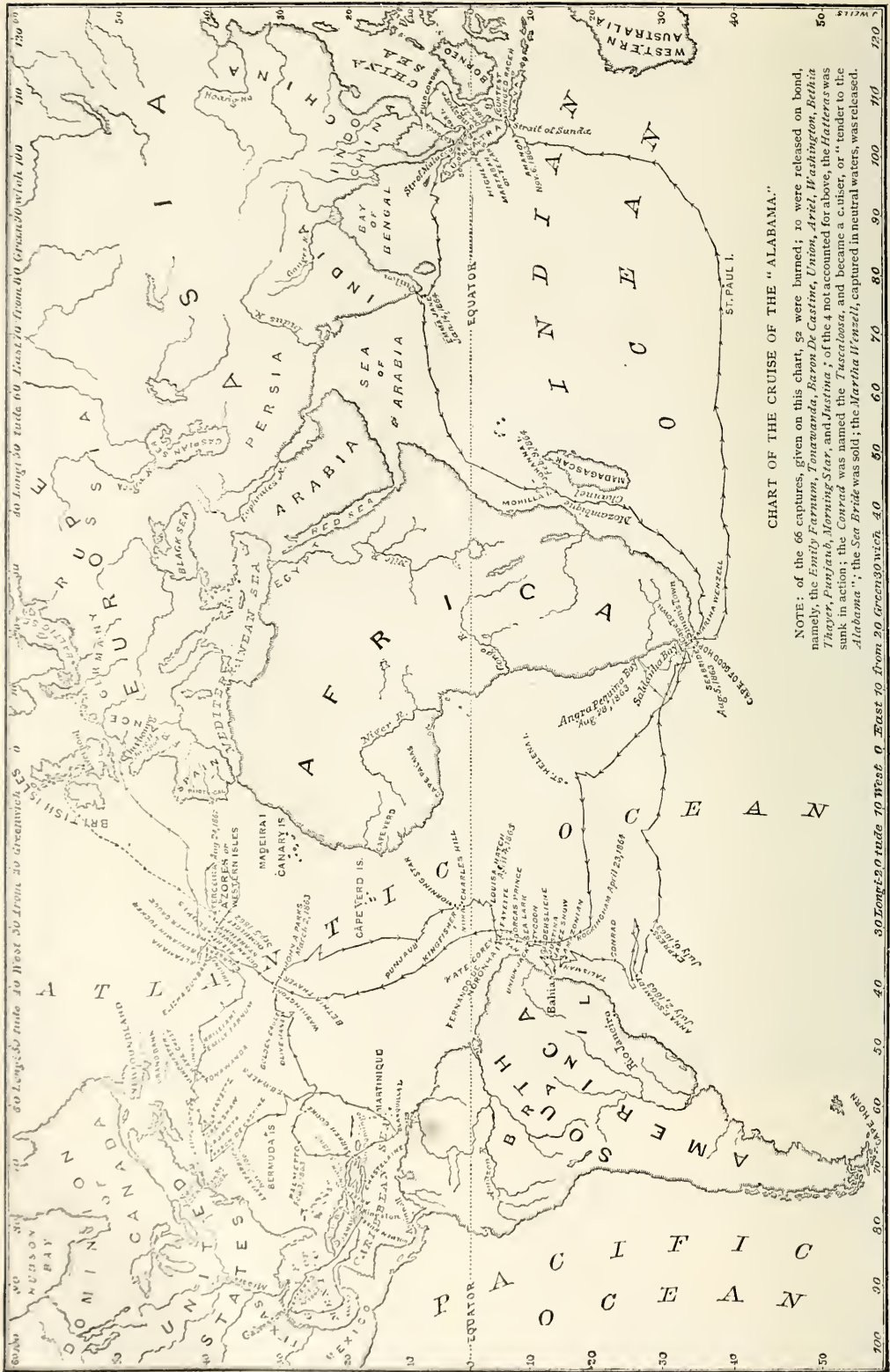


CHART OF THE CRUISE OF THE "ALABAMA."

NOTE: of the 66 captures, given on this chart, 53 were burned; 10 were released on bond, namely, the *Emily Fairman*, *Tonawanda*, *Baron De Castine*, *Union*, *Arick*, *Washington*, *Polish*, *Thayer*, *Panofano*, *Morning Star*, and of the 4 most accounted for above, the *Hatters* was sunk in action; the *Conrad* was burned the *Merced*, and became a corsair, or "tender to the *Alabama*"; the *Sea Bride* was sold; the *Martha Heintzel*, captured in neutral waters, was released.

and steamed out of Simon's Bay. By morning we had made a good offing, and, setting what sail she could carry, hoisted our propeller and made a due south course. We ran down to the fortieth degree south latitude, where we fell in with westerly gales and bowled along nearly due east, until we shaped our course for the Straits of Java. Our long stretch across the Indian Ocean placed us in the China Sea, where we were least expected, and where we soon fell in with the China trade. In a few weeks we had so paralyzed the enemy's commerce that their ships were absolutely locked up in port, and neutrals doing all the carrying trade. Having thus virtually cleared the sea of the United States flag, we ran down to Singapore, coaled ship, and then turned westward through the Straits of Malacca, across to India, thence to the east coast of Africa. Passing through the Mozambique channel, we again touched in at the Cape of Good Hope, and thence crossed to the coast of Brazil.

Among the many prizes we captured and destroyed, we necessarily saw many varieties of the *genus homo* in the guise of the Yankee skipper. While taking the burning of their ships very philosophically as among the fortunes of war, some clung to "creature comforts" regardless of heavier losses. Upon one occasion, going aboard a fine ship, I told the captain "he might bring away his personal effects." He made a most ludicrous scene by earnestly appealing to me "to grant him one request," that he "might be permitted to take with him 'Spurgeon's Sermons' and a keg of very fine whisky." The sermons I granted, but told him the whisky must go overboard. The prisoners on board of the *Alabama* as a general practice were *not* put in irons, but were simply confined to an allotted space with a guard over them. The prisoners of the first half-dozen prizes taken were put in irons, including the captains and mates, at which the captains were very indignant, and remonstrated with Captain Semmes that their position should entitle them to different treatment. Captain Semmes replied that he confined them in irons in retaliation for the manner in which the agents of the U. S. Government had treated the purser of the C. S. steamer *Sumter*. The purser, under orders, was *en route* from Gibraltar to Cadiz in a French merchant steamer. Stopping at Tangier to put off and take on passengers and cargo, the purser walked on shore, and was there, in a neutral country, seized by the U. S. consul at the head of an armed force of Moorish soldiers, and brutally imprisoned, with heavy manacles. From there he was taken in irons by the U. S. armed vessel *Ino*,

and finally sent to New York in irons. The purser was a gentleman of unimpeachable character and high position. Again, there were occasions during the cruise when the number of prisoners warranted placing some in irons, but never were captains put in irons after that first measure of retaliation.

Our little ship was now showing signs of the active work she had been doing. Her boilers were burned out, and her machinery sadly in want of repairs. She was loose at every joint, her seams were open, and the copper on her bottom was in rolls. Captain Semmes decided to seek a port in Europe, and to go into dock.

One pleasant day, on the coast of Brazil, we captured a prize, and Captain Semmes said to me, "We will make a target of her. Up to this time we have carried out the instructions of the Department, destroying the enemy's commerce and driving it from every sea we have visited, while avoiding their cruisers. Should we now fall in with a cruiser not too heavy for us, we will give her battle." I at once called all hands to general quarters, and, taking convenient distance from our prize, practiced principally with shell to see the effect. Many of our fuses proved defective. Upon visiting the target I found that one of the hundred-pound shells had exploded on the quarter-deck, and I counted fifteen marks from its missiles, which justifies me in asserting that had the hundred-pound shell which we placed in the stern-post of the *Kearsarge* exploded, it would have changed the result of the fight. I at once examined every fuse and cap, discarding the apparently defective, and at the same time made a thorough overhauling of the magazine, as I thought, but the action with the *Kearsarge* proved that our entire supply of powder was damaged. The report from the *Kearsarge's* battery was clear and sharp, the powder burning like thin vapor, while our guns gave out a dull report, with thick and heavy vapor.

We now set our course for Europe, and on the 11th day of June, 1864, entered the port of Cherbourg, and at once applied for permission to go into dock. There being none but national docks, the Emperor had first to be communicated with before permission could be granted, and he was absent from Paris. It was during this interval of waiting, on the third day after our arrival, that the *Kearsarge* steamed into the harbor, for the purpose, as we learned, of taking on board the prisoners we had landed from our two last prizes. Captain Semmes, however, objected to this on the ground that the *Kearsarge* was adding to her crew in a neutral port. The



A CLIPPER ESCAPING FROM THE "ALABAMA." (SEE PAGE 907.)

authorities conceding this objection valid, the *Kearsarge* steamed out of the harbor, without anchoring. During her stay we examined her closely with our glasses, but she was keeping on the opposite side of the harbor, out of the reach of a very close scrutiny, which accounts for our not detecting the boxing to her chain

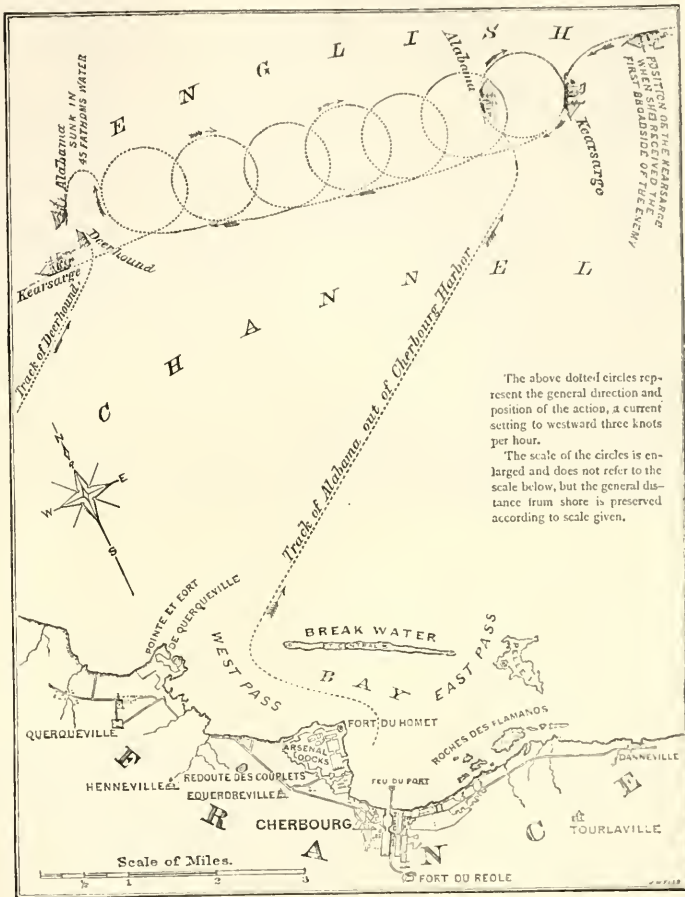
armor. After she left the harbor Captain Semmes sent for me to his cabin, and said: "I am going out to fight the *Kearsarge*; what do you think of it?" We discussed the battery and especially the advantage the *Kearsarge* had over us in her eleven-inch guns. She was built for a vessel of war, and we for

speed, and though she carried one gun less, her battery was more effective at point-blank range. While the *Alabama* carried one more gun, the *Kearsarge* threw more metal at a broadside; and while our heavy guns were more effective at a long range, her eleven-inch guns gave her greatly the advantage at close range. She also had a slight advantage in her crew, she carrying one hundred and sixty-two all told, while we carried one hundred and forty-nine. Considering well these advantages, we nevertheless decided to engage her as soon as we could coal ship.

Captain Semmes communicated through our agent to the U. S. consul that if Captain Winslow would wait outside the harbor he would fight him as soon as we could coal ship. I at once proceeded to get everything snug for action, and by Saturday night we had finished taking in coals, and had scrubbed the decks. I reported to Captain Semmes that the ship was ready for battle.

The next morning, Sunday, June 19th, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, we weighed anchor, and stood out of the western entrance of the harbor, the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne* following us. The day was bright and beautiful, with a light breeze blowing. Our men were neatly dressed, and our officers in full uniform. The report of our going out to fight the *Kearsarge* had been circulated, and many persons from Paris and the surrounding country had come down to witness the engagement. They, with a large number of the inhabitants of Cherbourg, collected on every prominent point of the shore that would afford a view seaward. As we rounded the breakwater we discovered the *Kearsarge* about seven miles to the northward and eastward. We immediately shaped our course for her, called all hands to quarters, and cast loose the starboard battery. Upon reporting to the captain that the ship was ready for action, he directed me to send all hands aft, and mounting a gun-carriage, he made the following address:

"OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF THE "ALABAMA": You have at length another opportunity of meeting the enemy—the first that has been presented to you since you sunk the *Hatteras*! In the mean time you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed, and driven for protection under neutral flags, one-half of the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends! Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Re-

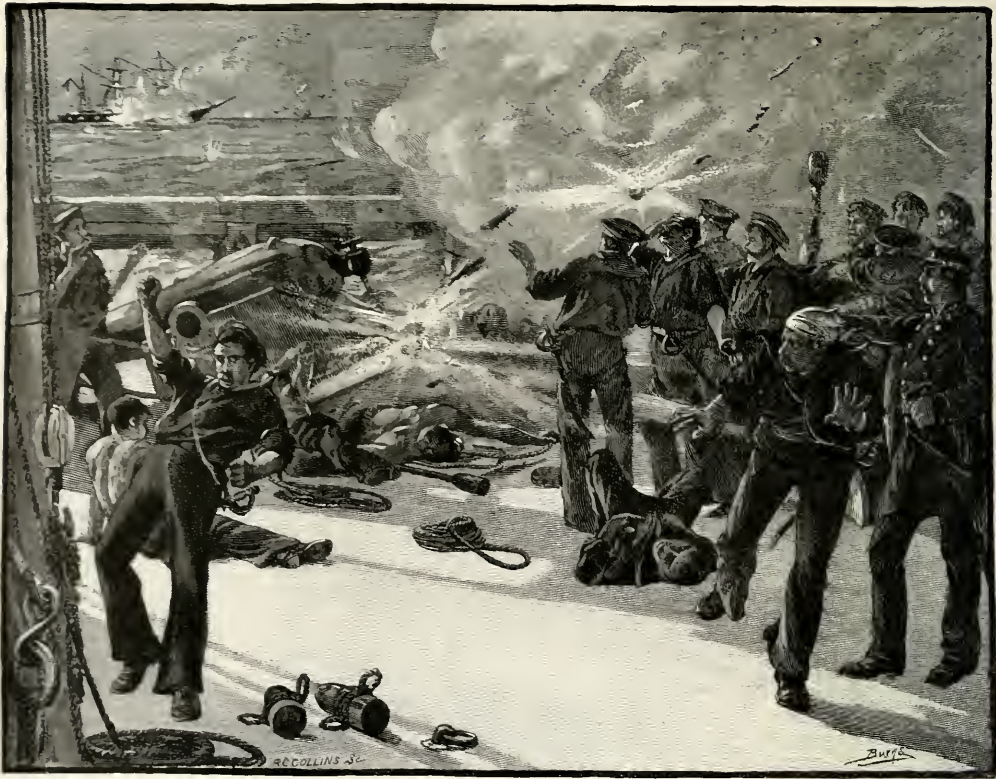


The above dotted circles represent the general direction and position of the action, a current setting to westward three knots per hour. The scale of the circles is enlarged and does not refer to the scale below, but the general distance from shore is preserved according to scale given.

CHART OF THE ACTION.

member that you are in the English Channel, the theater of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young Republic, which bids defiance to her enemy's whenever and wherever found! Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."

In about forty-five minutes we were somewhat over a mile from the *Kearsarge*, when she headed for us, presenting her starboard bow. At a distance of a mile, we commenced the action with our one-hundred pounder



AN ELEVEN-INCH SHELL BURSTING ON THE "ALABAMA."

pivot-gun from our starboard bow. Both ships were now approaching each other at high speed, and soon the action became general with broadside batteries at a distance of about five hundred yards. To prevent passing, each ship used a strong port helm. Thus the action was fought around a common center, gradually drawing in the circle. At this range we used shell upon the enemy. Captain Semmes, standing on the horse-block abreast the mizzen-mast with his glass in hand, observed the effect of our shell. He called to me and said: "Mr. Kell, use solid shot; our shell strike the enemy's side and fall into the water." We were not at this time aware of the chain armor of the enemy, and attributed the failure of our shell to our defective ammunition. After using solid shot for some time, we alternated shell and shot. The enemy's eleven-inch shells were now doing severe execution upon our quarter-deck section. Three of them successively entered our eight-inch pivot-gun port: the first swept off the forward part of the gun's crew; the second killed one man and wounded several others; and the third struck the breast of the gun-carriage, and spun around on the deck, till

one of the men picked it up and threw it overboard. Our decks were now covered with the dead and the wounded, and the ship was careening heavily to starboard from the effects of the shot-holes on her water-line.

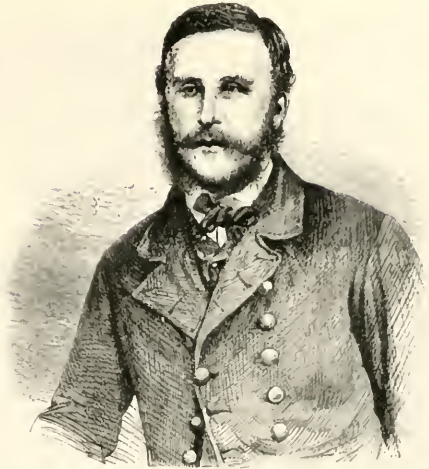
Captain Semmes ordered me to be ready to make all sail possible when the circuit of fight should put our head to the coast of France; then he would notify me at the same time to pivot to port and continue the action with the port battery, hoping thus to right the ship and enable us to reach the coast of France. The evolution was performed beautifully, righting the helm, hoisting the head-sails, hauling aft the fore try-sail sheet, and pivoting to port, the action continuing almost without cessation.

This evolution exposed us to a raking fire, but, strange to say, the *Kearsarge* did not take advantage of it. The port side of the quarter-deck was so encumbered with the mangled trunks of the dead that I had to have them thrown overboard, in order to fight the after pivot-gun. I abandoned the after thirty-two-pounder, and transferred the men to fill up the vacancies to the pivot-gun under the charge of young Midshipman Anderson, who

in the midst of the carnage filled his place like a veteran. At this moment the chief engineer came on deck and reported the fires put out, and that he could no longer work the engines. Captain Semmes said to me, "Go below, sir, and see how long the ship can float." As I entered the ward-room the sight was indeed appalling. There stood Assistant-Surgeon Llewellyn at his post, but the table and the patient upon it were swept away from him by an eleven-inch shell, which opened in the side of the ship an aperture that was fast filling the ship with water.

It took me but a moment to return to the deck and report to the captain that "we could not float ten minutes." He replied to me, "Then, sir, cease firing, shorten sail, and haul down the colors; it will never do in this nineteenth century for us to go down, and the decks covered with our gallant wounded." The order was promptly executed, after which the *Kearsarge* deliberately fired into us five shot.* I ordered the men to stand to their quarters, and not flinch from the shot of the enemy; they stood every man to his post most

* This unwarranted conduct of Captain Winslow's was evidently the result of a misapprehension on his part, which cannot be admitted as a reasonable excuse. In his letter (dated Cherbourg, June 21, 1864) to the Secretary of the Navy, he says: "Towards the close of the action between the *Alabama* and this vessel, all available sail was made on the former for the purpose of again reaching Cherbourg. When the object was apparent the *Kearsarge* was steered across the bow of the *Alabama* for a raking fire; but before reaching this point the *Alabama* struck. Uncertain whether Captain Semmes was using some ruse, the *Kearsarge* was stopped"—and continued his fire, for by his own words he thought Captain Semmes was making some ruse. The report that the *Alabama* fired her guns after the colors were down and she had shortened sail is not correct. There was a cessation in the firing of



ASSISTANT-SURGEON DAVID HERBERT LLEWELLYN.
(FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE LONDON "ILLUSTRATED NEWS.")

heroically. With the first shot fired upon us after our colors were down, the quartermaster was ordered to show a white flag over the stern, which order was executed in my pres-

ence. After which we shifted our battery to port, after which we renewed the action. Almost immediately afterward the engineer reported the fires put out, when we ceased firing, hauled down the colors, and shortened sail. There was *no* gun fired from the *Alabama* after that. Captain Winslow may have thought we had surrendered when we ceased firing and were in the act of shifting the battery; but the idle report that junior officers had taken upon themselves to continue the action after the order had been given to cease firing is not worthy of notice. I did not hear after-firing, and the discipline of the *Alabama* would not have permitted it.—J. M. K.

In the letter from which Captain Kell quotes Captain Winslow does not speak of "continuing his fire." But in his detailed report (dated July 30, 1864) Captain Winslow says of the *Alabama*, after she had winded and set sail: "Her port broadside was presented to us, with only two guns bearing, not having been able, as I learned afterward, to shift over but one. I saw now that she was at our mercy, and a few more guns well directed brought down her flag. I was unable to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away; but a white flag having been displayed over the stern our fire was reserved. Two minutes had not more than elapsed before she again opened on us with the two guns on the port side. This drew our fire again, and the *Kearsarge* was immediately steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and our fire was again reserved. Shortly after this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and informed us the ship had surrendered and was fast sinking."—EDITOR.



RETURNING FOR THE WOUNDED.



SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA."

ence. When the firing ceased, Captain Semmes ordered me to dispatch an officer to the *Kearsarge* to say that our ship was sinking, and to ask that they send boats to save our wounded, as our boats were disabled. The dingey, our smallest boat, had escaped damage. I dispatched Master's-mate Fullam with the request. No boats appearing, I had one of our quarter boats lowered, which was slightly injured, and I ordered the wounded placed in her. Dr. Galt, the surgeon who was in charge of the magazine and shell-room division, came on deck at this moment and was at once put in charge of the boat, with orders to "take the wounded to the *Kearsarge*." They shoved off just in time to save the poor fellows from going down in the ship.

I now gave the order for "every man to jump overboard with a spar and save himself from the sinking ship." To enforce the order, I walked forward and urged the men overboard. As soon as the decks were cleared, save of the bodies of the dead, I returned to the stern-port, where stood Captain Semmes with one or two of the men and his faithful steward, who, poor fellow! was doomed to a watery grave, as he could not swim. The *Alabama's* stern-port was now almost to the water's edge. Partly undressing, we plunged into the sea, and made an offing from the sinking ship, Captain Semmes with a life-preserver and I on a grating.

The *Alabama* settled stern foremost, launch-

ing her bows high in the air. Graceful even in her death-struggle, she in a moment disappeared from the face of the waters. The sea now presented a mass of living heads, striving for their lives. Many poor fellows sank for the want of timely aid. Near me I saw a float of empty shell-boxes, and called to one of the men, a good swimmer, to examine it; he did so and replied, "It is the doctor, sir, dead." Poor Llewellyn! he perished almost in sight of his home. The young Midshipman Maffit swam to me and offered his life-preserver. My grating was not proving a very buoyant float, and the white caps breaking over my head were distressingly uncomfortable, to say the least. Maffit said: "Mr. Kell, take my life-preserver, sir; you are almost exhausted." The gallant boy did not consider his own condition, but his pallid face told me that his heroism was superior to his bodily suffering, and I refused it. After twenty minutes or more I heard near me some one call out, "There is our first lieutenant," and the next moment I was pulled into a boat, in which was Captain Semmes, stretched out in the stern-sheets, as pallid as death. He had received during the action a slight contusion on the hand, and the struggle in the water had almost exhausted him. There were also several of our crew in the boat, and in a few moments we were alongside a little steam-yacht, which had come among our floating men, and by throwing them ropes saved many lives. Upon

reaching her deck, I ascertained for the first time that she was the yacht *Deerhound*, owned by Mr. John Lancaster, of England. In looking round I saw two French pilot-boats engaged in saving our crew, and finally two boats from the *Kearsarge*. To my surprise I found on the yacht Mr. Fullam, whom I had dispatched in the dingey to ask that boats be sent to save our wounded. He reported to me that our shot had literally torn the casing from the chain armor of the *Kearsarge*, indenting the chain in many places, which explained satisfactorily Captain Semmes's observation of the effect of our shell upon the enemy, "that they struck the sides and fell into the water."

Captain Winslow, in his report, I think, states "that his ship was struck *twenty-eight* times!" and I doubt if the *Alabama* was struck a greater number of times. I may not, therefore, be bold in asserting that had not the *Kearsarge* been protected by her iron cables, the result of the fight would have been different. Captain Semmes felt the more keenly the delusion to which he fell a victim (not knowing that the *Kearsarge* was chain-clad) from the fact that he was exceeding his instructions in seeking an action with the enemy; but to seek a fight with an iron-clad he conceived to be an unpardonable error. However, he had the satisfaction of knowing she was classed as a wooden gun-boat by the Federal Government; also that he had inspected her with most excellent glasses, and so far as outward appearances showed she displayed no chain armor. At the same time it must be admitted that Captain Winslow had the right unquestionably to protect his ship and crew. In justice to Captain Semmes I will state that the battle would never have been fought had he known that the *Kearsarge* wore an armor of chain beneath her outer covering. Thus was the *Alabama* lost by an error, if you please, but, it must be admitted, a *most pardonable* one, and not until "Father Neptune" claimed her as his own did she lower her colors.

The eleven-inch shells of the *Kearsarge* did fearful work, and her guns were served beautifully, being aimed with precision, and deliberate in fire. She came into action magnificently. Having the speed of us, she took her own position and fought gallantly. But she tarnished her glory when she fired upon a fallen foe. It was high noon of a bright, beautiful day, with a moderate breeze blowing to waft the smoke of battle clear, and nothing to obstruct the view at five hundred yards. The very fact of the *Alabama* ceasing to fire, shortening sail, and hauling down her colors simultaneously, must have attracted the attention of the officer in command

of the *Kearsarge*. Again, there is no reason given, why the *Kearsarge* did not steam immediately into the midst of the crew of the *Alabama*, after their ship had been sunk, and like a brave and generous foe, save the lives of her enemies, who had fought so nobly as long as they had a plank to stand upon. Were it not for the timely presence of the kind-hearted Englishman and the two French pilot-boats, who can tell the number of us that would have rested with our gallant little ship beneath the waters of the English Channel. I quote the following from Mr. John Lancaster's letter to the London "Daily News": "I presume it was because he *would* not or could not save them himself. The fact is that if the captain and crew of the *Alabama* had depended for safety altogether upon Captain Winslow, not one half of them would have been saved." *

* In his report of June 21, 1864, Captain Winslow said. "It was seen shortly afterwards that the *Alabama* was lowering her boats, and an officer came alongside in one of them to say that they had surrendered and were fast sinking, and begging that boats would be dispatched immediately for the saving of life. The two boats not disabled were at once lowered, and as it was apparent the *Alabama* was settling, this officer was permitted to leave in his boat to afford assistance. An English yacht, the *Deerhound*, had approached near the *Kearsarge* at this time, when I hailed and begged the commander to run down to the



"THE 'ALABAMA' SETTLED STERN FOREMOST, LAUNCHING HER BOWS HIGH IN THE AIR."

When Mr. Lancaster approached Captain Semmes, and said, "I think every man has been picked up; where shall I land you?" Captain Semmes replied, "I am now under the English colors, and the sooner you put me with my officers and men on English soil, the better." The little yacht moved rapidly away at once, under a press of steam, for Southampton. Armstrong, our second lieutenant, and some of our men who were saved by the French pilot-boats, were taken into Cherbourg. Our loss was nine killed, twenty-one wounded, and ten drowned.

It has been charged that an arrangement had been entered into between Mr. Lancaster and Captain Semmes, previous to our leaving Cherbourg, that in the event of the *Alabama* being sunk the *Deerhound* would come to our rescue. Captain Semmes and myself met Mr. Lancaster for the first time when rescued by him, and he related to us the circumstances that occasioned his coming out to see the fight. Having his family on board, his intention was to attend church with his wife and children, when the gathering of the spectators on the shore attracted their attention, the re-

port having been widely circulated that the *Alabama* was to go out that morning and give battle to the *Kearsarge*. The boys were clamorous to see the fight, and after a family discussion as to the propriety of going out on the Sabbath to witness a naval combat, Mr. Lancaster agreed to put the question to vote at the breakfast table, where the youngsters carried their point by a majority. Thus many of us were indebted for our lives to that inherent trait in the English character, the desire to witness a "passage at arms."

That evening we landed in Southampton, and were received by the people with every demonstration of sympathy and kindly feeling. Thrown upon their shores by the chances of war, we were taken to their hearts and homes with that generous hospitality which brought to mind with tenderest feeling our own dear Southern homes in *ante-bellum* times. To the Rev. F. W. Tremlett, of Belsize Park, London, and his household, I am indebted for a picture of English home life that time cannot efface, and the memory of which will be a lasting pleasure till life's end.

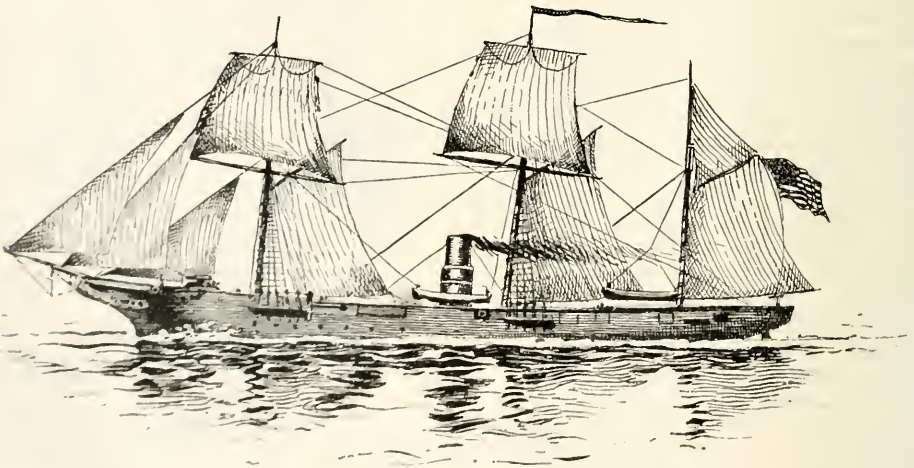
Jno. McIntosh Kell.

SUNNY SIDE, GA., April 16, 1885.

Alabama, as she was fast sinking and we had but two boats, and assist in picking up the men. He answered affirmatively and steamed towards the *Alabama*, but the latter sank almost immediately."

The following is an extract from Mr. John Lancaster's log, dated "Steam-yacht *Deerhound*, off Cowes:" "Sunday, June 15th, nine a. m. Got up steam, and proceeded out of Cherbourg harbor. Half-past ten, observed the *Alabama* steaming out of the harbor toward the Federal steamer *Kearsarge*. Ten minutes past eleven, the *Alabama* commenced firing with her starboard battery, the distance between the contending vessels being about one mile. The *Kearsarge* immediately replied with her starboard guns. A very sharp, spirited firing was kept up, shot sometimes

being varied by shells. In manœuvring, both vessels made seven complete circles at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile. At twelve a slight intermission was observed in the *Alabama's* firing, the *Alabama* making head-sail, and shaping her course for the land, distant about nine miles. At half-past twelve, observed the *Alabama* to be disabled and in a sinking state. We immediately made toward her, and in passing the *Kearsarge* were requested to assist in saving the *Alabama's* crew. At fifty minutes past twelve, when within a distance of two hundred yards, the *Alabama* sunk. We then lowered our two boats, and with the assistance of the *Alabama's* whale-boat and dingy, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers. At one p. m. we steered for Southampton."—EDITOR.

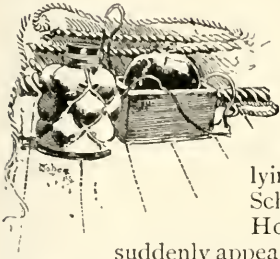


THE UNITED STATES SCREW-SLOOP "KEARSARGE" AT THE TIME OF THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE "ALABAMA."

When the *Kearsarge* was at the Azores, a few months before the fight with the *Alabama*, Midshipman Edward E. Preble made a mathematically correct drawing of the ship, of a photograph of which the above is a sketch copy. After the fight alterations were made in the *Kearsarge* which considerably changed her appearance.—EDITOR.

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE."

BY THE SURGEON OF THE "KEARSARGE."



ON Sunday, the 12th of June, 1864, the *Kearsarge*, Captain John A. Winslow, was lying at anchor in the Scheldt, off Flushing, Holland. The cornet suddenly appeared at the fore, and a gun was fired. These were unexpected signals that compelled absent officers and men to return to the ship. Steam was raised, and as soon as we were off, and all hands called, Captain Winslow gave the welcome news of a telegram from Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, announcing that the *Alabama* had arrived the day previous at Cherbourg; hence, the urgency of departure, the probability of an encounter, and the expectation of her capture or destruction. The crew responded with cheers. The succeeding day witnessed the arrival of the *Kearsarge* at Dover, for dispatches; and the day after (Tuesday) her appearance off Cherbourg, where we saw the Confederate flag flying within the breakwater. Approaching nearer, officers and men gathered in groups on deck and looked intently at the "daring rover," that had been able for two years to escape numerous foes and to inflict immense damage on our commerce. She was a beautiful specimen of naval architecture. The surgeon went on shore and obtained *pratique* (permission to visit the port) for boats. Owing to the neutrality limitation which would not allow us to remain in the harbor longer than twenty-four hours, it was inexpedient to enter the port. We placed a vigilant watch by turns at each of the harbor entrances, and continued it to the moment of the engagement.

On Wednesday Captain Winslow paid an official visit to the French admiral commanding the maritime district, and to the U. S. commercial agent, bringing on his return the unanticipated news that Captain Semmes had declared his intention to fight. At first the assertion was barely credited, the policy of the *Alabama* being regarded as opposed to a conflict, and to escape rather than to be exposed to injury, perhaps destruction; but the doubters were half convinced when the so-called challenge was known to read as follows:

"C. S. S. 'ALABAMA,' CHERBOURG, June 14, 1864.
"To A. BONFILS, Esq., CHERBOURG.

"SIR: I hear that you were informed by the U. S. Consul that the *Kearsarge* was to come to this port solely for the prisoners landed by me, and that she was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire you to say to the U. S. Consul that my intention is to fight the *Kearsarge*, as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than until to-morrow evening, or after the morrow morning at furthest. I beg she will not depart before I am ready to go out.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. SEMMES, *Captain.*"

This communication was sent by Mr. Bonfils, the Confederate States commercial agent, to Mr. Liais, the United States commercial agent, with a request that the latter would furnish a copy to Captain Winslow for his guidance. There was no other challenge to combat. The letter that passed between the commercial agents *was* the challenge about which so much has been said. Captain Semmes informed Captain Winslow through Mr. Bonfils of his intention to fight; Captain Winslow informed Captain Semmes through Mr. Liais that he came to Cherbourg to fight, and had no intention of leaving. He made no other reply.

Captain Winslow assembled the officers and discussed the expected battle. It was probable the two ships would engage on parallel lines, and the *Alabama* would seek neutral waters in event of defeat; hence the necessity of beginning the action several miles from the breakwater. It was determined not to surrender, but to fight until the last, and, if need be, to go down with colors flying. Why Captain Semmes should imperil his ship was not understood, since he would risk all, and expose the cause of which he was a selected champion to a needless disaster, while the *Kearsarge*, if taken or destroyed, could be replaced. It was therefore concluded he would fight because he thought he should be the victor.

Preparations were made for battle, with no relaxation of the watch. Thursday passed; Friday came; the *Kearsarge* waited with ports down, guns pivoted to starboard, the whole battery loaded, and shell, grape and canister ready to use in any mode of attack or defense; yet no *Alabama* appeared. French pilots came on board and told of unusual arrangements made by the enemy, such as the hurried taking of coals, the transmission of valuable articles to the shore, such



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN A. WINSLOW, CAPTAIN OF THE "KEARSARGE."
 (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FIGHT, IN POSSESSION OF PAYMASTER-GENERAL J. A. SMITH, U. S. N.)

as captured chronometers, specie, and the bills of ransomed vessels; and the sharpening of swords, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes. It was reported that Captain Semmes had been advised not to give battle. He replied he would prove to the world that his ship was not a privateer, intended only for attack upon merchant vessels, but a true man-of-war; further, he had consulted French officers, who all as-

serted that in his situation they would fight. Certain newspapers declared that he ought to improve the opportunity afforded by the presence of the enemy to show that his ship was not a "corsair," to prey upon defenseless merchantmen, but a real ship-of-war, able and willing to fight the "Federal" waiting outside the harbor. It was said the *Alabama* was swift, with a superior crew, and it was known that the

ship, guns, and ammunition were of English make.

A surprise by night was suggested, and precautionary means were taken; everything was well planned and ready for action, but still no *Alabama* came. Meanwhile the *Kearsarge* was cruising to and fro off the breakwater. A message was brought from Mr. Dayton, our minister at Paris, by his son, who with difficulty had obtained permission from the French admiral to visit the *Kearsarge*. Communication with either ship was prohibited, but the permission was given upon the promise of Mr. Dayton to return on shore directly after the delivery of the message. Mr. Dayton expressed the opinion that Captain Semmes would not fight, though acknowledging the prevalence of a contrary belief in Cherbourg. He was told that in the event of battle, if we were successful, the colors would be displayed at the mizzen, as the flag of victory. He went on shore with the intention of leaving for Paris without delay. In taking leave of the French admiral, the latter advised Mr. Dayton to remain over night, and mentioned the fixed purpose of Captain Semmes to fight on the following day, Sunday; and he gave the intelligence that there could be no further communication with the *Kearsarge*. Mr. Dayton passed a part of Saturday night trying to procure a boat to send off the acquired information, but the vigilance along the coast made his efforts useless. He remained, witnessed the battle, telegraphed the result to Paris, and was one of the first to go on board and offer congratulations.

At a supper in Cherbourg on Saturday night, several officers of the *Alabama* met sympathizing friends, the coming battle being the chief topic of conversation.

Confident of victory, they proclaimed the intent to sink the "Federal" or gain a "corsair." They rose with promises to meet the following night to repeat the festivity as victors, were escorted to the boat, and separated with cheers and best wishes for a successful return.*

Sunday the 19th came; a fine day, atmosphere somewhat hazy, little sea, light westerly wind. At ten o'clock the *Kearsarge* was near the buoy marking the line of shoals to the eastward of Cherbourg, at a distance of about

three miles from the entrance. The decks had been holystoned, the bright work cleaned, the guns polished, and the crew were dressed in Sunday suit. They were inspected at quarters and dismissed to attend divine service. Seemingly no one thought of the enemy; so long awaited and not appearing, speculation as to her coming had nearly ceased. At 10:20 the officer of the deck reported a steamer approaching from Cherbourg,—a frequent occurrence, and consequently it created no surprise. The bell was tolling for service when some one shouted, "She's coming, and heading straight for us!" Soon, by the aid of a glass, the officer of the deck made out the enemy and shouted, "The *Alabama*!" and calling down the ward-room hatch repeated the cry, "The *Alabama*!" The drum beat to general quarters; Captain Winslow put aside the prayer-book, seized the trumpet, ordered the ship about and headed seaward. The ship was cleared for action, with the battery pivoted to starboard.

The *Alabama* approached from the western entrance, escorted by the French iron-clad frigate *Couronne*, flying the pennant of the commandant of the port, followed in her wake by a small fore-and-aft-rigged steamer,

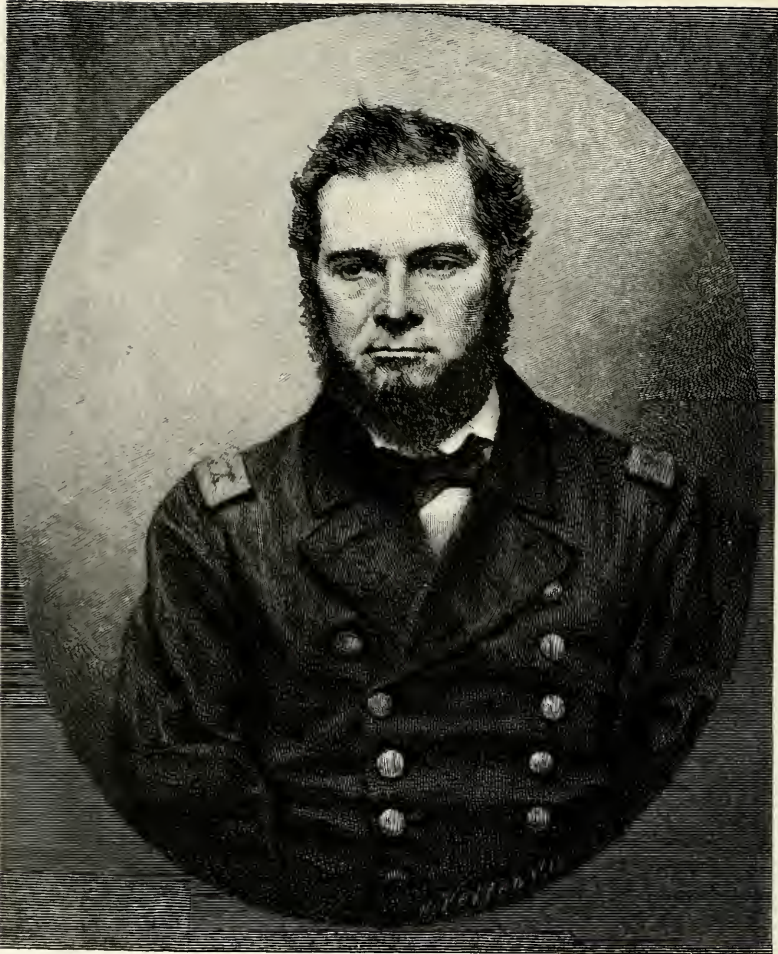


THE CREW OF THE "KEARSARGE" AT QUARTERS.

the *Deerhound*, flying the flag of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. The commander of the frigate had informed Captain Semmes that his ship would escort him to the limit of the French waters. The frigate having convoyed the *Alabama* three marine miles from the coast, put down her helm, and steamed back into port without delay. The steam-yacht continued on, and remained near the scene of action.

Captain Winslow had assured the French admiral that in the event of an engagement

* This incident, and others pertaining to the *Alabama*, were told the writer by the officers who were taken prisoners.—J. M. B.



CAPTAIN JAMES S. THORNTON, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE "KEARSARGE."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864.)

the position of the ship should be far enough from shore to prevent a violation of the law of nations. To avoid a question of jurisdiction and to avert an escape to neutral waters in case of retreat, the *Kearsarge* steamed to sea, followed by the enemy, giving the appearance of running away and being pursued. Between six and seven miles from the shore the *Kearsarge*, thoroughly ready, at 10:50 wheeled, at a distance of one and a quarter miles from her opponent, presented the starboard battery, and steered directly for her with design to close, or to run her down. The *Alabama* sheered and presented the starboard battery. More speed was ordered, the *Kearsarge* advanced rapidly and at 10:57 received a broadside of solid shot at a range of about eighteen hundred yards. This broadside cut away a little of the rigging, but the shot mostly passed over or fell short. It was apparent that Captain Semmes intended to fight at long range.

The *Kearsarge* advanced with increased speed, receiving a second and part of a third broadside, with similar effect. Captain Winslow wished to get at short range, as the guns were loaded with five-seconds shell. Arrived within nine hundred yards, the *Kearsarge*, fearing a fourth broadside with apprehended raking results, sheered, and broke her silence with the starboard battery. Each ship was now pressed under a full head of steam, the position being broadside and broadside, both employing the starboard guns.

Captain Winslow, fearful that the enemy would make for the shore, determined with a port helm to run under the *Alabama's* stern for raking, but was prevented by her sheering and keeping her broadside to the *Kearsarge*, which forced the fighting on a circular track, each ship, with a strong port helm, steaming around a common center, from a quarter to half a mile apart, and pouring its

fire into its opponent. There was a current setting to westward three knots an hour.

The action was now fairly begun. The *Alabama* changed from solid shot to shell. A shot from an early broadside of the *Kearsarge* carried away the spanker-gaff of the enemy, and caused his ensign to come down by the run. This incident was regarded as a favorable omen by the men, who cheered and went with increased confidence to their work. The fallen ensign reappeared at the mizzen. The *Alabama* returned to solid shot, and soon after fired both shot and shell to the end. The firing of the *Alabama* was rapid and wild, getting better near the close; that of the *Kearsarge* was deliberate, accurate, and almost from the beginning productive of dismay, destruction, and death.* The *Kearsarge* gunners had been cautioned against firing without direct aim, and had been advised to point the heavy guns below rather than above the water-line, and to clear the deck of the enemy with the lighter ones. Though subjected to an incessant storm of shot and shell, they kept their stations and obeyed instructions.

The effect upon the enemy was readily perceived, and nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of our men. Cheer succeeded cheer; caps were thrown in the air or overboard; jackets were discarded; sanguine of victory, the men were shouting as each projectile took effect: "That is a good one!" "Down, boys!" "Give her another like the last!" "Now we have her!" and so on, cheering and shouting to the end.

After exposure to an uninterrupted cannonade for eighteen minutes without casualties, a sixty-eight-pounder Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks below the main rigging, exploded upon the quarter-deck, and wounded three of the crew of the after pivot-gun. With these exceptions, not an officer or man received serious injury. The three unfortunates were speedily taken below, and so quietly was the act done, that at the termination of the fight a large number of the men were unaware that any of their comrades were wounded. Two shots entered the ports occupied by the thirty-twos, where several men were stationed, one taking effect in the hammock-netting, the other going through the opposite port, yet none were hit. A shell exploded in the hammock-netting and set the ship on fire; the alarm calling for fire-quarters was sounded, and men detailed for such an emergency put out the fire, while the rest staid at the guns.

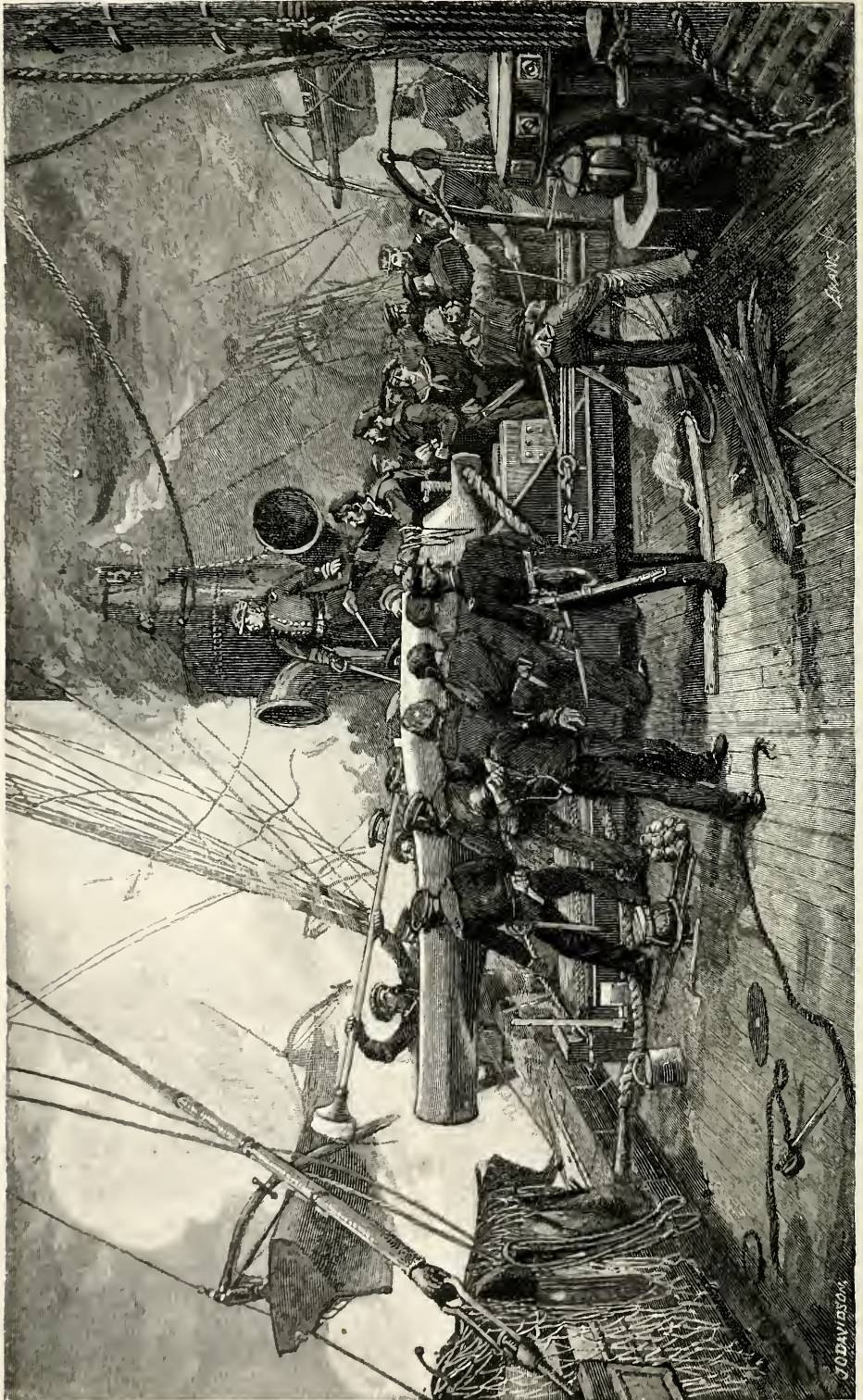
It is wonderful that so few casualties oc-

curred on board the *Kearsarge*, considering the number on the *Alabama*—the former having fired one hundred and seventy-three shot and shell, and the latter nearly double that number. The *Kearsarge* concentrated her fire and poured in the eleven-inch shells with deadly effect. One penetrated the coal-bunker of the *Alabama*, and a dense cloud of coal-dust arose. Others struck near the water-line between the main and mizzen masts, exploded within board, or passing through burst beyond. Crippled and torn, the *Alabama* moved less quickly and began to settle by the stern, yet did not slacken her fire, but returned successive broadsides without disastrous result to us.

Captain Semmes witnessed the havoc made by the shells, especially by those of our after pivot-gun, and offered a reward for its silence. Soon his battery was turned upon this particular offending gun for the purpose of silencing it. It was in vain, for the work of destruction went on. We had completed the seventh rotation on the circular track and begun the eighth; the *Alabama*, now settling, sought to escape by setting all available sail (fore-trysail and two jibs), left the circle, amid a shower of shot and shell, and headed for the French waters; but to no purpose. In winding the *Alabama* presented the port battery with only two guns bearing, and showed gaping sides through which the water washed. The *Kearsarge* pursued, keeping on a line nearer the shore, and with a few well-directed shots hastened the sinking condition. Then the *Alabama* was at our mercy. Her colors were struck and the *Kearsarge* ceased firing. Two of the junior officers, so I was told by our prisoners, swore they would never surrender, and in a mutinous spirit rushed to the two port guns and opened fire upon the *Kearsarge* [see page 919]. Captain Winslow, amazed at this extraordinary conduct of an enemy who had hauled down his flag in token of surrender, exclaimed, "He is playing us a trick; give him another broadside." Again the shot and shell went crashing through her sides, and the *Alabama* continued to settle by the stern. The *Kearsarge* was laid across her bows for raking, and in position to use grape and canister.

Over the stern of the *Alabama* a white flag was shown, and her ensign was half-masted, union down. Captain Winslow for the second time gave orders to cease firing. Thus ended the fight after a duration of one hour and two minutes. Captain Semmes in his report says: "Although we were now but four hundred yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck.

* Captain Semmes in his official report says: "The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men in different parts of the ship."—J. M. B.



THE ELEVEN-INCH FORWARD PIVOT-GUN IN ACTION ON THE "KEARSARGE."

JOBAY 1864



ON THE "KEARSARGE"—A TELLING SHOT.

It is charitable to suppose that a ship-of-war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally." He is silent as to the renewal by the *Alabama* of the fight after his surrender, an act which, in Christian warfare, would have justified the *Kearsarge* in continuing to fire until the *Alabama* had sunk beneath the waters.

Boats were now lowered from the *Alabama*. Her master's-mate, Fullam, an Englishman, came alongside the *Kearsarge* with a few of the wounded, reported the disabled and sinking condition of his ship, and asked for assistance. Captain Winslow inquired, "Does Captain Semmes surrender his ship?" "Yes," was the reply. Fullam then solicited permission to return with his boat and crew to assist in rescuing the drowning, pledging his word of honor that when this was done he would come on board and surrender. Captain Winslow granted the request. With less generosity he could have detained the officer and men, supplied their places in the boat from his ship's company, secured more prisoners, and afforded equal aid to the distressed. The generosity was abused, as the sequel shows. Fullam pulled to the midst of the drowning, rescued several officers, went to the yacht *Deerhound*, and cast his boat adrift, leaving a number of men struggling in the water.

It was now seen that the *Alabama* was settling fast. The wounded, and boys who could not swim, were sent away in the quarter boats, the waist boats having been destroyed. Cap-

tain Semmes dropped his sword into the sea and jumped overboard with the remaining officers and men.

Coming under the stern of the *Kearsarge* from the windward, the *Deerhound* was hailed, and her commander requested by Captain Winslow to run down and assist in picking up the men of the sinking ship. Or, as her owner, Mr. John Lancaster, reported: "The fact is, that when we passed the *Kearsarge* the captain cried out, 'For God's sake, do what you can to save them': and that was my warrant for interfering in any way for the aid and succor of his enemies." The *Deerhound* was built by the Lairds at the same time and in the same yard with the *Alabama*. Throughout the action she kept about a mile to the windward of the contestants. After being hailed she steamed towards the *Alabama*, which sunk almost immediately after. This was at 12:24. The *Alabama* sunk in forty-five fathoms of water, at a distance of about four and a half miles from the breakwater, off the west entrance. She was severely hulled between the main and mizzen masts, and settled by the stern; the mainmast, pierced by a shot at the very last, broke off near the head and went over the side, the bow lifted high from the water, and then came the end. Suddenly assuming a perpendicular position, caused by the falling aft of the battery and stores, straight as a plumb-line, stern first, she went down, the jib-boom being the last to appear above water. Down sank the terror of merchantmen, riddled through and through,



JAMES R. WHEELER, ACTING MASTER OF THE "KEARSARGE"
AND CAPTAIN OF THE FORWARD PIVOT-GUN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OFFICERS TAKEN IN 1864.)

and as she disappeared to her last resting-place there was no cheer; all were silent.

The yacht lowered her two boats, rescued Captain Semmes (wounded in the hand by broken iron rigging), First-Lieutenant Kell, twelve officers, and twenty-six men, leaving the rest of the survivors to the two boats of the *Kearsarge*. Apparently aware that the forty persons he had rescued would be claimed, Mr. Lancaster steamed away as fast as he could directly for Southampton, without waiting for such surgical assistance as the *Kearsarge* might render. Captain Winslow permitted the yacht to secure his prisoners, anticipating their subsequent surrender. Again his confidence was misplaced, and he afterward wrote: "It was my mistake at the moment that I could not recognize an enemy who, under the garb of a friend, was affording assistance." The aid of the yacht, it is presumed, was asked in a spirit of chivalry, for the *Kearsarge*, comparatively uninjured, with but three wounded, and a full head of steam, was in condition to engage a second enemy. Instead of remaining at a distance of about four hundred yards from the *Alabama*, and from this position sending two boats, the other boats being injured, the *Kearsarge* by steaming close to the settling ship, and in the midst of the defeated, could have captured all — Semmes, officers, and men. Captain Semmes says: "There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy after the ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound*, owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England, Mr. John Lancaster, who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my

drowning men, and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time the *Kearsarge* sent one, and then, tardily, another boat."

This imputation of inhumanity is contradicted by Mr. Lancaster's assertion that he was requested to do what he could to save "the poor fellows who were struggling in the water for their lives."

The *Deerhound* edged to the leeward and steamed rapidly away. An officer approached Captain Winslow and reported the presence of Captain Semmes and many officers on board the English yacht. Believing the information authentic, as it was obtained from the prisoners, he suggested the expediency of firing a shot to bring her to, and asked permission. Captain Winslow declined, saying "it was impossible, the yacht was simply coming round." Meanwhile the *Deerhound* increased the distance from the *Kearsarge*; another officer spoke to him in similar language, but with more positiveness. Captain Winslow replied that no Englishman who carried the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron could so act. The *Deerhound* continued her flight, and yet another officer urged the necessity of firing a shot. With undiminished confidence, Captain Winslow refused, saying the yacht was "simply coming round," and would not go away without communicating. Without this trust Captain Winslow might have arrested the yacht in her



WILLIAM SMITH, QUARTERMASTER OF THE "KEARSARGE" AND
CAPTAIN OF THE AFTER PIVOT-GUN, WHICH IT WAS SAID
INFLECTED THE MOST DAMAGE ON THE "ALABAMA."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OFFICERS TAKEN IN 1864.)

flight, if only as a politic measure, reserving final action as to the seizure of the fugitives when time had afforded reflection. Had he regarded the wishes of his officers, he would have done so. The escape of the yacht and

clothes, supper, and grog with them. The conduct of the *Alabama's* Assistant-Surgeon Jewellyn, son of a British rector, deserves mention. He was unremitting in attention to the wounded during battle, and after the surrender superin-



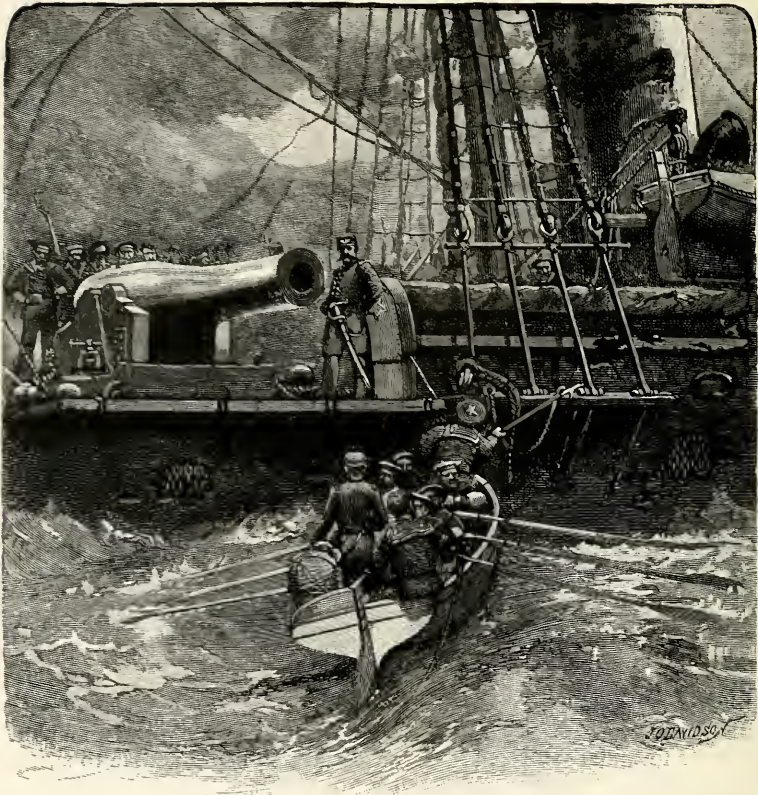
CLOSE OF THE COMBAT—THE "KEARSARGE" GETTING INTO POSITION TO RAKE THE "ALABAMA."

her coveted prize was manifestly regretted. The bitterness of the regret was clear. The famed *Alabama*, "a formidable ship, the terror of American commerce, well armed, well manned, well handled," was destroyed, "sent to the bottom in an hour," but her commander had escaped; the victory seemed already lessened. It was held by the Navy Department that Captain Semmes violated the usages of war in surrendering to Captain Winslow through the agency of one of his officers, and then effecting an escape during the execution of the commission; that he was a prisoner of the United States Government from the moment he sent the officer to make the surrender.

The wounded of the survivors were brought on board the *Kearsarge* for surgical attendance. Seventy men, including five officers (Surgeon F. L. Galt, acting paymaster, Second Lieutenant J. D. Wilson, First Assistant-Engineer M. J. Freeman, Third Assistant-Engineer Pundt, and Boatswain McCloskey), were saved by the *Kearsarge's* boats and a French pilot-boat. Another pilot-boat saved Second Lieutenant Armstrong and some men who were landed at Cherbourg. Lieutenant Wilson was the only officer who delivered up his sword. He refused to go on board the *Deerhound*, and because of his honorable conduct Captain Winslow on taking his parole gave him a letter of recommendation. Our crew fraternized with their prisoners, and shared their

tended their removal to the boats, refusing to leave the ship while one remained. This duty performed, being unable to swim, he attached two empty shell-boxes to his waist, as a life-preserver, and jumped overboard. Nevertheless, he was unable to keep his head above water.

When the *Kearsarge* was cleared for action every man on the sick-list went to his station. The *Kearsarge* had three wounded, of whom one died in the hospital a few days after the fight. This was William Gowin, ordinary seaman, whose behavior, during and after battle, was worthy of the highest praise. Stationed at the after pivot-gun, he was seriously wounded in the leg by the explosion of a shell; in agony, and exhausted from the loss of blood, he dragged himself to the forward hatch, concealing the severity of his injury so that his comrades might not leave their stations for his assistance; fainting, he was lowered to the care of the surgeon, and when he revived he greeted the surgeon with a smile, saying, "Doctor, I can fight no more, and so come to you, but it is all right; I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*"; and afterwards, "I will willingly lose my leg or my life if it is necessary." Lying upon his mattress, he paid attention to the progress of the fight, so far as could be known by the sounds on deck, his face showing satisfaction whenever the cheers of his shipmates were heard; with difficulty he waved his hand over his head, and joined in each cheer with a feeble voice. When a wounded



THE BOAT FROM THE "ALABAMA" ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER AND ASKING FOR ASSISTANCE.

The picture shows shot-marks in the thin deal covering of the chain armor amidships.

shipmate on either side of him complained, he reproved him, saying, "Am I not worse hurt than you? and I am satisfied, for we are whipping the *Alabama*." Directly after the enemy's wounded were brought on board he desired the surgeon to give him no further attention, for he was "doing well," requesting that all aid be given to "the poor fellows of the *Alabama*." In the hospital he was patient and resigned, and happy in speaking of the victory. "This man, so very interesting by his courage and resignation," wrote the French surgeon-in-chief, received general sympathy; all desired his recovery and lamented his death. At a dinner given by loyal Americans in Paris to Captain Winslow and two of his officers, a telegram was received announcing the death of Gowin. His name was honorably mentioned, his behavior eulogized, and his memory drunk in silence.

At 3:10 P. M. the *Kearsarge* anchored in Cherbourg harbor close by the ship-of-war *Napoléon*, and was soon surrounded by boats of every description filled with excited and inquisitive people. Ambulances, by order of

the French admiral, were sent to the landing to receive the wounded, and thence they were taken to the Hôpital de la Marine, where arrangements had been made for their reception. Dr. Galt and all the prisoners except four officers were paroled and set on shore before sunset, at which Secretary Welles soon after expressed his disapprobation.

An incident that occasioned gratification was the coincidence of the lowering of the enemy's colors by an early shot from the *Kearsarge* already mentioned, and the unfolding of the victorious flag by a shot from the *Alabama*. The *Kearsarge's* colors were "stopped" at the mizzen, that they might be displayed if the ensign was carried away, and to serve as the emblem of victory in case of success. A shot from the last broadside of the *Alabama* passed high over the *Kearsarge*, carried away the halyards of the colors stopped at the mizzen, and in so doing pulled sufficiently to break the stop, and thereby unfurled the triumphant flag.

The *Kearsarge* received twenty-eight shot and shell, of which thirteen were in the hull,

the most efficient being abaft the main-mast. A hundred-pounder rifle shell entered at the starboard quarter and lodged in the stern-post. The blow shook the ship from stem to stern. Luckily it did not explode; otherwise the result would have been serious, if not fatal. A thirty-two-pounder shell entered forward of the forward pivot port, crushing the waterways, raising the gun and carriage, and lodged, but did not explode; else many of the gun's crew would likely have been injured by the fragments and splinters. The smoke-pipe was perforated by a rifle shell, which exploded inside and tore a ragged hole nearly three feet in diameter, and carried away three of the chain guys. Three boats were shattered. The cutting away of the rigging was mostly about the main-mast. The spars were left in good order. A large quantity of pieces of bursted shell was gathered from the deck and thoughtlessly thrown overboard. During the anchorage in Cherbourg harbor no assistance was received from shore, except that rendered by a boiler-maker in patching up the smoke-stack, every other repair being made by our own men.

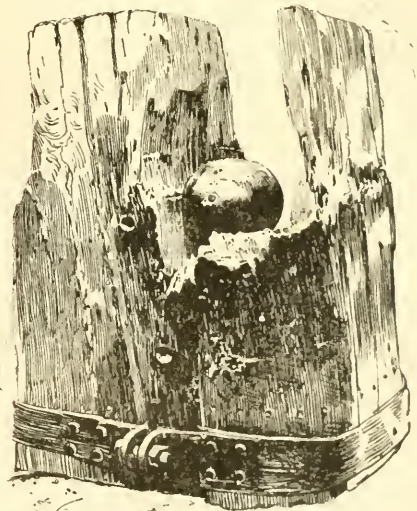
Captain Semmes in his official report says:

"At the end of the engagement it was discovered, by those of our officers who went alongside the enemy's ship with the wounded, that her midship section on both sides was thoroughly iron-coated. The planking had been ripped off in every direction by our shot and shell, the chain broken and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's side. The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship, battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over that she was also iron-clad."

The ships were well matched in size, speed, armament, and crew, showing a likeness rarely seen in naval battles.* The number of the ship's company of the *Kearsarge* was one hundred and sixty-three. That of the *Alabama*, from the best information, was estimated at one hundred and fifty; one hundred and thirty are actually reckoned. According to report additional men were taken on board at Cherbourg.

The chain plating was made of one hundred and twenty fathoms of sheet-chains, of one and seventh-tenths inch iron, covering a space amidships of forty-nine and one-half feet in length by six feet two inches in depth, stopped up and down to eyebolts with marlines, secured by iron dogs, and employed for the purpose of protecting the engines when the upper part of the coal-bunkers was empty, as happened during the action. The chains were

concealed by inch deal boards as a finish. The chain plating was struck by a thirty-two-pounder shot in the starboard gangway, which cut the chain and bruised the planking; and by a thirty-two-pounder shell, which broke a link of the chain, exploded, and tore away a portion of the deal covering. Had the shot been from the one-hundred-pounder rifle, the result would have been different, though without serious damage, because the shot struck five feet above the water-line, and if sent through the side would have cleared the machinery and boilers. It is proper therefore to assert that in the absence of the chain armor the result would have been nearly the same, notwithstanding the common opinion at the time that the *Kearsarge* was an "iron-clad" contending with a wooden ship. The chains were fastened to the ship's sides more than a year previous to the fight, while at the Azores. It was the suggestion of the executive officer, Lieut.-Commander James S. Thornton, to



THE SHELL IN THE STERN-POST OF THE "KEARSARGE."

The charge was withdrawn from the shell which was boxed in, in which condition it remained for months, until the ship reached Boston, where, when the vessel was repaired, a section of the stern-post containing the embedded shell was made and sent to the Navy Department, and was finally deposited in the Ordnance Museum, Navy Yard, Washington.—J. M. B.

hang the sheet-chain (or spare anchor-cable) over the sides, so as to protect the midship section, he having served with Admiral Farragut in passing the forts to reach New Orleans, and knowing its benefit on that occasion. The work was done in three days at a cost for material not exceeding seventy-five dollars. In our visits to European ports, the use of sheet-chains for protective purposes had

	<i>Alabama.</i>	<i>Kearsarge.</i>
* Length over all	220 ft.	232 ft.
Length of keel	210 "	198½ "
Beam	32 "	33 "
Depth	17 "	16½ "
2 Engines of 300 horse-power each	2 of 400 each.	
Tonnage	1040	1031

attracted notice and caused comment. It is strange that Captain Semmes did not know of the chain armor: supposed spies had been on board and had been shown through the ship as there was no attempt at concealment; the same pilot had been employed by both ships, and had visited each during the preparation for battle. The *Alabama* had bunkers full of coal, which brought her down in the water. The *Kearsarge* was deficient in seventy tons of coal of her proper supply, but the sheet-chains stowed outside, gave protection to her partly filled bunkers.

The battery of the *Kearsarge* consisted of seven guns: two eleven-inch pivots, smooth bore, one twenty-eight-pounder rifle, and four light thirty-two-pounders; that of the *Alabama* of eight guns: one sixty-eight-pounder pivot, smooth bore, one one-hundred-pounder pivot rifle, and six heavy thirty-two-pounders. Five guns were fought by the *Kearsarge* and seven by the *Alabama*, each with the starboard battery. Both ships had made thirteen knots an hour under steam; at the time of the battle the *Alabama* made ten knots. The masts of the *Kearsarge* were low and small; she never carried more than top-sail yards, depending upon her engines for speed. The greater size and height of the masts of the *Alabama* and the heaviness of her rig (barque) gave the appearance of a larger vessel than her antagonist.

Most of the line officers of the *Kearsarge* were from the merchant service, and of the crew only eleven men were of foreign birth. Most of the officers of the *Alabama* were formerly officers in the United States Navy; nearly all the crew were English, Irish, and Welsh, a few of whom were said to belong to the "Royal Naval Reserve." Captain Semmes said: "Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action with regard to her battery, magazine, and shell-rooms"; and he assuredly had confidence in the speed and strength of his ship, as shown by the eagerness and dash with which he opened the fight. The prisoners declared that the best practice during the action was by the gunners who had been trained on board the *Excellent* in Portsmouth harbor.

The Blakely rifle was the most effective gun. The *Alabama* fought bravely and obstinately until she could no longer fight or float.

The contest was decided by the superiority of the eleven-inch Dahlgrens, especially the after-pivot, together with the coolness and accuracy of aim of the gunners of the *Kearsarge*, and notably by the skill of William Smith, the captain of the after-pivot, who in style and behavior was the counterpart of Long Tom Coffin in Cooper's "Pilot."

To the disparagement of Captain Winslow, it has been said that Lieutenant-Commander Thornton commanded the ship during the action. This is not true. Captain Winslow, standing on the horse-block abreast the mizzen-mast, fought his ship gallantly and, as is shown by the result, with excellent judgment. In an official report, he wrote:

"It would seem almost invidious to particularize the conduct of any one man or officer, in which all had done their duty with a fortitude and coolness which cannot be too highly praised, but I feel it due to my executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Thornton, who superintended the working of the battery, to particularly mention him for an example of coolness and encouragement of the men while fighting, which contributed much towards the success of the action."

THIS Sunday naval duel was fought in the presence of more than fifteen thousand spectators, who upon the heights of Cherbourg, the breakwater, and rigging of men-of-war, witnessed "the last of the *Alabama*." Among them were the captains, their families, and crews of two merchant ships burnt by the daring cruiser a few days before her arrival at Cherbourg, where they were landed in a nearly destitute condition. Many spectators were provided with spy-glasses and camp-stools. The *Kearsarge* was burning Newcastle coals, and the *Alabama* Welsh coals, the difference in the amount of smoke enabling the movements of each ship to be distinctly traced. An excursion train from Paris arrived in the morning bringing hundreds of pleasure-seekers, who were unexpectedly favored with the spectacle of a sea-fight. A French gentleman at Boulogne-sur-Mer assured me that the fight was the conversation of Paris for more than a week.

John M. Browne.

NOTE: Eleven Confederate cruisers figured in the so-called "Alabama Claims" settlement with England. Named in the order of the damage inflicted by each, these cruisers were: the *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, *Florida*, *Tallahassee*, *Georgia*, *Chickamauga*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, *Sumter*, *Sallie*, and *Boston*. The actual losses inflicted by the *Alabama* (\$6,547,639.86, according to claims for ships and cargoes filed up to October 25, 1871) were only about \$60,000 greater than those inflicted by the *Shenandoah*. The sum total of the claims filed against the eleven cruisers for ships and cargoes, up to October 25, 1871, was \$17,999,633.45, all but about four millions of it being charged to the account of the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*.

On May 8, 1871, the Treaty of Washington was completed, in accordance with which a Tribunal of Arbitration was appointed which assembled at Geneva. It consisted of Count Edward Sclopis, named by the King of Italy; Mr. Jacob Staempfli, named

by the President of the Swiss Confederation; Viscount d'Itajuba, named by the Emperor of Brazil; Mr. Charles Francis Adams, named by the President of the United States; and Sir Alexander Cockburn, named by the Queen of England. The Counsel for Great Britain was Sir Roundell Palmer (afterward Lord Selborne). The United States was represented by William M. Evarts and Caleb Cushing.

Claims were made by the United States for indirect and national losses, as well as for the actual losses represented by the nearly eighteen millions on ships and cargoes.

The Tribunal decided that England was in no way responsible for the \$1,160,153.95 of losses inflicted by the *Tallahassee*, *Georgia*, *Chickamauga*, *Nashville*, *Retribution*, and *Sumter*; and on September 14, 1871, it awarded \$15,500,000 damages for actual losses of ships and cargoes and interest, on account of the other five cruisers.—EDITOR.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

In Vindication of General Rufus King.

IN writing for THE CENTURY his recollections of "The Second Battle of Bull Run," General Pope has, perhaps inadvertently, used the exact language which in 1863, and long after, so bitterly hurt one of his most loyal subordinates. On page 452 of the January number these words appear :

"I sent orders to McDowell (supposing him to be with his command), and also direct to General King, several times during that night and once by his own staff-officer, to hold his ground at all hazards."

Now the casual reader, ignoring the commas before and after the words "and also direct to General King," would say that orders were sent to King several times that night and once by his own staff-officer. Indeed these words have been used as authority in the army, in histories, even in Congressional debate, for the statement that General King received repeated orders to hold his ground on the evening of August 28th, 1862, and abandoned it in spite of them.

No order or message of any kind, sort, or description reached General King that night from General Pope or any other superior officer; no staff-officer of General King saw or heard of General Pope that night; and, in point of fact, no matter how many he may have sent to McDowell, Pope has since admitted he sent none to King.

Early in '63, when those words first met General King's eyes he wrote at once to his late commander to have the error rectified. General Pope claimed that the construction of the sentence proved that McDowell was meant as the one to whom the repeated orders were sent, but at that time he thought he had sent *one* message to King by a staff-officer. I quote from his letter now in my possession, the italics being mine :

"It was far from my intention to imply even that any blame attached to you in the matter. . . . The officer came into my camp about ten o'clock looking for McDowell, to report the result of your action. I told him I had no idea where McDowell was, but to return at once to you with the message to hold your ground. He got something to eat, I think with Ruggles, and went off. . . . Whether he was on your staff or not I really do not know though I thought he was your staff-officer."

"Several officers of McDowell's staff came to me during the night looking for him, and to more than one of them I gave the same message for McDowell. If McDowell had been with his command as I supposed he was, Sigel and Reynolds could have been brought to your support. I was disappointed, of course, but did not for a moment attach any sort of blame to you. *I never knew whether the aide-de-camp reached you that night or not,* but I felt always perfectly satisfied that whether he did or not you had done the very best you could have done under the circumstances."

Now the aide-de-camp in question was Houston of the Corps of Engineers, serving on McDowell's staff. He had witnessed the severe engagement of King's division, west of Groveton, and sometime after dark had ridden off through the woods in search of his general who had not been seen by King or his officers since two o'clock in the afternoon. McDowell in

hunting for Pope got lost in the woods, and Houston, hunting for McDowell, stumbled in on Pope's camp late at night, told there of King's battle, got refreshment, he says, of Ruggles, and went off; but he remembers no message from Pope to King, and if there was one, which he doubts, he did not deliver it, for he never attempted to return to King, but went on in search of McDowell until he found him late the following day. No other officer from King got within range of Pope that night, so far as rigid investigation has ever disclosed, and that none at all came from Pope to King is beyond peradventure. Indeed, in 1878 General Pope declared it was to McDowell that all the orders were sent.

As to King's falling back to Manassas Junction, that was the result of the conference between him and his four brigade commanders, and was vehemently urged upon him as the only practicable way to save what was left of the command after the fierce conflict that raged at sunset. King's orders were to march to Centreville, which was objected to strenuously by Stonewall Jackson's corps, and they were in the majority. The brigade commanders voted for a deflection to the right towards Manassas Junction, General John Gibbon being most urgent, and the following extract from a letter from him to King, also in my possession, gives his views :

"I deem it not out of place to say that that retreat was suggested and urged by myself as a necessary military measure. . . . I do not hesitate to say, and it is susceptible of proof, that of the two courses which I considered open to you of obeying your orders to march on Centreville or retreat on Manassas on your own responsibility, the one you adopted was the proper one."

"Having first suggested the movement and urged it on military grounds, I am perfectly willing to bear my full share of the responsibility, and you are at liberty to make any use of this communication you may deem proper."

Charles King,
Captain United States Army.

Government Aid in the Marking of Battle-fields.

THREE members of the faculty of Vanderbilt University recently visited the battle-field of Nashville. They were in possession of an excellent map, upon which all the works, lines, and positions of the two-days' fighting were accurately indicated by a military engineer. They tramped fifteen miles to examine and identify all the points of interest. Windings in the pikes, of which three pierce the field, courses of streams, and bearings of hills and houses were all frequently noted and compared with the map. Inquiries were made of persons living on or near the battle-field, yet the precise fixing of even important localities was, in some instances, impossible. This experience has led me to think that the Federal Government, while participants and eye-witnesses are still living, might devise some simple and inexpensive, but still effective, system of laying off and marking the important battle-fields of the Civil War, so as permanently to aid intelligent investigation by military students and visitors. The persons of whom

mention has been made purpose visiting Donelson, Franklin, Murfreesboro', Shiloh, and Missionary Ridge, thus completing the circuit of the battle-fields of Tennessee; and it is certain, if proper facilities of identification and study were afforded by the Government, that many summer tourists would prefer such excursions to any other entertainment accessible in the South. The expenditure of public money, of which there now seems to be a surplus, would possibly not be greater than that often cheerfully appropriated to the erection of a single custom-house; and the advantages, not only to the general public, but to the future historian, would be incalculable. The changes effected in a few years are surprising. New dwellings are erected, old ones destroyed, fences are changed, woods cleared, pikes and roads opened, ditches and hedges are run, and the topography altered in many ways. Old houses receive new occupants, and these, upon inquiry, are often found in possession of erroneous and impossible traditions concerning the events which took place on the historic ground they occupy. Many of the battle-fields of Europe, I am informed, are so marked with stones that the intelligent visitor finds no difficulty in connecting the battle with the field. Unless steps are speedily taken, on the part of our General Government, to mark the places of the special movements and events of our great battles, the limits and outlines of the fields will soon be lost beyond recovery.

Jno. J. Tigert.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, Dec. 21, 1885.

A Statement from the Confederate Commissary General.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD in the November CENTURY (1884) and Generals Johnston and Imboden in the May CENTURY (1885) criticise the management of my department in the matter of supplies for the army at Manassas both before and after the first battle. In the statements of these generals, there is some conflict, but they all concur in making me appear a preposterous imbecile, and Mr. Davis guilty of retaining such an officer. General Imboden in effect charges Mr. Benjamin with suppressing, in order to shield my incapacity, an official report of a board of officers convened by Johnston.

General Beauregard wrote to his aides, Colonels Chesnut and Miles, on July 29, 1861,—the latter read the letter in Congress,—about his vision of capturing Washington, and laid the foundation of the cabal against Mr. Davis, which made the Confederate Government a "divided house." It produced a resolution of inquiry, followed soon by a standing committee, and afterwards by a unanimous resolution, in secret session of both houses, in January, 1865, to appoint a joint select committee to investigate the condition and management of all the Bureaux of the War Department. The session of this committee on commissary affairs was held on January 23, 1865. The investigations of the standing committee, during the war, into my policy and methods were frequent; several were long taking testimony, for one member, H. S. Foote,—who when I was in prison published me as cruel to Federal prisoners,—was ever zealous to attack. Every investigation ended in approval. I have a letter from Mr. John B. Baldwin, chairman of the joint select committee, stating that he had declared in Congress, as the

result of their examination, "that the commissary department of subsistence, under the control of Colonel Northrop, the Commissary General, had been managed with a foresight and sagacity, and a far-reaching comprehensive grasp of its business, such as we had found in no other bureau connected with the army supply, with perhaps a single exception."

The engineer, General Beauregard, neglected his communications, so that "troops for the battle" and "supplies" were "retarded"; but they were at the depot. "Eighteen heavy cannon, called for two weeks before," occupied unloaded cars. Numerous cars were retained as stationary storehouses "for provisions," "useless baggage" and "trunks"; one hundred and thirty-three cars were abstracted by the "military" power from the use of the railroads for two weeks and more before the battle until returned by the Quartermaster-General and Mr. Ashe, the Government agent. There was plenty of lumber available to construct a storehouse. General Beauregard was not "urgent on the Commissary General for adequate supplies before the battle," for there was no ground of complaint. It was *after the battle*, when the vision of capturing Washington had seduced him, that he tried to construct a ground of complaint anterior to the battle.

Beauregard made but *one* demand on me (July 8th, by a telegram which I have) for a commissary of the old service. Colonel Lee was added; no one was removed. On July 6th I ordered Fowle to buy all the corn-meal, and soon after all the bacon he could. July 7th, Beauregard ordered him to keep in advance a two weeks' supply for twenty-five thousand men, and Major Noland was ready to supply *any number* of beeves. The findings of the Board (on which Colonel Lee sat) are incoherent, as stated by Imboden. The interdictions alleged by him are refuted by Colonel Ruffin (my chief assistant), and by all the letters sent officially to me in August, 1861. I have Fowle's detailed report of the rations at Manassas; there was plenty of provision for a march on Washington. If I had removed his commissaries as he alleges, or "interdicted" them as General Imboden states, General Beauregard need not have been hampered, in a country which all the generals have declared abounded in the essentials of food.

General Johnston's comments in the May CENTURY, on the commissariat, are unfounded. *He* "requested" an increase of provisions which his commissary alone could determine, and allowed the accumulation to go on for twelve days, after he knew that he had more than he wanted. When I was informed, I did what he should have had done—telegraphed the shippers to stop. Two weeks before his move he promised my officer, Major Noland, the transportation deemed sufficient, and of which he had assumed direct control. Empty trains passed the meat which had been laid in piles, ready for shipment. Empty trains lay idle at Manassas for days, in spite of Noland's efforts to get them. General Johnston says the stores of the other departments were brought off. He burned up "hundreds of blankets and shoes, and three hundred new cavalry saddles."

L. B. Northrop.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., December 16, 1885.

